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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

A

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

OF

GENERAL LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.

VOL. XXXI.

APRIL, 1880, TO SEPTEMBER, 1880.

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TO OUR READERS.

This number of THE CATHOLIC WORLD begins a new volume, and we send it forth with fresh hope inspired by the following letter of approval and encouragement received from his Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, and at the same time we express the earnest and sincere desire that THE CATHOLIC WORLD may be always so conducted as to merit such hearty sympathy from ecclesiastical authority.

I. T. HECKER.

LETTER FROM CARDINAL McCLOSKEY.

NEW YORK, Feb. 20, 1880.

DEAR FATHER HECKER:

I learn with much pleasure that you propose to make several improvements, beginning with the new volume of THE CATHOLIC WORLD. In view of this praiseworthy resolve and of the renewed efforts you are about to make to enhance the value and increase the popularity of a work so justly held in the highest esteem for the eminent services it has rendered to the cause of religion and morality, I cannot but reassure you of my cordial approval and earnest sympathy, to which I must add the expression of my very sincere hope that the Catholic public will esteem it a pleasure and a duty to show their appreciation of your labors in their behalf by a more generous and active support.

Praying that God may bless your zealous efforts and crown them with success, I remain, very sincerely,

Your servant in Christ,

John Card. McCloskey
Archbishop of New York

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

VOL. XXXI. APRIL, 1880. NO. 181..

INTRODUCTORY.

THE change in the public opinion and sentiment respecting the Catholic Church which has taken place in England and America within the memory of the present generation was lately a new phenomenon. We are now so used to it that it is a trite theme, and when some Cassandra's melancholy wail over the progress of Romanism is occasionally heard, it finds no response in the Valley of the Connecticut or the Valley of the Mississippi.

There are causes of this change wider and more far-reaching than any theological or religious tendency of reaction among orthodox Protestants backward toward the church of their forefathers. The change is universal and comprehensive. It is a general loosening of the band which has held intellectual, social, and political forces under the control of local, partial, and traditional direction in certain lines. The release of the present from the controlling power of the past results in all kinds of movements under the most various and capricious impulses. When the Roman emperor placed the statues of Moses and Christ in his private fane, this was an indication, not of a specific tendency toward Judaism or Christianity, but of a loss of power in heathen tradition, and an opening of the Roman mind toward everything in the world which had any power of fixing attention and awakening interest. Barriers were weakening and passing away which had kept out Christianity, and the opening was made for it to come in and strive for the mastery. In a like manner, it is characteristic of our unsettled and restless age to have a universal and boundless curiosity to investigate and understand all things in the past and present world, even to peer beyond into the invi-

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sible and the future by all means lawful and unlawful. The history and religion of Egypt, of India, of China, the history and organization of the Catholic Church, are alike objects of curiosity in so far as they present something unknown which it is desirable and interesting to know, or even afford a novelty in the way of intellectual recreation. Besides mere curiosity, there is undoubtedly a desire after the knowledge of that truth which gives perfection to the intellect and sets before the will the supreme good to be loved and pursued; a longing for fixed and certain principles, an anxiety to find the right methods for diffusing the best blessings of life among the multitude, correcting evils in society, improving the political order, and in general promoting human welfare. There is a longing to know God, which can never be stilled, a thirst for divine truth, a desire for light on the destiny of man, a restless search for satisfying answers to those questions of the soul which spring up unbidden always and everywhere, for solutions of problems which are for ever presenting themselves before the human mind.

Eagerness to read whatever is written by men who seem to have ability to think, to possess information and experience, and to have the art of communicating their ideas and knowledge intelligibly and agreeably, is a necessary consequence of this active ferment of minds, this wakeful and restless inquisitiveness in respect to every object of curiosity. The importance, the extensive sphere of influence, the universal power which the press has acquired under these circumstances is so obvious, that all we could say on this topic would be only a repetition of that which has so often been said before as to have become a mere truism. One thing only we observe on this head, that is, how periodical literature has assumed a new form purposely adapted to meet the longing for multifarious knowledge and the discussion of all sides of all questions. A number of English and American reviews have adopted the plan of seeking for competent contributors from all professions, all parties, advocating all sorts of doctrines and opinions, and giving information on all sorts of matters with which they have familiar acquaintance. In this motley crowd, cardinals, bishops, Jesuits, eminent Catholic writers of the clerical and of secular professions, are welcome figures, because they add to its variety, they make a new attraction to readers, and their productions enhance the spiciness of a review. This is one opening which has given opportunity for presenting Catholic ideas, correcting misconceptions, gaining a hearing for a version of historical facts, and an interpretation of present movements in the

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world, very different from the one which has been commonly accepted. Nevertheless, it may be doubted whether the chief influence, the most efficacious action, of Catholic intelligence and learning through the press is or can be exerted through this channel.

The way is more clear and open now, for the full exercise of all their intellectual power by Catholics through the medium of literature of every description, than it has ever been before. There is an inexhaustible treasure at their command, in history, belles-lettres, philosophy, ethics in all its branches, as well as in theological and religious doctrine. And what it is most important to emphasize in respect to all these matters is: that Catholics possess those universal, certain, and most needful principles for determining truth and making knowledge practically applicable to the great needs of the human mind and heart, to the temporal and eternal welfare of nations and of mankind; which are lacking or imperfect everywhere else except in genuine, Catholic, synthetical science.

The work which it is desirable to have accomplished, in the continuance and completion of the partially-constructed English literature of a thoroughly Christian and Catholic type, is colossal. It requires time, labor, and the concurrence of many capable workmen. One important department of this work is to be executed by means of the periodical press. By the channel of reviews and magazines, that thought and learning which are gathered in the larger reservoirs of books in greater quantity and depth, are distributed, and made to percolate more easily and freely over the extensive surface needing their salutary waters.

We may affirm of the best and most permanent portion of the Catholic periodical literature of Europe and America, that it is something more than a mere channel for diffusing in small and diluted quantities the science and knowledge embodied in more bulky volumes. The aggregation of its matter gradually forms a large and important part of the most solid and permanent literature. Many volumes, indeed a whole library, of the most valuable quality, in several distinct departments of knowledge, are contained in the collection of the reviews published within the last quarter of a century. Much of this matter cannot be found in any other form. The most distinguished writers of the world in the ranks of the Catholic Church have contributed to its contents.

It is, however, for the most part, the immediate effect produced by each number and each article at the time when they ap-

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pear, and the general, continuous impression made by the frequent repetition of single and particular impressions, which is to be relied on for a wide-spread influence on public opinion. It is like the regular and frequent preaching of sermons, the continuous lecturing in the class-room, the daily conversation of the intelligent and well-informed. And, in this respect, it has an advantage over the more dignified literature of portly volumes, and fulfils a purpose for which they are not available. Small vessels of light draught and armament are required in naval warfare for enterprises which are unsuited to the heavy bulk of ships of the line and frigates. The light and active operations of the periodical press are most especially suited to the present and immediate exigencies of the cause we have in hand, the diffusion of Catholic knowledge, the dissipation of popular errors, the general promotion of religion, virtue, intellectual, moral, social, and political well-being, by the inculcation of Catholic principles. It is certainly a work worthy of the most highly gifted and cultivated minds to bestow their labor on the popularizing of the most excellent of all sciences, the diffusion of the most important and salutary of all branches of practical knowledge, by means of the periodical press. And those who aid in any other way to increase the circulation and enhance the influence of Catholic periodical literature are rendering one of the best kinds of service to the cause of truth, of good morals, and of the improvement of the social order.

GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

I.

THE title chosen for the series of articles we propose now to begin does not make their intended scope plain at first sight. An explanation is, therefore, necessary. Any title which would be self-explanatory would be too long, therefore one has been chosen which will stand for a sign of the idea we have in mind, and the bearing of our intended discussion, when we have defined our terms and distinctly stated our thesis.

By the term *Genesis* we intend to designate as the theme of consideration the origin of the Catholic Church. The term *Catholic Church*, which is used variously by writers who differ

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essentially in doctrine, and may be, even by a Catholic, more or less extended or restricted in its sense, we take according to the following definition: *A society of men professing the doctrine of Christ, under the lawful and universal teaching and governing authority of the Roman Pontiff and the Prelates subject to him, for the cultivation of supernatural holiness and the attainment of eternal salvation.** This society exists; it has an origin and sufficient cause. There are several theories respecting its origin and cause, or, as we have designated what is included in these terms, its *genesis*. If we proposed to consider the topic of the Genesis of the Catholic Church in all its universality, it would be necessary to discuss all these theories. Our intention is, however, more particular and restricted. We have in view what may be regarded as one theory in a general sense, though it is liable, and actually subject in the individuals who propose it, to variations more or less marked and important. This theory, like every other, except the Catholic theory, is one which denies the divine and supernatural genesis of the Catholic Church, assigning human and natural causes of its origin. If it be requisite to give this theory a name, we can think of none more suitable than this: the theory of modern mitigated Protestantism. This name describes it sufficiently, if we take Protestantism as denoting the positive system of belief held in common by the greater sects and derived from their original symbols and confessions. The theory of antique extreme Protestantism is too well known to need more than mere mention. The distinction between this and the modern, mitigated theory will appear with abundant clearness in the course of our discussion. We are now ready to proceed with our examination of this theory and of its pretensions to credibility, in order to test its rational value, to measure its conformity to historical facts, to doctrinal principles admitted by its advocates, and to whatever common criteria of truth we can find, so as to arrive at a correct estimate of what it is worth as opposed to the Catholic theory of the true church.

It may seem, perhaps, that we begin by a digression which wanders far from the direct path to the actual point of discussion, in asking the attention of every serious-minded Protestant who believes that Christianity is a divine religion to the following statement of Mr. Mallock, and his candid judgment respecting its general truth. We will make it appear, however, in due time, that this divergence is only for the sake of gaining a point of de-

* Bonal's Theology, treatise *De Vera Ecclesia*.

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parture for a straight course through a deep and safe channel of argument.

"To some minds the true nature of the Protestant movement was long ago apparent; but it has only lately become clear to the general apprehension. Long ago it was seen by some that that movement was really neither the restorer of a corrupted creed, nor the corrupter of a pure creed; but that logically and essentially it was the solvent of all creeds whatever, and that, when it had come to maturity, its essential nature would be visible. And now that time has come. Let us look at England, Europe, and America, and consider the condition of the entire Protestant world. Religion, it is true, we may still find in it; but it is religion from which the supernatural element is fast disappearing, and in which the natural element is fast becoming nebulous."*

The fact here asserted must be admitted. Nor can it be denied that there is a chronological sequence in the order of events connecting this fact with the assigned cause. That the one is the natural effect of the other may be shown later on, though at present it cannot be assumed, since it enters into the subject of discussion. The existence of the fact is acknowledged by a celebrated Protestant writer in a paper of considerable ability and interest, read before the Evangelical Alliance during the Sixth General Conference held at New York in the month of October, 1873. The paper, as a whole, confirms in the most explicit and emphatic terms the statement of Mr. Mallock. It contains some very absurd remarks about the Catholic Church, which read as if the learned professor had suffered a sudden interval of insanity, interrupting a course of most calm and rational argument. This brief diatribe, the tribute exacted by Cæsar, comes in under the general proposition that the present condition of the Christian Church "is in a high degree most subsidiary to the criticism of negation." Afterwards he proceeds to say:

"Protestantism, on the contrary, internally divided and enervated, severed from the foundation of the Holy Scriptures and her own Confession of Faith, is in the eye of the greater part of the people something quite negative, so that her criticism of negation is considered to be nothing else but the legitimate development of the Protestant principle, and the most emancipated spirits of the nineteenth century are but the bold continuers of the work of the sixteenth century. As among the conservative party, too, there is nobody who considers himself bound, entirely and literally, to the Confession of Faith, and it therefore seems impossible—even as regards the leading facts of Christianity—to fix any positive limits to the liberty of instruction to the entire satisfaction of all parties. Here and there, again, the life-giving doctrine of the church has become a petrifaction of such rigid orthodoxy that materialism may be expected to be embraced by all who be-

* "Dogma, Reason, and Morality," *Nineteenth Century*, December, 1878.

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gin to doubt in the doctrine of a mechanical inspiration of the sacred writings. I doubt very much, indeed, if the 'Essays and Reviews' in England would have met with such warm sympathy if the theology of that country had borne a more progressive character—that is, in the right or sound sense of the word. But wherefore expatiate any longer on this subject? If now, in such a condition of the church, in which we meet with such perfect rigidity, on the one hand, and such confusion on the other, talented young preachers, as, for instance, some years ago, your Parker, declare that only and alone in the interest of *true* religion and morality they are desirous of delivering the world from the antiquated notions of supernaturalism, then it is a matter of course that they should find sympathy among serious, more noble minds, and above all among the multitude."*

The foregoing testimony from a document which is entitled to great consideration both from the character of the writer and the authority it receives from the respectable body under whose auspices it was published, is only a sample of many similar testimonies from like sources which might easily be brought forward. Besides the open acknowledgment of the extent and force of the destructive tendencies at work in Protestantism, it contains also evidence of a change in the conservative portion of the great Protestant body, from the antique and extreme form of what they regard as orthodoxy, to a modern and mitigated form of the same. In this modern form, several very important doctrines which are brought into great prominence by the controversy with destructive criticism and every sort of scepticism or negation, are held by the conservative Protestants in common with Catholic theologians. Some others which are erroneous explanations of really revealed and Catholic truths, as, for instance, the Calvinistic tenets of original sin and predestination, are softened down or set aside, and more simple statements are substituted, which set forth the fundamental ideas at the bottom of the theological theories which are constructed on them as their basis, diminishing the contradiction which exists between the Protestant and the Catholic doctrinal systems.

The attacks on the foundations of Christianity by rationalists and infidels have not had their beginning in our own day; and it is not, therefore, a new thing for Protestant scholars to discover that a defence of these foundations is a matter of necessity. Paley, Bishop Butler, and others have written with consummate ability on these topics, at a former period. In more recent times, a considerable number of works of the most thorough learning

* *Proceedings of the E. A.*, p. 242. Dr. Van Oosterzee's Paper. The text has been exactly copied, and the faulty construction of some sentences is either due to the author's want of skill in writing English or to mistakes in printing.

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and solid argumentative force have been produced, and additions are continually being made to this number. Notwithstanding the increasing extent of that downward movement toward the abyss of doubt and unbelief which we have noted above, there remains still, both among the learned and the multitude, in Protestantism, a strong opposing and counteracting force of religious belief and sentiment, controlling many intellectual, moral, and other energies, with which an active defensive and offensive war is maintained against the invasion of infidelity.

The exigencies of this warfare have naturally brought about a closer alliance of different kinds of Protestants with each other, and a disposition to dispute less about matters of internal controversy, while more attention and effort are bestowed upon what is considered to be the very essence itself of the Christian religion; upon its historical foundations, its rational grounds, its first principles, its agreement with all branches of natural science; the ways and means of making it prevail and obtain living, practical power in the world. This direction and effort of the minds and hearts of many persons in different sects, and in several parts of Christendom, has naturally produced a mitigation and moderation in theological opinions, and a tone of mind which is more liberal and rational, in the just and good sense of those words, than the one which was dominant at an earlier period.

Under these circumstances, it could not be that studious and reflecting men should fail of obtaining some better knowledge of the Christendom of past ages, or of feeling some warmer sympathies toward great and holy men in these by-gone times who labored zealously for the Christian cause, awakening in their bosoms. The pressure of the hostile, anti-Christian forces has unavoidably driven them back nearer to the main body of Christians from which they have been so long separated. The fear of seeing infidelity and immorality triumph on the earth, and the sense of their own weakened and divided state, have necessarily turned their thoughts toward the immovable, invincible church of all ages and nations. Its aggressive and advancing attitude, at the very time when infidelity and rationalism are the most audacious and menacing, has compelled them to regard it with a most eager and anxious interest. Especially, since it has begun already to draw within its ranks and around its banners, numbers from their own scattered and weakened bands.

During the first half of the present century, Protestants knew as little about the Catholic religion as men in general knew about the ancient history of Egypt before the discoveries of Champol-

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lion and Lepsius. The writer remembers that in his boyhood he would as soon have thought it worth while to examine into the evidences of Buddhism as into the proofs of the Catholic Church. When the controversy between Hughes and Breckenridge came out, he was most curious to see what an intelligent man could possibly have to say in arguing for the Catholic side. But at present the attitude of the nobler and better-informed minds among Protestants is very different. This change is partly due to the effect produced by the numerous conversions from Protestantism to the Catholic faith, in Germany, Great Britain, and the United States. The intellectual and moral character of some of these converts, and the quality of the works which they have published, have compelled the attention of studious and reflecting persons to what has seemed to them a new and surprising phenomenon. They have been obliged to look into history, and to investigate Catholic doctrine, in order to find out what it is which gives to the Catholic religion, even in this age, convincing power over the minds and attractive force over the hearts of men, who are acknowledged to be intelligent, learned and upright. Some theory had to be found, in order to account for the phenomenon, and the one which we are now about to mention and examine seems to be the most ingenious and plausible view which a person can take from the position of mitigated Protestant orthodoxy.

The idea of the church as the medium through which the doctrine and law of Christ are perpetually taught by a living and infallible authority, is lofty and attractive. This is especially the case, in view of the natural longing of the mind for an obvious and unerring criterion of certitude in theology, and a sure safeguard against doubt, and of the efficiency which an infallible authority in the church possesses to establish this certitude, decide controversies, and prevent endless divisions and diversities among Christians.

Moreover, the system of theology which is presented by the authority of the Catholic Church together with the whole body of doctrine taught under her direction, is symmetrical, comprehensive, logical, by contrast with the fragmentary systems of Protestant theology. For this reason it is attractive to the mind, which seeks for knowledge in divine things, and desires to satisfy the demands of rational nature by inquiring into the causes and relations of the objects of thought which are within the ken of the intellect.

The Catholic religion also satisfies the natural desire for know-

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ledge of the invisible and spiritual world, and for communion with its inhabitants, by the doctrines and practices connected with the belief in purgatory, in angelogy and hagiology, and in the glorious attributes and offices of the Blessed Virgin Mary.

It offers greater security of salvation, more efficacious and tangible means of sanctification and perfection, and gives greater scope to aspirations after a high and heroic ideal of life and action, than any other form of religion.

Then again, it presents an aspect of historical grandeur, extent, unchangeableness, and permanence, which is unique and unparalleled.

It appeals, too, to the imagination and the æsthetic part of human nature by its splendor of liturgical and ceremonial worship, and its employment of all the fine arts in making more beautiful all the exterior and sensible parts or adjuncts of religion.

Finally, it opens a prospect of the church in the future, triumphing through the whole extent of the earth, and brightening with its peaceful glories the close of time, in the consummation of the series of events by which the purposes of God in respect to the earth are to be fulfilled.

The essential part of this conspectus is identical with the idea expressed by the common formula that the church is one, holy, catholic, and apostolic. Evidently, if the Catholic Church is truly, in its concrete existence, in correspondence with the ideal of the church as presented in the foregoing description, it must have a divine origin. But, in the hypothesis we are considering, the lofty and attractive idea which exercises such a subduing and winning power over the minds and hearts of a great number of persons, has only an abstract and imaginary entity; it is an *ens rationis* existing only in the mind, without any concrete and real object of which it is the representative image. The hypothesis that an ideal of this sort presents itself before the minds of those who embrace the Catholic faith as if it were real, exercising all the power of an existing reality, is resorted to expressly in order to account for the phenomenon of the conversion of intelligent and educated Protestants. Of course it must equally account for the adhesion of those of similar character to the Catholic Church who have been educated within its communion.

When we look closely into this theory, the phenomenon itself which it professes to explain takes on an aspect still more strange, and bewildering to an ordinary observer, than it had before.

There have been and there still are ideals of this sort capable of exciting the enthusiastic devotion of many votaries, for motives

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more or less rational or having a plausible appearance of being rational. The ideal of the kingdom of Israel, before the imagination of Abraham and the patriarchs, is an instance of this sort. The ideal of the kingdom of the Messias, before the imagination of the prophets, is another. So, also, the Anglo-Catholic cherishes an ideal of a united Christendom constituted without the papal supremacy, the millenarian of a glorious reconstitution of Christendom by Christ in person, the Jew of a restoration of Israel by a coming Messias, the Future-Churchman of a glorious state of perfected humanity, the Positivist of an evolution of life which shall be better worth living than the actual life of the past has been. In all these instances, the ideal presents itself to the mind as a vision of that which is to be, but as yet does not exist. If there be any illusion, it is produced by a false judgment respecting causality, not by a hallucination concerning actual effects in concrete existence. There is a rational criterion by which the falsity of the judgment can be shown.

There are also ideal conceptions concerning a state or condition of things supposed to have had existence in the past. Such were the ancient myths of divine or semi-divine dynasties, and pre-existing eras of time, before the beginning of authentic history. Thus, also, there may be a romantic ideal conception of the beginning and formation of Christianity, or of the condition of Europe during the middle ages. There are numerous theories; about the prehistoric period of the earth and man, the origin and development of the human race and of different nations, the construction of the Homeric poems, or of the books of the Old and New Testaments, and concerning many other matters; which may be purely ideal, without any objective reality at their foundation. But, whenever a test and criterion of positive evidence can be applied to such ideals, their illusion is dissipated, and they are proved to be either certainly false or wholly conjectural. The confronting of the ideal with the real manifests its conformity or its want of conformity to the truth of things in their actual existence.

What is strange and unique in the phenomenon, which the hypothesis we are now considering professes to explain, is the fact: that whoever has this particular ideal in his mind as the ideal of that genuine Christianity which the prophets foreshadowed and Christ announced, finds a present, concrete, really existing society which corresponds to his idea. Not only this; the idea is projected into his mind from this concrete, really existing and present object. The Catholic Church is not a dreamer's vision,

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or a castle in Spain constructed by the imagination of enthusiastic idealists out of the airy nothings of desire and hope, which never is, but is always to be built with real stuff in the world of actual existence. Neither is it a thing of remote and obscure times, existing in reminiscence; changed, magnified, enveloped in mists of tradition and fable, mystic legend and poetic myth by reason of its distance; so that it affords scope for an unreasoning belief or a speculative theory, unverifiable by evidence, devoid of reasonable credibility.

Suppose that one should have originally constructed this ideal of the church and of the true religion by the operation of his own mind and from *a priori* principles; nevertheless, as soon as he contemplates the reality existing in the Catholic Church he beholds the actual object corresponding to his preconceived theory. This is no creation of his intellect or imagination. It is a parallel case to another supposition, viz., that Aristotle or Plato should have evolved the idea of a divine Teacher of truth which glimmered faintly upon their minds into a distinct form, and then have seen the living Saviour himself born and fulfilling his redeeming work in their own day.

The idea or hypothesis which may have presented itself as lofty, attractive, desirable, cannot be regarded in its merely ideal existence; or assigned as an explanation of the assent and submission of the mind to the objective truth, of which it had a presentiment before it perceived its evidence. Newton anticipated the induction by which the law of gravitation is proved, by scientific forecast. It was not the loftiness and attractiveness of the theory which convinced him of its truth, though this aspect of a great law of nature gave him an inkling which led him to the discovery of its evidence. If similar inklings and predispositions prepare some minds to investigate the evidence of the Catholic Church with a readiness of mind and heart to give assent to it, because of the loftiness and attractiveness of the idea regarded merely as a hypothesis, this only shows that they have their souls attuned to the truth and harmony of the divine order, by natural reason or the grace of God.

Bishop Butler argues that there ought to be a predisposition in the mind to which the truths of natural theology and of divine revelation are proposed for the first time, to welcome evidence in their favor; because they present ideas in conformity to that which is highest in our nature. This is true, likewise, in respect to the idea of the Catholic Church. Even those who are thorough and firm Protestants, if they see clearly enough this idea

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to account for the conversion of intelligent and refined persons through their intellectual, spiritual, and æsthetic temperament, by the lofty and attractive nature of ideal Catholicism, cannot help forming and expressing a conception of something which it is eminently desirable we should find to be objectively true. They even sometimes are unable to suppress the acknowledgment that they feel it to be so. They, certainly, make it seem so to others, and it would not be strange if their language should occasionally produce an effect on listeners or readers, precisely opposite to the one intended. Adaptation to minds inclined toward lofty and attractive ideals is no note of falsity. On the contrary, the absence of it is a note of falsity, the semblance of it is a mark of some verisimilitude, and its certain existence is a sure sign of the presence of the only real term of adequation to the human intellect, the truth; and of the real object of desire and love, that beauty which is the splendor of truth. The semblance may be mistaken for reality, and the reality may be hidden or obscurely manifested, if the objective truth is not so clearly presented before the intellect as to give it a certain criterion and measure of its own subjective operations. It may construct for itself, in the effort to measure the works and plans of God by a subjective and defective criterion which is an inadequate measure of the divine ideal, a false ideal of its own, or one which has only verisimilitude. Aristotle's physical theory of the universe is an instance of a false ideal hypothesis, which had a semblance of truth before the true theory was discovered. The nebular hypothesis is one which has a similar verisimilitude, incapable, so far as we can see at present, of being either converted into a certainty or deprived of its probability, by a clearer manifestation of the objective truth. The same may be said of the hypothesis that the stellar orbs have been created to be the abode of other orders of intelligent beings, beside angels and men. Both these theories appear to the most intelligent minds in the aspect of lofty and attractive ideas. Yet, they are not therefore to be judged by reason to be certain. One thing, however, is certain: that whenever the divine idea is disclosed to the human intellect, reason finds in it a much greater congruity to itself, than that which appeared to give a sublime and attractive aspect to the ideal image shaped by its own finite effort. The Copernican theory presents a view of the order of the universe which far surpasses in every way the Ptolemaic, as an object of complacency to the intellect and the imagination. If we could know with certainty what plan the Creator chose in view of the final

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end for which he made the worlds, we might be able to perceive, if we could understand fully the reason of it we would certainly perceive, how greatly it surpasses any other plan which the human mind can conjecture. Meanwhile, so long as we remain within the limits of hypothesis, whatever is lofty and attractive in any theory more or less probable or merely conjectural, is a mark of approximation to the real truth. The semblance pleases because it seems to make an adequation between the intellect and reality. If the semblance is deceptive, it is because it falls short of the reality. When the reality is confronted with it, it no longer appears lofty or attractive, but dwindles and fades like a cloud-castle.

For the sake of argument, we consider the Catholic Idea at present merely as a hypothesis. Our opponents assert that it has only a semblance of truth without any foundation in objective reality. If this be so it is a unique phenomenon without its like in the world. There are no other ideals, except this one, which can keep up a lofty and attractive semblance in face of the reality. There is nothing lofty or attractive, to a mind enlightened by true philosophy or the Christian revelation, in any other rational speculation or religious belief. Polytheism, Mohammedanism, Buddhism, and the other forms of paganism, have no semblance of truth and present no ideal attraction to any man who is rational and enlightened even by natural knowledge, even though he be prejudiced by his education in their favor. Judaism, apart from its natural theology and ethics, presents no lofty and attractive ideal, if the genuine and true doctrine of the Messias is subtracted. The notion of a Messias to come who will re-establish the old Jewish polity and law, and reign as a national sovereign at Jerusalem, has nothing in it which is fit to win belief or admiration from intelligent and educated persons. It can only subsist by the force of blind, unreasoning prejudice and a narrow, belittling education, even among those who belong to the Jewish race.

Neither is there any system of philosophy which is exclusive of all supernatural religion, having even a semblance of truth, sublimity, and beauty, when confronted with the creed of Christendom and the philosophy which is in harmony with divine revelation. This species of idealism, born of doubt, has sunk into the senile despair of pessimism, agnosticism, and nihilism. The effort of Positivism to educe from the potentiality of matter, by experimental science, a Form which shall supplant the lofty and attractive ideal of theology and Christology, is a *pis aller*. It has

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no charm to seduce worshippers of the true God and believers in Christ, who understand the object of their belief, hope for the fulfilment of the divine promises, and strive with an upright will for the attainment of the sovereign good.

How is it, then, that an altered semblance of the genuine idea of Christianity, an image changed in lineaments and proportions from the divine original by the refracting medium of human intellect and imagination, can appear to be more majestic and beautiful than the true and exact representation of the same? It is impossible that when the two are confronted, the purely ideal should appear lofty and attractive by comparison with the real, unless there is some impediment in the intellect or the heart of the contemplator which perverts his judgment. If there are two copies of an acknowledged masterpiece, by different artists, one of which is exact, the other decidedly unfaithful, the one who prefers the second shows a great defect of artistic judgment. It would be very strange indeed if another person who had the correct and cultivated taste to appreciate the true copy, should account for the other's preference of the unfaithful copy by its beauty and attractiveness. If the original still exists, uninjured and unaltered, so that the two copies can be compared with it, the faithful copy is vindicated at first sight. The admirer of the unfaithful copy can only defend the correctness of his judgment by denying the genuineness of the ancient painting which purports to be the original, or maintaining that it has been altered by a later hand, and by insisting that his favorite copy represents the authentic masterpiece which has been counterfeited or defaced. If he is able to win a number of persons over to his opinion, it will certainly be a very strange way of refuting its correctness, to begin by acknowledging the competence of those who have pronounced judgment in its favor, and accounting for their error by the superior beauty of the false copy. Those who are looking on while the dispute is waged will assuredly find themselves more puzzled and unsettled as to the respective merits of the two copies, and the real character of the supposed original, than they would have been if they had been left to look at the several pictures and make up their minds for themselves.

Just so, in the real case in hand. The theory for explaining conversions to the Catholic Church by its ideal attractions makes the phenomenon more inexplicable than ever, so long as the divine origin of the church is denied. Can those who profess to have the true idea point to the original masterpiece of divine wisdom, the genuine, pure, and perfect Christianity of Christ and the

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apostles, presenting itself to our contemplation as the criterion of comparison between the Protestant idea and the ideal Catholicism which possesses such an attractive power over the best minds and the most noble hearts?

Has it been preserved from the beginning, intact in its pristine beauty, in any shrine or secret hiding-place, to be brought out and exposed to the admiring gaze of the world in these last days? If so, in whose possession does it exist, and where are those to be found who have that perfect knowledge of its excellence, and those certain evidences of its authenticity, which are requisite to convince us that the Catholic Church is only a poor and unfaithful copy of the genuine and original Christianity?

It is plain that this is the just exigency of the argument concerning the Catholic theory of the true church, and the real essence of the religion which the apostles taught, and commanded to be received by all men, in the name and by the authority of the Lord Jesus Christ. A mere comparison of subjective ideas, hypotheses, and theoretical conceptions, existing in the minds and imaginations of different sorts of Protestants, or of Catholics, will not suffice. There must be a real and objective criterion by which all these conceptions can be measured, and a rule given for a certain judgment excluding all fear of error and every motive of reasonable doubt.

These are only preliminary considerations. If we are permitted to go on further with our design, we will enter more thoroughly into this subject in some future articles.

THE PRODIGAL AT HIS BEST.

"And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat.

I MUCH approve, my prodigal, thy choice of food;
Husks for wild prodigals were always reckoned good.
Preferring swine to harlots, too, doth manifest
That at thy worst estate now art thou at thy best.

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DANTE'S PURGATORIO.

TRANSLATED BY T. W. PARSONS.

CANTO EIGHTEENTH.

THE lofty Doctor ended his discourse
And gazed intently in mine eyes to see
If I looked satisfied. The stinging force
Of a new thirst was still tormenting me,
And I stood silent; but within: 'Perchance,'
I said, 'this too much questioning of mine
Annoys him.' He, true Father! at a glance
The timid wish unuttered could divine,
And spake, in speech emboldening my advance.
'Master,' I said, 'in thy light's ray mine own
Sight is so quickened that I see most clear
Far as thy reasoning bears or maketh known:
Wherefore, I pray thee, gentle Father dear,
To show me what love is, to which alone
Every good act and bad thou dost refer.'
'Turn unto me the sharpest gleams,' he said,
'Of thine own intellect, and thou wilt find
Their error manifest by whom are led
Most men—the self-made leaders, themselves blind.

'The mind, create with tendency to love,
Towards aught which pleases it is quick to spring,
Soon as from pleasure it begins to move.
Your apprehension from some real thing
Unfolds in you an image that it wove
And turns the soul that way. If, growing fond
Of such an object, she incline thereto,
That inclination love is—nature's bond,
By sense of pleasure newly bound in you.
Then as the flame which ever upward strives,
Born, by its fashion, to ascend where fire
In its own element the longest lives,
So mounts the kindled soul into desire,
A motion spiritual, without repose,

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Until the soul enjoy what gives delight.
  Now mayst thou note how truth is hid from those
Who say that all love in itself is right;
  For even though haply its material should
Seem always good, not every impress might
  Be without fault, albeit the wax were good.'

'Thy words, and my swift intellect, that sped
  After each word, have opened to my mind
Love and its working; yet more doubt,' I said,
  'Impregnates me. Unless the soul may find
Some other footing, and to love be led,
  What merit whether right or wrong it go?'

He answered: 'Far as reason may discern
  Here I can tell thee; all else thou shalt know
From Beatris; when faith works, thou wilt learn.
  Every essential form that is connected
With matter, yet from matter separate,
  Has in it a specific grace collected
Which never doth its nature demonstrate
  Unless it work; felt only by the effect,
As life in plants by the green leaves is shown.
  How dawn the first desires, whence intellect
The first ideas hath, is to man unknown:
  These are in you as business in the bee
To make his honey; and this primal will
  No praise deserveth and from blame is free.
Now since all others flock towards this one still,
  The power that counselleth is born in you,
Consent's doorkeeper, standing on the sill.
  Here is that principle to which is due
Occasion of your good or ill desert
  As ye chose good, and from the bad withdrew.
The deepest reasoners alway did assert
  This innate freedom, of whose law they knew,
And hence bequeathed their ethic rules to men.
  That every love which kindleth you doth rise
From such necessity supposing then,
  The power to govern it within you lies.
Freedom of will is named by Beatris
  The noble faculty; in thy replies
Should she discourse thereof, remember this.'

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Almost at midnight the belated moon
Rose, like a burning bucket—in whose blaze
The dwindled stars but few or faintly shone—
Crossing the constellations by those ways
Which men in Rome see flaming, when the sun
Sets 'twixt Sardinia and the Corsic isle.
That gentle shade from whom Pietòla's town
Is now more famed than Mantua was erewhile,
Had loosed the burden that had weighed me down
And on my questionings relieved my mind
By plain solution. Drowsily and dumb
I stood, like one to somnolence inclined;
But soon my dreaming was dispelled by some
That suddenly ran crowding up behind
Our shoulders, close toward us already come.
And as along Ismenus and thy shore,
Asopus! night saw rush the frenzied throng
Whenever Thebes would Bacchus aid implore,
So from the first I marked that led along
This people, curving round the cornice, pour
Whom just love warms and good will spurreth on.
Soon they were full upon us, all so fast
Of that great multitude came—and were gone!
And two in front cried, weeping as they passed
'To the hill-country Mary sped amain!
And Cæsar to smite Lerida made haste,
Struck at Marseilles, then darted into Spain!'
'Quick! quick!' the next cried; 'not a moment waste
Through want of love! so grace may freshly grow
For us, as in well-doing we make haste.'

"O ye, in whom a zeal more fervid now
Pays haply for that negligence and sloth
Which lukewarmness once gave your doing well!
This being who lives, and sure I utter truth,
Would climb the hill, should sunlight aid us. Tell,
Therefore, where we the nearest pass may find?"
These were the words that from my leader fell.
And straight one spirit replied: "Follow behind
Our footsteps, thou wilt find the open place.
Our own ascent so fills our every thought
We may not linger: therefore yield us grace
If penitence in courtesy lack aught.

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Once at San Zeno, in Verona, I
  Was Abbot, in good Barbarossa's days,
Whom still to mention maketh Milan sigh.
  He in the grave one foot already has
Who for that monastery soon must mourn,
  And for the sway he held therein be sad
Because that son of his, the evil-born,
  In his whole body bad, in mind most bad,
He in the seat of its true pastor placed."

. . . . . .

  If more he said, or ceased, I cannot tell,
Even now beyond us he so far had raced;
  But this with pleasure I remember well.

He then, my help at every need who brought
  Said: 'Turn this way; observe the pair that come
Their own sloth biting with remorseful thought.'
  Behind the rest they murmured: 'Those for whom
The Red Sea opened, all were dead before
  Jordan beheld their children in his land!
And they, who could not to the close endure
  His labors with Æneas, kept the strand
Of Sicily, nor lived for glory more.'

  When the swift spirits round the hill had fled
So far they were not in our vision's range,
  A new thought entered me, from which was bred
Full many another novel thought and strange,
  Until mine eyes in pleasing drowsihed
I closed, and thinking did to slumber change.

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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER I.

A STARTLING LETTER.

I WAS in my snuggery, and in the act of taking down a favorite muzzle-loader for the purpose of carefully overhauling it preparatory to a murderous assault upon the partridges, when Billy Brierly, my factotum, hastily entered with the post-bag.

"Yer for to pay eighteen pinse, no less, Masther Joe," he ruefully exclaimed, as he flung the "leathern conveniency" upon the table.

"Eighteen pence for what, Billy?"

"For a letther that's wrote inside o' the bag, sir. I axed Missis Brien for to let me luk at it, but ye'd think it was for her ould foxy wig I was axin'. I never seen sich indignancy.

"'None o' yer impidince, Billy Brierly,' sez she.

"'Arrah, what are ye talkin' about, Missis Brien?' sez I.

"'I suppose it's the contints ye'll be wantin' next.'

"'Faix, if they're as haytin' as the contints o' that whiskey-bottle'—I seen the bottle behind the *Weekly Freeman*, an' she had a dhrop in her eye—'I'd as lieve let them alone.' An' I didn't wait for her answer, Masther Joe."

"You were pretty nearly right, Billy," I observed, as I took the key of the bag from its nail under my father's portrait that hung over the mantelpiece.

"I hope the letther's a lucky wan, anyhow, Masther Joe. Mebbe there's goold, or Bank of Ireland notes in it." And Billy commenced to dust a fishing-rod that lay in a corner, while both eyes were riveted on the mouth of the letter-bag, which I proceeded slowly to open.

There were three letters—one from my sister Nellie, then on a visit at the house of a Mr. and Mrs. Bevan, near London; one from Charley Blaine, of the Connaught Rangers, then quartered at the Beggar's Bush Barracks, Dublin; and one from—

The envelope was square and of unusual size. A deep black border ran round it on all sides till very little white remained. It was sealed with black wax, the seal being the size of a half-crown piece.

"That's her, Masther Joe," Billy exclaimed, unceremoniously

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coming to my side. "Somebody's dead and gone, glory be to God! and left ye a barony, may their sowls rowl in glory, amin!"

I had no debts. I did not know what a dun meant. I looked the whole world in the face, for I did not owe the whole world a shilling. I was at peace with mankind—and, what is of considerably more importance, with womankind—and yet I hesitated before opening this sinister-looking epistle, feeling (I know it now, though I but vaguely realized it then) that its contents were destined to influence my future life.

I was alone, save for my sister, my mother having died in giving her birth. My father's death is thus recorded in the London *Times* of Thursday, May 17, 1868—I quote the extract with a beat of sorrowful pride at my own heart:

"Mr. Mike Nugent, M.P. for Meath County, one of the most single-minded men whom Ireland ever sent to Parliament to represent her interests, expired suddenly last night, within the precincts of the House of Commons, from rupture of a vessel connected with the heart, the direct result of over-excitement. His impeachment of the ministry, which we print in full in our Parliamentary columns, however ill-judged, ill-timed, and mistaken, was a very masterpiece of fiery invective, and which, had he lived, would either have placed him in the custody of the Usher of the Black Rod, or opposite the pistol-mouth of more than one occupant of the Treasury Benches."

I was at Stoneyhurst College, and but eighteen, when the ghastly news of my poor father's death reached me. Had I been of age I would have been unanimously elected for the county in his place by his sorrowing constituents, solely as a mark of love and esteem for the memory of their tried, and true, and unflinching representative.

My story commences on the 29th of September, 1874, and I shall now speak in that date.

My ancestral estate, Dromroe, is unencumbered, and its rent-roll yields me a clean £1,500 a year. My sister has £5,000 invested in Hibernian Bank shares, which pay eight per cent. I live the life of a country gentleman. I shoot, fish, hunt, dine, and all that sort of thing. I am a magistrate, and a tolerably active one; for, under Father Moore's *ægis*, I sit upon a rascally Orange brother of the bench, and by my determined attitude keep that worthy from doing any very outrageous wrong to my papist countrymen. My opinion on horseflesh is considered pretty sound, and I am not a bad judge of a cow, while I have bought sheep at the great fair of Ballinasloe against Peter Aungier, of

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Knockfork. I go up to Dublin for the first Levée, and hang out at the Stephen's Green Club, of which I am a member. I always run up for the spring and autumn cattle-shows. I have made two or three dashes to Paris, and up the Rhine. And now I think the reader knows enough about myself and my surroundings to enable me to proceed with my story.

I carefully examined the envelope of the ominous-looking epistle. The direction, accurate as a tradesman's, was in the writing of a woman, but the hand was foreign: "Joseph Walter Nugent, Esq., J.P., Dromroe, Drumshaughlin, Co. Meath, Ireland." The stamp bore the effigy of a president of Mexico. The post-mark of Mexico appeared upon one corner, Vera Cruz upon the other.

"Out wud it, Masther Joe *avic*," cried Billy Brierly, his curiosity getting the better of his prudence.

I burst the seal and read as follows:

"84 CALLE MARASCALA, MEXICO,
"August 13, 1874.

"You do not remember *me*, Joseph Walter Nugent, and I had totally forgotten your existence till accident brought your name to my ears a few days ago. I was a close friend of your dear, good mother. We went to the same seminary in Stephen's Green, Dublin, kept by a Miss Parsley. We slept in the same room. My maiden name was Fanny Jane Palles. I was your mother's bridesmaid. I have her daguerreotype by me as I write. I, with my father, who was a wine-merchant, went to reside in Spain. There I met a Señor Manuel San Cosme, a Mexican. I married him, and Mexico has ever since been my home. Your mother's death was communicated to me by a friend in Dublin, and I mourned her as a sister. Your father died the death of a patriot, and a hero. I was not aware that any of the family survived, and it was only a few days since that I learned all about you from an Irish gentleman who came out here on a mining speculation. He is a Mr. Van Dyck O'Shea."

The letter then proceeded to repeat a lot of complimentary things that O'Shea had said about me, and to congratulate me on my position as a landed proprietor, and then went on to say:

"God has not blessed me with children, so I turn to the son and daughter of my dearest friend. My husband died of the *vomito* on the 24th of September, 1870. Pray for the repose of his soul. I am rich, very rich. Señor San Cosme was the owner of very extensive coffee and sugar plantations, as well as of mines, and left me the mistress of enormous wealth. I live alone in a large house. I want to see you. Could you not make a trip to this country? Young men travel so much nowadays that a few thousand miles are as nothing to them. The voyage will repay you. No words can depict the absolute loveliness of this exquisite country. The railroad from Vera Cruz to the capital is the most marvellous ride in the world. You should come in November, so as to avoid the hot weather in the *tierra ca-*

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liente. On chance, and lest money might prove a barrier to your setting out, my banker has placed two thousand *pesos*—I think about four hundred pounds—to your credit in the Bank of Ireland."

The remainder of the letter, which was very long and very affectionate, was taken up with family details and urgent entreaties that I would undertake the journey without delay. The postscript, and, indeed, the greater portion of the epistle, I unconsciously read aloud:

"P.S. If Billy Brierly is still alive and in your service I would be glad if you would hand him twenty pounds."

"Arrah, who is she at all, at all, Masther Joe?" cried my retainer. "Is she a fairy prencess or what? Twinty poun'! It's only coddin' she is; an' that's poor sport for man or baste."

"*You* may remember her, Billy, as Miss Palles."

"A little dark wan, wud eyes like coals o' fire; a daughter av a red-nosed gintleman that nearly murthered ould Tim Finnerty, the butler, in regard to a cork bein' in a bottle of claret wine. Remimber her! Faix, it's meself that does, an' if she's in rale airnest *now* it'll be many a long day afore I forget her."

"The lady *is* in earnest, Billy."

"Twinty poun'! Be the mortial! av Mary Lannigan hears I've got it she'll marry me in spite o' the divvle, Masther Joe. Av it was wan, or two, or even five poun' I'd be safe as the Rock o' Cashel; but twinty wud ruin me intirely."

Mary Lannigan was Major Butler's cook, fat, fair, and forty. In her earlier years she had been jilted by a sergeant of constabulary, for whom she had thrown over the major's "own man." The village bard, himself smitten by the charms of Miss Lannigan, wrote a ballad, one verse of which is much too good to bury. In speaking of the major's valet:

"He was a nice young man,
And very fond of Mary.
She liked the poliss well,
But loved the con-sta-bu-lay-ry."

Billy could scarcely realize his good fortune.

"Twinty poun'!" he muttered. "Faix, it wud buy a barony. I cud pick up a cupple av heifers at the fair av Killeshardin, an' a score or two av sheep, an' that cabin that Luke Dillon is so consaited of; an' I cud give Father Tom money for Masses for me father's an' mother's sowls, God rest thim in glory, amin! An' I cud lay in a gallon o' sperrits, an'—but is the countess in airnest, Masther Joe, or is it only a bam?"

Mexico! I had read Prescott's fascinating history of its

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conquest by Hernando Cortez, and had inwardly resolved that some day or other I should find myself contemplating Dom Pedro del Alvarado's marvellous leap or seat myself beneath the tree of the *Noche Triste.*

Here was a chance—a golden one to boot. Not that I had the slightest intention of accepting my travelling expenses. But here was a motive for travel—a visit to one of the most picturesque countries on the face of the earth, and to my mother's bridesmaid.

I would lose the hunting. My two hunters would eat their heads off; and if I lent them to some of my friends, good-by to their knees. A friend's horse is a machine, and nothing more; at least so some people consider.

Could I manage to leave so soon? How long would the journey take? I referred to the letter.

"Come by way of New York—say ten days. From New York you can travel *via* Havana by steamship direct to Vera Cruz—thirteen days—or you can come by rail to New Orleans, and from thence across the Gulf of Mexico—six days."

"Would three months do it?" I exclaimed aloud.

"Do what, Masther Joe?" anxiously demanded Billy.

"Take me to Mexico and back, Billy."

"Is it in Rooshia or Turkey, sir?"

"Oh! it's a long way off."

"Faix, ye needn't tell me that, anyhow.'

"This letter invites me to Mexico, to start in November."

"Is it an' lave the huntin', Masther Joe?"

"Yes."

I shall never forget the indignant expression on Billy's face as he hotly exclaimed:

"Let her keep her money, Masther Joe. We don't want it. I'd rayther nor the twinty poun' see ye bate the consait out av Captain Mansfield over the Mooney's Meadows; an' ye know, Masther Joe, he got a leg o' ye at Mullytiernay, bad luck to him!"

This artful thrust almost decided me. If the truth must be told—and it shall be—Captain Mansfield had beaten me at more weapons than one. At a ball at Carton, the Duke of Leinster's, I was introduced to and danced with a Miss Florence O'Neill. I felt "considerably spooney," and called by special permission at her father's house at Dundrum, near Dublin. I do not know how far this sudden gust of the tender passion would have borne me had I not been somewhat rudely "brought up" upon finding

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Captain Mansfield not only in the running, but carrying the colors of the favorite; so I sulkily backed out of the race, owing the gallant captain what is commonly known as a silent grudge, and fully determined upon letting him have a *quid pro quo* as soon as opportunity presented itself.

The hunting season was at its close, and but one run remained to the devoted Kildares. I had a hunter for which I paid the extravagant price of four hundred guineas; but he was a beauty, and with a pace that left the field "on the long hill." Mansfield, on this particular day, was superbly mounted, and Charlie Barrington, one of the boldest riders in the hunt, made some twitting remark about "fetching a cropper" in love as in pink, which was caught flying by the men lounging in the saddles.

"Let us see who'll fetch a cropper in pink!" I shouted with a wild laugh. "Not I." And at that instant the view-halloo was sounded. I flashed forward, followed by Mansfield. We got into plough, and—I got pounded.

Billy Brierly could not have selected a better mode of blocking up the path to Mexico, since I was bound, *coûte qu'il coûte*, to have it out with Sidney Mansfield during the approaching hunting season.

I put the letter in my pocket, and shouldering my gun and whistling to the dogs, went out amongst the turnips. But, do what I would, the bright visions conjured up by the single word Mexico would glow before my mind's eye, until the very idea became a source of pleasurable irritation.

I was rather proud of this Mexican letter, and resolved upon showing it to Mrs. Stavely Butler, a lady residing at a little distance from Dromroe, our nearest and dearest friend. She was with my dear mother in her last moments, and it was to Timolin, Major Butler's princely residence, that my infant sister Nellie was conveyed, there to find a second mother in the major's good, kind, and estimable wife. Mrs. Butler had been a Miss Fitzgerald, of Tillytown; and never did the blue blood of the Geraldines beat in a truer or more womanly heart.

I started on foot for Timolin the next morning, a walk of five miles. At the gate lodge, a Gothic archway flanked by two round towers and almost smothered in the gentle caresses of amorous ivy, I met Major Butler, a tall, superbly-built man of fifty, with a back as straight as a lightning-rod and the shoulders of an athlete. He wore his beard, which was somewhat grizzled, and brought his hair low on the forehead in order to conceal a scar, the outcome of a night in the trenches before Sebastopol, when

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the Russians made a desperate sortie by the Romanoff Road. High breeding revealed itself not only in his appearance but in every gesture and movement. In the Crimea "Tommy" Butler was brave to recklessness, earning for himself the *sobriquet* of the "dare-devil Irishman," his audacity being irrepressible, while his hair-breadth escapes were nearly allied to the marvellous. Of the Ormonde family, Billy's union with a Geraldine served to enable history to repeat itself at length and at leisure; and if ever feud of race was extinguished in unalloyed happiness, such was accomplished when Billy Butler was united to Eileen Fitzgerald.

The Butlers had two children—Patricia, a girl of sweet seventeen, and Pierce, a son graduating in Trinity College, Dublin. Trixy, as she was called, had been the playmate of both my sister and myself, while Pierce, being somewhat younger, had served in the *rôle* of football for all three of us. He was a gentlemanly lad of fifteen, very civil and obliging, and exceedingly anxious to be considered a full-blown man instead of the hobbledehoy boy with a squeaking voice that he really was. When he came to Timolin for vacation I made much of him, inviting him for the grouse-shooting, while when in Dublin I took him to the theatre, after giving him a swell "tuck-out" at the club and otherwise rendering his life full of bloom. He repaid my attention by making me his confidant—an office of no sinecure, since Master Pierce was madly in love with half the young ladies in the county, all of whom were considerably older than himself, and he was furiously jealous of such rivals as the ordinary chances of life happened to fling across his path—and their name was legion. It is scarcely necessary to say that Patricia Butler and my sister Nellie were inseparable; when apart I have known Nellie to write three letters a day to Timolin, sending Billy Brierly on horseback with the epistles, to the latter individual's intense disgust.

"Begorra," I overheard him say to a stable-boy, "av it was Masther Joe was writin' to Miss Thricksy I wudn't be so surprised, for she's as sweet as a blossom av clover, an' has an illigant fortune av her own an' what the major likes for to lave her whin he goes; but for two faymales to be writin' like schoolmasthers wan to another, an' killin' man an' baste convayin' thim, bangs Banagher. Be me song, they're only fit for Swift's madhouse."

"Why, I thought you were shooting cassowaries at Timbuctoo, Joe," exclaimed the major. "Where have you been since Monday morning? Your aunt" (we always called Mrs. Butler

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"aunt") "and Trixy were getting uneasy about you. They have ordered the bays out for this afternoon to drive over to Dromroe. There was a letter from Nellie this morning. I am going over to Paddy Gannon's about that trespass business. You'll find the womenkind up at the house. I'll be back to luncheon. Have you come to stay?" This all in a breath; and ere I could make reply the major was already *en route* to Paddy Gannon's.

Timolin House stood in an open, backed by a great elm-grove in which a colony of rooks kept up a perpetual cawing. An Italian portico, approached by a number of steep steps, led to a square, galleried hall panelled in oak black as ebony. A magnificent oaken staircase ascended to the gallery, from which state apartments and corridors gave right and left. In the hall was a billiard-table, and engaged in playing a game stood Trixy Butler and a man whom I did not know. This man held her cue, held her hand; the stroke was a difficult one—one that she evidently was not mistress of. The ball lay under the cushion, and to reach it with the point of her cue she was compelled to throw back her lithe frame. Her face was turned toward her instructor, and this is exactly what Trixy was like on that particular occasion: Patricia Butler was not a rustic beauty, not a loveliness to be tricked out in white muslin and a blue sash, to adorn a rose-bowered cottage, but splendid rather—a girl to create a great love in a great heart. Her hair was of a deep, lustrous brown; her nose was not *retroussé*, but it was decidedly saucy; her eyes were clear gray, heavy-lidded, with black, sweeping lashes; her mouth was a trifle too large, but her lips were moist, "cherry-ripe," and exquisitely curved. Her forehead was low and broad, her skin creamy white. She was slender, but promised to develop into a large woman. Who was the strange man? I felt as though I had a right to know; that Trixy should have sent me word to come over and meet him. What terms of intimacy they seemed upon! He was tall and *blasé*-looking; was he an officer from the Curragh Camp? He looked the dragoon in mufti. Somehow or other I felt irritated without knowing why. I was Trixy's right-hand man; I was her brother, her cousin, her chum, her protector. Who was this languid swell, who in a few moments seemed to have become master of the situation?

I entered the hall and was passing up-stairs to the gallery when Patricia cried out:

"Where *are* you going, Joe? Have you nothing to say for yourself for being absent without leave?"

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"I have been awfully busy, and"—why I came to say it I do not know—"and I'm going to Mexico."

"Going where?"

"To Mexico."

"O bother!" And she commenced to chalk her cue, the air of incredulity upon her face being inconceivably irritating.

"Here is the letter of invitation," brandishing the señora's epistle. "I'm going to show it to aunt."

"An invitation to Mexico! Who ever heard of such a thing?"

"What is more, Patricia," I added loftily, "the friend who wrote this has placed five hundred pounds in the Bank of Ireland to my credit to clear travelling expenses."

"Let us all go," cried the girl, with a laugh. "What do you say, Captain Ballantyne?"

"I don't mind," drawled the officer, staring very hard at *her*, not at *me*.

"Let me see the invitation before you go, Joe. Now, Captain Ballantyne, it is your play. My last break made me thirty-eight." And with the top of her cue she proceeded to mark the score.

This was being *chassé'd* with a vengeance. I announce an intention of departing some seven or eight thousand miles, and I am disbelieved, laughed at.

"Who is this Captain Ballantyne, aunt?" I angrily asked as I entered the drawing-room.

"He's in the Third Dragoon Guards, Joe; an Englishman; a son of an old friend of the major's."

"He's a snob—that's what he is."

"A snob!"

"A confounded snob, aunt. I wonder you allow Trixy to play billiards with a fellow she knows nothing about. I wonder at Trixy for doing such a thing."

My manner must have been very hot, for Mrs. Butler gazed at me almost in consternation.

"What is the matter, Joe?" she asked.

"Matter, aunt? Nothing."

"Are you ill?"

"No, I am *not* ill, aunt. I am annoyed that Trixy should make so free with a stranger, that's all."

"But he's not a stranger, Joe, and his father is no stranger, Joe. Why, it was at his father's place near Manchester, Bolton Hall, that your uncle and I stopped last summer when you and

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Nellie ran over to Paris. So you see Trixy regards him, as we do, in the light of an old friend."

"Oh! by all means," I bitterly exclaimed; "and if you please, aunt, we'll drop the subject."

"If *you* please, Joe," said Mrs. Butler gravely.

"I ran over to pay you a P. P. C. visit, aunt."

"Where are you going to, Joe—to Dublin?"

"Well, yes, and London."

"London will be rather dull just now. It is quite out of season."

"I shall just stop there for a day or two, and then run down to Liverpool." I felt an intense pleasure in leading up to Mexico by easy stages.

"Liverpool is a busy place, Joe—almost American, I believe."

"I shall have an opportunity of comparing notes."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that I expect to be in New York early next month."

My aunt opened her eyes very wide.

"And to be in Mexico in November, aunt."

"Mexico!" she gasped. "Impossible! You are jesting, Joe!"

"This is no jest, aunt," I exclaimed, as I placed the Señora San Cosme's letter in her lap. "Read it, please."

Still gazing at me in a bewildered sort of way, Mrs. Butler mechanically unfolded the epistle.

"Mexico!" she murmured, as she commenced the perusal. "This is a wonderful letter, Joe—wonderful!" she repeated. "I knew her as Miss Palles. Your dear mother and I have often spoken of her. O dear me! but how this brings up the past. Where have eighteen years flown to?"

A silence ensued, broken only by the click, click of the billiard balls in the hall.

"And you have resolved on going, Joe?"

"I have."

"What are we to do without you at Christmas? I cannot imagine your Christmasing anywhere but here. The girls will be terribly lonely."

"Not when you can command such gay dragoons as Captain Ballantyne."

"Tush, Joe! What is he, a mere stranger?"

"Why, a moment ago, aunt, you made him out an old friend."

"You will run a great many risks," continued Mrs. Butler, without heeding my caustic remark. "Mexico has a fearful climate, and—"

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"The best in the world," I interrupted. I had been reading Prescott late into the night.

"What does Jane Palles—I mean Señora San Cosme mean by the *vomito*, and by advising you to go at a certain time of the year? I think you had better speak to the major about this trip, Joe. America is all very well—it is next door to us; but none of us know anything about Mexico, except that Cortez conquered it. The major will give you good, sound advice. As for myself, I—"

At this moment Patricia entered, followed by Captain Ballantyne.

"What's all this nonsense about Mexico, mamma?" she brusquely demanded, snatching the open letter from her mother's lap. "May I read this?"—to me.

"It will scarcely interest you."

"I shall try. Oh!" she added, after she had perused a few lines, "it is too long and too gushing. Whom is it from?"

Mrs. Butler undertook to explain.

"One moment, mamma, please. Joe, you don't know Captain Ballantyne. Captain Ballantyne, this is *my* young man, Joe Nugent, my second brother, in fact; always useful, always on hand, good for *anything* but a flirtation."

Thus addressed, the captain in a leisurely and deliberate manner proceeded to extract a rimless eye-glass from a cunningly-hidden-away pocket of his coat, to wipe it, plunge it into the corner of his left eye, thereby puckering the remainder of his face into ten thousand wrinkles, and, these elaborate preparations concluded, to stare at me while he drawled:

"Seen you before."

"Possibly," I grunted.

"Ride a weedy nag, eh?"

My blood boiled.

"I ride the best cattle in the county, sir, and the worst weeds I ever saw are those which carry the officers of the King's Dragoon Guards—aye, and at the tail of every hunt."

"You're young man is down on me like tallow," exclaimed the dragoon, turning languidly to Trixy.

Patricia looked up.

"What's the matter, Joe?"

"The matter is," Mrs. Butler interposed, "that Joe threatens to leave us, and that must be prevented."

"You don't mean to say that you are even dreaming of accepting this farcical invitation?" observed Trixy.

"I fail to see anything farcical in the matter."

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"Listen to this, captain," she said, preparing to read.

"Excuse me, Trixy. I do *not* choose that a total stranger shall hear that letter read, or any portion of it." My irritation had now reached fever-heat. I was rapidly going from bad to worse. I longed with a most unchristian spirit for some opportunity to pick a quarrel with the dragoon.

Mother and daughter exchanged a quiet glance.

"I am in the way here," said Ballantyne, "so—"

"Excuse *me*," interrupted Patricia. "Here is your letter, Joe. When you are in better humor you'll read it to me."

I bowed stiffly, and, carefully folding it, replaced the missive in my pocket.

"Have you any commission for Nellie, aunt?" I asked, my plans forming themselves with feverish rapidity.

"A goodly number; but we shall have plenty of time to go over them."

"There is no time like the present," I retorted, making a stupid attempt to laugh; "and as I start for Dublin this evening—"

"This evening?" echoed Mrs. Butler.

"This evening?" echoed Trixy.

"Yes. I'll do the 3.30 up, get to the club for dinner at 5.30, leave Westland Row by the 6.45 for the mail-boat, and be in town"—I spoke of London as town because it was correct form—"to-morrow morning for tub and breakfast."

"And do you *really* mean to say, Joe, that you are going to Mexico?" asked Patricia.

"Such is the fact."

"And you'll travel thousands and thousands of miles to see another country when you've not done a hundred miles of your own? You're a goose, that's what you are—or a gosling; that would suit you better."

"Trixy, my dear, you are too hard on Joe," Mrs. Butler interposed.

"I wish I could be harder, mamma. The idea of a man not seeing his own country first! Why, Joe hasn't been to Killarney, or Connemara, or the Giant's Causeway, or the Cliffs of Mohir, or the sweet county of Wicklow. He hasn't been anywhere in Ireland, and now, without saying a word to anybody, poof!"—clapping her dainty little hands—"he's off to a place nobody knows anything about. How long do you propose to remain away?" she added, turning to me as she spoke.

"*Sabe Dios!*" I replied, having snapped up these two words of Spanish from Prescott.

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"Here's more of it," cried the girl, "He doesn't know when he is to return. I really shouldn't wonder if one of those damson-eyed, lazy, fanning, good-for-nothing señoritas were to fascinate you, Joe, and that some fine morning poor Nellie will come running across the fields to announce the arrival of Señor and Señora Nugento at Dromroe."

"Quite possible," I coolly observed, endeavoring to imitate the moustache-twisting of Captain Ballantyne.

"And you'll lose the hunting, and what will Florence O'Neill say? Ah! you are blushing, Joe. And won't Captain Mansfield have a walk-over! What are you going to do with the horses? Let Billy Brierly put them under the plough? I'd like to see Sunbeam helping to sow wild oats." And Miss Butler laughed immensely at her own conceit.

In vain did my aunt protest, coax, entreat. I was adamant. A vile, stubborn pride bade me hold on to my expressed intention, or get laughed at as a bragging and blatant ass.

"Take this, Joe," sobbed Mrs. Butler, as she slid a small silver crucifix into my hand. "Never part with it night or day. It belonged to my great-great-grandmother. Keep it with you always, and you'll come safely back to us."

"I won't bid you good-by, Joe," snapped Patricia. "I think you have acted a disgustingly shabby part. Nellie is away, I am alone, and—"

"Captain Ballantyne will console you, Trixy," I hoarsely whispered into her ear as I sprang down the steps.

My hasty and braggart resolve involved me in considerable trouble. I had to compass the details of a month into one hour: to arrange for the closing of Dromroe, the disposal of the horses, the sale of the cattle, the stowing of fodder, the purchase of stock, the collection of the rents, the wages of farm hands and retainers, and a number of minor details too numerous to mention here.

"Musha, but this is the quarest dart I ever heard tell of, Masther Joe," observed Billy Brierly. "It's as if ye wor dhruv out av the counthry, an' bet up in regard to manes. It won't sound well, sir; an' unless Father Luke announces it from the althar there'll be quare talk in the barony. Yer not afeerd av Captain—"

"Hold your tongue, Billy!" I angrily burst in. "Why, it would seem to me that I am still in leading-strings, and that I cannot act for myself."

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"Who sez that?" cried Billy. "Tell me who sed that, Masther Joe, an' I'll bate him from Lloyd to the Hill o' Tara. Is Mexico a Christian counthry, sir? Mike Molowny, the boy that does be about the chapel beyant at Kilduddery, sez it's as wild as Arabia, no less, an' full av all soarts of combusticles; that he knew a cousin of Murty Roony's second wife, that wint to say an' was wracked somewhere in Roosia, an' that he wandhered to Mexico, where they feathered him an' med him a bird. Oh! sorra a lie in it, sir. Some o' the feathers is over beyant at Thurlaghula."

I wrote a few lines of P. P. C., and, assisted by Billy, packed a very stylish-looking portmanteau purchased in London, my monogram, J. W. N., in bold relief upon the solid leather in at least half a dozen different places. As the hour for my departure approached I remarked that Billy Brierly seemed exceedingly desirous of disembosoming himself of a something that refused to come to his lips. He was redolent of soap-suds, and wore a cast-off suit of my own which I had given him on the previous day—a shepherd's plaid with horn buttons. His shirt-collar loomed up from behind a blue scarf dotted with white spots, and altogether my retainer wore a spry and smart appearance somewhat, nay, exceedingly, unusual with his ordinary outer man.

Seeing that he was like a hen on a hot griddle, I asked him if he had anything particular to say to me.

"I'd raythor say it on the car, sir."

"Tim Lenihan is to drive me to the station, Billy. I want him to take the mare to Martin Coyle's."

Billy stood on one foot, then on the other; then, lightly scratching his ear, he exclaimed, "That twenty poun' is no bam, sir, is it?"

"Indeed it is not, Billy; and, only I am short of money till I get to Dublin, I'd give it to you now."

"How far wud it take me, Masther Joe?"

"Take you where?"

"On the road, sir."

"What road?"

"The road you're going for to thravel, sir."

"The road to Mexico, Billy?"

"That same, sir."

"Not very far," I laughed.

"Av I worked me passage wud it land me in Mexico, Masther Joe?"

"No, indeed it would not, Billy."

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If ever sadness fell like a veil over a human face, I saw it then in Billy Brierly's.

"I'm bet up, thin," he murmured.

"What are you thinking of, Billy—going with me?"

"Yis, sir, I was, thin," he promptly replied. "I've been wud the family, man an' boy, for twinty-five years, an' it heart-scalds me for to think av a Nugent av Dromroe goin' to thravel like wan av thim bagmin that comes to Navan or Kells, wud nothin' but a leather portmantle an' a rug. All the quollity has their own man, an' they airn respect be it. See all that yez made av Misther Marmadale whin he kem here last summer, all bekase he had a spalpeen av a vallett. Aye, an' over beyant at Timolin *rale* gintlemin always brings their own body-sarvints. Av ye take me wud ye, Masther Joe, ye won't be sorry. I'll thravel in corduroy an' fourth class, if there's such a thing to be had. I won't cost ye much, sir, and"—this in a confidential tone—"av there's a hand at spoil-five stirrin' mebbe it's thravellin' scot free I'd be; for, barrin' Mrs. Connors, av Drumshaughlin, I'm aiqual to any player of *any* nation. Besides, Masther Joe, I'd keep up the family credit in Roosia or Asia, likewise Arabia, or wherever ye go. I'll live on the fat o' the land in New York, for Phil Gavin, me own second cousin, is a snug an' warm man in the grocery business, an' sinds Father Tom his tin poun' as regular as his Aisther egg. Av there's any fightin' to be done in regard to batin' or wrastlin', I'm that supple that I cud—well, sir, I bet Corny Dinnehy, last Tuesday was a fortnight, below in Donnelly's Hollow, an' any furriner that wud dare say Boh! to a Nugent I'd brequest on me knuckles."

"But, Billy—"

"For the love o' heaven, Masther Joe, don't lave me afther ye! Ye won't miss what ye'll have for to pay for the likes o' me. The twinty poun' 'll do somethin', anyhow, an' ye can stop the rest out o' me wages, av it tuk the rest o' me life for to redeem it."

The idea of Billy's companionship in foreign parts "liked me well." Many a day had we tramped the heather together after the grouse, or waded breast-high when the trout were coming up the river in a fresh. Billy was far better company than half the swells going. His ideas were quaint, his mode of expressing them exquisitely ludicrous. He was always in earnest; and isn't earnestness in this *blasé* fag end of the nineteenth century a pearl without price? To travel alone is at best a dreary venture enough, and chance acquaintanceship does not *always* pay. It

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is only when one is away that home seems so bright, so sacred, and that home subjects become so dear to the memory. Have we not all of us at some time or other experienced a craving for a "round gossip" anent those whom we have left behind us? How such a gossip, when it did come to pass, served to shorten the road and to render the day worthy of being marked by a white stone in the calendar of the heart!

The cost of taking Billy was not appalling; and while I foresaw that his advent would add but little to my dignity, I calculated that the account would balance itself by the sheer fun of the thing. In addition to this I knew that my adventures would travel from Dromroe to Timolin, and many an episode that I might possibly forget or be disinclined to speak about would reach Patricia Butler by this sure but roundabout road. In one second my mind was made up: I would take Billy Brierly with me.

"Pack up your trunk, Billy; you haven't a moment to lose."

"Whoop! It's reddy, sir."

"Put it on the car."

"It's *on* the car, Masther Joe, more power to ye."

"Why, it seems to me that you had resolved upon coming whether I liked it or not."

A delighted grin that reached from ear to ear stole over his face as he cried:

"I wouldn't be conthrairy wud ye for the Marquis o' Headfort's domain, Masther Joe; but whin I seen ye reddy for to dart to the other ind of the wurld while ye'd be axin' for the lind av a sack, I sez to meself: 'The masther's mad, or he's bet up wud love, an' he'll want you, Billy Brierly, as shure as eggs is eggs, in aither case.' So here I am, sir, and, be me song, we'll rouse the griddle afore Dromroe sees the two av us agin."

It was not until I found myself in the compartment of a first-class carriage, and speeding over the plains of royal Meath, that I realized my own imbecile stupidity in the rush of events. If anybody had told me at ten o'clock that before five hours I should be *en route* to Mexico, I would have laid one thousand to one against the event, and now my journey had fairly commenced, and I was in for it whether I liked it or not. In a moment of pique I had permitted myself to act the part of a braggart donkey, to—pah! my long ears reddened while I thought of my arrant idiocy. To be bad friends with Trixy, of all people in the world! I would write to her from the Club—no; she would show my letter to Captain Ballantyne. They would

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sniggle over it. Let it go; I had plunged up to my chin in idiotcy, and there was no use in attempting to flounder out of it now.

In driving down Sackville Street I perceived Pierce Butler, gotten up to mow down everything before him, from his cream-colored chimney-pot hat to his lavender kids. I hailed him and jerked him on to the outside.

"What brings you to Dublin at this time o' day, Joe?" he demanded. "Everything is as dull as ditch-water. I wouldn't be here if it wasn't that my heart, sir, is a little touched by Sir John Stewart's daughter. She's stopping at the Royal Marine Hotel at Kingston—a monstrous fine girl, sir. I don't mind presenting *you*, Joe. Honor, you know. How are my people? When did you see 'em? Anybody at Timolin?"

"A Captain Ballantyne."

"Of the K. D. G.'s. He's Manchester, and not half bad. I suppose you know he's spoons on Trixy?"

"Ah!"

"Oh! yes. I'm afraid he has too much cotton in his veins to suit the Mum" (his mother). "She don't care for him a bit, but both the *paters* are ding-dong about it. But *you* know all about it, Joe; you're in the family bandbox."

"I don't know anything about it, and I don't want to know anything about it," I tartly retorted.

"Why, I thought that the *pater* and you had hatched the entire plot. The Mum would prefer *you*, Joe, and Trixy— I say, did you see that man I'm after nodding to? That's Jim Mace, the great pugilist. Did you remark how friendly he was to me? I tell you what, Joe, it's something to be noticed by such a swell as Mr. Mace."

I relegated this champion of the prize-ring to all the infernal gods. Jim Mace's nod had destroyed my chance of hearing Miss Butler's ideas upon both the gallant captain and myself. I felt at that moment as though I should have liked to have been pounding Jim Mace's visage for the belt. Wouldn't I have won it in a single round?

We stopped at Burton Bindon's, in D'Olier Street, for oysters, and had a tuck-out of Poldoodies, the real Red Bank Burren, green as to body, with a black fin. I have "done" London "natives," Ostend *huitres à la Sis*, New York Blue Points, and Mexican La Manchas; but before all, in piquancy of flavor, in deliciousness of relish, stands the Poldoody from the sweet county of Clare.

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Pierce was intensely astonished when he learned of my projected trip.

"You're right, Joe," he exclaimed. "See as much of the world as possible. For my part, I'll do the London season next year, and then I start for a tour right round the globe."

"In eighty days?"

"No, I'll take it easy, and get a good pull out of every country I visit. Europe is effete, worn out, threadbare; there is nothing for a man to do now but to plunge on tigers; even buffalo-potting has had its day. I'm sick of small game, sir, and that's why I slip Timolin and its tame, turnip-eating partridges."

This wasn't bad from a lad of fifteen.

"Are you thinking of getting married, Pierce?" I asked, with as much gravity as I could decently muster.

"I *was*, Joe, I *was*. That daughter of Lord Headfort's, Lady Maude, hit me badly. She married Teignmouth, of the Rifle Brigade, last May. It cut me up not a little, I tell *you*, Joe; but no man, woman, or child knew what *I* suffered. *You* didn't?"

"Indeed I did not, Pierce."

"I thought not. The classics prate about a Spartan boy and a fox, and Prometheus and a vulture gnawing at his liver; but what is that to a dead hope, sir, gnawing at a man's heart? Eh, Joe?"

I looked at the honest lad's rosy cheeks, clear, bright eyes not unlike his sister's, and sun-kissed gills, and burst into a loud guffaw.

Pierce stopped short; we were on the platform of the railway station at Westland Row. "Joe Nugent," he exclaimed, flushing angrily, "let me tell you, sir, that if *you* had confided the secrets of *your* heart to *me I* would not insult the best feelings in your nature by such bad form." And ere I could call him back he had disappeared in the crowd.

It was a glorious moonlight night, and as the steamer *Connaught* shot out into Dublin Bay the shore from Bray Head to the Pigeon House was bathed in liquid pearl. I thought, as I gazed on the rapidly-retreating coast, of the many days that must elapse ere I should cast my eyes upon it again—perhaps never. I thought of my dear, dear friends at Timolin and of Trixy's saucy, *piquante* ways. Why should she not like—love, this gay dragoon? What was it to me whether she did or not? There was nothing in the man, but if he pleased her that ought to prove sufficient for me. My mind's eye pictured the

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wedding in the dear little chapel at Kilduddery—Trixy in white satin and orange blossoms, the man in the scarlet coat and golden trappings of his distinguished regiment. I saw the *déjeuner* in the old oaken dining-room, the major standing up to propose the bride's health, my aunt in tears. I saw Trixy arrayed for the road. I flung a slipper after her. I saw her kiss hands to the home she was leaving for ever, and then—

"Masther Joe, is that Hollyhead?" This from Billy at my elbow, as he pointed to the flash-light that guards this treacherous Welsh headland. "I hope it is, sir; for if I've a mile further for to thravel me shin-bones will be thrun up an'—ugh!"

Having seen my retainer ensconced in a second-class carriage beside a Welshman who had no English, and to whom Billy gave tit for tat in Irish, to the astonishment of a sergeant of artillery, a Jeames in plush, and a woman with a screaming infant in her arms, I repaired to my blue-enshrined compartment; and although the "Wild Irishman," as this mail-train is called, travelled at the rate of sixty miles an hour, I was soon graciously visited by Queen Mab, who favored me with a series of the most perplexing dreams, in all of which Patricia Butler held a prominent place, and, instead of Captain Ballantyne, a personage strongly and strangely resembling myself.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

EVEN in this age of novelties a new Christianity might well be considered a rash venture. Time was when any one caring aught for Christianity would be deterred from the undertaking by the malediction pronounced by St. Paul against any one, even an angel from heaven, preaching a new Gospel. But the enterprise of British thought has shrunk neither from the difficulty nor the anathema, and the new Christianity now stands before the world, claiming its attention, and receiving it, too. Through Dean Stanley, whom we may consider its high-priest, this novelty in religion has been specially brought to our notice; and through him we have been introduced to Matthew Arnold as its prophet, and to Max Müller as its theologian.

To Matthew Arnold belongs the position of its prophet, both

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in virtue of his own assertion and through the admission of his compeers. In his works on religion he gives forth his pronouncements on God, man, and duty with an inspirational authority no whit below that of Isaias or Ezechiel. He tells both those who have rejected Christianity and those who cling to it that they are all wrong, that they have all misunderstood Christianity, and that all must learn from him the true nature and meaning of revelation and Christianity, the true system of religion—not a new *species* of Christianity, like the ever-multiplying sects, but a new *genus*, differing radically from them all, and which, he predicts, is to meet with universal acceptance—which the world has all this time been awaiting at his hands. He tells us himself, in his *Last Essays*, how the London clergy assembled in Sion College, not many months ago, to learn wisdom at his feet; and Dean Stanley declared, in his address to the assembled Protestant Episcopal clergy of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, that "Matthew Arnold has left an enduring mark in the light he has thrown on the importance of the Bible, and in the form which he puts on theology—a form which is the test of ultimate permanence."

Max Müller we will consider the theologian of the new Christianity on the strength of Dean Stanley's recommendation: "Max Müller's researches are a store-house of wise theology." True, he says the same of Tennyson's poems; but the poet-laureate will possibly not feel slighted if, considering the difference in their literary pursuits, we rather look to Max Müller for a precise theological statement of views. And no one, probably, will dispute the right of the Dean of Westminster Abbey himself to be the high-priest and chief preacher of the new Gospel.

All three, in their various departments in life, are eminent men. Matthew Arnold is proclaimed the first of living critics, Max Müller stands in the front rank of philologists, and Dean Stanley has a wide-spread fame as an elegant writer and speaker. In venturing to criticise the system of religion which they offer to the world, far be it from us to judge or speak lightly of their ability, or even of their sincerity. Men at least as great and as sincere as they have erred in all past time. Nor is it our object merely to criticise, but to learn. The work of great minds is always interesting, even when they err most strangely; and even in their failure and shipwreck they instruct, provided that, instead of being either fascinated by their brilliancy and plausibility or tempted to despair of truth amid the failures of such minds, we can stand on some sure vantage-ground and study their course calmly and fairly. It will be our aim throughout to state

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their views in their own words, and to weigh them in the balance of reason and facts.

In the exposition of their system we will commence with Dean Stanley. He is the most cautious and conservative of the three, and hence is best fitted to lead us gradually into their new dispensation. In the year 1878 he paid a visit to America, and gave numerous sermons and addresses in several of the principal cities, from Baltimore to Quebec, and before audiences of Protestant Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Congregationalists, Methodists, and Baptists. These discourses he subsequently published in book form, and they show how assiduously he put his trip to profit for the dissemination of his views. Extracts from this volume will serve to present them in a somewhat systematic manner:

1. THE BIBLE. "The crude notions which prevailed twenty years ago on the subject of inspiration have been so completely abandoned as to be hardly anywhere maintained by theological scholars." (He is giving an account of the "liberal theology" in England.) "Of the eleven thousand English clergy who set their hands to a declaration in favor of those crude notions fifteen years ago, there are probably not fifty who would now do it again" (p. 9).

"Colenso's views are now, in principle, assumed almost as certain."

2. DOGMAS. "Liberal theology insists not on the dogmatic or the portentous, but on the moral, side of religion" (p. 9).

The doctrines of the Atonement, of future punishment, of the Trinity, the Athanasian Creed, "the quarrels about predestination and justification," all are quietly swept aside as questions of a bygone age (pp. 9 and 10).

"Episcopal succession" and other doctrines "have been mere wreaths of foam on the waves of enthusiasm" (p. 91).

3. MIRACLES. "The question of miracles has at least reached this point, that no one would now make them the chief or sole basis of the evidence for religious truth" (p. 12).

4. JESUS CHRIST. "The Atonement will never again appear as held formerly by Catholic and Protestant churches" (p. 9).

"That manifestation of divine love, that visible representation of the best perfections of humanity, which was made in the image of God" (p. 253).

5. CHRISTIAN TRUTH is represented, not as a revelation handed down, but as an eclectic system, built up by inquiry (p. 82) and by all the inflowing streams of past and present time (pp. 166, 167).

6. CHRISTIAN DUTY comprises, for him, no religious obligation, but only natural morality. "On both sides of the Atlantic it is equally true that a serious, steadfast, upright walk of life is the one thing needful to commend us in the sight of the All-Holy and the All-Wise" (p. 254).

7. RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES, since they tend to the disintegration and rejection of dogmas, are applauded as useful, and even necessary. "In proportion as any church is civilized, and national, and comprehensive, there must be divisions, and those very divisions are the sign of compre-

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hension and of vitality" (p. 166). "I have often remarked that, if the church were in absolute and uniform agreement through all its parts, its downfall would be already sealed. I am glad to recognize this same diversity in the Episcopal Church of America." Nay, he feels "that the American Episcopal Church ought to be, in a special sense, the natural home of the broader sentiments" he advocates (p. 63).

8. THE QUAKERS are lauded as "not only Christian but angelic," in their spirit, because of their attaching no importance to "ceremony, doctrine, forms, and authority, but only to the moral improvement of mankind" (p. 129).

9. IMMORTALITY is not a matter of certainty but only of "humble trust." "The moral and spiritual nature of man outlasts all convulsions in this life, and will, we humbly trust, outlast death itself" (p. 210). And the *end of man* is expressed in terms which would be quite acceptable to positivists and materialists: "The end of man is to enjoy the triumph of goodness and the triumph of truth above all earthly consideration and through all the ages of our existence."

The cautious equivocalness of the terms employed might sometimes leave us in doubt as to his real meaning, and charity might seem to require that we should put an orthodox Christian interpretation on the words of the Dean of Westminster Abbey. But in his preface to his sermons, intended, no doubt, as a key to his meaning in them, there is a passage which can leave no doubt, and which we quote in full:

"We must look for the true face of our religion in the face of those who have best represented it. We sometimes claim, and justly claim, as the glory of our faith, that it has attracted to itself the strength of intellects such as Shakspere and Newton, Pascal and Rousseau, Erasmus and Spinosa, Goethe and Walter Scott. But then do we sufficiently remember what is the aspect of Christianity which commanded the reverential attention of men so different each from each? Was it the Christianity of Nicæa, or Geneva, or Westminster, or Augsburg, or the Vatican? No. It was, by the very nature of the case, something of a far more delicate texture, of a far deeper root."

Surely there could hardly be a more sweeping rejection of all Christian revelation, whether as understood by Catholics or Protestants, than the latter half of this passage. And the first half, starting us in quest of those "who have best represented Christianity," besides Shakspere, Newton, Pascal, Erasmus, and Walter Scott (whom an ordinary Christian would hardly select as "the best representatives of his religion"), gives us three others whose names we read with amazement at the effrontery that could put them forward as representative Christians—Rousseau, whose name suggests all that is the reverse of Christian; Spinosa, the father in modern times of materialistic pan-

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theism, who wrote that the Incarnation had no more meaning to him than a square circle; and Goethe, who rejected revelation, and in whom there was as little of the Christian as there was much of the poet. After offering such an array of representative Christians Dean Stanley hardly need inform us that the Christianity which they represented, and which he desires to become universal, is something quite different from what all the world has hitherto understood by Christianity.

But before pausing for comment we will in like manner state the views of the other expounders to whom Dean Stanley refers us.

Matthew Arnold uses no reserve in acknowledging his views. We gather them from his works, *God and the Bible*, *St. Paul and Protestantism*, and *Last Essays on Church and Religion*, which, in the following quotations, we will indicate by the initials.

His starting-point is the sweeping assertion: "The religion of tradition, Catholic or Protestant, is unsound and untenable" (L. E. xii.)

1. GOD "is the Eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness. . . . The Biblical language about God is approximative and poetical merely" (G. B. xxxvi.)

To refute the idea that God is a person who thinks and loves, he says: "We have really no experience whatever, not the very slightest, of persons who think and love, except in man and the inferior animals" (G. B. 69).

"The proposition that this world, as we see it, necessarily implies an intelligent designer with a will and a character, . . . is utterly impalpable" (L. E. 131).

He develops his idea of God and the manner of arriving at it:

"Finally, men become aware of a law of nature which concerns their own life and conduct in the highest degree, of an eternal not ourselves that makes for righteousness. For this is really a law of nature, collected from experience, just as much as the law of gravitation is. . . . We no more pretend to know the origin and composition of the power that makes for righteousness than of the power that makes for gravitation. All we profess to have ascertained about it is that it has effect on us, that it operates. Some deny that it operates. *The fool hath said in his heart: There is no God*" (G. B. 107).

Lest we should be deceived by the term "Eternal" which he applies to his God, he explains it:

"*Eternal*, as that which never had a beginning and can never have an end, is a metaphysical conception, to which experience has nothing to say.

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[This is, for him, sufficient reason for its instant rejection.] But eternal, *ævi-ternus, the age or life-long*, as men applied it to the Eternal that makes for righteousness, was no metaphysical conception" (G. B. 108).

From this idea of God it can easily be foreseen what his notions are concerning all the truths of Christianity.

2. REVELATION means that "Israel had an intuitive faculty, a natural bent for the ideas of righteousness. . . . We put aside all the preternatural. . . . We give an explanation which is natural. But we say that this natural explanation is yet grander than the preternatural one" (G. B. 143).

3. THE TRINITY. "The personages of the Christian heaven and their conversations are no more matter of fact than those of the Greek Olympus" (G. B. xxi.)

4. JESUS CHRIST. "At the stage of experience where men are now arrived it is evident, to whoever looks at things fairly, that the miraculous data of the Bible proceed from a medium of imperfect observation and boundless credulity. The story of the magical birth and resuscitation of Jesus was bred in such a medium"! (G. B. xxvii.)

Throughout his books our divine Lord is everywhere blasphemously spoken of in the language of Strauss and Renan.

The fall of man is represented as a fable (G. B. xix.), heaven as a misconception which our Lord did not believe in (L. E. xxvi.), and the belief of St. Paul and the other apostles in the miracles and resurrection of our Lord as a delusion like to that by which good men have believed in witchcraft (L. E. 17 and fol.)

5. VIRTUE AND THE MORAL LAW. "Man proposed to himself the production simply of his own happiness. But experience of what made for *this*, such experience slowly led him to the laws of virtue" (L. E. 119).

CHARITY is the experience that our instinct to live and be happy is served by yielding to others (L. E. 115).

CONSCIENCE is the sense, or summing up of right experience, of what best conduces to our instinct to live and be happy (*ibid.*)

6. THE BIBLE is a mass of "poetry and legend, growing round and investing the truth that righteousness is salvation" (G. B. 325), "righteousness" being throughout represented as simply the social conduct which contributes to present well-being.

After thus drawing out in detail a system of atheistic humanitarianism Mr. Arnold has the effrontery to sum up by saying:

"The best friends of mankind are those who can lead it to feel animation and hope in presence of the religious prospect thus profoundly transformed. The way to effect this is by bringing men to see that our religion, in this altered view of it, does but at last become again that religion which Jesus Christ really endeavored to found"! (G. B. 325).

And in his "Address to the London Clergy at Sion College,"

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published in his *Last Essays* under the title, "The Church of England," he scouts the idea that he is an enemy to the church, and puts himself forward as its friend, champion, and instructor. In the same work (pp. 33 and the following) he advises the ministers of the Church of England to adopt and disseminate the new Christianity which he offers them, and yet stretch their conscience so far as to remain in the church and the ministry, hushing their scruples by the internal intention of giving only as poetry and art what the people suppose is given them as doctrine and religious ministration.

And the London clergy assembled to be lectured by this man! And Dean Stanley proclaims to the world "the light which he has thrown on the importance of the Bible," and declares that the form which he aims at putting on theology "is the test of ultimate permanence."

Dean Stanley has referred us to the researches of Max Müller as "a store-house of wise theology." With an examination, therefore, of the eminent philologist's religious views we will complete our synopsis of the new Christianity. His views concerning religion have been presented in a somewhat systematic form in a series of lectures delivered by him during the year 1878 in the chapter-house of Westminster Abbey on *The Origin and Growth of Religion, as Illustrated by the Religions of India.* For the sake of brevity and clearness we will summarize first his facts, and then his theory and conclusion:

1. FACTS. (*a*) Fetichism is not, as asserted by some, the primitive form of religion. There is no trace of it in the early Vedas, but only in the later ones (p. 58).

(*b*) The idea of the Infinite is found in the earliest traces of Hindoo thought, as the foundation and basis of religion. Aditi, the infinite, is the first deity and the mother of all the gods.

(*c*) In their early literature the idea of *faith*, "belief in what neither their senses could apprehend nor their reason comprehend," is clear and definite (p. 290).

(*d*) The Vedas show how this idea of the infinite gradually went through the stages of "nenotheism," polytheism, scepticism, and monotheism, resolving itself into "belief in one being which is the Self of everything," even including "our own finite Ego" (p. 362).

He pictures very graphically the practical effect of these grades of belief on the life of the various grades of Hindoo life; but into this we do not enter, as it does not concern our present subject.

2. THEORY AND CONCLUSIONS. (*a*) The idea of the infinite springs

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from the perception of something beyond what our senses grasp (p. 33 and following).

(*b*) This idea, implicitly contained in every perception of the senses, becomes explicit gradually by the action of the senses and reason on limited things (pp. 35, 36,), etc. Language was developed in like manner.

(*c*) He does not admit revelation. "The only revelation we claim is history, or, as it is now called, historical evolution" (p. 30). "The theory, very prevalent during the Middle Ages (!), that religion began with a primeval revelation, . . . is a purely gratuitous theory" (pp. 245–6).

(*d*) In this perception of the infinite, thus arrived at, "we have the root of the whole historical development of human faith" (p. 43).

(*e*) In these deep-lying, crypt-like ideas of the past he sees a refuge from the Christianity of the present, and concludes with the suggestion that "the Crypt of the Past may become the Church of the Future" (p. 364).

This, then, is the "store-house of wise theology" to which we are referred by Dean Stanley. Surely we must find it hard to decide whether we should wonder the more at the hardihood of a Christian minister who refers to such views as "wise theology," or the insincerity of one who, while thus esteeming such theories, can still hold the position of a Christian minister. It is truly a *new* Christianity to which he has introduced us, which, commencing with his own cautious and gently-worded elimination of Christian dogmas, develops into Matthew Arnold's outspoken humanitarianism, and culminates in Max Müller's cloaked yet not concealed theory of Hindoo-Teutonic pantheism.

In our analysis and criticism of the system we will commence with Max Müller, because he alone of the three makes even a pretence of being argumentative or philosophical, and the testing of his work will show the value of the rest.

In the earliest stage of historic man to which we have access through the Sanskrit literature we find the human mind in possession of the ideas of the infinite and of faith, clear and strong —so strong as to give direction to all the thought which that ancient literature reflects. The crucial question is, *Whence did these ideas come?* Only two answers are possible: either they came from a primitive revelation, making man acquainted with God, and faith, and duty, or they grew by a process of natural development from mere sense-perceptions. The first is the answer of Christianity; and though Max Müller, with an ignoring of history and of present facts which seems incredible, attempts to relegate it to the middle ages, it is and has been the conviction of Christendom in all the ages of modern history. And with the voice of all modern times blend the voices of all the ages and

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nations of antiquity in asserting the same. To say nothing of the Hebrews, and without adducing here the many available quotations from the sacred books of the Chinese, the Egyptians, the Persians, the Greeks and Latins, it is sufficient to mention the well-known fact that all those ancient chronicles commence with the memory, more or less distinct, of a better time long past, variously called "the first heaven," "the Arcadian era," "the reign of Saturn," "the golden age," etc., when peace and plenty reigned throughout the world, and the heaven-instructed human race possessed a wisdom of which only the shattered fragments remained in the possession of their descendants. And not only is the conviction stamped with the seal of history and recommended by its universality, but it has also served as the solid and sufficient basis of all the intellectual and moral teaching which has immortalized the greatest among the ancients, and which constitutes the glorious pre-eminence of Christianity.

The second answer is that of the theorizers in our day, descendants of Lucretius and Epicurus in olden times, who make themselves singular among the bulk of mankind by admitting nothing but natural evolution. To this theory Max Müller, though lecturing in Westminster Abbey, has given his unequivocal adhesion. And for what reason? There ought certainly to be good and solid reason for rejecting the common belief of mankind, the foundation of all Christian doctrine and morality. It is in possession, and can be dislodged only by a contrary that is demonstrated by facts and reason. Is such the contrary presented by Max Müller? Far from it.

1. In order to embrace it he contradicts himself. He says (p. 359): "Nor did we find in their sacred books any traces of what is commonly meant by primeval revelation," although he had said (p. 164), speaking of the universal belief in "external revelation" among primitive peoples: "The Hindoos say the same, and they, as well as the Greeks, appeal to their ancestors, who had lived in closer community with the gods, as their authority on what they believe about the gods"; and in confirmation thereof he refers in a foot-note to "*Rig-Veda*, i. 179, 2; vii. 76, 4. Muir's *Sanskrit Texts*, iii. p. 245."

2. He does not allege a single *fact* to support the theory. On the contrary, the facts are all on the other side, since he shows man to have been possessed of the ideas in question at the very earliest period at which we become acquainted with the human mind. He can adduce no intellectual facts previous to that dawn of history; he knows that not a single fact of such intellectual

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evolution has taken place within the historic period; and he equally knows that the assertions of the earliest writers concerning anterior facts are dead against him.

3. He has not even attempted to demonstrate by *reason* the untenableness of the conviction which he rejects. Beyond the usual *may-bes* and *guesses*, and clever illustrations of how such evolution *might* have gone on, which are the staple of the evolution theorizers, he only ventures on the bare statement of the shallow sophism that, "even if a complete grammar and dictionary had suddenly come down from heaven, they would have been useless to beings that had not themselves elaborated their percepts into concepts; and the same with religion" (p. 248). But this argument is an absurd *ignoratio elenchi*. Christianity does not teach that God gave a grammar and dictionary to a speechless man, or that he offered religion to a being previously without it, but that he created man endowed with thought and speech, possessing at once the faculty for religion and its subject-matter—that, in a word, the work of the Creator produced what they imagine nature elaborating during long ages. To ignore this, as he does, is to beg the question.

4. Not only has Max Müller not demonstrated the premises from which he derives so sweeping a conclusion, but he has, in previous works of his, demonstrated the falseness and impossibility of his premises. In his *Science of Language* he says:

"The fact that every word is originally a predicate, that names, though signs of individual conceptions, are all, without exception, derived from general ideas, is one of the most important discoveries in the science of language. It was known before that language is the distinguishing characteristic of man; it was known also that the having of general ideas is that which puts a perfect distinction betwixt man and brutes; but that these two were only different expressions of the same fact was not known till the theory of roots had been established as preferable to the theories both of onomatopœia and of interjections. But, though our modern philosophy did not know it, the ancient poets and framers of language must have known it. For in Greek language is *logos*, but *logos* means also reason, and *alogon* was chosen as the name, and the most proper name, for brute. No animal thinks, and no animal speaks, except man" (i. 383).

"Through reason we not only stand a step above the brute creation; we belong to a different world" (*ibid.* 379).

And the final conclusion, bearing directly on the point now in question, he thus plainly and eloquently states in his *Chips from a German Workshop* (ii. 7):

"Many things are still unintelligible to us, and the hieroglyphic language of antiquity records but half of the mind's unconscious intentions. Yet

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more and more the image of man, in whatever clime we meet him, rises before us, noble and pure from the very beginning; even his errors we learn to understand, even his dreams we begin to interpret. As far as we can trace back the footsteps of man, even on the lowest strata of history, we see that the divine gift of a sound and sober intellect belonged to him from the very first; and the idea of a humanity emerging slowly from the depths of an animal brutality can never be maintained again."

These passages, in which he drew conclusions from facts, instead of sacrificing facts to theories, not only state but prove the impossibility of the development of human thought and language from a previous brute condition. But it is a well-known fact that the theory of the gradual formation of language by speechless men, to which Max Müller has committed himself in his latest work, is always associated with the theory of man's development from a lower animal form, and is logically inseparable from it. Therefore, in demonstrating the impossibility of the one he has demonstrated the equal impossibility of the other, and has thus refuted himself beforehand. He is not the first writer who, having laid down true principles, has wandered from them in the formation of fanciful theories.

But, it may be said, the refutation of the materialistic evolutionists does not refute Max Müller, since he is not a materialist but admits the existence of God. So much the worse for his consistency and logic. If he believes in God, and that man is a special work of God, and that religion is the intellectual and moral link which binds man to God, and, as he elsewhere calls it, "the greatest gift that God has bestowed on the children of man" (*Chips*, i. 7); and if, as no one can deny, the development and elaboration of religion by man from his mere sense-perceptions would necessarily be the work of long ages, even if it could be admitted as possible at all, then it is utterly repugnant to reason that God should have left countless generations of men without that all-important gift, which he could so easily bestow from the beginning, that all might equally possess the knowledge of their common destiny and of the means to it. Whoever admits such premises is forced to admit the primitive revelation.

But, it may be urged, though Max Müller admits the existence of an infinite God, he does not admit the relationship of Creator and creature; for it is evident that he has accepted the conclusion at which the Hindoos arrived, and which modern pantheists adopt, of an impersonal God, the all-comprising Self of the universe, of whom all things are the development, and who has self-consciousness in man. Once more we answer that if it were

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demonstrated that such is God, then indeed revelation would be impossible, and the evolution theory would have to be fallen back upon. But, again, this impersonality of God is not a demonstrated premise, but a gratuitous assumption. It is not self-evident, as the contrary conviction of mankind clearly shows. It is not demonstrated by the fact that the march of Hindoo thought for centuries led to it, since he proves (*Growth of Religion*, p. 64) that "retrogression in religion is seen again and again in the history of the world." It is, we repeat, a gratuitous assumption, and the entire theory built upon it is a begging of the question.

And surely no stronger proof of the absurdity of the pantheistic idea could be wished for than that supplied by the history which Max Müller has given of the various stages through which the notion of the Deity has passed. If the Deity is the all-comprising Self, then man's notion of the Deity is the Deity's consciousness of itself, as the German pantheists have taught. But what can be imagined more ludicrously absurd than the idea of the Deity having such changing, contradictory, unworthy, and odd notions about itself as make up the strange kaleidoscope of the nenotheism, the fetichism, the polytheism, the monotheism, the pantheism, the atheism, the philosophies, the theologies, and the agnosticism of ancient and modern times?

The gratuitousness, the self-acknowledged impossibility, and the evident absurdity of the theory which Max Müller presents as a substitute for historic Christianity is a sufficient refutation of the system he offers, and a sufficient vindication of the religion he rejects. But it is worth our while to go further, and from the sound premises which Max Müller and his associates supply, or which they must admit in common with us, to show how immovable are the foundations of the old Christianity, which they would fain overturn and replace with their new.

Max Müller tells us, and truly, that the foundation of the religiousness which is a universal characteristic of humanity is man's idea of the Infinite, his reaching out toward the Infinite. Turn we then to the universe, and ask whether it is the Infinite.

Beginning with *self*, the first object of experience, we ask ourselves if *we* are the Infinite. Instantly everything in us answers, No. Our tiny span of life; our puny strength, needing so many helps and safeguards, and yet crumbling away daily; the smallness of our knowledge, the frequency of our errors, the very question and doubt which by laborious thought we are trying to solve, all say, No, we are poor, limited, finite things; we are far from being the Infinite.

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We ask the collective human family whether it is the Infinite, and it answers, No; we number but a few hundred millions of frail beings tottering towards the tomb, and during our brief life so many are our imperfections and miseries that one-half of mankind is ever in dread of the violence, the viciousness, and the ignorance of the other half, while myriads of graves around us summon us to worms and rottenness at last; we are not the Infinite.

We ask the heavenly spheres whether they are the Infinite, and they answer, No; we too are changing, limited, finite things; we are not where we were or what we were an hour since, nor where or what we shall be an hour hence; huge as our bulk is, it is limited, for we are some greater and some smaller than others, and with your spectroscope you can analyze the parts that make us up; tremendous as is the speed of our movements, you can measure it as so many miles a minute; and though your eyes fail to reach the limits of our domains, and your imagination faints under the thought of the vast expanse, we are a certain number, and our entire extent can be measured in miles, even as any portion of it can be; and such is not the infinite.

We ask the mighty mass of matter from which all material things are formed whether it is the Infinite, and it answers, No; I am made up of parts that can be measured, and are therefore limited; and hence, though my entire mass is far beyond your measures and scales, yet it is truly and necessarily measurable and limited; part, I am fixed in rocks and metals; part, I run and heave in the watery streams and depths; part, I float in subtle gas or subtler ether; part, I seethe in volcanic fires or course and dart in electric currents; and in my solid, and nebulous, and fluid, and ethereal masses I stretch out the universe; but one of these parts is not the other, each is limited by each of the others, and from limited and finite parts an unlimited and infinite whole cannot result; I am not the Infinite.

Thus we have gone through all the realms of sense and experience in search of the Infinite. We have questioned each and every part of the universe; and each of them and all of them together have answered, loud enough to be heard by any one not wilfully deaf, that they are not the Infinite. Yet Max Müller's facts show that the Infinite *must be;* that it was the main object of the thoughts and aspirations of the human mind at the very earliest period of which we have a literary footprint; that it is the fundamental thought of all religion; that it is inseparably correlated to the most prominent and potent facts in history. Therefore we must look for it up beyond the realms of sense

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and experience, to Him who "dwells in light inaccessible," and to whom all transient, limited, finite things must owe their existence.

Again, looking to the realms of fact, we see that every organic, living thing comes from, and depends for its existence upon, some previously existing organic, living thing. No trace of "spontaneous generation," of transition from inorganic to organic nature, has ever been found, or need be looked for. Mr. Tyndall's researches have put this beyond question. And it is useless for sophists to say that the relation between any organic thing and that from which it proceeds is simply one of succession. Facts show that it is one of dependence and causation, that the latter could not exist unless produced by a former. The universality of this fact, or rather law of nature's course, is constantly recognized and counted on in the practical life of mankind. The bulk of human industries and calculations are based upon it and depend upon it. No one ever dreams of denying it, unless in a moment of unreasonable and obstinate theorizing. It is likewise a fact that the series of generated things is not abstract and indefinite, like an arithmetical progression, but a definite series of real and concrete beings. It may *go on* indefinitely; but as far as it *has gone* at any given moment, it is definite. Now, experience shows that a definite series of concrete units, no matter how far back it may stretch, must have a first unit; the chain must have a first link; the series of producers and produced must lead up to a first producer. If there was no first there could be no second, or third, or thousandth. Again, this is so plain a conclusion of reason from experience, and is so constantly acted on in all human calculations, that no one but an unpractical theorizer would ever dream of denying or doubting it. Now let us ask, Whence came that first in the series of producers? It is idle for agnostics to evade the truth which this question suggests by answering, "We do not know." Were they to answer thus concerning any living thing now existing, or any one in the long series of living things, they would be laughed at by all practical people. Let them, then, be honest and face the question, Whence came the first in the series? Common sense needs no proof of the proposition that it did not produce itself; to say that it resulted from spontaneous generation would be to sacrifice all the testimony of all facts and scientific researches to a preconceived theory. To impartial, unbiassed common sense, therefore, as well as to the highest metaphysical reasoning (which we do not appeal to, because

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Matthew Arnold has such a horror of it), there remains but one conclusion, and that a most evident one: the first in the series of producers must have received its existence from a Being not produced by any other, self-existent, outside and independent of the series of contingent and dependent producers. And thus the logic of facts and experience compels us to admit a First Cause and creation as the only explanation of the universe.

Will the agnostics have recourse to their staple sophism, and say that the ideas of self-existence and of creation are "*unthinkable*," and therefore not to be admitted? But even Herbert Spencer's reasoning ought to show them that they use the wrong word, that they ought not to say unthinkable but unimaginable, and that the existence of a thing is not to be rejected simply because it cannot be pictured in the imagination. Long before him Kant showed that though the manner of being of the *noumenon* cannot be imagined, yet its existence must be admitted, or there could be no *phenomena*. And with them Max Müller declares that the existence of the "*Ding an sich*" must be admitted, though it escapes our power of imagining. Can the agnostics picture in their imagination what the force of gravitation is, or the transmission of organic life? They know these things only in their results—the things themselves are "unthinkable." And yet he would be truly an agnostic of agnostics who would deny their existence. And so it is with self-existence and creation. They are ideas which cannot be pictured in the imagination; but that there must be a self-existent Being is as evidently concluded from the existence of a series of dependent producers as gravitation is concluded from falling bodies; and creation is as necessarily concluded from the existence of the finite and changing universe as is the transmission of organic life from the fact that one organic thing proceeds from another. Let us retort their argument, and say that the existence of a universe of consecutive and dependent things, without creation and a self-existent Being, is not only "unthinkable," but absurd and contradictory. We have to choose between what *must be true*, though it cannot be comprehended, and what *cannot be true*, and can neither be comprehended nor apprehended. This is a dilemma which some pretentious writers of the day need to ponder; and, to an unbiassed mind, it cannot fail to explode the mass of sophistry which has been built upon the equivocation contained in this word "*unthinkable*."

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THE AGONY ON THE CROSS.

REVEALED TO MOTHER JULIANA.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.*

THEN Christ shewed me a part of His Passion near to His dying.
Lo! the sweet Face appeared to my sight all dryed up and bloodless,
Lang'ring with deadlie pallor, wretchedful, dreedful, and grievous,
Turning more dead into blue as life left His Body:
And, as the Flesh turnéd still more deep dead, darker in colour.
Chieflie His holy and beautiful Countenance shewed forth His Passion;
And above all in His Lips was seen this changing of colour,
Which that before were so ruddie and fresh, so livelie and liking.
Ah! what a woeful, pittiful changing to see this deep dying!
Flesh and Blood all dryed, as it seeméd, and cloggered together.
Tearfullie gazing, I saw the sweet Body wax browner and blacker,
Changed from its fair, fresh, livelie colour into dry dying.
For at the time our Blessed Saviour dyed on the Roode-Tree
There was a wind, wonder cold, to my sight, blowing over Him sharplie.
Bloodshed and pain within and the cold wind meeting together
Dryed up by process of time all moisture within the sweet Body.
Bitter and sharp was the pain, yet it lasted full long to my seeming.
Part after part slowly drying with marvellous suff'ring,
While any spirit had life in His Flesh so long did He suffer.
This long pain seemed to me as though He were dead all a sennet;

* A chapter done into verse from the "Sixteen Revelations of Divine Love made to a devout servant of our Lord, called Mother Juliana, an anchorite of Norwich, who lived in the days of King Edward the third." Whoever has perused this remarkable spiritual treatise cannot fail to have noticed how readily the charming simplicity of the original prose diction lends itself to a versified form. This chapter has been chosen as being appropriate to the present season, from a number of others which have been similarly treated by one of our contributors. The work reissued by the firm of Ticknor & Fields in 1864 was a precious contribution to our Catholic spiritual literature. We learn with great pleasure that a new edition has been projected in England, based upon the original manuscript.—ED. C. W.

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Dying alway continual just at the point of out-passing;
Suff'ring ever the great hard death-pain. By this it meaneth
Christ's sweet Body was so discolored, so dry, and so clongen,
Deadlie and piteous, as dead all a sennet, continuallie dying.
Great was Christ's pain all the time, yet methought that the pain
which He suffered
Drying in flesh was the hardest of all, and the last of His Passion.

MARY STANLEY.

FAMILIES, it is well known, often become noted for certain special characteristics—some for beauty, others for wit; mayhap both combined, as in the Sheridans—or they possess a kind of hereditary fund of common sense, of eloquence, scientific tendencies, or, in short, mental powers of no common order, which, if united to energetic temperaments, always make them be found in the foremost ranks of their contemporaries. Such distinction belongs pre-eminently to the Stanley name in England, and so far shows no sign of diminution or decay. The Earls of Derby have so frequently become famous that the world now considers this more or less a matter of course; but the qualities which have produced such result in their regard are also to be met with, attaining the same end, in branches of the parent tree. Thus, it is only necessary to name the present Dean of Westminster, the Rev. Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, to remember his great abilities and high literary attainments; or his father, former Bishop of Norwich, to acknowledge that he was a leader in his class and generation; while his eldest sister, Mary, whose death last November has caused such wide-spread sorrow, possessed all the characteristics of her race, making her one of those beings who bear the stamp of strong individuality so rare in this age of monotonous uniformity, and likewise one of the brightest ornaments, during recent years, of the Catholic Church in England.

For in 1856, despite her education and surroundings, Miss Stanley left the communion of her birth and entered the fold of the one, universal church, to become its devoted child, and to find in it ever after that rest to her soul of which years of doubt had previously deprived her. At the same time no convert ever remained more attached to her Anglican family and the friends of

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her early associations, or recognized their worth more heartily, joining them in all those works of charity which spring from the love of God—the attraction to her and the connecting link between them. In this, as in so many other of her noble qualities, she is a fitting model to set before us in this age of strife and difficulty, proving the possibility of living in the midst of religious thought different from our own, not merely without creating rancor, but rather winning affection, yet never yielding one iota of supernatural or dogmatic principle. A loving, warm nature, it is true, opened her heart wide to all; but this inherent tendency was greatly strengthened by her recognizing the image of our Lord in all his creatures—not only feeding the hungry and clothing the naked, therefore, of all creeds indiscriminately, but regarding those in her own rank of life from the same point of view, and allowing no difference in faith to make a breach in her affections or immediate domestic circle. And that this has now been fully acknowledged is evident from the numberless tributes to her memory that have proceeded from her non-Catholic as well as Catholic friends, each vying with the other in warmth and tenderness of expression. Thus, the Baroness Burdett-Coutts, herself so noble and high-minded, sent a wreath to Miss Stanley's grave with the inscription: "In tender remembrance of the gentle Christian lady who was in life a good Samaritan. May we be as Mary Stanley!" Again, the Viscountess Strangford has written the most pathetic elegy which one woman could pen upon another; while from the pulpit of Westminster Abbey the following amongst other words have been spoken, probably for the first time in praise of a Catholic since the Reformation—all which show the deep impression her Christian and high principles made on those who had the privilege of knowing her:

"One there was," said Canon Prothero in that abbey, "who lately tarried amongst us, who united rare gifts to untiring energy in the service of God and man. Placed in a position which could claim an equality with the highest in the land, yet ever lovingly joining hand and heart with the lowest; with intellect and sympathies so perfectly balanced that the acuteness of the one and the tenderness of the other were mutually exercised and developed, her religious faith, while it claimed her devoted service, left her heart space to cherish goodness of whatever creed. Of social powers which endeared her to the most exclusive, and of a charity which made her equally known and welcome to the dwellers in the cellars and garrets of the most wretched courts in Westminster—all will mourn, all will remember for long years and tell their children of, Mary Stanley." And later that same day another canon—Fleming—spoke of her as the "one who had stood beside her friend, Florence Nightingale, in self-sacrifice when in the Crimea they

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nursed the sick and wounded soldiers; one whose home labors, so many-sided, yet always unostentatious and discriminating, cannot be forgotten in this Westminster; one whom 'when the ear heard, it blessed,' 'when the eye saw, it bare witness' to her; around whose memory shall fall 'the blessings of those who were ready to perish,' . . . and who says to us, whatever our lot, whatever our difficulties, whatever our differences, 'Go and do thou likewise.'"

This beautiful character, however, was not formed in a day; far from it. The more eager the nature, the more impulsive the temperament and sharp-witted the intellect, the greater are the struggles, the more constant is the need of discipline; and perhaps, as years rolled on, nothing was more striking in Miss Stanley than her ever-increasing self-control, moving forward progressively with a daily enlarged indulgence for the weaknesses of others.

Mary Stanley, eldest daughter of Edward and Catherine Stanley—the memoir of whose lives has so lately been published by their son, the Dean of Westminster—was born in 1813 at Alderley, the family living in Cheshire, to which her father, as younger son, had been appointed a short time previously. There her youth was spent and many of the best points in her character developed by her most remarkable parents, while her warm heart was given full play in visiting the poor, much in her father's fashion, then so uncommon among English ecclesiastics, and which has been so well described by the dean, her brother, his son. Consequently, when he was made Bishop of Norwich Miss Stanley was found ready to aid in all his philanthropic schemes and to start systems till then untried. Those who would gauge the difficulties aright must not measure them by the standard of the present day, when activity in good works, charity organizations, self-helping associations, and the like are the rule and not the exception. In the first half of this nineteenth century, when the bishop and his daughter began to work, no sisterhoods existed in Protestant England; nay, any project which savored in the slightest degree of "popery" was, for that reason alone, looked upon with disfavor. At first, indeed, Miss Stanley never thought of such matters. Catholicity, and everything connected with it, was, by her own account, odious to her; so she labored on, working out plans and ideas for herself, persevering in her charitable efforts even against hindrances. No father ever had a more energetic and willing helper; for her eager spirit, combined with an aptitude for organization worthy of France, preserved her from discouragements and infused life into all those who aided

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her. Thus, amongst many charities she started a home for working girls, still known in Norwich, we believe, as the "Stanley Home"; also a lace-school, to teach which she devoted a whole year to learning lace-making herself, and which gave employment to numbers; but, above all, a penny savings-bank, her father's and her own favorite work, running through all her undertakings in life like the golden thread in a rich tissue, one of their aims in everything being to promote thrift and industry, and therefore always choosing, between any two schemes, that in which the self-helping poor could be best encouraged.

In this manner she worked on for twelve years up to the period of her father's death, when, with the rest of the family, she left Norwich, amid the regrets of the population; finally settling in London with her mother and sole surviving brother, the present Dean of Westminster.

But a radical change was taking place in Miss Stanley's mind, the precursor of the great grace which was to be vouchsafed to her in all its fulness later, though at this period it never amounted to more than serious doubts as to the orthodoxy of the Anglican communion—doubts which flitted across her mind, she would say, strangely enough for the first time during an ordination service in Norwich Cathedral. Hitherto she had known but a few Catholics, nor did she enlarge her acquaintance with them until after her conversion; but gradually and by the very force of her good works she was led on imperceptibly to recognize the beauty and truth of all things Catholic. Often she would relate how, in her struggles for improvements at Norwich, she would discover with amazement that systems new to her were in full activity, and had been for ages, in Catholic communities; and how, when in her perplexity she used to discuss the question with a celebrated fellow-worker who was then on the high-road to the Catholic Church, but has since lapsed into Unitarianism, the latter would answer that there was no explanation except the one most unpalatable to them—"that the Catholic was a living, true Church, of which the English was but a dead branch." Once this new light was let in upon her soul every circumstance concurred to increase its intensity, her many tours on the Continent helping, but above all the divisions and absence of authority within the English Church itself driving her forward with a force that gradually became irresistible. In her distress she also flew to Archdeacon—now Cardinal—Manning, then a bright star of the English Church, but only to find him more unsettled than herself, advancing with giant strides to the fold, of which he has since become

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a shining light. Not so soon convinced, however, as he, struggling, moreover, not to break loose from her early associations and the companionship in faith of her dearly-loved family, with that feeling of strong attachment which is the great trial to Catholic converts in England, Miss Stanley did not follow the present cardinal's example for fully two years.

In the meantime the Crimean War took place, and, as we have seen, stirred by the same enthusiasm, she offered her services almost simultaneously with her friend Miss Nightingale; and so well known was her activity and experience in good works that the government willingly accepted them, despatching her to the East in charge of forty nurses. There, near Scutari, at Kulalee, the great ambassador of that day, Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, obtained for her an empty Turkish barrack, which his noble-hearted lady aided her powerfully in transforming into a hospital, where twelve hundred sick soldiers were received during the winter; the Irish Sisters of Mercy from Kinsale Convent, and others from England, being amongst the nurses. This episode in her history would require a volume to itself; suffice, therefore, to say that she here stayed many months, organizing and superintending everything with a skill, presence of mind, and cheeriness which endeared her to all concerned.

Nothing, however, lulled Miss Stanley's doubts and mental struggles, and a few months after her return home she was received into the Catholic Church, feeling, she used to say, as though she had entered a haven of rest which every succeeding year only made more thoroughly tranquil. Never, perhaps, was her steady faith more fully shown than during the Council winter, which she passed in Rome, when, amidst the din and turmoil of that time, her mind was not for an instant disturbed, the Holy Spirit guiding the Church being visibly clear to her through and above the clamor of its human elements. And this orthodox principle, daily clearer to her intelligent and spiritual mind, solaced and supported her under every fresh circumstance, enabling her also to see how, no matter what abuses or "fallings-off" took place either in the past or present, that the church shakes them off with an energy that is divine, springing up afresh with the strength of a young eagle. Nay, more, instead of narrowing, her conversion naturally only widened, her sympathies; for while it filled her with humility for the grace bestowed upon her, she gained thereby an ever-increasing conviction of the existence of invincible ignorance, meeting as she did, in her daily intercourse with other creeds, such numbers whom she knew to be too no-

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ble-minded not to sacrifice every worldly interest to follow truth, could they but see it as distinctly as herself. Her own experience, however, had shown her the futility of constant argument; hence her guiding principle henceforward was never to commence it. To those who inquired sincerely she would give "reason for the faith that was in her," or perhaps simply advise them to apply to the nearest parish priest—the doctrines of the church being everywhere the same, she would say, and not requiring the gloss of any personal prestige. For all others she merely prayed, but with an earnestness of which few ever had the least idea.

To these principles, steadily carried out with a Christian charity and tenderness rarely equalled, improved, too, by the daily discipline of her most spiritual inner life, Mary Stanley owed the remarkable influence and popularity which she enjoyed and used for such high purpose in her generation, and which now makes her loss well-nigh irreparable. Nor had her task been so easy as may now appear; for though her immediate family never allowed her to feel any difference for her change of faith, many others from secondary motives did resent it at the time, and heartburnings had not failed her. But this, she would say, is only what every convert must at first expect—the price to be paid for the blessing they receive. That it need not last or become an obstacle to peace and love depends, on the other hand, altogether upon the conduct of each individual. A hard struggle it doubtless is to an affectionate heart, but meekness and loving endurance surely bring their recompense in the end. Acting on this conviction, Miss Stanley never separated from an old friend, while at the same time the church rarely has possessed a more faithful or obedient child.

Looking for no honor, and at all times content that "others should reap where she had sown," as her mother often predicted would be her fate in life, Miss Stanley settled down quietly to her "charities" on returning from Constantinople, devoting herself to them with all the greater energy now that her religious scruples and doubts had at length found repose.

Her brother was not yet Dean of Westminster, nor did he even think about it, so that it was a singular chance which attracted her to the district that later became his home, and led her to purchase a house in Westminster in the centre of squalor and neglect. There she speedily organized various undertakings similar to those she had established at Norwich: a lodging-house for poor women, with a kitchen and a matron; an

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industrial laundry in her garden, and a work-room where she found work for women. In this circumstances at the moment favored her, for the government was giving contracts to supply clothing for the army. Instantly Miss Stanley sent in an offer, which was accepted, and in one year, employing soldiers' widows and children in preference to others, she delivered no less than forty thousand shirts to the British War Office. It was quite a sight to see her superintending, nay, more often cutting out the materials herself, inspecting and encouraging even when obliged to reject work which might not reach the prescribed standard. In course of time the system was changed by the authorities, but Miss Stanley also changed to others; for one of her great characteristics was a singular readiness to take up or lay down a work the instant anything showed that its suitableness had ceased. But it were endless inconsequence to enumerate her achievements; for, besides her own special "works," no national event ever failed to touch her heart and bring forth her powers. Thus in them all was she active: in Lancashire during the cotton famine; in 1870, at the time of the Franco-German war, when she undertook one department of the "Society for Aid to Sick and Wounded"; or was to be found helping regularly at the district Soup Kitchen in Westminster, especially when smallpox was raging there, and, the heads of families fearing to attend, Miss Stanley did more than double duty; while at another time she originated the "Flower Mission," which has since grown so vast, never allowing any of them, however, to interfere with her own much-loved penny savings-banks, private clothing clubs, and the like. Her hand and, above all, her head were always ready, again, as her mother said when she begged the motto "to be put on Mary's grave": "Never weary in well-doing." Work amongst the poor, and charity of all kinds, was to her as necessary as air and food, but at the same time it was of the genuine kind. Of her the *Weekly Register* has said that she was "the sort of Christian worker and philanthropist of whom we now need a large army. Miss Stanley did for herself and by herself, and she did always, what most of us wish that others would do for us. She mingled personally with the poorest of the poor, and was as practical as she was earnest in uplifting them. She talked no rubbish about 'not giving to the undeserving,' but worked hard to make the undeserving deserving. She succeeded in many thousands of instances. She was modest, sympathetic, and hard-working—the three requisites of practical charity. Five hundred Miss Stanleys in the metro-

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polis would get rid of more than half the 'undeserving.'" Her tastes and pursuits, it is true, *are* now shared by many pious and good women; not always, we fear, with the entire absence of *amour-propre* which distinguished her on every occasion. Few, for instance, had any idea that when in good health her day began by early Mass—so early that one gentleman, who often reached London by the night mail, used to say that the only person he ever met when driving to his house in Park Lane was Miss Stanley toiling up the hill to half-past seven o'clock Mass in Farm Street. At breakfast with her family or friends her thoughts were given to topics of general interest, without hurry or allusion to her own affairs; yet ten A.M. saw her installed in her house at York Street, Westminster, where until the afternoon she was the "servant of the poor." Thenceforward again she belonged to her own rank of life, mingling in that sphere of intellect and general interests which her position placed at her command. Even there, however, she took every opportunity of continuing her acts of kindness and Christian charity, rarely passing a day without visiting a sick or afflicted friend. The pleasant stories, tender sympathy, brightness, and courage which her presence brought them are still fresh in the memories of countless numbers; while others tell of the ready counsel, the benefit of her experience, and the encouragement in charitable aspirations she constantly afforded them. To one she would characteristically say: "If you stop to count the difficulties you will never do anything in life. Begin! and they will vanish"; or another she helped to bear some domestic cross and to march on in firmer reliance upon supernatural aid. Her warm, affectionate heart and sympathizing nature attracted confidence and drew love towards her, whilst in return such a strengthening influence seemed to go forth from her Christian, Catholic mind that waverings and faintheartedness somehow vanished. And what a loyal friend and true she was! showing a steadiness under weal or woe, a delicacy of feeling a consideration, a power of silence and discretion, an inventive thoughtfulness, a recollection in absence, which none but those who had personal experience of it could ever imagine. Even in the midst of the great whirl of London evening society, the social elements of which none more keenly enjoyed, she was ever doing kindnesses and ready to enter into the joys of others. A rare and beautiful character Mary Stanley's truly was—one to whose many-sidedness it is impossible in a short notice to do even scant justice, full of sound common sense and practical

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wisdom, which an intense love of God, and, through him, of her neighbor, purified and idealized, enabling her to use her gifts for the highest purposes without being aware of her importance, or ever seeking to shine before those amongst whom she nevertheless was a bright star and made a mark in her generation that will be of lasting benefit.

All the more do we recognize this now as we read Cardinal Newman's address on the change towards Catholics in England during the last thirty years, and see the part in it which he assigns to those converts, sisters, daughters, and others, who have proved to their Protestant families that they had not lost their "human affections and human tastes, and were still human beings in whom they could be interested, sympathize with, and exchange good offices before the question of religion came into consideration; . . . possessing that moral magnetism which unites men to each other, and may be expressed by the word 'neighborly,' ". . . while "the converts on their side have not denied the existence of strong religious sentiment in those they had left behind." First amongst these the name of Mary Stanley springs to many lips, and for such reasons her memory daily grows dearer to her large and varied circle of friends. "Her works," no doubt, "follow her," but their influence remains behind to enlighten and guide the weary wayfarers along the same narrow path. Nay, more, her reward seemed almost foreshadowed here on earth, for the two dearest wishes of her heart were fulfilled in the constant presence of her much-loved relatives beside her sick-bed, and, on the other hand, in the spiritual ministrations of her old and faithful friend, the present Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. In a singular degree peace and love were hers, while the prayers of sick and poor still rise to heaven in her behalf.

EASTER MORNING.

"I arose, and am still with you. Alleluia."—ROMAN MISSAL.

FOR six long weeks I seemed to hear
Our Lord's dear, human voice,
Whose peaceful sweetness made my soul
In sorrow most rejoice;

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I hearkened to his tender words,
  I touched his garment's hem,
Wandering by blue Genesareth,
  Through proud Jerusalem;
I flung my palm beneath his feet,
  I sought Gethsemani,
Where, weary with the thought of sin,
  I wept its misery.

I followed unto Pilate's hall,
  Weeping for reed and crown;
I saw the patient Son of God
  Beneath the Cross bend down—
Burdened with mine iniquity,
  Sore bruisèd for my sin,
The bitter cup of gall for him
  And love my share therein.
I knelt beneath the cruel tree,
  The wood with load so sweet,
And bent with love, so rich in grief,
  To kiss the wounded feet.

When now, on Easter morn are oped
  The gates of Paradise,
I come with Magdalen to bear
  Forgiven love's sweet spice,
Through all the glory of the day
  Earth seems to feel some loss:
Still is the voice for which love longs,
  And bare the uplifted Cross;
My soul's true love is taken away.—
  Nay, little one, be wise:
Among the lilies lo! he waits,
  Clad in his love's disguise.
In blessing shall he speak once more,
  Calming thy love and fear;
Rejoice, and fear not: his great love
  Still holds him prisoner here.

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FOLLETTE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S TRIALS," "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "FREDERIC OZANAM," "PEARL," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

VICTOR'S BRIBE.

THE old man was failing rapidly; he grew weaker from day to day, until one morning, about a week after he had banished Follette to her room, he found he could not get out of bed. When Victor went in to him he saw that a great change had taken place; the old man was very white, and his voice was so feeble that he could hardly raise it above a whisper.

"I'm not well, lad; I don't know what's amiss, eh?" he said, with a helpless, inquiring look at the strong young fellow, who stood, in the pride of his health, looking down on him.

"It's the weather, patron; the sudden heat of the last few days has been too much for you. You'll be all right to-morrow," said Victor in a cheerful tone.

"Ah! you think I will. To-morrow, eh?" And the trembling fingers fretted over the shabby brown coverlet, and the sunken eyes fixed a look of searching appeal on Victor's face. "You don't think I ought to take some physic, something to put me on my legs, eh?"

"I would not meddle with physic, if I were you, patron; it's nothing but the heat. I'm limp myself these two days; I feel as if my legs were going to give way under me."

"Ah! you feel that, do you?—a strong young fellow like you, eh? No wonder if I feel a bit queer. It's the heat. Then you wouldn't send for anybody, eh?"

"Certainly not. I'd rather spend the money on food than on doctors. They're a set of sharks; they give folks stuff to make them sick, and then make believe to cure them."

"The villains! I'm not up to their tricks. There was that old man that attended my father; you remember him? A clever fellow he was, and honest, eh? He lived at Barache."

"He did, and he was buried there ten years ago."

"Dead! Eh? Ha! That's a pity. Suppose I got ill, what should we do? There's a man at Cotor, isn't there?"

"A fool and a scoundrel. He'd half kill you and take the skin

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off your back. If you got ill and must have some one, I'd send to Tarbes and have a regular good doctor from there. It would be better to pay a hundred francs for one visit all in lump, and be cured, than to be fleeced by degrees for nothing."

"What! what! Eh? A hundred francs! What villains to trade on the sufferings of us poor devils! The law ought to prevent it; it's wicked. But if one were ill—"

"Pshaw! you'll be all right to-morrow, patron," said Victor, with a shrug, and the contemptuous gesture comforted Gripard more than sympathy would have done.

"Ah! you think so, lad? To-morrow," he repeated to himself. But he turned with loathing from the food Victor brought him, and touched nothing all day.

To-morrow came, and Gripard, instead of being all right, was worse. He was exhausted by the long fast, and had passed a feverish night; his eyes were like burning glass, and he wandered slightly, calling for Jeanne, and then remembering and asking for Follette. Victor noticed these symptoms, and his pulses quickened with a horrible hope. If the old man were to die at once, before Jules came back, all would be right. Follette might go her way; she would be a good riddance once everything was in Victor's possession. He had been as fond of her as it was in him to be fond of any one; but she had tired him out, and he would gladly hand her over to Jules or anybody else. The game had narrowed to a few throws, and at this moment it was entirely in Victor's hands. He believed that Gripard was dying an easy, natural death that he, Victor, had done nothing to accelerate. He did not stick at many things to accomplish an end, but he would have stuck at this; he would not lift a finger to hasten the old man's death, but neither would he lift a finger to postpone it. There was no reason, in fact, why anybody should. Gripard might just as well go now, to-day, as in a month's time; he had a miserable life of it, and he was of no use to anybody by staying, whereas by going just at the right moment he would be of very great use to somebody.

When Gripard again hinted in a timorous way at sending for a doctor or getting some physic, Victor pooh-poohed the notion, and wondered at a wise man wanting to fool away his money to sharks.

"But where is Follette? Why does she not come and look after me?" Gripard asked again in a querulous tone.

"Follette is up-stairs; you forbade her to come down till she gave in about the marriage," said Victor.

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"Never mind that. I want her now. Tell her to come to me."

But it would not have suited Victor's purpose at all to bring the two together at the present moment, and luckily it was easy enough to keep them apart. He took care not to inform Follette that her uncle was ill, and she was not likely to find it out in any other way. Follette at first had made up her mind that she would eat nothing that Victor brought her, but this heroic resolution soon broke down under the imperious cravings of a healthy young appetite; the poor child watched eagerly for the sound of her jailer's step at her door, and the moment his back was turned she fell ravenously on her scanty rations. But she fed on hope more than on the bread and cold soup. It was a wonder to herself how she kept up her heart through those dreary days; but she did, and even her spirits to a surprising degree. She sat at her casement, where the June sun came streaming in, warm and golden, and she watched the silver chord of the river curling between the green banks where wild flowers, forget-me-nots, and bluebells grew plentifully, and her heart went out to the sweet glory of the summer till she could almost have sung with the birds. Birds will sing when the sun shines, even if they are in a cage and robbed of their mate. Follette felt that the door of her cage would open; captivity could not last for ever. It was not that she expected death to come and set her free. She had turned her thoughts that way for the first two days, when she had meant to starve rather than take her food from Victor; but it would not do. She discovered that she was too young and strong for death to think of her; while she was weak and hungry the black shadow seemed very close, but with her hunger it vanished, and now it seemed to have receded into some dim region amongst terrors too remote to become real. Why should she die in her vigorous spring-time, when the whole world was so full of life, when the day of resurrection that came round year after year had called up the fields and the forest into a new and glorious youth after the long winter's sleep? There were flowers in the grass and foliage on the trees, and the summer breeze swept over them and wafted songs of hope and deliverance to Follette through her open window. She listened to the rustle of the leaves and the distant heaving of the forest, and the hum of the bees that the butterflies were chasing round the old lavender-bush by the gate, and she felt that God was very good, who had made all these beautiful things; and God was her father. The old life of monotonous work wore an enchanted glory as she looked out

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through the bars of her cage at the gray belfry that stood high and clear against the darkening green of the forest and the liquid blue of the sky, while the deep tone of the Angelus bell mingled with the voices of children playing on the road, and with the scent of the lavender and the honeysuckle. It all seemed wondrously fair to Follette, and when God gave the old life back to her she would be more docile and humble and brave, and not take it all for granted without a word of thanks, as in the old days.

The most exciting occupation of the day to her was to watch her uncle and Victor going in and out of the house; no one else crossed the inhospitable threshold of Quatre Vents. But it struck her as odd that she should not have seen her uncle for some days; she could scarcely have missed him coming and going, for she had nothing to do but watch for him, and even if she were looking away she would have heard the sound of his step on the gravel. At last she determined to ask Victor if he were ill.

"The rheumatism has come back into his legs, and he can't walk," was the reply, given in a dry tone.

"There's nothing more the matter?"

"What more would you have? That ought to content you, seeing it's your fault; it's worrying about you that brought back the pains." And with this he turned and left her.

Follette felt very miserable. She did not believe it was her doing that her uncle's legs had got bad again; but she would gladly have gone down and rubbed them for him, and done what she could to atone for having vexed and thwarted him. When Victor came up next morning she begged him to ask her uncle to let her come and rub him.

"I will not speak to him, and I will come up-stairs as soon as I have done the rubbing," she said entreatingly.

"I don't think he is in a mood to care to see you; but I will ask him," said Victor.

He returned in a short time with the message that her uncle was very angry at her daring to propose coming into his presence until she was ready to say she would do his bidding in all things—"*in all things*," Victor repeated, emphasizing the words significantly. Follette made no answer, and Victor went away. He left the house immediately, but by the back door, so that she might not see him and take advantage of her uncle's being alone to come down and sue for pardon.

Meantime Gripard lay in bed, helpless, longing for Follette and calling to her by the hour; but his voice was too feeble to reach her. Follette's room was over the scullery; the large room

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over the kitchen had been occupied by Gripard's parents and never used since their death; beyond it was Jeanne's room, and Gripard's was under this; he was consequently a long way off from Follette, with closed doors between them. He was very wretched; he knew that he was very ill, perhaps too ill to recover. Victor's assurance, repeated with cool indifference every day, that he would be all right to-morrow, had ceased to give him any comfort, but he was too much afraid of Victor to tell him so and insist on having a doctor. He felt his isolation and the unkindness of the neighbors keenly, forgetting that it was his own doing if they neglected him now that he wanted them, seeing that when he did not want them he had been rude and churlish and kept everybody from his door. But as the days dragged on, and the long, wakeful nights, his thoughts turned inwards, and he saw within himself the answer to many things that had seemed to him unjust. His own life stood out in strong relief against the darkness, and it was not a consoling picture to gaze at during the watches of the night. He had saved his money and put his heart into it, and now in his necessity it could not procure him even the necessaries of life. He had worshipped a false god, he had consecrated his life to him, and the false god refused him a blessing; he had no one else to pray to in his extremity, and the false god mocked him. The gold that he had gloated over many a night, feasting his eyes on it and drinking in the chink of the glittering coins like the sweetest music; the gold that he had gathered into his palm and kissed as if it had been a living thing that could feel his caress—the gold was of no more use to him now than so much dirt. Any pauper, any sick dog who could crawl out and show his wounds on the roadside, was better off than he, for the dog would excite compassion in some passer-by, and he would throw him a bone or a glance of pity. And here was Gripard abandoned under his own roof, not able to get a drink to quench his thirst. Why did Follette not come to him? He had been fond of the little thing, and not unkind until she thwarted him. He had told himself that it was for her good that he was forcing her into a hateful marriage; that he was thereby securing her interests; but this sophistry was silenced now. In that hideous spectre of his own life that haunted him day and night he saw that Follette, too, had been sacrificed to the false god; that he had been thinking only of providing a keeper for his money. The terror of being "ruined when he was in his grave" had made him pitiless and cruel to his sister's child. He saw, moreover, that Victor had duped him, that he was a bad, heartless fellow; the

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love of money, which had made a bond between them once, now made the young man hateful in his eyes. It was for the sake of such a man as this that he had acted like a hard tyrant to gentle, loving little Follette! Gripard bit the bed-clothes in his rage and misery, and called out to Follette by the hour: "Come to me, petiote! I will forgive thee everything. I am better than thou thinkest, my little Follette. I have done the best for thee, and thou shalt marry Jules! Only come to thy poor old uncle, my Follette!" But the cracked, weak voice died away in the low-ceiled room, and then the old man would lapse into silence, while the tears trickled down his face, wetting the brown coverlet.

Follette, sitting at the window, wondered that she did not see Victor going out, but concluded that her uncle would not be left alone, and that Victor was staying at home to keep company with him, perhaps to rub him. There was some comfort in this, and in the good smell of bouillon that came up from the kitchen, for it proved that her uncle was taking nourishing food. If she had but known, these savory fumes were an additional suffering to him. He longed for bouillon, but Victor said it would increase the fever, and that he could not let him have a drop; it was for himself that the pot-au-feu was simmering on the hearth, and amazing the dumb household gods by its unaccustomed presence there.

The rich miser was not much better fed than Follette, and nothing but love of life and the cravings of exhausted nature enabled him to touch the meagre messes that Victor set before him. Victor considered he was doing quite enough in providing the old man with his usual food; since it had been enough for him to live on, it was enough for him to die on, and there was no kindness in prolonging unnecessarily a life which was now no better than a living death. But while waiting with placid patience for the end Victor had some personal preoccupations that made him anxious to postpone it until his arrangements were made. He wanted to ascertain where Gripard had secreted his money. The will would eventually put him in undisputed possession of all the old man had, but if he could get hold of the money beforehand he would avoid the slander and ill-will that was certain to follow when the extent of the legacy became known. The will was so worded that it gave no clue to the amount of the testator's property, but the truth would soon be discovered and all Bacaram would be informed of it; whereas if Victor could find the money beforehand, and stow it away in some place of safe-keeping, no

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one need ever be the wiser. If the sum was a good round one, as he suspected, he meant to come Don Magnifico over Bacaram and present Quatre Vents to Follette; thus he would apply a salve to his own conscience and earn a character for disinterestedness and magnanimity. Little as Victor cared for his fellow-creatures, he felt bitterly their aloofness and the latent mistrust which he read in their cold looks and altered manners of late. Ever since Jeanne's death a marked change had come over the village towards him. People noticed that Gripard had grown surly and suspicious; he had never been neighborly, but he now quarrelled with the few old friends who had always been tolerated, if not actually welcome, at Quatre Vents. Mme. Bibot felt especially aggrieved at this treatment; she had never borne much love to Victor, and she interpreted the changed state of things at Quatre Vents according to her lights—that is to say, her prejudices: Victor was circumventing the old man, and the pair were persecuting little Follette to death. Now, if it turned out that Gripard left his house or his money to the designing knave it would be a clear case of "captation," and the law would break the will. Proofs were plentiful; and as to witnesses, their name would be legion. Bacaram, you see, was valiant in prospective battle for Follette's future interests, but, though everybody suspected she was at the present moment the victim of some sort of foul play, no one stirred a finger to come to her assistance. Meantime they relieved their feelings and satisfied their sense of justice by tacitly showing Victor what they thought of him; they kept aloof and cast cold looks upon him. Victor understood the meaning of this ostracism perfectly, and he enjoyed in imagination the pleasure of confounding the malignity of his enemies, and making them stare in wonder at his generosity and their own short-sightedness.

"If I could wheedle or frighten the secret out of the old man!" he thought, as he ate his comfortable supper that evening with an appetite that no mental preoccupations had power to affect. Still, he was much exercised in his mind. Several slices of boiled beef, piles of fried potatoes, and a couple of roasted apples disappeared from before him, and then, pushing aside the dishes, he leaned his elbow on the table and proceeded to ruminate at leisure on the subject of his anxiety. Suddenly a look of triumph lit up his face.

"I have it! I will bribe him with a bowl of bouillon."

He took up the candle and went into Gripard's room.

"He is dying; there is no time to lose," thought Victor, as

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he approached the bed, holding the light so that it fell full on Gripard's face.

"How do you feel, patron?"

"Badly, lad, badly. What ails Jeanne that she doesn't come to me? Tell her to come at once."

"Jeanne is gone. Don't you remember? You mean Follette."

"Aye, aye, Follette. I was always fond of the little one; she is Martha's child. Martha is angry. She won't speak to me. I want her to fetch M. le Curé."

"You're not as bad as that, patron. You want more food to make you strong; you've let yourself go too low. You'd like a bowl of beef-soup, wouldn't you?"

"Beef soup? Aye, aye; Jeanne spends too much money. They're all robbing me! Too many mouths to feed."

This was terrible. It seemed to Victor that, in his eagerness to clutch at his opportunity, he had lost it. He had starved the old man into delirium, and it was now doubtful whether it was not too late to undo the mischief. Should he start off for the nearest doctor, or should he try to revive his strength by nourishment? Gripard looked as if he might die in the night; his voice was shrill, but weak as an infant's; he could not lift his hand, and his eyes were like dying lamps, deep sunk in their sockets. It was a pitiable sight—the living corpse huddled upon the neglected bed and gasping for breath in the poisoned air of the room, while the hot fingers kept restlessly moving to and fro. Still he was not unconscious, though he wandered. Victor might possibly extract the secret from him.

"Patron," he said, "I'm sure a little wine would do you good. You have a few bottles in the cellar, have you not? Tell me where the key is and I will fetch one up."

"Eh, eh! The cellar? Who's there? There's nothing in the cellar but empty bottles. D'ye hear? Nothing else." The lack-lustre eyes glared at Victor with an expression that startled him, it was so fierce; in the delirium of death the ruling passion blazed up as strong as ever.

"You are not afraid of me, patron? Don't you know me?" said Victor, in a voice meant to be caressing.

"Know thee? Aye, a cunning varlet! A thief . . . rascal . . ."

"Nay, patron, you mistake me for Jules," said Victor deprecatingly.

"Jules! Jules was a good lad. Thou art a knave and a hypocrite! Thou wouldst rob me! Get thee from my sight!"

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"Thank heaven I have the will!" thought Victor. But he must make a last effort to get hold of the money. He was turning away when Gripard showed increased signs of agitation; he tried to point to something and mumbled incoherently. Victor lowered the light and looked round and about the bed, but he could see nothing.

"What is it, patron?" he said, bending closer to catch what the other was trying to say.

With a desperate effort Gripard put out his hand and clutched the candle, pulled it to him, and blew it out with his panting breath.

"Thou wouldst ruin me before I am in my grave! Wasting light . . . as if candles grew like grass . . ."

They were now in total darkness, for Victor had taken the precaution to close the door; he groped his way to it, and the red embers on the kitchen hearth sent a flickering glow into the bed-room.

Victor reclosed the door, relighted his candle, poured some bouillon into a saucepan, and set it on the fire. In a few minutes it was hot, and he carried it in to Gripard.

"Here is something that will do you good, patron," he said; and laying the candlestick at a safe distance, he lifted Gripard's head with his left hand, and held the bowl to him with the other. The old man made a querulous, beaver-like noise, mumbling something about Jeanne squandering his money; but when the soup touched his lips he clutched the bowl with both hands, and held it till he had finished every drop, swallowing the bouillon in short, greedy gulps. Then he drew a long breath and fell back on his pillow, smacking his lips.

"Perhaps you'll sleep a bit now," said Victor, "and then by and by I'll bring you some more."

"Aye, lad, aye," said the old man; "it was good."

"You are not angry with me for bringing it to you? I bought the meat out of that crown you gave me to buy ribbons for Follette. I did not spend the money."

"That was well. Thou art a wise lad."

Victor drew the coverlet straight and tucked the old man in with ostentatious care. As he was leaving the room it struck him that a breath of fresh air might help the effect of the bouillon, so he opened the casement wide and let in the pure night air. The stars were out, and a young silver crescent was set in the deep-blue sky; the church, the gray belfry tower, the forest, the cottages floated in the sweet moonlight. The village was asleep; only one cottage on the other side of the river showed a lighted

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window, that glowed like a danger-signal where all was security and peace. The noisy little Dole hushed its chatter, and sped along with a subdued, silvery tinkle that made the stillness deeper. Victor leaned against the window-sill and enjoyed the beauty of the night. Not that he saw it; but he felt it in some dull way, as perhaps the animals do, unconsciously touched by its serene and tender loveliness, though there was no response within him to the pure influences of the stars or the mystic moonlight. After a while he closed the window, and, seeing that Gripard lay perfectly quiet, he went back into the kitchen, and sat down and thrust his hands into his pockets, and began to consider what his next step should be.

He felt sure the bouillon would prove beneficial; the old man had taken it with a gusto that showed there was yet some vitality left in him. If he got a snatch of sleep, and then had another bowlful, the chances were that he would come back to his right mind. Victor waited about an hour, and then opened the door gently; the light from the kitchen sent a bright line across the floor, but no sound came from the bed.

"How do you feel now, patron?" he asked in a low voice; but there was no answer, so he closed the door and sat down again. Suddenly he remembered that he had bought a newspaper and not yet looked at it. He took it out, and proceeded to peruse it with his usual cautious attention, beginning at the beginning, and going through every column as if it were of the utmost importance not to miss one line. There were a few clever robberies and a good murder; the heading *Gazette des Tribunaux* furnished an exciting trial. The Nouvelles de l'Etranger and the Bourse were dry reading, for Victor had no interest in any of the topics they included; but he went through them conscientiously all the same. At the top of the third page something quickened his attention and made his features contract with an angry expression; the offensive passage appeared in a review of the exhibition of sculpture, and ran thus:

"Amongst these latter there is a group which has attracted much interest. It consists of two figures, an old woman and a young girl; the delicate beauty of the latter, the graceful curves of the head and neck, the firm, spirited lines of the figure, are in striking contrast with the decrepit form and wrinkled but characteristic features of the old granddame. The composition indicates power and originality; and as we understand that M. Jules Valdory is not much over twenty, he bids fair to take rank in his art and reach success while young enough to enjoy it."

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Victor read the article twice over, and then muttered something between his set teeth. It was a mercy this had not appeared sooner. If Gripard had seen it Jules might have run a chance of being forgiven.

"I don't grudge him his success, since it is not likely to interfere with mine," said Victor, as he laid down the newspaper. He was in a mood to deal out pardons and magnanimity to all mankind; he wanted to make a compromise with his conscience, for he was intent on something which, if it could not be called a deed of darkness in the worst sense, must needs be done in the dark and would never bear the light. Victor felt an urgent longing for justification before his inward self—that secret tribunal whose decrees overrule all others, and whose condemnation lies so heavily on a human being that the esteem and praise of the whole world besides cannot console him for it. The dread of being haunted all his life by the Nemesis of this secret court poisoned beforehand the fruits of his success, and stimulated him to seek a verdict of acquittal at any cost, even if he obtained it on a quibble.

"Follette shall have Quatre Vents," he said to himself, "and Jules will make his fortune, and they will both be all the happier for working on together instead of coming into a lot of money that they would not know how to spend. Jules would throw up work and go to the dogs, and Follette would be a miserable woman. They both will have reason to bless me for delivering them from the curse of too much money."

But he had not yet delivered them from it; he had yet to get the key of the cellar. It was probably under a tile on the roof or up some chimney; heaven and Gripard alone knew—misers had such wonderful cunning in those things!

Victor opened the door again, but not a word came from the bed. The old man was sleeping as sound as a child; or—good God! could it be? He took a step nearer, and, holding the candle high above his head, looked and listened with bated breath. The sound of Gripard's breathing, quick and regular, fell on his ear like sweetest music. He laid down the candle on the chimney-piece, and fetched a bowl of bouillon, which he placed on a table close to Gripard's hand in case he should wake and feel inclined to take it.

"The sleep is the best food he could have. *Qui dort, dine*," thought Victor, and he left the room and went softly up-stairs and to bed.

Victor was up with the dawn next morning, and crept down

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the moment he was dressed to see how Gripard was. He found him awake and perfectly collected. He had slept the candle out, and awoke when it was quite dark, so Victor escaped a scolding for his extravagance; he had not seen the soup, which was now removed discreetly before the shutters were opened.

"You are a new man to-day, patron. That bouillon did you good. You'd like a little more of it?" Victor said.

"Aye, lad. Have you any more?"

"I have a good bowlful. You needn't grudge taking it. I told you I bought the meat and a lot of bones out of my own money."

"That was well. It's the least you may do for me, lad; I've done a deal for you, eh?"

"You have, patron, and I'm not ungrateful, although you said hard things to me last night."

"Last night, eh? Well, never mind; I wasn't quite myself last night. But that bouillon did me a deal of good."

"It sent you to sleep, and that's the best physic. You must have a little good wine now. The doctor told me so yesterday."

"Ah! That scoundrel from Barache, eh? Is he coming here?"

"No, patron. I met him, and put him up to a dodge for getting his hay cheap, and then I got an opinion out of him by way of payment."

"Knowing lad!" said Gripard, with a feeble chuckle. "And what did the rascal say?"

"He said I was to give you bouillon, and then if I found it agreed with you I was to give you more with a glass of old Bordeaux three times a day. He assured me this was the best medicine he could prescribe, and the only one you wanted. But when I spoke about it last night you called me hard names."

"Did I? Eh? Never mind what I said last night. Get me the bouillon."

"And how about the wine? Shall I fetch a bottle from the cellar?"

"The cellar! Ah! I'm not sure I care about the wine. That doctor man is a scoundrel; you said yourself he was. I wouldn't mind what he said. Bring me the bouillon." Victor stood hesitating; then his pale blue eyes gleamed with a light that was not goodly to see. Without making any answer he went into the kitchen and proceeded to light the fire. In a very short time the soup was hot; he had a good bowlful of it to his breakfast of cold

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beef and salad, and then, filling out a cupful, he took it in to Gripard.

"See if it wants salt," he said, holding him out a spoonful to taste.

"Excellent! Give it me, lad." And Gripard held his shaking hand toward the bowl; but Victor stepped back.

"You sha'n't taste another drop till I have the wine ready for you to take after it. Give me the key of the cellar to fetch up a bottle."

"The key? the cellar, eh? I have no key; I don't know where it is. I'll look for it by and by, when I've taken the bouillon; I'll be able to get up and find it. Give me the bouillon, quick, lad." And he held out his hands piteously, entreating with his trembling fingers.

"You sha'n't have a drop of it," said Victor quietly; and he laid the bowl down where the savory fumes could reach the old man and tickle his greedy longing.

"My good lad! I beg thee let me have it! I will find the key when I have refreshed myself. I can't get up to look for it now."

"You can remember well enough. Where do you always keep it? In this room somewhere?"

"I don't know where it is. My head is astray. I will remember after a while. Let me have the soup; that will strengthen me. Come, my good lad!"

"You sha'n't have a drop of it," repeated Victor, thrusting his hands into his pockets and leaning against the door. "What a fool you are, patron! Only think," he went on in a tone of persuasiveness, "whom are you keeping those few bottles of wine for? For Follette, who won't say, God rest your soul! when she gets them? Or for me, who never touch wine? I hate it. You know I do."

"That's right, lad. It's poison, wine is, and costs a deal of money. It never did any one any good."

"Not unless they want it as you do now, patron; and I tell you if you don't have it you'll die. The doctor declared it was the one thing to save your life—that and the strong soup."

"Aye, aye; but the soup first, and then we'll have the wine. I'm fainting for want of the soup."

"You shall have it when I have fetched the wine," was the dogged reply, and Victor drew his thin lips together.

Gripard fell back on his pillow with the whine of a baffled animal. His tormentor's hard face showed signs of indecision. What

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if love of money should prove stronger than love of life, and that the old man should conquer him by that most irresistible of forces, the force of inertia? He was capable of letting himself die of hunger rather than risk his treasure. One thing was made clear, however: the money was in the cellar.

"Look here, patron," said Victor, softening his tone and opening wide the kitchen door, so that Gripard from his bed could see the big clock on the wall, "it wants three minutes of six now; if you tell me where the key is I will fetch the wine and hand you back the key before the clock strikes six. I could not carry away much wine in that time, could I? And that's why you won't trust me, is it not? You're afraid I'd steal a few bottles."

He spoke so warmly, with an expression of contemptuous vexation, that Gripard began to relent. It was possible, after all, that the lad did not suspect the cellar contained anything but the wine, and, if so, he would not go peering about to look for anything else, so there would be no great harm in letting him fetch a bottle. The soup was smoking under Gripard's nose, mocking his hunger, and he could not snatch at it. Victor saw his eyes wander greedily from it to him.

"Three minutes, eh? And you'd come straight back?"

"Straight back. You can see the clock from this," he said, pointing to the big white dial; "it's now only two minutes to the hour. Where is the key? Come! the soup is getting cold. Trust me for two minutes."

His face wore a coaxing, humorous look that fairly disarmed the miser's suspicions.

"Well, well, the key? Where is it? See on the table there. No? Where has it gone to? Try in my pocket. Not there? Could it have dropped under the bed?" Victor looked, but of course saw no key.

"It would not have slipped between the flooring, patron—got under some loose board?"

"Nay, nay; the boards an't loose, lad. Look behind the pillow." He grew visibly agitated as Victor, in obedience to his directions, tried one place after another; but when the young man looked behind the pillow, thrusting his hand right under the bolster, Gripard trembled so that the bed shook.

"I must be on the right track now," thought Victor. "It would not have slipped under the mattress, patron?" he said, still searching.

"N-n-no," said Gripard, but his teeth chattered with fright.

"All right," thought Victor; "*j'ai chaud! je brûle!* The key is

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somewhere near here." He asked no more questions, but thrust his hand under the mattress, the old man making a piteous little cry as he felt the strong arm travelling under him from the head to the foot of the bed.

"Here it is," he said quietly, as if it were the most natural thing in the world for a huge rusty key to have slipped accidentally into the depth of a mattress through a slit in the ticking.

"Ha! Thou art a handy fellow. Whatever brought the plaguy thing there? Make haste, lad, eh? Thou won't be long away, eh?"

"No, not more than the time to go and come," said Victor, and the clock struck six as he spoke.

"Leave the door open, wide back, eh? I don't like to be all alone," said Gripard; and his eyes followed Victor with the look of a creature at bay, terrified, but still with a hope of escape.

Victor lighted a candle and went down to the cellar. Some dozen bottles were ranged on a step opposite the door; he took the nearest to hand, and without a minute's delay went back to the kitchen.

"Here I am!" he said, ostentatiously holding out his two hands, one filled with the bottle, the other with the key and the candle. "I've hardly had time to plunder the cellar, have I?"

"Thou art a smart lad; but the soup is getting cold," said Gripard.

"I hope you will go yourself for the next bottle you want," said Victor, laying down the wine. "I've nearly sprained my wrist locking the door; it opened easily enough, but it was the devil to lock it. Heu!" And he rubbed his wrist and made a face as if in great pain.

"It's a trifle stiff, but there's a way of doing it; I ought to have told thee how to do it. It wants a good shake. Where is it, lad—the key? I want to show thee how to put it in."

Victor had left it on the kitchen table. He fetched it and handed it to Gripard, who, instead of explaining how it was to be used, clutched it with his trembling fingers and hid it under the bed-clothes. Victor's face wore a half-smile of amusement and contempt as he watched him. Was it possible the old sharper took *him* for such a fool as to have locked the door and given him back the key? Yet the old sharper did.

"The bouillon, lad—give it me quick; it must be cold," he said in a tone of peevish impatience, holding out a hand for the bowl.

"Shall I warm it up?" said Victor.

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"Nay, nay; it is hot enough. Give it me here!"

There was just a moment's hesitation as Victor took up the bowl; but he handed it to Gripard, and as he watched him gulping down the soup with a loud noise the fresh, fair face presented a curious study of varying expression: mistrust, triumphant cunning, greed, and contemptuous pity chasing each other like flitting shadows in the pale blue eyes and over the thin, firm lips. If this succulent nourishment should prove strong enough to revive the old man permanently, Victor might indeed vote himself a fool, for he would have overshot the mark; but the fear seemed to vanish like a dark shadow from the keen face, and a horrid light of hope shot from the eyes and from the corners of the slit mouth. If ever death was written on a human face it was on Gripard's; there was no mistaking the glaze of the sunken eyes that stared from the back of his head; the fallen jaw, the restless fingers feeling on the coverlet for something they never found—these signs were too reassuring to let any serious fears enter Victor's mind.

When Gripard had finished the soup Victor uncorked the wine and poured out a glass, and held it to the sick man's lips; but Gripard had not swallowed the first sup when he was seized with such a violent fit of coughing that Victor thought he was going to choke; he rallied, however, and got back his breath, and lay panting on his pillow. Victor waited a few minutes, and then made some remark to the effect that he was sorry, but that the wine would do him good by and by. Gripard opened his eyes, and the vindictive glance they sent out was so horrible that it made Victor start as if a witness from the other side of the grave had risen up and accused him of his murderous thoughts. He turned away and went quietly out of the room.

It was past the hour for taking Follette her bread and soup; she was beginning to feel hungry and to wonder if he meant to cut her off the meal to-day, when she heard the welcome tread of his step on the stair.

"I put down a pot-au-feu for your uncle," he said, "so I have brought you some bouillon."

"How is he?" inquired Follette.

"Better; he has been having a lot of strong soup. All that ails him is weakness; if he took proper food he would be all right soon."

"Is his rheumatism very bad?"

"No, it's only his legs; there's nothing else amiss with him."

"I wish he would let me come and rub them," said Follette,

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with sweet self-forgetfulness. "Does he ever speak of me at all?"

"He asks every day after you."

"Ha! Then he misses me?"

"Of course he does; you would be so useful to him now. He asks every day if you are not going to beg his pardon and promise to do what he bids you."

Follette's face, which had lit up with hope for a moment, fell, and she turned her head away and looked out of the window.

"I always tell him that I can see you are coming round," continued Victor; "that you are more amiable to me, and that one of these days it will all come right."

Follette looked up quickly and flashed a glance of amazement and indignation at him.

"You need not look as if I had accused you of a murder," said Victor. "I don't believe a word of it; I don't want you to be civil to me; I would not marry you now if you went on your knees to me; but I don't want to keep you cooped up here like a dog in a kennel, half-starved and miserable. You think it's as much my doings as Gripard's, but you are mistaken. I'd set you free this minute, if I dared; and I tell lies to keep him from starving you outright and cursing you all day long. You'll think the worse of me for that, too."

Follette did not know what to think of him. Her uncle's last words had been so harsh and cruel that they justified her in believing him capable of anything; and if it was true that Victor took her part and tried to represent her as in a more docile spirit, it only showed that her uncle was still enraged against her, since he would not give her a chance of proving whether it was true or not. Another point in favor of Victor's sincerity was that her being out of the way must be a great inconvenience to him; it threw the cooking, such as it was, and the washing-up, and a lot of other work on him that must be irksome to the last degree.

"Let me go down with you now, and see if he will let me rub him," she said, a sudden impulse seizing her.

"Go by yourself, if you like to risk it," replied Victor, "but wait till I am out of the house. He would turn us both out the moment he saw you—that I'll swear to—and lucky if we escaped without broken bones. I just hinted yesterday that if Mme. Bibot came in she would make some of that mess with barley and sorrel that he likes; he shook his stick at me, and swore if I let her or anybody else inside the door he'd break my skull. And he looked as if he would have had the greatest pleasure in doing it

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on the spot. It's wonderful the strength he has; and he is so savage-tempered it's all I can do to hold my own with him. But you can do as you like when I am out of the house. Do you want anything before I go?"

Follette could hardly believe it was the same Victor who had jeered and taunted and persecuted her with such apparent satisfaction these weeks past, and who now spoke so frankly and kindly, offering to oblige and help her.

He was the most puzzling human being she had ever known—one time so odious and cruel, and then again so good-natured and anxious to please her.

Follette's face was an open book that any one might read. Victor read it plainly enough as she looked at him, debating whether she should believe in him or not.

"You think I'm deceiving you, that I am plotting something to hurt you," he said, meeting her troubled, candid glance. "Well, I can't help it. You will find out some day that I'm not as black as you fancy; that I am a good friend to you, and a generous one."

"Tell me the truth about Jules?" said Follette.

"I have nothing to tell. He did not answer my letter."

"Perhaps he never got it."

"Perhaps," said Victor in a tone of assent.

"Write to him again. I will believe you are true and kind, if you do that," said Follette, standing up and following him with clasped hands.

"Will you?" He turned round and met her upturned, appealing face. "Then I'll write to him."

"*Merci!*" said Follette; something nearly choked the word in her throat, but Victor heard it.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

ON DIVES IN HELL

ASKING A DROP OF WATER FROM HEAVEN.

"Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water to cool my tongue."

THE cunning rogue! How well he knew
That if from heaven he could entice
One drop of its refreshing dew,
That single drop would quite suffice
To quench all hell's fire in a trice!

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THE RELIGIOUS STRUGGLE IN IRELAND WITHIN THE CENTURY.

II.

A SKETCH of the progress of Catholicism in Ireland would be manifestly incomplete without some remarks on the national-school system. The principles of the church being totally at variance with the indiscriminate reading of Holy Scriptures without note or comment, it was impossible that the Catholic prelates should accept the system of united education as originated by the British government, which ordered the reading of the Bible in every school.

The government thereupon consented to omit the clause which was regarded as objectionable, and finally agreed upon a measure which entirely prohibited the use of the sacred volume. This new measure raised a storm of indignation amongst the Protestants of the country, and had for its result the establishment of church education schools, supported exclusively by them. Scripture extracts and religious books were made use of in the national schools for many years after the Scriptures had been excluded; but these were afterwards discouraged, and later on even the practice of exhibiting on the walls of the national schools a tablet containing the Ten Commandments was discontinued. How completely thenceforward the authority of Scripture was excluded from the system of national education was made manifest in the year 1862, when the Protestant occupant of the see of Down, who was a supporter of the national system, drew up a memorial to the lord lieutenant, requesting that the rule regarding the Scriptures might be so far relaxed as to enable the managers and teachers of national schools to make such slight and casual reference to the word of God at the time of secular instruction as occasion should absolutely demand. The commissioners announced in their answer that a compliance with the memorial would be subversive of the fundamental principle of the national system of education. The whole tendency of the system of national education in Ireland has been practically to thwart the development of religious principles, and could never make progress in a country where religion is so deeply sown in the hearts of the people as in Ireland. Amongst the Catholics it

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could never make more than a temporary and partial success, for it was theoretically opposed to the teaching of the church and only sanctioned for a time by those in authority, who believed that by altogether rejecting what was offered them they would lose something that might hereafter be turned to account. It was felt that practically, in districts exclusively Catholic, many of the rules of the national system could be dispensed with, and that in this way it might be productive of good.

The Catholic hierarchy do not and never have assented to the principle upon which the national system is founded; but having almost exclusively the patronage of the schools of three out of the four provinces, and a preponderating influence upon the board, they avail themselves of the system as the only means of providing schools for the large number of children who might otherwise receive at the hands of Protestants an education tainted with error.

Previous to the passing of the act which disestablished and disendowed the Anglican body in Ireland the national school system had no more bitter opponents than the Protestant clergy; but among the many changes brought about by disestablishment few are more worthy of note than the sudden disposition of the Protestant body to place their schools under its protection. They suddenly discovered, under the load of pecuniary difficulties that was then laid upon them, that the national system was worthy of support, and they began to abandon their own schools for those in which the Bible was a forbidden book.

The whole system of national education in Ireland, though in theory mixed, is, as a matter of fact, denominational. Throughout the south and west the number of Protestant children attending the schools is very small. Both Catholics and Protestants are opposed to the system of mixed education, and separate whenever they can manage it. In many instances, naturally enough, Catholics and Protestants may be found side by side, especially in the northern provinces, and then we see the bad results that would necessarily flow from such a system, were it carried out in its integrity.

It has been shown by a Parliamentary return obtained by Major Myles O'Reilly that in national schools of which Presbyterians have control thousands of Catholic children have been more or less compelled to attend, and that in these schools they were taught Protestant catechisms, were instructed by Protestant teachers, and were obliged to read the Protestant version of the Bible. Lord Plunkett regarded the system of national

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education as an indirect but great means for Protestantizing Ireland, and declared that the more generally education was afforded to the Catholics the more would it tend to the advancement of religion by dispelling superstition and prejudice. Archbishop Whately supported the National Board for similar reasons, and endeavored to introduce books which gave great offence—a fact which is brought to light in a life of him written by his daughter.

The year 1850, famous in England for the violent anti-papal manifestation consequent on the re-establishment of the hierarchy, incidentally gave rise to trouble in Ireland. The bill which was hurriedly brought forward to checkmate the Catholic bishops of England, not content with declaring the assumption of territorial titles in England as contrary to law, went out of its way to treat Ireland in exactly the same manner. Now, by the year 1850 the Catholic Church in Ireland had so completely risen from the ashes of her former condition that her bishops and archbishops had been already officially recognized. Such legislation was therefore a return to the old path of the penal laws. It is scarcely necessary to say that this act remained totally inoperative in Ireland. Indignation meetings were held all over the country to protest against the absurdity of the measure, and the Archbishop of Tuam, the present Most Rev. Dr. MacHale, affixed his signature of John, Archbishop of Tuam, to every document and letter, both public and private, thus openly bidding defiance to those in power to prosecute. The late Cardinal Cullen, then Primate of all Ireland in the see of Armagh, presided at a large and influential meeting in which it was determined to ignore the statute and brave the penalties. Catholic prelates never derived their jurisdiction from Parliament or from the crown, and therefore no power in the state was justified in declaring the exercise of it either invalid or unlawful. The late Dr. Moriarty, Bishop of Kerry, when examined by a committee of the Houses of Parliament, declared that such legislation was a step backwards, and that it was manifestly absurd that a bishop of 7,000 persons should be competent to sit in the legislature whilst the bishop of 223,000 was deprived even of the name and semblance of social rank; that both ought to be admitted or excluded, but that if only one was admitted he who represented the larger number had the best right to be there.

When the Queen visited Ireland many of the Catholic prelates were presented to her as territorial bishops, and precedence was given to them over the nobility and dignitaries of the Protestant

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Church. When the government offered the office of Visitor to the Queen's Colleges to the late Cardinal Cullen and the Archbishop of Tuam their rank was recognized.

We have this on the authority of the present premier, when Mr. Disraeli, in a letter written to the lord lieutenant of the county of Buckingham with reference to a meeting to protest against papal aggression. He therein uses these remarkable words: "The fact is the whole question has been surrendered and decided in favor of the pope by the present government, and the ministers who recognized a pseudo-archbishop of Tuam as a peer and a prelate cannot object to the appointment of a pseudo-archbishop of Westminster, even though he be a cardinal."

The great injury done to Ireland by the legislation of 1851 was to make a church long since disinherited by old laws completely proscribed by a new law. All the Catholic bishops and priests who took part in securing the succession of bishops were subjected to legal penalties as well as to the reproach that their very existence was against law, not for public acts only, or acts which might conscientiously be avoided, but for acts the known and habitual performance of which they could evade only by substituting for a hierarchy fourteen centuries old a system of vicars-apostolic such as exists in half-pagan lands or lands under religious persecution. The act is not here alluded to either for the sake of recrimination or discussion. It is only worth referring to so far as it touches on the question of Catholic development in Ireland; and on this point a law specially aimed at a certain class of persons in England who were supposed to have infringed the rights of the Anglican Establishment was strained to apply to Ireland, whom in this instance no one accused of having done any wrong.

The methods employed for the propagation of Protestantism are not the least remarkable among the evidences of the impossibility of furthering it by legitimate means and opposing the steady progress of Catholicism. Children who were left orphans have been systematically brought up as Protestants, although it was often notorious that both parents had been Catholics. The government theory was that any child without a home belonged to the religion of the state and must be brought up in that faith.

A notorious instance of this took place in Galway in the year 1858. The parish priest of the town, who was also Catholic chaplain of the workhouse, baptized an infant of the town that had been rescued from death, and brought it to the workhouse and registered it as a Catholic.

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The attorney-general, on ascertaining the fact, severely reprimanded the master of the workhouse for a dereliction of duty, informing him that he should have been aware that it was his duty to make a Protestant of any child brought in such a condition to the workhouse. The poor-law commissioners proceeded to dismiss the parish priest from his office of chaplain to the workhouse; but he continued still to fulfil the duties of that office, and was cited before the Court of Queen's Bench.*

Many instances have occurred of children deserted or neglected by their parents, and known to be Catholics, who have been confided to the care of Protestant nurses and surreptitiously brought up in a religion to which they did not belong.

Irish Protestants have invariably buoyed themselves up with the belief that popery was decreasing, and it is curious to read some of the pamphlets and speeches at the commencement of this century. One of the most remarkable is taken from a pamphlet written in 1818 by the Rev. Mr. Phelan, a Fellow of Trinity College, in which he makes use of the following language: "Popery is fast verging to decay, and the only real danger is that the papists will be converted by Protestant dissenters instead of the orthodox champions of the Establishment. The people are everywhere ready to throw off popery."

Another is a passage by an English barrister, Mr. James Lord, who edited in the year 1854 a volume of the same Mr. Phelan which treated of the policy of the Church of Rome in Ireland, where the following amazing statement is found:

"An anti-Protestant policy has not achieved even for Ireland anything approaching to a realization of the golden dreams of the fond visionaries by whom it was so strenuously applauded. Ireland, it is evident, has not been regenerated. But what statesmen could not do, what legislation hitherto has failed to accomplish, we now see coming to pass by the silent influence of the Gospel of peace and salvation. Irish church missions to the Roman Catholics are effecting a great and rapid change in the feelings and conduct of the population of Ireland! . . . From every quarter of Ireland we hear of many glad to receive the Gospel of peace and salvation, and of the ranks of popery being thinned by the dissemination and reception of the truth."

This extract is remarkably apropos at the present time, when the trial is actually in progress in Dublin of seventeen persons who have been accused of attacking members of the society in Connemara for insisting on practising a course of proselytism which is repudiated with disgust by the entire population of the province.

* These facts may be found in the Dublin *Freeman* of November 15, 1859.

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At the close of the year 1864 an association under the auspices of Cardinal Cullen was founded, styled the National Association, which contributed enormously to make the life of politics guided by men of sense and order.

The distinct cry for disestablishment was raised by this association, and was put forward as the primary object to be attained.

It was decided that an institution so bad and so indefensible must be got rid of, if the Irish people were ever to attain religious equality; and therefore every means available was to be made use of to accomplish this end. In the year 1861 out of twenty-four hundred and twenty-eight parishes there were one hundred and ninety-nine in which there was not a single Anglican; but at this time thirty or forty of them had been suspended, the Ecclesiastical Commissioners for Ireland being in receipt of the revenues, but paying various sums for the spiritual oversight of the parishes to neighboring incumbents (*English State Church in Ireland*, by Brady).

On the 16th of March, 1868, Mr. Gladstone declared that the hour had arrived for the destruction of the Anglican Establishment in Ireland.

On the 23d he propounded his celebrated resolutions, and on the 30th of the same month the House of Commons decided, by three hundred and thirty-one votes to two hundred and seventy, that a committee should be appointed to examine the question.

The Gladstone cabinet, coming into power towards the close of the year, came in bound to proceed with the disestablishment.

The clergy were exasperated, and the landlords, who dreaded the loss of places for their relations, were in despair, and both violently opposed the measure.

The Orange party declared that as article 5 of the Union declared that the Churches of England and Ireland as by law established were to form one church, the existence of which was to be regarded as an essential part of the Union, it was impossible to proceed with disestablishment without a revolution. The Act of Union was, they said, a contract between two parties, by which Irish Protestants gave up the right of legislating in Ireland for the perpetual maintenance of a Protestant Church. If, therefore, England broke her part of the compact, they were entitled to break theirs and agitate for the return of an Irish Parliament.

This angry spirit very soon disappeared. Their inherent hatred of Catholicism was too great, even under these circumstances, to enable them to act in common with those Catholics who desired repeal of the Union and a home Parliament; and

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after a few violent speeches and a certain amount of quasi-seditious language, they relapsed into a state of sullen defiance only broken by periodical acts of violence during the months that they commemorate great Protestant triumphs.

But it was not only the Orange party who endeavored to stir up feelings of dissension in the country; for persons holding high offices, civil as well as ecclesiastical, did not scruple to invoke the aid of prejudice and passion, and to inflame the public mind by assertions that the High-Church section of the English Establishment had conspired with the heads of the Catholic Church in Ireland for the restoration of a species of papal supremacy in Great Britain. As a matter of fact, the advocates of disestablishment in Ireland included many Protestants of position and learning strongly opposed to the religious teaching of Rome, such as peers and commoners of distinction, deans, archdeacons, and other dignitaries; but the assertion was nevertheless repeatedly made that the bill was alone supported by Irish Catholics, English radical dissenters, and men who were traitors to their church and the destroyers of the honor of their country.

When the Reformed Church ceased to exist as an established church she ceased her old life of false pretensions to be the national church of the country; and though she has since then arrogated to herself the title of "Church of Ireland," no one beyond the small sect of Episcopalians regards her as such. Opposition to her has in a great measure ceased, and as years pass away she will come to be regarded as a curious relic of an era of bigotry and tyranny; and Anglican clergymen, who for three hundred years were the nominal pastors of a flock which persisted in remaining apart, can scarcely now imagine there is any probability of inducing Irish Catholics to desert the old faith. The disestablishment and disendowment of Protestantism so long anticipated came after all, but in a modified form, for the Anglican Church retained some three hundred endowed churches, twelve or fifteen hundred fabrics of churches, nine hundred ecclesiastical residences, and the life-services of some two thousand clergymen. Enjoying as it did a monopoly of the wealth of the country, it would have been no great hardship if the Protestants had been stripped of everything; and yet, mild as were the terms of the bill, it was denounced by the leading Protestant prelates as a measure "of unmitigated severity," "the very atrocity of tyranny," "the annals of this country affording no precedent for such a measure of confiscation."

One of the most important things for Irish Catholics was that

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they should learn to act in unison with the ecclesiastical authorities, and that the upper classes should be taught that justice and prudence required their complete co-operation with the peasantry in all matters connected with the development of the church in Ireland.

It was the great aim of the late Cardinal Cullen to do this, and in founding the Catholic University of Dublin his great desire was to infuse into the upper classes of Irish society a united spirit of loyalty to the church and of refined intellectual culture which would make the Irish Church ten times as powerful throughout the British Empire as she previously had been.

Through no fault of his the university has not hitherto had the success which was anticipated at its foundation, nor is it probable that it can ever rise to the position that it ought to occupy until the government take some measures to pass a bill calculated to satisfy the aspirations of the church.

It is impossible to say whether the university will ever obtain the right of conferring degrees solely as the Catholic university and without its being affiliated to any other institution; but we cannot help hoping that before long a difficult problem may be solved which, if indefinitely postponed, may be productive of great discontent in Ireland.

It is one of the most unhappy features connected with Irish Catholicism that the curse of politics is introduced into the very heart of its life. Sometimes one political scheme is the source of dispute, sometimes another; sometimes the virulence of party spirit is contented with general questions and abstract proposals, sometimes it concentrates itself in attacks on individuals opposed to one another in political action. The Catholic University has shared the fate of similar undertakings, and one of the chief difficulties connected with it arises from this spirit of party politics. Catholics in the heat of political animosity forget the bond of union which should stand good in questions connected with the religious education of the young, and expend their energies in mutual recriminations.

The Rev. Samuel Haughton, M.D., F.R.S., Fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, in a pamphlet published in the year 1868, entitled *University Education in Ireland*, declared that there were three methods of settling the question:

"1. To secularize Trinity College by throwing open its fellowships and scholarships to all students, irrespective of religious qualification.

"2. To open the University of Dublin to other colleges than Trinity Col-

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lege, thus transforming the University of Dublin into a national Irish university on the model of the University of France.

"3. To grant a charter and endowment to a Roman Catholic university in which the education given shall be based on religion."

He proceeded to demonstrate the difficulties in the way of the first two methods, which he pronounced to be so fatal as to leave no alternative but to accept the third horn of the educational dilemma. He stated that English politicians in this matter seemed disposed to imitate the doctrine of Bumble, that the great principle of out-of-door relief is to give the paupers exactly what they don't want, and then they get tired of coming. An overwhelming majority of the bishops ask for a Catholic university charter and endowment, and are supported in this claim by the great mass of the laity, but hitherto without success. Instead of a chartered university they received queen's colleges, which from the outset were condemned as godless, or makeshifts.

In spite, however, of these and similar difficulties, the church has made vast progress. Every year more of the landed property is passing into the hands of Catholics; Catholic laymen fill posts of honor and offices of high responsibility; Catholic prelates assume their rightful positions. Within the last fifteen years we have seen one of the most illustrious of Irish prelates raised to the dignity of a member of the Sacred College of Cardinals and appointed apostolic delegate of Ireland, whilst to another was entrusted the delicate and difficult mission of a supervision of the Canadian churches. Magnificent churches and cathedrals are springing up as if by magic all over the land, built by the subscriptions of an ill-used and persecuted peasantry. Convents and monasteries, as centres of renewed life and vigor, have accumulated with marvellous rapidity, and exist as a palpable manifestation of the immense strides the church has made within the last fifty years. Prominent amongst these magnificent buildings must be cited the cathedrals of Armagh, Sligo, Queenstown, Killarney, and Monaghan, which have taken the place of the former churches built and endowed by the piety of Catholic forefathers.

The church has of late years made great progress in Ulster, and it is question if at the present moment the Catholic population is not a large numerical majority. In 1866 the Catholics numbered 966,000 souls, whilst all the Protestant sects united were only 947,000. These numbers were given during the sitting of Parliament in 1870, by Mr. Dowse, then solicitor-general for Ireland.

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The church in Ireland, as history shows us, has always thriven under persecution, whether that persecution has been political or social, whether openly avowed or concealed under specious names. No man can see sufficiently far before him to know whether a particular religion will gain most at a particular time by prosperity, which is often invidious, or by the strengthening trials of adversity; but in the case of Ireland it has been made apparent that the religious principles of a nation cannot be trifled with, and that what is morally wrong can never be politically right.

The motto that the Catholics in Ireland have taken for themselves is that promulgated by Charles James Fox, who said: "I am told that the Catholics have already got so much that they ought not to ask for more. My principle is directly the reverse of this. Until men obtain all they have a right to ask for they have comparatively obtained nothing."

Irish Catholics know they have not yet obtained all they are justified in demanding from a government that professes justice, and, therefore, they will never cease importuning and agitating until that which is their due is granted to them. So long as Parliament only legislates for Ireland in compliance with the wishes and religious prejudices of England and Scotland, Irish Catholics have just cause for complaint.

A SONG IN TOWN.

Now, with the spring, the maples' half-waked fires,
  Kindling the boughs, scarce let the sky look through;
  The willows green shut out the misty blue
That makes more far the stream-bound city's spires.
Spent is the wealth of golden daffodils,
While violet wild its sapphire treasure spills
And with the heavens' lost blue the greensward fills.

In narrow yards, by builded brick pent in,
  The lilac leaf-buds their sweet blades unfold;
  Proud dandelions spread their fairy gold,
Whereof who plucks shall wingèd riches win.
With April roses are the fruit-trees crowned—
The branches gray in snowy fetters bound—
By May's soft breath ere long to be unwound.

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From one high window of my city home,
  Where pitying skies look down on shed and wall
  Whereon no kindly touch of art doth fall
To soften ugliness' firm-fastened doom,
I list the sounds that rise from court and street—
The parrot's noisy laugh of pleased conceit,
Rattle of carts, canaries' warbling sweet.

I mark the cats that slumber in the sun,
  Crouch in the shade, or wander up and down
  With fearful step—poor pariahs of the town—
Life's scanty blessing through life's terror won.
I watch the cloud-fleets wind-blown o'er the blue,
That wears afar a lovelier depth of hue
Where'er the unstayed sails it shineth through.

Lo! suddenly the blue crowns sloping hills,
  Cloud-shadow unto shadow giving chase,
  The rustling forest mingling in the race,
While leaping stream the cool, green hollows fills.
I see the bracken climb the pasture steep,
The paper-birches still the sunshine keep
Far in the wood where darkness rests most deep.

I see on sunny cliff the harebell swing,
  And, lifted o'er the narrow realm of sod,
  The gracious sceptre of the golden-rod
Bends, royal welcome proudly offering.
Sweet scent of forest-hidden bloom drifts by,
Warm breath of pines that in the sunshine lie,
Their perfume blending with their minstrelsy.

Beyond the little hills I see uprise
  The clustering mountains' rocky citadel,
  In whose vast choirs Æolian anthems swell,
While broad-winged eagles cleave the sun-steeped skies.
So rests again beyond the clouds my thought,
So fades the vision, with earth's freshness fraught,
With subtle magic in one moment wrought

By clear, sweet notes of cagèd forest bird—
  My neighbor's thrush, that pours his unchained song
  Heedless of bars or thought of prison-wrong,
Only life's sweetness by spring's sunshine stirred!

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Of old, to music, rose a city's walls;
To-day a city unto music falls,
The woodland's glamour barren streets enthralls.

O sweet, brown bird, sing ever o'er and o'er
The wilderness song thy prison cannot dim,
And symbol be of soul's immortal hymn
That from earth's prison evermore doth soar,
That, keeping note of its celestial birth,
Wakes cagèd sorrow unto holy mirth,
Brings sights of heaven to transfigure earth.

AMERICAN PRINCIPLES AND AMERICAN CATHOLICS.*

THE early history of Maryland deserves to be told again and again. Ever since the settlement of America it has been the cry of bigotry and intolerance that Catholic principles are inconsistent with civil and religious liberty, and destructive of the political institutions which lie at the foundation of our free government. Maryland furnishes the triumphant answer to this complaint. Maryland was the only State of the Union planted by Catholic enterprise, ruled originally by a Catholic proprietor and Catholic freemen, and directed by a dominant Catholic spirit. It was also the only colony which adopted from the first the American maxims of liberty and equality, and adhered to them so long as the original founders and their disciples held power. Neither New England nor Virginia believed in religious toleration, or would trust political privileges to those who rejected the theology of the dominant majority. Catholic Maryland furnishes the only instance in our history of a colony founded and consistently administered upon what are known as American principles.

Although Lord Baltimore and his companions have been cordially enough praised, few Protestant writers are willing to see that they stood alone in their opposition to the proscriptive doctrines of the age, and that it was a hundred and fifty years before

* *History of Maryland from the Earliest Period to the Present Day.* By J. Thomas Scharf. 3 vols. 8vo, pp. xvi: 556; xiv: 635; xvi: 782, xxxviii. Baltimore: John B. Piet. 1879.

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the other colonies reached the position upon which the Catholic settlers planted themselves in 1634. Some historians, of whom the Rev. Edward D. Neill, in his *Founders of Maryland*, is a conspicuous example, will have it that the famous Act of Toleration was agreed to by Lord Baltimore out of no more kindly motive than a desire to tempt Puritans to settle on his vacant lands, and was passed by Protestant votes in the Assembly, despite the opposition of the Catholic members. Such, at least, is the impression conveyed by a reading of his book, though Mr. Neill does not make himself distinctly responsible for the statements. Other authors, including Bancroft and Hildreth, accuse the Maryland Catholics of violating their own laws and pledges in order to persecute Quakers; and this is a charge which Mr. Neill repeats with emphasis and alacrity. But the dispute, it seems to us, must now end. The new and elaborate *History of Maryland*, by Mr. J. Thomas Scharf, dispels all reasonable doubts upon the controverted points. Mr. Scharf has apparently gone to original MS. sources of information which his predecessors had not the opportunity to explore; and in his three substantial volumes he has presented the precious results of diligent research among the records of the Province and State, the MSS. in the possession of the Maryland Historical Society, and documents in the British State Paper Office. A candid student of the work cannot resist the conclusion that the Protestants of Maryland had no share in the establishment of the American principles of equality and freedom of worship there, and that the Catholics never swerved in the least from their pledge of toleration.

I.

Catholics and Puritans both left England to escape the despotism of the established church; but there was the important difference between them that while the settlers on Massachusetts Bay brought to this country in full fierceness the prevailing intolerance of their time, and applied to all who differed from them the same sort of severity from which they had suffered at home, the Catholics claimed no freedom for themselves which they were not ready to grant to all others. George Calvert, the first Lord Baltimore, was a singularly just, able, and chivalrous man. He was an adherent of the established church, a Secretary of State, a favorite of King James I., a member of Parliament for the University of Oxford. Having been interested for many years in American en-

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terprises, he purchased in 1620 a grant for the southeastern peninsula of Newfoundland, where he established a fishing and planting colony at a spot known as Ferryland. In 1623 he obtained a royal patent; and it is perhaps significant of the religious bent of his mind, and of an ambition to spread the light of the Gospel among "barbarous people wanting the knowledge of Almighty God," that he called his province Ava lon—the ancient name of Glastonbury, where pious tradition affirmed that the faith was first planted in Britain by Joseph of Arimathea. A year after his purchase Calvert publicly announced his conversion to the Roman Catholic Church and resigned his secretaryship of state. James retained him, however, in the privy council, and in 1625 raised him to the peerage as Baron of Baltimore in Ireland. Charles I. likewise showed him every mark of friendship, and it was with some difficulty that he obtained leave at last to retire from the court. He visited Avalon, and was disheartened by the severity of the climate. Touching at Jamestown on a voyage of examination along Chesapeake Bay, he was expelled from the colony as a papist, and the authorities of Virginia wrote to the king's privy council, begging that no Roman Catholic might ever be permitted to come among them. "Among the many blessings and favors," so runs this address, "for which we are bound to bless God and which the colony has received from his most gracious majesty, there is none whereby it hath been made more happy than in the freedom of our religion which we have enjoyed, and that no papists have been suffered to settle their abode amongst us." There could not be a better illustration of the spirit in which most of the Protestant founders of America interpreted the phrase "religious liberty." It meant with them the liberty to suppress religions which they did not like. In reality no form of religion was "free" in Virginia. Anglicanism was there established by law, and attendance at its services was compulsory. The state church was the servant of the civil power; other churches were not tolerated at all.

Lord Baltimore saw enough of inhospitable Virginia to know that it was a much better country than Avalon, and after his return to England he applied for a new grant from the crown, covering lands south of the James River. His petition was successful, but in consequence of the objections of the Jamestown people the locality of the proposed colony was afterwards placed further north, and the charter was drawn for a region which corre-

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sponds substantially with the present States of Maryland and Delaware and a strip of Pennsylvania. Lord Baltimore is said to have written the charter with his own hand. In nearly all its provisions it was identical with the charter of Avalon. It conferred extensive and unusual privileges upon the proprietor, making the province in effect a palatinate, whose head was invested with powers and prerogatives falling little short of those of royalty itself. He could establish courts, summon assemblies, execute laws, grant pardons, confer titles, wage war. On the other hand certain rights were secured to the people which, plain as they seem now, were not conceded to other colonies until they had been won by revolution. The settlers were exempt from all taxation whatever by the crown, and were thus free from the exaction which a century later proved more powerful than any other single cause in rousing the colonies to arms. Still more important was the recognition of the right of self-government; for Lord Baltimore of his own motion embodied in the charter the provision that the laws of the province should be enacted by the lord proprietary, but only "of and with the advice, assent, and approbation of the free men of the same province, or of the greater part of them, or of their delegates or deputies." When the question afterwards arose whether the proprietary or the Assembly had the initiative, Lord Baltimore gave way. The laws did not require the royal assent. In case 'sudden accidents" should demand a remedy before the freeholders or their deputies could be called together, the lord proprietary was empowered to make any necessary "ordinances" not affecting "the right or interest of any person or persons of or in member, life, freehold, goods or chattels." Besides these liberal political privileges, the charter secured to the colonists valuable rights of foreign trade which were not enjoyed by their neighbors of Virginia.

Lord Baltimore intended to make his own home in the New World; but he died (1632) before the charter passed the great seal, and left his fortune and his enterprise, as well as his title, to his eldest son, Cecil. It was in the name of this nobleman that the charter of Maryland was published and confirmed, June 20, 1632; and it was he who fitted out the famous Catholic colony which sailed for the Chesapeake in November, 1633. Cecil Calvert did not accompany the expedition, but he sent two of his brothers, Leonard and George. Leonard Calvert was to be governor. The expedition consisted of about three hundred persons, twenty of whom ranked as gentlemen, while the rest were laborers and servants, including women. There were two Jesuit

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priests in the company, Father Andrew White and Father John Altham (otherwise known as John Gravener; for in consequence of the severity of the persecution against Jesuits in England the fathers of that society often travelled under assumed names), and two lay brothers, John Knowles and Thomas Gervase. The interesting narrative of the voyage by Father White gives us a graphic and beautiful picture of the beginning of the enterprise, the dangers and excitements of the long voyage on unfamiliar seas, the landing on the alluring shores of the bay in the first weeks of spring, the just and pleasant intercourse with the savages, and the celebration of the Feast of the Annunciation on St. Clement's Island, where the colonists went ashore and Mass was offered under the trees.

"After we had completed the Sacrifice we took upon our shoulders a great cross, which we had hewn out of a tree, and advancing in order to the appointed place, with the assistance of the governor and his associates and the other Catholics, we erected a trophy to Christ the Saviour, humbly reciting on our bended knees the Litanies of the Sacred Cross with great emotion."

There were a few Protestants in the party—all of them probably servants—but the adventure was distinctly and admittedly Catholic in its origin, its management, and its spirit.

Historians agree that the chief object of the second Lord Baltimore as well as of the first was to found an asylum for the persecuted followers of the Catholic faith. Although the personal favor in which both the Calverts were held at court saved them from many of the trials visited upon their brethren, they must have shared the general uneasiness which disturbed the minds of all dissentients from the established church of England at the beginning of the reign of Charles I. The marriage of the king with the Catholic princess, Henrietta Maria of France, intensified the popular dread and hatred of Catholics; and Charles was not indisposed to satisfy public clamor by increased severity in the execution of the penal laws. Priests were hunted like wild animals, imprisoned, or driven from the kingdom. Laymen who refused to attend the services of the state church were amenable to a fine of twenty pounds sterling a month or the confiscation of two-thirds of their personal estate; and they thought themselves fortunate when they were allowed to compound with the exchequer by a fixed annual payment, amounting to a tenth, or even a third, of their income. This cruel exaction, however, did not purchase for them the privilege of hearing Mass; it was only a fine

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for staying away from the Protestant service. Their misery was greatly aggravated by the unauthorized extortions of the pursuivants, who ransacked and pillaged their houses under the pretence of searching for priests or "superstitious objects"; and although there were fewer imprisonments than in the time of James, the savage laws remained in their full enormity, and at any moment the hangman might be set to work again. The Puritan, too, while he never ceased to stimulate the ferocity of the nation against papists, was himself suffering at the pillory and the whipping-post. It is no wonder that both looked abroad for peace.

Lord Baltimore's charter, of course, did not stipulate for the toleration of Catholics; the English people would not have borne that; it secured the desired end, as the founder imagined, by leaving the whole question of religion to be regulated by the lord proprietary and the colonists themselves; and it is quite certain that they determined from the start to settle it upon the plan of perfect freedom to all impartially. It has been urged, indeed, by some unfriendly writers that the charter protected the rights of the established church of England; but Mr. Scharf shows plainly that this is an error. The references to religion in the document are very few. The preamble speaks of the "laudable and pious zeal" of the founder to "extend the Christian religion," but this phrase surely cannot be supposed to apply particularly to a form of Christianity which Lord Baltimore rejected. It meant nothing more than Christianity in general; it was the usual formula inserted in nearly all such instruments at that day. The same general interpretation of Christianity must be applied to the condition in one of the last clauses of the charter, which reads: "Provided always that no interpretation thereof [of the charter] be made whereby God's holy and true Christian religion, or the allegiance due to us, may in anywise suffer by change, prejudice, or diminution." "If these words mean the Church of England," says Mr. Scharf, "then there is no toleration in the charter, and freedom for Catholics and dissenters was no more secured in Maryland than in England; for a connivance—much more a toleration—was looked upon in those days as a diminution of the rights of the established church." Thus, if we assume that this proviso compelled Lord Baltimore to recognize the freedom of the established church, we are driven to the absurdity of also assuming that it forbade his tolerating any other church, and that, having resolved to open an asylum where those of his faith could worship God in security, he devised for his colony a charter

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which prohibited the principal object of the emigration. There is only one other passage in the charter relating to religion. It empowers the lord proprietary to hold "the patronages and advowsons of all churches which (with the increasing worship and religion of Christ) happen to be built, together with license and faculty of erecting and founding churches and chapels, etc., and of causing them to be dedicated and consecrated according to the ecclesiastical laws of our kingdom of England." A license to do a thing does not carry the obligation to do it. And that the charter was not supposed at the time to confer any special privileges upon the established church is quite clear from the history of the colony. If the English Church had the same rights in Maryland which the law gave it in England, then it was entitled to tithes and glebes; but these it never had until the Protestants obtained the ascendency and changed the spirit and statutes of the province. Forty-four years after the settlement ministers of the established church petitioned the home government against the proprietary, and demanded a provision for themselves because the Catholic clergy had lands; but Lord Baltimore showed that the priests had obtained their lands in the same manner as the lay settlers under "the conditions of the plantations," and that no provision was made by the law for the support of any religion.

It rested, then, entirely with the proprietary and the colonists to exclude any denomination they saw fit; and this could be done without a formal act of exclusion, since Calvert held the title to the whole territory and might refuse to lease or grant lands at his full discretion. He chose rather to exercise a generous hospitality.

"Maryland," says a recent history,* "became a very asylum for the persecuted of other provinces. Puritans who had been harshly treated in Virginia removed across the Maryland line, gladly accepting so near a refuge; and to those in Massachusetts who should be persecuted for any independent opinions Calvert sent a special invitation to make their homes under his government. The self-interest of the proprietary, and a desire to hurry on the growth of the colony, doubtless had much to do with this; yet it is impossible not to acknowledge the broad spirit of such a course; it would have been wise statesmanship had it not been a little beyond the appreciation of many who profited by it."

A proclamation of the governor, having the force of law, forbade "all unreasonable disputations on points of religion, tending

* Bryant and Gay, *Popular History of the United States*, vol. i. chap. xix.

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to the disturbance of the public peace and quiet of the colony, and to the opening of faction in religion," and this ordinance appears to have been rigidly enforced against Catholics. The oath of office taken by the governor contained a pledge "not to trouble, molest, or discountenance any person professing to believe in Jesus Christ, for or in respect of religion"; not to permit any one to be molested on account of his religion; not to make any religious discrimination in bestowing offices and rewards. In 1648, after the death of Leonard Calvert, Lord Baltimore entrusted the governorship of the province to William Stone, a Protestant. The Act of Toleration, passed in 1649, was only the formal ratification of the rule of government adopted at the foundation of the colony and steadfastly observed thus far under all circumstances. The manner in which Mr. Neill treats this incident is remarkable, to say the very least. He says nothing about the numbers of Protestants and Catholics in the Assembly of 1649 which voted the law; but he alleges that Protestants were an overwhelming majority in the colony at that time, and that in the next Assembly (1650) the Catholic burgesses were only four out of thirteen; that Lord Baltimore did not approve the act for "many months"; that it was "contrary to the teachings of the Church of Rome, since it was the recognition of Christians who rejected the pope"; and that the Catholic burgesses the next year objected to it. The only inference which an uninstructed person could draw from this curious account of the affair is that the Toleration Act was passed by the Protestant inhabitants of the province, against the wishes of the lord proprietary and of a Catholic minority. Yet we can hardly believe that Mr. Neill designed such a gross misconstruction of well-known facts. That the enactment of the law was attributable entirely to the Catholics of Maryland is a truth about which there can be no serious controversy. Far from disliking it, Lord Baltimore was the author of it. He framed it, and sent it out in 1648 for the action of the Assembly. And it is useless to make conjectures about the religious complexion of that body, because the question was settled years ago. The law-making power consisted of (1) the lord proprietary; (2) the governor and council; (3) the House of Burgesses. The lord proprietary was a Catholic. The governor in 1649 was a Protestant, and the six councillors were equally divided; but governor and councillors, all seven, were appointed by the lord proprietary and represented his personal interests and wishes. There were nine burgesses. Five were certainly Catholics; one was probably a Catholic; two were cer-

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tainly Protestants or in sympathy with the Protestant part of the population; and there is "some probability," but no proof, that there was a third Protestant. It is supposed—this point is not clear—that bills were first passed by the burgesses and the council separately; it is known that the final enactment was made by the two bodies in joint session voting as one house. It is known also that on the day of the passing of this bill two of the councillors were absent, one a Catholic, the other a Protestant. The Toleration Act, therefore, originated with the Catholic proprietary. It was voted by the governor and council, who were his special representatives. It was voted by the House of Burgesses, in which the preponderance of the Catholics was most decided. It was voted by both branches of the Assembly jointly, in which the Catholic element was again in a clear majority. It was at last formally ratified by Lord Baltimore. Mr. G. L. Davis, moreover, in his *Day-star of American Freedom*, has made it plain, as we think, that in 1649 the Catholics, instead of being "few," mustered as many as three-fourths of the population of the province.

But this is not all. Nobody who believes that the Act of Toleration was framed or passed by Protestants can have read it. Neither in Maryland nor anywhere else, at that day, was it assumed that the state had no right to enforce the observance of religious duties, and Lord Baltimore's scheme of toleration meant nothing more than equality and fair play for all denominations. Hence the "Act concerning Religion" (that was the official title of the celebrated statute), before providing that no person professing to believe in Jesus Christ should "be in any ways troubled, molested, or discountenanced for or in respect of his or her religion, nor in the free exercise thereof," imposed penalties for the employment of offensive language such as "heretic, schismatic, idolater, Puritan, Presbyterian, popish priest, Jesuited Papist, Roundhead, Independent, etc."; and prescribed a fine of £5 for "uttering any reproachful words or speeches concerning the Blessed Virgin Mary." This does not read much like a Protestant law.

II.

Very different from the equitable rule of the Catholics in Maryland was the course of legislation in the other colonies. Virginia for a hundred years maintained the established church of England, making attendance at its services compulsory

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and forcing everybody to contribute to its support. The earliest statutes of the colony which have been preserved (1624) impose a fine of a pound of tobacco for absence from church, to be increased to fifty pounds if the delinquency continued a month. A law of 1643 made it the duty of the governor and council to remove nonconformists from the colony "with all conveniency." Popish priests must be expelled within five days after their arrival; and no popish recusant could hold any office. Ministers who came from New England to preach in private houses to the independents of Virginia were sent away under this law. The treatment of Quakers was especially severe. They were to be imprisoned without trial until they gave bonds to leave the colony. To return a second time after expulsion was felony. No one might buy or distribute their books. No one might entertain a Quaker under penalty of £100. A shipmaster who brought a Quaker into Virginia was fined £100. When one of the persecuted sect pleaded conscience as a reason for not going to the established church, the court replied: "There is no toleration for wicked consciences." To meet the case of the Baptists, the Assembly of 1662 enacted that all who refused to have their children baptized by "the lawful minister," "out of averseness to the orthodox established religion or the new-fangled conceits of their own heretical inventions," should be fined two thousand pounds of tobacco.

In New England, founded by men who left the mother country to avoid the persecutions of the established church, the laws against dissent from the colonial authority were still more severe. The doctrine of religious liberty was generally treated as a damnable heresy, denounced from the pulpit and punished by the law. The rule established by the Puritans in the settlements of Massachusetts Bay was a rigid theocracy, and their policy was to exclude from the jurisdiction all sects except their own. Under the system of government adopted by the General Court in 1631 the magistrates had full authority in spiritual matters, and there was the closest possible union of church and state. Nobody was admitted as a citizen and voter who was not a church-member, and church-membership was not easily obtained. Not more than a quarter of the adult inhabitants ever enjoyed this privilege. "It is said," wrote the Massachusetts preacher, Nathaniel Ward, chief author of the Body of Liberties, "that men ought to have liberty of their conscience, and that it is persecution to debar them of it. 'I can rather stand

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amazed than reply to this; it is an astonishment to think that the brains of men should be parboiled in such impious ignorance; let all the wits under the heavens lay their heads together and find an assertion worse than this (one accepted), I will petition to be chosen the universal idiot of the world." In 1629 two brothers named Browne were expelled from the colony as "factious and ill-conditioned" persons because they celebrated worship after the forms of the established church. A certain Sir Christopher Gardiner was banished on "suspicion" of being a papist. Roger Williams was banished for denying the right of persecution, and was at last obliged to take to the woods in midwinter to avoid being transported to England. Mrs. Anne Hutchinson and her adherents were first imprisoned and afterwards exiled for heresy. Three Baptists who went from Rhode Island to Lynn to visit a sick brother, and ventured to hold religious service by his bedside, were arrested, marched to church, and then thrown into Boston jail (1651), whence after ten days they were taken before the governor, his deputy and assistants, and fined thirty, twenty, and five pounds respectively. Reminded by the prisoners that there was no law for such a summary punishment, Gov. Endicott cried out that they denied infant baptism; they ought to be put to death; he would not have such trash brought into the jurisdiction. Two of the Baptists were released after some days, their fines being paid by their friends. The third, a preacher named Holmes, refused to pay and was unmercifully whipped.

In 1647 the General Court, "taking into consideration the great wars, combustions, and divisions which are this day in Europe, and that the same are observed to be raised and fomented chiefly by the secret underminings and solicitations of those of the Jesuitical order, men brought up and devoted to the religion and the court of Rome, which hath occasioned divers states to expel them their territories," enacted that no Jesuit should be allowed to enter the jurisdiction, and any one of that order who returned after being sent away should be put to death.

Quakers were prosecuted with extreme severity. Two women of the society of Friends, Mary Fisher and Ann Austin, arriving in Boston from Barbadoes in 1656, were imprisoned, searched for "signs of witchcraft," and "thrust out of the jurisdiction." Eight Quakers who landed from London soon afterwards were treated in the same manner. A special law was passed the same year to rid the colony of this "cursed sect of heretics." To bring a known Quaker into the colony was punishable with a fine

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of £100. The heretic himself was to receive twenty stripes and to be imprisoned in the house of correction until he could be sent away. The shipmaster who brought him must give bonds to carry him back again, or in default thereof must go to jail. To defend Quaker opinions was punishable with fines, imprisonment, and banishment. The next year the penalties were increased. For entertaining a "known Quaker" there was a fine of forty shillings an hour. Every male Quaker was to lose one ear on the first conviction, and the other ear on the second; and both males and females on the third conviction were to have their tongues bored with a red-hot iron. All who attended the meetings of the sect were to be fined. The zeal of the persecuted people rose; the activity of the magistrates was redoubled. The executioner's three-corded and knotted whip was constantly in play; an order was issued in 1657 that all the Quakers then in jail should be scourged three times a week. Women made a considerable proportion of the offenders, and they were stripped, tied up, and flogged like the men till their backs were gashed and bloody. One woman was publicly whipped with a new-born babe at her breast. A man and his wife were banished for sympathizing with persecuted Quakers. Their two children, a boy and a girl, left behind entirely destitute, had no means of paying the heavy fines laid upon them for absence from church, and the court ordered them to be transported to Virginia or Barbadoes and sold. Later it was enacted that "all children and servants, and others," who could not pay the fines for non-attendance at meeting, should be "sold for slaves to Barbadoes or Virginia or other remote parts."

Still the Quakers came. At last in 1658 the Commissioners of the four United Colonies of New England recommended that all Quakers who returned a second time after being banished should be put to death. Massachusetts presently passed a law to this effect. In 1659 Mary Dyer, Marmaduke Stephenson, and William Robinson were sentenced to the gallows. The two men were hanged on Boston Common. Mary Dyer was reprieved after the rope was around her neck. She returned the next year, and, being brought before the General Court, was hanged the next morning. William Leddra was hanged on Boston Common in 1661. Wenlock Christian was sentenced to death, but he was saved by the restoration of Charles II., who ordered the persecution to be stopped.

The people of the original Pilgrim settlement at New Plymouth are commonly supposed to have been more tolerant than

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those of the neighboring colony of Massachusetts Bay. Certainly they were less fierce. "They were never betrayed into the excesses of religious persecution," says Mr. Bancroft, "though they sometimes permitted a disproportion between punishment and crime." That depends upon what we call excess. They restricted the franchise to church-members. They adopted the Boston law of 1656 against the Quakers. They banished a man for no other offence than protesting against the severe usage of these unfortunate people. They whipped Quakers. They decreed a fine of £5, or a whipping, for entertaining a Quaker. In 1645 three of the magistrates favored an act of toleration. "You would have admired," wrote Winslow to Winthrop, "to see how sweet this carrion relished in the palate of most of the deputies." But Governor Bradford, sustained by a majority of the magistrates, stifled the proposal, fearing it "would eat out the power of godliness."

The colonies of New Haven and Connecticut joined Massachusetts Bay and Plymouth in the anti-Quaker act of 1656. Rhode Island refused. Roger Williams, in founding that colony, adopted the principle of complete toleration, and his charter, ten years after the settlement of Maryland, guaranteed to everybody the privilege of worshipping according to his conscience. But the laws of Rhode Island subsequently (the date is uncertain) disfranchised Catholics, and this disqualification was not repealed until 1784. Connecticut, in order to check the progress of the Methodists and revivalists, passed laws to prevent ministers from preaching in any parishes except those over which they were settled; if they came from other colonies they were to be arrested and sent away as vagrants (1742); and the "new lights," or revivalists, were forbidden to establish churches of their own.

In New York, under the Dutch, only the Reformed Church was tolerated by law, and Gov. Stuyvesant was a severe persecutor of Quakers and Lutherans; but the general disposition both of the settlers and the home authorities was more lenient than the law, and by tacit consent several denominations were allowed to have places of worship. After the English took possession of the colony religious liberty was destroyed. The first legislative assembly of the province, called by the Catholic Governor Dongan under authority of the Duke of York (afterwards James II.), enacted the Charter of Liberties, which guaranteed to the people important political privileges and the right to practise any form of the Christian religion without molestation. But after the accession of William III. this was repealed. "Papists" were made

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the objects of repressive laws. In 1700 it was enacted that every priest coming into the province, or found therein, after the 1st of November, should suffer perpetual imprisonment, as an incendiary and disturber of the public peace and safety. If he broke jail and were recaptured he should suffer death. The penalty for harboring a priest was a fine of £200 and three days in the pillory.* In 1701 Catholics were disfranchised and excluded from office. In 1702 liberty of conscience was granted to all the inhabitants of New York except papists. A similar discrimination was made in New Jersey. In Pennsylvania the fundamental code, called the Great Law, enacted by Penn and his associates on their first arrival, conferred the franchise upon all freeholders and taxpayers who believed in Jesus Christ, and promised toleration to "all persons who confess and acknowledge the one Almighty and Eternal God to be the creator, upholder, and ruler of the world," etc. But this rule seems not to have been thought applicable in its full extent to Catholics, who were admitted to the colony, indeed, but only on sufferance. "There is a complaint against your government," wrote Penn from London, in 1708, to James Logan, the secretary of the colony, "that you suffer public Mass in a scandalous manner. Pray send the matter of fact, for ill use is made of it against us here." Some years later, when Gov. Gordon proposed to interfere with the open celebration of Mass in Philadelphia, the council would not consent. The church in Philadelphia, says Hildreth, was "the only Catholic Church allowed previous to the Revolution in any Anglo-American colony." But "papists" in Pennsylvania during the later years of the colony were denied the right of bearing or possessing arms. South Carolina, although a majority of her people were dissenters, required all members of the Assembly to receive communion in the Church of England, or at least to make a formal declaration of adherence to the Establishment (1704). The charter of Georgia (1732) granted the "free exercise of religion" to all inhabitants "except papists."

When the colonies declared their independence of Great Britain they were far from abandoning the British principles of persecution; indeed, intolerance, as we have seen, was firmly rooted in nearly all the American communities. In the Constitutional Convention of New York (1777) John Jay (in whose family bigotry seems to be hereditary) caused an amendment to be made to the naturalization clause, forbidding the Legislature

* See *A Brief Sketch of the Catholic Church in the Island of New York*, by the Rev. J. R. Bayley. New York, 1853.

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to admit any foreigner to citizenship who would not abjure allegiance to the pope "in all matters ecclesiastical as well as civil"; and this exclusion remained in force until by the Constitution of the United States the control of naturalization was vested in Congress. When the section as to religious toleration was brought up Mr. Jay proposed to except from its benefits "the professors of the religion of the Church of Rome, who ought not to hold lands in, or be admitted to a participation of the civil rights enjoyed by the members of this State, until such time as the said professors shall appear in the Supreme Court of this State, and there most solemnly swear . . . that they renounce and believe to be false and wicked the dangerous and damnable doctrine that the pope or any other earthly authority hath power to absolve men from their sins," etc. This clause was defeated after a long debate, and Mr. Jay finally obtained the adoption of a proviso, "that the liberty of conscience hereby granted shall not be so construed as to excuse acts of licentiousness, or justify practices inconsistent with the peace or safety of this State." *

The constitution of South Carolina made the Christian religion the established creed of the State, and prescribed a belief in five specified dogmas as a qualification for holding office. Jews, Unitarians, Universalists, and many others were excluded by this rule; and there was also a religious test for voters. The constitution of New Jersey provided that no "Protestant" inhabitant should be denied the enjoyment of any civil right on account of his religious principles, and that any person who professed "a belief in the faith of any Protestant sect" might be elected to office. The constitution of Pennsylvania exacted of every member of the Legislature a belief in the existence of God, the inspiration of the Scriptures, and a system of divine rewards and punishments. Massachusetts required every minister or public teacher of religion to subscribe to the constitution and to read it once a year to his congregation. New Hampshire provided that members of the Legislature must be "of the Protestant religion"; and this disqualification of Catholics, Jews, and free-thinkers, though it had long been a dead-letter, was not removed from the constitution until 1877.

* See Archbishop Bayley's *Brief Sketch.*

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III.

Such was the spirit of the Protestant colonies; and their intolerance has been excused on the ground that they persecuted people in self-defence; they came into the wilderness to found churches and communities of their own, and they had a right to exclude all who were hostile to their civil and religious systems. It will hardly be pretended, however, that the Protestants had any such exclusive rights in the Catholic colony of Maryland. Let us see how they conducted themselves there. From the earliest days of the settlement Lord Baltimore was vexed by a Virginia trader named Claiborne, established on Kent Island within the limits of the Maryland grant. This person refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the lord proprietary, and was at open war with the government of the province. The Puritan colonists, who had entered Maryland at the hospitable invitation of the proprietary, and had there been protected in the enjoyment of freedom of worship and all other privileges, joined him in overthrowing Calvert's authority, and for two years (1644–46) the legitimate governor was a fugitive. During this period the Catholic party suffered severely; many were ruined by fines and confiscations; the mission stations of the Jesuits among the Indians were broken up; and the venerable apostle, Father White, with several of his companions, was sent in chains to England, there to endure a long imprisonment. In justifying this rebellion afterwards, in a memorial to Parliament, Captain Ingle, one of the partisans of Claiborne, represented that he had felt it to be his duty to "assist the well-affected Protestants against the said tyrannical government and the papists and malignants"—a plea which sufficiently indicates the religious character of the movement. Indeed, almost on their first arrival the Puritans had professed a scruple about swearing allegiance to a lord proprietary who "upheld Antichrist." It would not have been surprising if the experience of the behavior of these sectaries during the Claiborne rebellion had discouraged Lord Baltimore from the further prosecution of his experiment of toleration and equal rights; but he never wavered in his purpose. Two years after the suppression of the Puritan revolt he appointed a Protestant governor, made arrangements for the admission of more Protestant settlers, and drew up the famous "Act concerning Religion," which was passed by the Assembly in 1649.

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Soon afterwards Cromwell appointed Claiborne and others commissioners "to reduce Virginia and the inhabitants thereof." They had no authority to meddle with Maryland, but they assumed it, deposed the lord proprietary's officers, and summoned a new Assembly (1654), "for which Assembly all such should be disabled to give any vote, or to be elected members thereof, as have borne arms in war against the Parliament or do profess the Roman Catholic religion." No sooner had this body come together than it substituted for the generous Toleration Act of 1649 the following law: "It is hereby enacted and declared that none who profess and exercise the *popish* (commonly called the *Roman* Catholic) religion can be protected in this province by the laws of *England* formerly established, and yet unrepealed: Nor by the government of the commonwealth of England, etc., but to be restrained from the exercise thereof." Liberty of conscience was then granted to "such as profess faith in God by Jesus Christ," but "provided such liberty be not extended to popery or prelacy." But the Parliament was not ready to approve these high-handed proceedings, taken without any legitimate authority. It was only four years since the Protestant inhabitants had signed a Declaration in the following words:

> "That according to an act of Assembly here, and several other strict injunctions and declarations by his said lordship for that purpose made and provided, we do here enjoy all fitting and convenient freedom and liberty in the exercise of our religion under his lordship's government and interest; and that none of us are any ways troubled or molested for or by reason thereof within his lordship's said province."

Lord Baltimore was also able to satisfy Cromwell that the Catholic colonies were not enemies of the state; and if the Protector took no active steps to right the lord proprietary he at least allowed him to try to right himself. In 1656, accordingly, Lord Baltimore's government was re-established at St. Mary's, and the new governor, Fendall, was specially instructed to restore the Toleration Act of 1649, "and particularly that part thereof whereby 'all persons in the said province are to have liberty of conscience and free exercise of their religion.'" The Puritans, however, held out for a while at Providence (now Annapolis), and until 1658 there were two rival governments in the province—the Catholic government, mild, generous, and tolerant; the Protestant, cruel, bigoted, and unjust.

Hardly had peace been restored than Governor Fendall allied

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himself with the Puritan party in a conspiracy to overthrow the proprietary (1659). The lower house of the Assembly declared itself the sole source of power, subject only to the king. The council, or upper house, was dissolved. The authority of the proprietary was disavowed, and Fendall accepted a new commission from the revolutionary Assembly. It was by this rebellious body that the law against Quakers, to which we have already referred, was passed in July, 1659. They were "to be whipped from constable to constable until they be sent out of the province"; but in a few months the Fendall usurpation came to an end, and Lord Baltimore, sending over his brother, Philip Calvert, as governor, restored toleration once more. Nothing could shake his determination to deal with strict impartiality by all men. He died in 1672, and his son and successor, Charles, the third Lord Baltimore, inherited his equitable policy. In a revision of the code after the accession of the new lord the Act of Toleration was confirmed; and that it was faithfully observed is attested by a "declaration," signed by the principal colonists belonging to the Church of England in 1682, in consequence of a fresh attempt of the Puritans to effect a Protestant revolution. Although it appeared from these witnesses that the Catholics were not favored above others either in religious or political matters, the English ministry ordered that all the offices in Maryland should be put into Protestant hands.

Immediately after the accession of William of Orange the Protestants (now a large majority in the colony) rose in rebellion against the proprietary, against whom they had no complaint whatever to make except that he was a papist. A crazy report was spread abroad that the Jesuits and lay Catholics had entered into a conspiracy with the Indians to massacre all the Protestant inhabitants. An "Association in Arms for the Defence of the Protestant Religion" was formed under the leadership of a fanatic named Coode. The city of St. Mary's was captured. The authorities were all deposed. A convention was called (1689); and the insurgents, styling themselves "representatives of their majesty's Protestant subjects in the province of Maryland," drew up a lying and hypocritical address to King William, complaining of "the great grievances and expressions" they had long lain under (but not specifying any), and begging the king "to appoint such a deliverance to his suffering people, whereby for the future their religion, rights, and liberties might be secured under a Protestant government" directly appointed by the crown. Although there were not wanting remonstrances to the throne from other

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Protestants, exposing the outrageous falsehoods of Coode's address, the king promptly approved the conduct of the "Associators," authorized them to continue the administration of the province for the time being, instituted proceedings for the forfeiture of the charter, and, without waiting for the law to take its course, sent over a royal governor. The new Assembly which thereupon convened first signed an address of thanks to the crown for "redeeming them from the arbitrary will and pleasure of a tyrannical popish government under which they had so long groaned," and then immediately put an end to that equality in religion which had hitherto prevailed in Maryland by passing an act to establish the Church of England in the province, dividing the counties into parishes, and levying a contribution of forty pounds of tobacco upon every taxpayer for the support of the state religion (1692). The Toleration Act and all other laws passed under the proprietary were repealed. Later it was enacted that the Book of Common Prayer and the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England should be used "in every church *or other place of worship* within this province." So strenuous were the complaints of the Quakers and others of this extraordinary law that another statute was substituted, which allowed all Protestant dissenters to have meeting-houses under certain conditions, and left Catholics the only victims of intolerance in a Catholic colony.

The violence and ingratitude of the dominant party grew daily more and more monstrous. In 1704 two priests were summoned before the governor, John Seymour, for the offence of saying Mass; and that functionary addressed them in the following language, which, considering the history of Maryland, seems inimitable:

"It is the unhappy temper of you and all your tribe to grow insolent upon civility and never know how to use it; and yet of all people you have the least reason for considering that if the necessary laws that are made were let loose they are sufficient to crush you, and which (if your arrogant principles have not blinded you) you must need to dread."

The minutes of the council add, in connection with this case:

"The members of this board, taking under their consideration that such use of the popish chapel of the city of St. Mary's, where there is a Protestant church, and the said county court is kept, is both scandalous and offensive to the government, do advise and desire his excellency the governor to give immediate orders for the shutting up the said popish chapel, and that no person presume to make use thereof under any pretence whatever."

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This was accordingly done. A little earlier than this, when a pestilence was raging, and the Catholic priests went from house to house, helping the sick and consoling the dying, the Assembly urged the governor to "restrain and prohibit such their extravagance and presumptuous behavior."

The "Act to prevent the growth of Popery within this Province," passed in 1704, prescribed a fine of £50 and six months' imprisonment for every popish bishop, priest, or Jesuit who should baptize the child of non-Catholic parents, or attempt to convert anybody, or say Mass, or exercise any function of a priest or bishop within the province. On a second conviction the offender was to be transported to England, there to suffer perpetual imprisonment. Any Catholic who should keep school, or take upon himself the education, government, or boarding of youth, was to be transported to England for perpetual imprisonment. If the child of popish parents turned Protestant, the governor could seize enough of the father's estate to ensure for it a Protestant maintenance. The children of a Protestant father might be taken from a Catholic mother to be brought up as Protestants. In 1718 the savage penal statute of 11 and 12 William III. was substituted for all other legislation against Catholics, and Catholics were formally disfranchised. They had already been disqualified from holding office, and it had been provided that if a person holding "any office or trust" within the province should "be present at any popish assembly, conventicle, or meeting, and join with them in their services at Mass, or receive the sacrament in that communion," he should forfeit his commission, pay a fine of £250, and "be incapable of taking, holding, or executing any commission or place of trust within this province until he should be fully reconciled to the Church of England and receive the communion therein." Mr. Scharf adds that "besides the oppression of legislative enactments, personal animosity was carried to such an extent that the Catholics were considered as beyond the pale of fellowship, not suffered to walk with their fellow-subjects in front of the Stadt House at Annapolis, and finally obliged to wear swords for their personal protection."

The rights of the proprietary were not annulled during this period, but arbitrarily suspended for the express reason that he was a Catholic. Benedict Calvert, eldest son of the third Lord Baltimore, turned Protestant, and on his petition the king granted him a pension during his father's lifetime, so that his children might be suitably educated as Protestants, and also allowed him

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to usurp his father's rights by nominating a governor for Maryland. He did not survive his father long enough to enjoy the inheritance which he thus partially anticipated, but the reward of apostasy was bestowed upon his infant son, Charles Calvert, the fifth baron. The announcement of the restoration of the proprietary government was made to the Assembly (1715) in the following terms:

"His majesty (who is the true defender of the faith) was readily induced to reinstate the noble family of Baltimore in their ancient right of governing this province, from the pious consideration of their having embraced the Protestant religion."

The Catholic inhabitants of Maryland in 1708 were about three thousand, or only one in thirteen of the whole population; but the Protestants were in great dread of their increase. An import duty of twenty shillings a head was laid upon all "negroes and Irish papists," while Irish Protestants were admitted free (1704). In the space of sixteen years no fewer than twelve acts were passed to prevent the importation of Irish immigrants. But the most striking exhibition of Protestant inhospitality was made in 1755. The Protestants, as we have seen, obtained a shelter and welcome among the Catholics of Maryland when they fled from the persecutions of other Protestants in New England and Virginia. It was now their turn to be kind. Vessels arrived at Annapolis with nine hundred destitute Catholic exiles from Acadia. Individual generosity contributed something for the relief of their hunger; "but we must own with shame," says Mr. Scharf, "that, if not treated with positive inhumanity, they were almost everywhere viewed with suspicion and dislike, and even the charity which their meek wretchedness extorted was grudgingly bestowed." The electors and freeholders of Talbot County represented to the Assembly that the religious principles of the exiles were dangerous in a Protestant country, and begged that the "pest" might be removed, at the unhappy people's own expense, as had been done in Virginia and Carolina.

The persecuting spirit lasted in Maryland until the Revolution, when the alliance of the colonies with France produced a general change in the laws relating to religion. As late as 1754 the people of Prince George's County instructed their delegates to urge a law "to dispossess the Jesuits of those landed estates which under them became formidable to his majesty's good Protestant subjects of this province; to exclude papists from places of trust and profit, and to prevent them from sending their children to

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foreign popish seminaries for education." In 1755 the Assembly urged the governor to "issue his proclamation commanding all magistrates and other officers duly to execute the penal statutes against Roman Catholics within this province." The church wardens of various parishes adopted an order commanding "all persons not having lawful excuse to resort to their parish church or chapel on every Sunday and other days, and then and there to abide in decent manner during the time of common prayer, preaching, or other service of God." In 1756, when an appropriation of £40,000 was voted for the defence of the colony during the French and Indian war, a double tax was laid on the lands of all Catholics!

With this incident we leave the long narrative of injustice. The conduct of the Protestants of Maryland is wholly without palliation. They came into a peaceful and hospitable State, where Catholic liberality offered them a refuge from oppression, and they abused the privileges voluntarily granted them to dispossess their entertainers. For the Puritans of New England and the Anglicans of Virginia there are many excuses to be made. They founded colonies in their own way for their own people; they asked nobody to join them who did not share their opinions; they ruled according to the principles of civil and ecclesiastical government which prevailed everywhere in their day. They might well point to the overthrow of Catholicism in Catholic Maryland as a proof that toleration was a mistake. We do not cite their persecution-laws for the purpose of reproaching them. Those laws were in accordance with the opinions of the seventeenth century, and it is unreasonable to condemn a community absolutely for not being in advance of its age. But the nation now prides itself upon a system which is radically opposed to the original New England and Virginia ideas—that is, the policy of equal rights and privileges for all religious denominations, special privileges for none. People call it the distinctively American policy; and most of our Protestant fellow-citizens seem to imagine that the Catholic Church is bitterly hostile to the policy, and would overthrow it if it could. Our purpose in this review has been to show, by a calm statement of admitted facts, what the policy of American Catholics has been in the past. They alone, of all the colonists of the United States, adopted on their first arrival the present policy of religious equality, and rigidly adhered to it under all circumstances and in spite of outrageous provocations.

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THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

THE renewed and increasing interest, more particularly in France and in the United States, in the projects for connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by means of a ship-canal across some portion of the isthmus connecting North and South America, has brought into great prominence the Monroe doctrine. In its name resolutions have been offered in Congress warning off intruders, not, indeed, from this country, but from other countries over which we make no claim to exercise sovereign rights. Congressmen have delivered eloquent speeches, appealing to it as countenancing and sustaining certain theories of public policy of their own which they were anxious the country should adopt and act upon. The newspapers have not been slow in availing themselves of the topic as timely. Editors of daily journals are usually too busy in writing something, or in seeking something to write about, to find time to become masters of nice points of international law, even when they are connected with the history of their own country. From public men better things are expected. There is no law compelling a senator or a representative to discuss a question of international law or to offer a resolution upon it. His existence does not depend upon his daily supply of "copy" on some interesting topic to insatiate caterers to an unsatisfied public. He has the leisure, had he the desire, to make himself acquainted with his country's history and policy; and it is highly reprehensible that persons in public station, who should feel its responsibilities, will, in sheer anxiety for an ephemeral popularity, permit themselves to speak, and even write, confidently on matters of which they are far from masters.

It is now nearly sixty years since the Monroe doctrine was originally promulgated. The infants of President Monroe's day are the leaders and statesmen, the fathers and mothers, the grandfathers and grandmothers of to-day. There are persons now living who have direct knowledge of the circumstances under which the declarations since called the Monroe doctrine were made. But they are not many. The doctrine has, however, never been permitted to fade out of the public mind. If Americans did not know what the thing was they could not justly complain that they did not hear the name often enough. When the Panama Mission was proposed in 1825

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there was a great debate in Congress as to the meaning of the doctrine, and, though only a couple of years had elapsed since its promulgation, a considerable diversity of views as to its scope and value was developed. In 1848, in the Yucatan debate, the subject was again elaborately discussed. Then, too, it was plain that there were diverse views entertained in regard to the Monroe doctrine, as Senator Calhoun, who was a member of President Monroe's cabinet when the declaration in question was made, and who urged President Monroe to make it, was compelled to oppose a policy which was declared by its supporters to be based upon the doctrine in dispute. In 1856, in the debates on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, the subject was again reviewed, with the old result of showing a diversity of views regarding it. During the French occupation of Mexico, and the reign of the unfortunate Maximilian in that country, the Monroe doctrine was constantly invoked by a not inconsiderable number of persons, who urged that the United States should make war upon Napoleon and Maximilian in the interest of our sister republic, and in vindication of a policy which was assumed to have been outraged by them. And now the interoceanic-canal project brings the matter prominently forward again. If the knowledge of a subject depended upon familiarity with its name the Monroe doctrine would be nearly as well known as the multiplication-table. But unfortunately names are not indexes to things. Every reader has heard of the name "Monroe doctrine." There are very few, however, who have read the terms of that doctrine. This article is devoted to an explanation of the doctrine itself. It will begin, therefore, with the declarations of President Monroe himself, cited textually. These declarations are three in number. The first is found near the beginning of President Monroe's annual message transmitted to Congress on December 2, 1823, and is in the following words:

"At the proposal of the Russian imperial government, made through the minister of the emperor residing here, a full power and instructions have been transmitted to the minister of the United States at St. Petersburg to arrange, by amicable negotiation, the respective rights and interests of the two nations on the northwest coast of this continent. A similar proposal had been made by his imperial majesty to the government of Great Britain, which has likewise been acceded to. The government of the United States has been desirous, by this friendly proceeding, of manifesting the great value which they have invariably attached to the friendship of the emperor, and their solicitude to cultivate the best understanding with his government. In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion

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has been judged proper for asserting, as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved, that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European powers" (*Annual Register*, 1823, *Star* pp. 184 and 185).

The second declaration is much longer and more carefully worded than this. A part of it is what is usually quoted as the Monroe doctrine, and is found near the close of the same state paper. Its language is as follows:

"It was stated at the commencement of the last session that a great effort was then making in Spain and Portugal to improve the condition of the peoples of those countries, and that it appeared to be conducted with extraordinary moderation. It need scarcely be remarked that the result has been so far very different from what was then anticipated. Of events in that quarter of the globe, with which we have so much intercourse, and from which we derive our origin, we have always been anxious and interested spectators. The citizens of the United States cherish sentiments the most friendly in favor of the liberty and happiness of their fellow-men on that side of the Atlantic. In the wars of the European powers, in matters relating to themselves, we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy so to do. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparation for our defence. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers. The political system of the Allied Powers is essentially different from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defence of our own, which has been achieved by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to candor, and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers, to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European power we have not interfered, and shall not interfere. But with the governments who have declared their independence and maintained it, and whose independence we have, on great consideration and on just principles, acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, by any European power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition towards the United States. In the war between those new governments and Spain we declared our neutrality at the time of their recognition; and to this we have adhered, and shall continue to adhere, provided no change shall occur which, in the judgment of the competent authorities of this government, shall make a corresponding change on the part of the United States indispensable to their security.

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"The late events in Spain and Portugal show that Europe is still unsettled. Of this important fact no stronger proof can be adduced than that the Allied Powers should have thought it proper, on any principle satisfactory to themselves, to have interposed by force in the internal concerns of Spain. To what extent such interpositions may be carried on the same principle is a question in which all independent powers whose governments differ from theirs are interested, even those most remote, and surely none more so than the United States. Our policy in regard to Europe, which was adopted at an early age of the wars which have so long agitated that quarter of the globe, nevertheless remains the same—which is, not to interfere in the internal concerns of any of its powers; to consider the government *de facto* as the legitimate government for us; to cultivate friendly relations with it, and to preserve those relations by a frank, firm, and manly policy; meeting in all instances the just claims of every power, submitting to injuries from none. But in regard to those continents circumstances are eminently and conspicuously different. It is impossible that the Allied Powers should extend their political system to any portion of either continent without endangering our peace and happiness; nor can any one believe that our southern brethren, if left to themselves, would adopt it of their own accord. It is equally impossible, therefore, that we should behold such interposition, in any form, with indifference. If we look to the comparative strength and resources of Spain and those new governments, and their distance from each other, it must be obvious that she can never subdue them. It is still the true policy of the United States to leave the parties to themselves, in the hope that other powers will pursue the same course" (*Annual Register*, 1823, *Star* pp. 192–194).

The third declaration, which is subsequent to these in time, is of minor importance. It is found in the annual message of President Monroe transmitted to Congress on the 7th of December, 1824. After referring to the kindly interest taken by the United States in the new nations of Spanish America the President continues:

"In this their career, however, we have not interfered, believing that every people have a right to institute for themselves the government which in their judgment may suit them best. . . . The deep interest which we take in their independence, which we have acknowledged, and in their enjoyment of all the rights incident thereto, especially in the very important one of instituting their own governments, has been declared and is known to the world. Separated as we are from Europe by the great Atlantic Ocean, we can have no concern in the wars of the European governments, nor in the causes which produce them. The balance of power between them, into whichever scale it may turn in its various vibrations, cannot affect us. It is the interest of the United States to preserve the most friendly relations with every power, and on conditions fair, equal, and applicable to all. But in regard to our neighbors our situation is different. It is impossible for the European governments to interfere in their concerns, especially in those alluded to, which are vital, without affecting us; indeed, the motive which might induce such interference in the present state of the

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war between the parties, if a war it may be called, would appear to be equally applicable to us. It is gratifying to know that some of the powers with whom we enjoy a very friendly intercourse, and to whom these views have been communicated, have appeared to acquiesce in them" (*Annual Register*, 1824, *Star* pp. 128 and 129).

The first thing which will impress the careful reader is that there are two doctrines here, and not one. The citation above given in regard to the proposed negotiation with Russia in reference to the Northwest boundary contains a declaration on the subject of colonization, no matter by whom attempted; while the declarations in regard to Spanish America have regard to forcible intervention on the part of the Allied Powers of Europe for the restoration of the authority of Spain on this hemisphere. Whether these three declarations are or not part of one comprehensive scheme of foreign policy, it is important to remember that one of them is in scope and origin quite different from either of the others—as different, indeed, as peaceful colonization and armed intervention were and are.

These declarations sprang from diverse causes. The one in regard to colonization, which will be first dealt with, was occasioned by a state of facts in outline as follows: Great Britain, Russia, and the United States were rival claimants for certain territory bordering on the Pacific Ocean. By the third article of our treaty with Spain in 1819 his Catholic majesty ceded to us "all his rights, claims, and pretensions" to all lands west of the Mississippi River, and east and north of a certain line running from the mouth of the river Sabine to certain points on the Red River and the Arkansas and along the forty-second parallel of north latitude. As Mexico achieved her complete independence of Spain, this treaty practically extinguished all the claims of that nation to be regarded as a continental power in North America. The United States had certain claims of their own to the Northwest country, founded upon the discoveries of Captain Gray at the mouth of the Columbia River in 1792, and of Captains Lewis and Clark, under the auspices of President Jefferson, in 1805–6. To these were added settlements of our people in the country, which were rendered more easy as our acknowledged territory was contiguous to that in dispute. To make all our claims more complete Spain had in reality quit-claimed to us whatever rights and pretensions she had in that quarter of the world. She had, as is well known, claimed all the northwestern coast of America as far as Prince William Sound, in the sixty-first degree of north latitude, upon the ground of prior discovery and long possession.

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In 1790 a dispute arose between England and Spain in regard to Nootka Sound. England refused to recognize the Spanish pretensions, ostensibly on the ground that the earth is the common inheritance of man, of which each individual and each nation has a right to appropriate a share by occupation and cultivation. This principle would seem to exclude an individual as well as a nation from appropriating more of the earth's surface than he or it could properly occupy and cultivate, and, were it fully acted upon, it would leave open to colonization all portions of the earth's surface not in actual occupation and cultivation. This dispute, which probably had its origin in the evident signs of Spain's inability to retain much longer her American dependencies, was amicably settled by a convention which provided for freedom of commerce and navigation in the South Seas, under the restrictions that this freedom should not be made a pretext for illicit trade with the Spanish settlements; that British subjects should not fish within ten marine leagues of the shores already occupied by Spanish subjects; and that wherever either party should have made settlements since April, 1789, the other should have free access to trade. Whatever rights Spain had under this convention were transferred to us by the treaty of 1819. The claims of Great Britain remained in as full force against us as they had previously against Spain. In a certain sense, therefore, this treaty, the ratifications of which were not finally exchanged until February 22, 1821, brought us a lawsuit, though, as we already had one about the same subject-matter upon our hands, it did not increase our difficulties. By our treaty with Great Britain of 1818 there was to be a joint occupation of the territory for ten years without prejudice to the rights or claims of either party.

Russia had interests in the territories bordering on the North Pacific Ocean, then usually called the South Seas, which were opposed to the pretensions of both Great Britain and the United States. On the 16th (4th O. S.) of September, 1821, the Emperor Alexander issued a proclamation, claiming exclusive sovereignty over the whole northwest coast of America from Behring Straits to the fifty-first degree of north latitude, over the Aleutian Islands and the coast of Siberia from Behring Straits to the South Cape in the island of Ooroop, in the Kurile Islands, lying off the southern point of Kamtschatka. This proclamation went further, and declared the Pacific Ocean within those limits "closed," and naviga-

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tion and fishery of foreign vessels within the islands, ports, and gulfs within them was interdicted, and confiscation of the cargo was fixed as the penalty for any ship to touch at, or even to approach within one hundred Italian miles of, any of the Russian establishments enumerated in the ukase.

This was a three-cornered controversy. Neither disputant could make an aggressive movement without uniting the other two to resist it. Great Britain and the United States had a controversy of their own to settle as to boundaries—a controversy, by the way, which was not settled for a quarter of a century after this time—but they both agreed to oppose the Russian claim. The most obnoxious part of that claim to England was the restrictions on commerce in the Pacific Ocean. And it should be constantly remembered, in reading the old disputes about colonial rights and boundaries, that one main reason of the resistance to certain lines on the one side and of insisting upon them on the other was the right which the possession of colonies gave the parent country to monopolize the trade with them and exclude all other nations from participation in its benefits. Trade monopoly, or at least commercial facilities, was on all sides the real bone of contention. While the United States government was not indifferent to the objectionable features of making the whole Northern Pacific Ocean a closed sea, as though it were an inland gulf across which the headlands could be seen, still the pretension that Russia was the sovereign of lands down to the fifty-first parallel, while we then claimed that our northern limit was above the fifty-fourth parallel, was the most offensive to us.

The passage in the President's message under consideration will now appear in its proper light. John Quincy Adams was Secretary of State under President Monroe. He had numerous conversations with the Russian ambassador in relation to this question, and his diary (see the sixth volume of his *Memoirs*, edited by Charles Francis Adams) leaves no doubt that it had given him a great deal of anxiety. Some months before the President's message was written he had hit upon the ground taken in that document. In writing to Mr. Rush, our then minister at London, under date of July 2, 1823, the Secretary of State encloses copies of his instructions to Mr. Middleton, and uses these words: "The American continents henceforth will no longer be subject to colonization. Occupied by civilized nations, they will be accessible to Europeans and each other on that footing alone, and the Pacific Ocean, in every part, will remain open

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to the navigation of all nations in like manner with the Atlantic." The President's message is but a variation of this language. The meaning of the declaration in the message, though, as Senator Calhoun pointed out in his speech in the Yucatan debate, the language is a little confused, is perfectly plain. The continent is all occupied either by independent nations or by dependencies of European powers. It is assumed by the Secretary of State and the President that, though the boundaries of these states may not be accurately defined at the moment, yet they are capable of definition; and that, whether they are or are not, no nation can claim to appropriate any portion of the American continents by new settlements.

The two other declarations grew out of quite a different matter. The Spanish colonies on the continents of North and South America had one after another thrown off their allegiance to the mother-country. The efforts to subdue them had completely failed. The United States very early recognized the belligerency of the revolted colonies; but it was not until 1822 that their complete independence was acknowledged by our government in the accrediting of ministers to them. British commerce had profited greatly by the disruption of the colonial bonds. In consequence of the action taken at the Congress of Verona in 1822 a French army of one hundred thousand men entered Spain in April, 1823, and, marching across the country, reinstated Ferdinand VII. as monarch and suppressed by force the constitutional government of the Cortes. It was an open secret in diplomatic circles in Europe that as soon as Spanish home affairs were settled satisfactorily to the Allied Powers—in this case France, Russia, Prussia, and Austria—it was proposed to hold a congress to take into serious consideration the affairs of Spanish America. And though nothing had been done or said officially, the opponents of Spain feared that the Allies would send an army to America for the purpose of effecting what the mother-country had failed to accomplish. There was no question that the utterances of the Allies covered the case of the new nations formed out of Spain's revolted colonies. The only question was how far the Allies would be prepared to go in making that language good.

George Canning was Minister of Foreign Affairs in the Liverpool cabinet. He was bitterly opposed to the schemes of the Allies. That the people of England were not opposed on principle to armed intervention in the affairs of foreign nations was clearly demonstrated by their action in the Napoleonic wars. The cabinet—and the country was behind it—protested vigorously against

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the intervention of the Allies in the affairs of Naples, Piedmont, and Spain, though only a few years afterwards England intervened in the affairs of Portugal. The cause of Canning's sensitiveness in regard to intervention is not far to seek. He was afraid that British commerce would suffer should Spain succeed in re-establishing her supremacy in Spanish America, while, on the other hand, he feared that France was not wholly disinterested in her action—that if her king and government were quick to draw the sword in defence of the principle that constitutional reform effected by revolt and open force is equally null and disallowed by the public law of Europe, they would not simply take the approval of their consciences for their pay, but that they would seek and obtain a more substantial reward for their services. The air was full of rumors. England was in one quarter credited with a desire for Cuba; on the other hand, it was asserted that France had her eye upon that island, and the British government unquestionably believed that there was a basis of fact underlying that assertion. Here was motive enough for British opposition to the schemes of the Allies. They would result in dimming the lustre of British achievements during the Napoleonic wars in maintaining the European balance of power and being the mainstay of kings; they would, if completely successful, materially injure British commerce, and Britain was not flourishing at that time; and they might end in aggrandizing Britain's ancient enemy, France, by the possession of a most productive island in the New World and advantages nearer home.

Be the cause what it may, George Canning conceived it his mission to thwart the Allies in every way that he could, and he determined, come what might, that no military assistance should be lent to Spain for the subjugation of her revolted colonies. The United States government was sincerely anxious that the independence of the nations created out of the late Spanish colonies should be acknowledged by Great Britain. Canning raised the objection against this course that there were no governments to recognize. Revolutions followed each other so rapidly that a minister accredited to one president or chief of state would find another installed in his place before he could reach his post. The American scheme for the pacification of Spanish America was immediate recognition of the independent nations into which our government claimed it had been organized. Canning had a scheme of his own, which he exhausted his ingenuity in pressing upon Minister Rush. To those who wish to understand this matter that diplomatist's account of his embassy, entitled in the

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most recent edition *The Court of London from* 1819 *to* 1825, is recommended. The Canning scheme was a joint declaration by Great Britain and the United States that neither of them desired any portion of the Spanish possessions for themselves, and while they would not in any way interfere to prevent an amicable arrangement between the colonies and the mother-country, yet they would not see with indifference the intervention of any foreign power in the affairs of Spanish America, nor the transfer of any portion of it to such power. Mr. Rush had no instructions that would carry him as far as this—at least in direct terms. He sets before us, as clearly as he can, Canning's arguments and his own. It is plain that he thinks the Englishman had the best of it. Even in Rush's *Memoranda* Canning's arguments are still worth reading, and some of his phrases read very much like those used in the President's message. Rush was finally so impressed with Canning's proposal—the Foreign Minister became more persistent as the French army approached Cadiz—that he said he would stand on his general letter of instructions and join in the British declaration, if the British government would recognize the independence of the Spanish colonies. Canning declined, and reserved to himself the right to protect British interests, even if, unfortunately, the United States, who were also interested in the matter, should not join in the proposed declaration.

The conferences between Canning and Rush took place in the months of August, September, and October, 1823. Mr. Rush acquainted his government with the purport of each immediately after its occurrence. The utterances of the Allies and the movements taken in support of them were watched with the intensest interest in Washington and in the whole country. The perusal of Adams' diary would lead one to infer that the Republican leaders, more particularly Mr. Calhoun, were panic-stricken in consequence of them. Calhoun was a logician, if ever a statesman was one. He analyzed the declarations of the powers, and he came to the conclusion that they carried irresistibly with them the forcible reversal of the American Revolution, and the relegation of the United States of America to the position of colonies of his Britannic majesty. He was for closing at once with Canning's offer. To be sure, it might embarrass us in the future to declare in the present that we wished for no part of what was lately Spanish America, but it seemed to him that this was the only mode of preserving all the new nations in their independence of Spain. He greatly feared armed intervention in Spanish America. He dreaded nothing so much as the landing of ten or

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fifteen thousand veteran French and German troops in Mexico and Central America. He would have regarded such an event as almost inevitably sealing the fate of the late dependencies and handing them over to the rule of Spain once more. It is worthy of a passing remark that from the time of the reception of Canning's proposition in this country dates the good feeling of our Southern Democratic statesmen for England—a feeling which bore fruit during the civil war.

Secretary Adams says that the President was demoralized for a time, and the solemn opening of the message of December 2, 1823, lends support to that assertion. The crisis was considered so grave that the two great ex-presidents of the Republican party, Jefferson and Madison, were consulted in relation to it, and copies of Rush's letters recounting his interviews with Canning were submitted to them. Jefferson responded in an elaborate letter favoring the acceptance of the British proposition, though his caution and knowledge of American diplomacy and policy suggested to him an inquiry, whether it was or was not true that we desired no part of Spanish America for ourselves. This subject was a staple topic of cabinet discussion; Calhoun, who was Secretary of War and an original Republican—or, as we should say now, a Democrat—and Adams, who was Secretary of State and originally a Federalist or Whig, taking opposite sides upon it. The secretary could not bring himself to believe that Canning was not trying to entrap us in some way. He felt sure that he was not an enthusiast for human liberty, like his colleague Calhoun or the President, with whom they were both associated. His plan was for England to join the United States in recognizing the independence of the new states, and he could not bring himself to believe, when the British government would not do that, that its proposal of a joint declaration was not sinister as far as we were concerned. Rush, in London, was greatly impressed with Canning's earnestness; Adams, in Washington, felt that the scheme was to surprise the United States into a measure which would be found in the long run not to benefit us but to be of great service to England.

Adams was much more enamored of his anti-colonization declaration in his despatches to Middleton and Rush than he was in regard to this declaration warning off the Allies from Spanish America. Monroe and Calhoun felt very differently. A little strip of territory we could well afford to lose. It would not be absolutely destructive, even if Russia succeeded for a time in making the North Pacific Ocean a closed sea;

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and even on this point they rightly inferred that in a little time this matter would be all straightened out. But the cause of American liberty would to their view be imperilled, if the colonial yoke was again placed upon the necks of the nations which had sprung into existence out of what were once the Spanish dependencies in North and South America. Calhoun retained this opinion to the last, as may be seen from his speech on the Monroe doctrine in the Yucatan debate in 1848. He denied that the colonization feature was any part of that doctrine as it was originally promulgated, and declared that the paragraph in relation to it was not read or discussed in the cabinet meetings, and that President Monroe incorporated it in the message on the suggestion of Mr. Adams. The correctness of this statement has been questioned, among others by Mr. Cass, on what seem at least unsatisfactory grounds. That Mr. Adams and Mr. Monroe discussed this point there can be no doubt. There is just as little doubt that Mr. Adams was anxious that our whole policy should make "one system," whether it related to the Northwest boundary or to the recognition of the independence of the Spanish-American states. But the two questions were not identical. The colonization matter was, in a sense, future, contingent, and theoretical. No great nation had urged us to take any step looking to it, while as a matter of fact Canning himself vied with the Russian diplomatists in scouting it when it was brought to his knowledge. The protection of our sister republics of Spanish America was, on the other hand, present, pressing, and practical. A great nation, with whom we were anxious to be on good terms, had, in a way most flattering to our national vanity, pressed it upon us. By accepting Canning's lead we might do ourselves a good turn and help along at the same time, as it was plausibly urged, the cause of human liberty. We might hope to earn the blessings of untold millions of human beings for our boldness, and this when the act was not as bold as it seemed. It should not be overlooked in this connection that there is no mention of the anti-colonization declaration in Jefferson's letter, and that the two declarations are separated widely in the President's message.

The result of all these discussions, in the cabinet and out of it, is seen in what was actually done. The United States did not join England in making the joint declaration. England did not accede to the wishes of the United States and recognize the independence of the new states. President Monroe

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made in his annual message the second declaration cited above. In it are embodied and embedded the suggestions that the President had received from all quarters, official and unofficial. It does not commit the United States to anything. It was a declaration, and nothing more. When it reached England it sent up the price of Colombian stocks on the London market, and it was received with great enthusiasm in Spanish America. Canning, who recognized in it at least the original germ, was of course pleased with it, and it is to this fact that the closing words of the third citation from President Monroe's messages given above refer.

Canning made no paper declaration. As soon as he found that the United States minister would not act in conjunction with him he determined to act alone. Recognizing that the French king held the destinies of Spain in his hand, and that if he could be impressed with the danger of attempting to reconstruct Spanish power in America the designs of the Allies would be completely frustrated, he made an appointment with Prince Polignac, the French ambassador in London, to discuss the crisis. The conferences were oral, but a minute of them was made, and the memorandum was after a time laid before Parliament. In the conference of October 9, 1823, Mr. Canning, after saying that the British government would remain neutral, if unfortunately war between Spain and her revolted colonies was prolonged —declared emphatically that "the junction of any foreign power in an enterprise of Spain against the colonies would be viewed by them as constituting an entirely new question, and one upon which they must take such decision as the interests of Great Britain might require."

These conferences were decisive. It was seen that England was in earnest. Only eight years had passed away since Waterloo was fought. The "Iron Duke" was still in his prime. France was not in a condition to risk a war with England for the sake of Spain. Whatever enterprises had been thought of were abandoned, and the congress to decide the fate of Spanish America—if such a congress had been really in contemplation—was never held. In a very few years the independence of all the nations of Spanish America was acknowledged by Spain as well as by the other monarchies of Europe.

The truth of history compels the declaration, however unromantic it may sound, that the Monroe doctrine had very little if any influence upon this result. Had we joined England in making Canning's proposed declaration we could have very

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properly claimed a part of the credit for its accomplishment. But we had at that time a handful of troops and no navy to speak of. Our declaration was a moral force—nothing more. It had no sanction. It did not propose any action. The Spanish American states thought that it did, but the Panama debate undeceived them. Adams says that Wirt, who was attorney-general in Monroe's cabinet, raised the question at one of the meetings as to what we proposed to do in case some one without the fear of words before their eyes did what we declared would disturb our equanimity if attempted to be done, but the question was not answered, and the subject was not pursued further. Adams himself seems to have pondered over that view of the subject, and much of his reluctance to accept Canning's proposition may be perhaps traced to his fear that it might lead to war, for which we were then, as now, ill-prepared.

Fortunately the doctrine was never put to the test. It remained a formula of words, and still remains one. It has never been acted upon.

In 1825, in the debate on the Panama Mission, it was made entirely clear that our statesmen repudiated the construction put by the Spanish American statesmen upon President Monroe's declaration as a promise of aid and protection in case the new republics were attacked. The United States did not propose to become a republican knight-errant. We were going to attend to our business and permit other peoples to attend to theirs. We were happy to see republics springing up on the continent, but we did not propose to defend their existence and integrity at all hazards. This was cold water on the republican enthusiasm which saw in the Monroe doctrine a scheme for regenerating the world on democratic principles under the auspices and, if need be, under the military protection of the United States. When President Polk, who had to pass officially upon the Oregon or Northwest boundary question, took up the colonization branch of the doctrine and endeavored to have Congress authorize an armed intervention in Yucatan, the result was a failure. Congress was too conservative to accept the bait. In 1856 the debate on the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty, which guaranteed the neutrality of an interoceanic canal, which, it was then as now thought, was on the eve of being built, it was again made apparent that the Monroe doctrine was words and nothing more. The French occupation of Mexico came within the principle of the second branch of the Monroe doctrine, for one of the avowed objects of the original interven-

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tion—in which, by the way, England, forgetting Canning, joined—was to effect a change of the form of government of that country. And yet we did not think it our duty to take up arms in defence of a sister republic. To be sure, we had a great war on our own hands when the intervention began. But in 1865 we had at least a million of men that, had we so chosen, we might have thrown into Mexico. It is not unlikely that some of the disbanded Confederates would have accepted service under our flag in a foreign war. Indeed, the acquisition of Mexico—or a large slice of it—as payment for the expulsion of the imperialists would have been most acceptable to a considerable portion of our people. And yet the government of that day, not over-nice in many matters, hesitated, and finally refused to raise a finger in favor of this doctrine. The foreigner was finally "frozen out," but not by the Monroe doctrine.

An analysis of the declarations of President Monroe as set forth at the head of this article will show the following elements:

1. That the American continents are not open to further or future colonization—that is, that every portion of their surface is contained within the boundaries of some state or dependency.

2. That, though in favor of liberty in Europe as well as in America, it is no part of our policy to take part in European wars.

3. That we are so intimately connected with movements in this hemisphere, that the whole nation is so devoted to the defence of our own system, under which it has enjoyed unexampled felicity, and that the political system of the Allied Powers of Europe is so different from ours, that we owe it to candor and the amicable relations existing between us and them to declare that we should consider any attempt on their part to extend their system to any portion of this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety.

4. That with the existing dependencies of European powers we do not propose to interfere; in the war between Spain and her late colonies we intend to remain neutral until some change should occur in the attitude of other nations which, in the opinion of our government, would render a change of attitude on our part advisable; and that the attempt to oppress or control the destiny of the Spanish American states by other European nations would be regarded as manifesting an unfriendly feeling towards us.

5. That, in view of the events in Spain and Portugal, we must, though far away, ask ourselves how far the principle of armed intervention will lead; that we treat the nations of Europe con-

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siderately and without meddling; that the extension of their system to this continent would endanger our peace and happiness; and hence, in view of the inferences that Spain unassisted cannot conquer the late colonies, and that they will not voluntarily return to their allegiance, we are in favor of leaving the parties to themselves, hoping that other nations will do the same; but if, unfortunately, they do not follow our example, it will be impossible for us to behold their interposition with indifference.

6. That we have not interfered in the career of the South American states, believing it most conducive to their interest and to our own to permit them to institute such forms of government as they thought best suited to their condition.

These six points substantially cover all the declarations on this subject to be found in Mr. Monroe's two messages. Put into the briefest form, they are these: no more colonies on this hemisphere; non-intervention in European wars; non-intervention in the internal affairs of republics on this continent; the attempted extension of the system of the Allies to this continent dangerous to our peace; and the armed intervention of European nations to aid Spain in subduing her revolted colonies would show an unfriendly feeling to us, and would leave us at liberty to throw off our neutrality, if our government thought it advisable so to do.

Is there anything in this doctrine that is at present available? The colonial question is long dead. Colonization, in the view of the publicists, is the appropriation of a portion of the earth's surface which is, or is claimed to be, unoccupied, through the establishment thereon of one or more fixed settlements of emigrants from abroad, such appropriation being supposed to be made in the name of the parent country, and such colonies claiming its protection and acknowledging its political supremacy. No European nation proposes to appropriate any portion of the American continents in this way at this time. Colonization in this sense has ceased, joint occupations have ceased, and boundaries are for the most part well settled. If no one is claiming adversely to this declaration how can it be invoked to warn off intruders? A man of straw is set up simply to be knocked down.

No "allied powers" are now proposing to extend their system to this continent. Some of the allies of half a century ago have quite as much as they can attend to at home. Europe is too unsettled at this time to admit of American enterprises, even if success in them was more promising than it is likely to be. No armed intervention is threatened anywhere. Certain South American republics have been engaged in war for some time

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past, but no European power has attempted to take advantage of the conflict. No practical application can be made of this doctrine at this time to any enterprise now proposed. Indeed, the only answer to the Monroe-doctrine enthusiasts is to tell them to study its text. It may or may not be advisable to have a new doctrine which would embody the policy that they are anxious to have adopted, but the fact must not be overlooked that the doctrine which they claim as sustaining their pretensions is in flat contradiction to them.

The text of the entire doctrine is before our readers. There have been no authorized additions to or emendations of it. It has not developed in the last half-century, and as a matter of fact it could not, because it has never been acted upon. Is there any warrant in it for the pretension that foreign companies of capitalists, or, for that matter, foreign nations, cannot acquire land in any independent nation on this hemisphere for any purpose which the contracting parties may agree upon, without leave asked of the United States, and without the formation of such a contract being in any sense a proper one for representations from our government against it as unfriendly to it, unless the purpose was clearly hostile to our people? Clearly not. Is there any warrant in it for declaring that an independent nation on this hemisphere cannot make cessions to European capitalists of lands and privileges within its boundaries for the purpose of prosecuting and completing a great public work, even if that should be an interoceanic ship-canal? None. It neither comes within the letter nor the spirit of the Monroe declaration to protest against such cessions or such enterprises. Is there any warrant in it for the claim that the United States, being the greatest nation on this hemisphere, must be consulted in regard to either the external or internal policy of other and independent nations on the hemisphere, and that the United States may veto such proposed policy if our government sees fit? None. On the other hand, the language is expressly to the contrary. This pretension would transfer to the American continents the complicated balance of power of the Old World, and it would lay a grievous burden upon the United States in keeping minor and more turbulent states in order, and perhaps, as the wealthiest and in a sense the most vulnerable state of the New World, in being made responsible for their good conduct by the warlike nations of Europe.

The United States has no suzerainty over any independent nation on this hemisphere any more than it has over European nations. Each is final judge for itself in matters of policy. We

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would undoubtedly be interested parties in an interoceanic ship-canal. Its completion might render it more easy to concentrate fleets upon our southern and Atlantic coasts, or it might send them more quickly to our Pacific coasts. It will affect the movements of commerce. We are a great commercial people; our merchants will not permit this matter to pass them without scanning it narrowly. But the mere fact that a projected public improvement in a neighboring and a friendly nation may affect us in common with the rest of the world does not give us the right to dictate to that state as to who shall build the improvement, as to whether it shall be built at all or not, or to finally take the whole matter into our own hands for settlement. Such a course would be officious intermeddling; and that is pointedly condemned by President Monroe in common with Washington, Jefferson, and Madison.

Let it be remembered that three things, and only three, are condemned by President Monroe in his doctrine—colonization, extension of the political system of the Allies to this hemisphere, and forcible intervention by them to effect the reconquest of Spanish America—and all the confusion vanishes. An independent nation can cede or grant away its territory. It is not colonization to occupy or take possession of such territory, even if it be done by a European government; nor is it an attempt to extend the political system of Europe to this hemisphere, nor yet an attempt to intervene in the interest of Spain in Spanish American affairs. And in this connection it is important to remember that it was foreign coercion that Monroe condemned, and not voluntary acceptance of the monarchical principle, nor yet reconquest by Spain, and that the movements to which he so often refers as not indifferent to us in our political capacity are not social and industrial movements, whatever may be their source, but military and political movements which are thought to threaten the very existence of our form of government. The only claim that the United States can legitimately and appropriately make in its political capacity in regard to the interoceanic canal is that its international character shall not be definitely fixed without consultation with its government. If we have any claim to dictate upon the subject, such a claim is not found in the general rules of international law, nor in our own settled policy of non-intervention and treating all nations fairly and courteously, nor yet in the real Monroe doctrine as cited textually at the head of this article.

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MR. HAWKINS, MR. CROOKS, AND *HARPER'S WEEKLY.*

THE article of Mr. Dexter A. Hawkins in the *Christian Advocate* on the subject of "The Roman Catholic Church in New York City, and the Public Money and Public Property of the People," is quoted with warm approval in *Harper's Weekly* by G. R. Crooks, whom we believe to be a clergyman and formerly editor of the *Methodist* of this city. Mr. Crooks' contribution to the budget is still more astonishing than the production of Mr. Hawkins. He fully adopts the falsehood about the cathedral property—we will not say with a consciousness that it is a falsehood, but at least with the knowledge that it is not certainly true. He alleges, with a reckless profusion of violent language, that the church obtained the land from the city by "fraud" and shameless theft; and then adds: "The story of this robbery has been told and denied, but Mr. Hawkins gives it in detail, and relies on official records to make his charges good." If this means that Mr. Hawkins has cited or referred to any records or deeds or other official authority in justification of his false statements, Mr. Crooks has been guilty of fabrication, for Mr. Hawkins has done nothing of the kind. Mr. Hawkins made the charge upon his own unsupported word. The "details" of the purchase of the land were given by us in our denial of the story; and the public records are open to anybody who chooses to verify our account. But Mr. Crooks gives the readers of *Harper's Weekly* to understand that the proof has been furnished on the other side.

The article in *Harper's Weekly* closes with the following words: "One remedy alone will adequately protect the city from these intolerable evils in time to come—the withdrawal of appropriations of public money from sectarian institutions of every kind, whether Protestant or Catholic, Jewish or Christian."

This leads us to wonder whether Mr. G. W. Curtis is still the editor of the paper from which we quote. For in the Constitutional Convention of 1867 Mr. Curtis was one of the most earnest and eloquent opponents of the pagan policy here recommended. He agreed with Mr. Erastus Brooks that "sectarianism cannot be, must not be, supported by the State, nor must it, if presented in the form of a true charity, be disowned by the State." And

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after commending the charitable foundations of the Catholic Church he spoke as follows:

"Any system which this State should adopt which should strike at the very root of such institutions would necessarily bring the State to this question: 'Are you willing to do, absolutely and to the utmost, what is now done by the institutions already in existence?' I do not believe that the State is willing to do it. I believe the experience of this State to be that of Massachusetts. Massachusetts in the year 1863 established a board of charity. In the very first report which that board made, after looking over the whole ground, they announced that in their judgment the true policy of the State was to give assistance to the private foundations, of whatever sect, that already existed, rather than to establish new public institutions."

These are sensible remarks, and they express the well-considered and long-established policy of the great State of New York.

GOLDEN.

"Speech is silver; silence is golden."

WHEN a sage has spoken wisdom's speech
Haste not thou thy lesser thought to preach!
Silence!
His echoes teach.

When sweet music gives, by voice or string,
To the air a soul on throbbing wing,
Silence!
Its pulses sing.

When the lightning strikes the woods ablaze,
And the tempest's call the sea obeys,
Silence!
The thunders praise.

When from neighbor's house is borne the bier,
Vex not thou with words of shallow cheer!
Silence!
For God is near.

When by slander crushed, by wrong opprest,
Fiery anger burns thy tortured breast,
Silence!
Time bears the test.

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When before God's throne thou, poor and weak,
Trusting, loving, wouldst his mercy seek,
Silence!
That he may speak.

DETROIT, 1879.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANSWER TO MR. JAY'S LATEST LETTERS DIRECTED AGAINST ROME. By Rev. M. W. Newman, Mount Kisco, N. Y. Republished from the Mt. Kisco *Weekly*. Mt. Kisco, N. Y. 1879.

Answer to Mr. Jay's Letters entitled "The Bible and Rome," and "The Bible, the Republic, and the Pope." By Rev. M. W. Newman, Pastor of St. Francis' Roman Catholic Church, Mount Kisco, N. Y. 1879.

There is a peculiar class of persons in Protestant communities who acquire a certain kind of notoriety by publicly repeating oft-refuted charges and oft-exposed calumnies against Catholics. They ransack the not very short history of the Catholic Church, as it would appear, for no other purpose than to note whatever ugly thing has been laid to her charge, without any regard to the likelihood of its truth or the trustworthiness of its author. They are not over-nice, either; for whatever mud may have accumulated during many centuries in the gutters of the church they stuff their pockets with and fill their hands full of it, paying little or no heed to its offensiveness. Even all this does not satiate their morbid appetites; they pick up any idle rumor, garble and mutilate passages from writers, insinuate base motives and invent fresh calumnies, and with fiendish delight fling these accumulations *in conspectu omnium* into the faces of Catholics.

This peculiar kind of industry was plied in the last generation in this country by the Breckenridges, Beechers, Brownlees, Maria Monks, and Angel Gabriels, who stirred up the passions of men of the baser sort, and as a result Catholic convents and churches were sacked and burnt down, "Know-nothing" political parties were organized for the persecution of Catholics, and smelling committees were appointed by our State legislatures to ruthlessly invade and violate the sanctity of the homes of Catholic women devoted to the service of God and to the good of men. Such were the precious fruits of the labors of these representatives of the anti-popery fanatics in this country of religious freedom and universal toleration.

Every generation seems to furnish a new set of men of this species. To-day we have the Thompsons, the Hawkinses, the Jays, the Edith O'Gormans, and the Cooks. What will be the outcome of their bigotry? Who knows? Sacking and the burning of convents and churches, Know-nothingism, smelling committees are out of date. These men are not making all this fuss for nothing. There is a cat in this bag of meal somewhere, and these men are patriotic. Who can tell what is coming next? Thompson has been rewarded for his vituperation of Catholics by being lifted into the position

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of overseer of the gallant navy of the United States. Whose turn comes for the next leap? Perhaps the presidential election is too close, and their promotion will be put off; and if on the winning side, we shall see Dexter Hawkins our minister to Rome, and John Jay appointed as our ambassador to the court of ——.

Our remarks have been suggested by reading the replies of Rev. M. W. Newman to John Jay's accusations against Catholics. These replies show remarkable ability, are courteous in tone, and, though not elaborate, are sufficiently so to completely refute Mr. Jay's numerous charges.

But, nothing daunted, Mr. John Jay republishes his refuted and stale charges, adding to these some fresh ones, accompanied with base insinuations from his own imagination, and publishes this hotch-potch in two articles in the *International Review* under the title of "The Roman Catholic Question."

We acknowledge that we felt no little surprise in finding a man well-born, of good breeding, and of high social standing engaged in such a degrading work. We could not help asking ourselves what motive can possibly actuate one whose reputation is that of a gentleman, who is looked upon as a prominent member of a respectable Christian denomination, and what must be the habit of his thoughts, his tastes, and his aims, to publish an unfounded rumor against the Catholic priesthood which he must know is calculated to bring down upon them the weight of the popular prejudice of a community? How could a man of his supposed character, without blushing for shame, venture to publish such "an unpleasant rumor," wholly without foundation, against one whose whole course of life as a clergyman, as a bishop, and as a cardinal has been one of careful and studious avoidance of all meddling with political questions and parties, and whose attention and labors have been so exclusively devoted to the fulfilment of his priestly functions and ecclesiastical duties? In testimony of the truth of this we can confidently appeal to all our citizens without distinction of creed or political bias, or to any one who has had the honor of his personal acquaintance. How John Jay could make the base insinuation which he makes in the following extract we must leave to all upright, fair-minded, and honorable men to judge:

"A wider and deeper feeling, however, was aroused in New York by an unpleasant rumor, which was confirmed by the language of Governor Lucius Robinson, that the vote for Mr. Kelly, by which the Democratic party in that State had been divided and defeated, was stimulated, if not organized, by Roman priests acting under the vigilant eye of His Eminence Cardinal McCloskey, and encouraged by a sheet sanctioned by his approval."

What makes this insinuation seem passing strange in such a community as ours is the fact that Protestant bishops may enter upon presidential electioneering campaigns; Protestant ministers flood Congress with their petitions, and be elected in such numbers as to control State legislation; seventy-five Methodist ministers may call in a body on the President of the United States, and give for their reason that "they had been appointed by God to be the leaders of men," and not a whisper is heard of clerical influence or of the union of church and state from our Thompsons, Hawkinses, Jays, and Cooks; but let a Catholic priest, one perhaps unacquainted

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with the character of our institutions and the spirit of our people, over-step ever so slightly the limits of his sphere, and instantly you will hear "the little dogs and all, Tray, Blanch, and Sweet-heart," bark and howl at the top of their voice!

Mr. Jay follows Meyrick, Coxe, and Kingsley in their attempt to show from the writings of moral theologians that Catholics subvert some essential parts of morality. The excoriating castigation which Newman gave to Kingsley ought to be a lesson. Moral theology, like moral philosophy, is a science in many parts abstruse and difficult. It requires to be studied and discussed scientifically, and not in the offhand manner in which sciolists dabble in medicine, law, physics, etc., and parade their little scraps of quotation *ad captandum vulgus*. Mr. Jay has much more reason to be alarmed at the symptoms of disbelief in the Bible and disregard of the laws of God and man apparent among the Protestant clergy, than at any dangers to the republic from Catholics. Let him turn his attention in that direction, and let alone matters which he does not understand.

Mr. Jay has thrice repeated a charge against Pius IX., of blessed memory, and in our January number we challenged him to prove the truth of his assertions. And now, forsooth, he complains of our not furnishing "proof" of a negation! Let him prove his charges against Pius IX. This he cannot do. Until then we hold him to be an accuser of the innocent. Let him prove that the Confederate government sent "envoys" to the pontifical government, and that they were received "officially" or "diplomatically." Let him prove that Pius IX. assumed that the Union was dissolved and recognized the president of the Confederate government "officially" or "diplomatically." Thus far he has brought forward no evidence which will bear out these repeated assertions. When he has accomplished this task it will be in order to discuss the questions of international law, but not before then.

LAST JOURNEY AND MEMORIALS OF THE REDEEMER; or, Via Crucis as it is in Jerusalem. With topographical, archæological, historical, traditional, and Scriptural notes. By Rev. J. J. Begel, Pilgrim to the Holy Places. (With numerous engravings.) 1 vol. 8vo. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

This is a book to linger lovingly over, especially in the holy penitential season of Lent, when the church in an especial manner commemorates the sorrows and sufferings, the passion and death of the divine Redeemer of mankind. The book, too, is of a most unique kind and awakens curiosity at every page. The author, himself a devout pilgrim to the holy places, has with extreme reverence and jealous care traced, as it were, the very footsteps of our Lord on his last sad journey from the judgment-hall of Pilate to the awful consummation on Calvary. We follow, in his company, every turn of the memorable road, halt at each stopping-place, view the surroundings, collect the minutest incidents connected with the scene. Not a thing has escaped the keen eye of our pilgrim, who illustrates his text with delightfully quaint and curious engravings. The Way of the Cross is one of the most touching and ancient devotions in the church. Father Begel's beautiful and most interesting work cannot fail to add a new interest to this ancient devotion. Indeed, as one reads his earnest pages it is impossible to

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shake off the impression that the reader is actually one of the crowd who witnessed the toilsome journey up the hill of Calvary that ended in the saving sacrifice of our Lord. It is out of such feeling, doubtless, that the devotion of the Way of the Cross originally arose. The notes and observations of the author, and his manner of dealing with atheistic objections to the facts and incidents of the Passion, are of great value and make his work the only one of its kind in the English language. It does for the Passion what Father O'Brien's work has done for the Mass, and is an excellent companion volume to that valuable work.

THE REFUTATION OF DARWINISM; AND THE CONVERSE THEORY OF DEVELOPMENT; BASED EXCLUSIVELY UPON DARWIN'S FACTS, etc. By T. Warren O'Neill, Member of the Philadelphia Bar. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1880.

Mr. O'Neill has formerly contributed some scientific articles to THE CATHOLIC WORLD which attracted considerable attention and were favorably noticed by some of our principal newspapers. The book which he has now produced is a work which shows a great deal of talent and investigation, and is well written. It will undoubtedly receive due attention from those who are adepts in the scientific matters of which it treats, and competent to discuss its arguments and proofs. For the present we confine ourselves to an analysis of its argument, without attempting to criticise or pronounce any formal judgment.

The author considers that Darwin's argument may fairly be summed up in the following proposition:

Given the improvements which, he shows, have occurred within the last hundred years among the domestic breeds and varieties of animals and plants; and, given a length of time (say, ten millions of years); it is probable that, by means of the slight accretions of development which we see arising in a mysterious manner under domestication, the higher animals and plants have evolved from the lower.

The first objection to his theory is, that he has left a glaring *hiatus* at the very start of his argument—an *hiatus* which covers the interval between his facts and the very first principle of his theory. In other words, he has not resolved the law or the cause of those improvements which he would indefinitely accumulate.

This is objectionable on two grounds: First, on the ground of logic, or the principle of the inductive philosophy, which requires that each point should be resolved and made clear before it is permissible to advance one step beyond; and, second, on the ground that the probabilities are that such law or cause of the improvements would, if resolved, have disclosed whether there was a limit or not to such improvements.

The second objection is that he has assumed (in his calculation of what these improvements would amount to in a million or so of years) that there is *no limit* to the improvements. This is objectionable, first because it is wholly gratuitous, and, second, because it is peculiarly illegitimate under the circumstance of his failure to resolve the law of improvements, which most probably would have told him whether there was or was not a limit.

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The third point is that he *does actually* give the law and the cause of such improvements, and that law is his most important factor—namely, reversion, or the power of any organism to regain what its species has lost, whether the feature lost was lost one generation or millions of generations back.

The fourth point is that the ascription of these improvements to reversion necessarily sets a limit to the number and kind which any species may make—no more characters may be regained than were once lost, if the law of reversion be the law or cause of the improvements—and such law militates against his *indispensable* assumption of no limit.

This is the author's theory, and he considers that it is recommended by being scientific, where Darwin's is unscientific in not resolving the cause of the very data (improvements) which he uses; and is further recommended by being in perfect accordance with the facts.

Then he proceeds to prove it; and that by means of the phenomena of crossing and close interbreeding.

Darwin says that it is "a great law of nature" that good results from crossing two varieties of any one species, and that it is "a great law of nature" that evil results from interbreeding, or the marriage of relations in blood.

He adduces a large number of facts seemingly confirming his view.

Now, *à priori* upon the theory of reversion, it follows that all of the positive characters of a species were once united in each individual. Now, *à priori* the loss of any of the characters of a species should be deleterious to the individuals which have parted with any such characters; and, on the other hand, the regain by such an individual of such lost characters should abate the evil consequent before on the absence of such characters.

Now, these principles obtain among animals and plants, as a matter of fact, and the facts of crossing and close interbreeding demonstrate them.

An analysis of Darwin's facts of crossing and close interbreeding discloses that the evil effects of close interbreeding are in proportion to the departure which the individuals have suffered from the type of the sum of all the positive characters of their species, and that the good resulting from crossing is in proportion to the *return* which the individuals make towards the perfect type of their species.

In other words, when two individuals are *similarly* wanting in any positive characters of their species, not merely the evils upon the parts, but also the evil upon the aggregate of each individual, is intensified, and they suffer lessened fertility and lessened constitutional vigor.

When the individuals are observed to be wanting in many characters, proper to their species, the evil effects are observed to be very great. When they are wanting in a less number of characters the evil is less. When the number is less again, the evil is again less; and so on, running through a long graduated series of evil effects corresponding most faithfully, degree for degree, with an observed, like graduated series of structural defects.

When, however, the individuals have all the positive characters of their species—when, in other words, they realize the original perfect type of the said species—they are observed to be free from all evil results from close interbreeding, and capable of being interbred in the closest degree, brother and sister, for ever, without any evil effects.

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The good results from crossing two varieties are observed, by an analysis of Darwin's facts, to be due to each parent contributing to the offspring a character or characters which the other parent lacks. Each supplies a deficiency in the other. The offspring has two characters of its species, where either of its crossed parents had one; and by so much is advance made towards the original perfect type which is the sum of all the positive characters of the given species. Where the parents each have much to contribute to the offspring which the other lacks, great is observed to be the good effects from the cross, viz., increase of fertility and of vigor. Where less, and less, and less is the amount which each parent has to contribute which its mate lacks, why less, and less, and less is the degree of the good which results from the cross.

With respect to interbreeding: Relationship is prolific of evil, not in itself, but because it implies *similarity* of defects in the relatives.

The sum of all these proofs is that there is but one *normal* type for each species, that type which is the sum of all the positive characters of the given species; that all the different varieties are but injurious modifications (segments) of such type; that in proportion as an individual departs from such perfect type of its species, is physiological evil (as well as structural evil) entailed upon it; that within a very narrow margin of departure from the perfect type these evils are equivalent to absolute sterility and death to the individuals; that, on the other hand, in proportion as modified individuals return to the perfect type of their species will be physiological regain, or abatement of the evils entailed by their modification.

This shows that each species is *normally* immutable.

THE CHURCH OF THE PARABLES AND TRUE SPOUSE OF THE SUFFERING SAVIOUR. By Joseph Prachensky, S.J. 1 vol. 16mo. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

It is strange that the small quantity of our Lord's own oral teaching committed to writing and preserved, should not receive more attention than it does. The reason is because it is divine and so much above mere human teaching that it is hidden from our minds. We cannot appreciate it, just for the same reason that a barbarian cannot appreciate the Madonna del Santo Sisto. The hidden meaning must be drawn out and explained to us; then we find the depth of the Parables, their richness and fulness. Father Prachensky has given an exposition of the teaching contained in the Parables concerning the Catholic Church, which is most solid, instructive, and replete with the sweetness of true spiritual manna, such as is only gathered in the meadow of Holy Scripture. This book ought to help many Protestants to find the true church. It will surely edify and console all devout Catholics who read it.

AN HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL ACCOUNT OF THE SO-CALLED PROPHECY OF ST. MALACHY REGARDING THE SUCCESSION OF POPES. By M. J. O'Brien, Catholic Priest. 1 vol. 18mo. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

Father O'Brien sums up all the information there is to be had about the Prophecy of St. Malachy in a brief compass, and decides the case against its

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authenticity, condemning it as a forgery of some unknown author, probably of the latter half of the sixteenth century. He conjectures that the Epitome of the History of the Roman Pontiffs by Panvinius was the basis of the legends attached to the names of the popes and anti-popes from Celestine II. to Paul IV., and maintains that there are many blunders in the Epitome closely followed in the Prophecy. If he had gone more fully and minutely into this part of his subject he would have made his treatise much more satisfactory.

St. Malachy died in 1148. His prophecies were first published in 1595. There is no extrinsic evidence of their authenticity. Of course the correspondence between the legends and historical facts in the case of all the popes before Gregory XIV. (1590) proves nothing in their favor, in the absence of any evidence that they existed before this date. The only evidence of their genuineness as prophecies besides the mere tradition, which cannot be traced beyond Arnold Wion, whose *Lignum Vitæ* was published in 1595, is to be sought in their fulfilment from that time to the present. In the case of all the popes and anti-popes before Gregory XIV. the designation given to them has a literal and exact correspondence with some fact recorded by historians. From that time down they are so vague and mystical that most of them will apply just as well to one pope as to another, and some of them cannot be explained at all. There are, however, a few exceptions. The legends of Innocent X., Alexander VII., Pius VI., Pius VII., Gregory XVI., and Pius IX. present a curious coincidence of prediction with fact, upon which, we suppose, really rests whatever credit attaches to the Prophecy of St. Malachy in the opinion of enlightened and instructed persons. There is a great deal of popular faith in it, and there are some respectable writers, such as the Abbé Cucherat, who warmly defend it, though critics and historians agree in rejecting it as wholly apocryphal. Those who have any curiosity to read these prophecies and their explanation will find Father O'Brien's little volume worth purchasing and reading. It is a very small octodecimo of one hundred pages.

A GERMAN CATHOLIC NOVELIST (Amara George-Kaufmann).

Our notice of a contemporary German authoress might fitly begin with the leading question, "What is genius?" Is it the capacity for doing all things well, or does it confer the privilege of reaching excellence in one point in so marked a degree as to achieve an easy renown? We would draw attention to a lady who may be little known to English-speaking Catholics, but who nevertheless in her own country has long established her claims to celebrity. Amara George possesses at once a threefold power rarely united, for she touches the poet's lyre with no uncertain hand, whilst she can descend to the labor of faithful and perfect translation, and shows the same mastery over prose in fiction which she displays in her poetry. At a period of life when most girls, or many, remind one of the witty French definition of a young lady, "Elle s'habille, elle babille, elle se déshabille," she struck a chord sweet and strong enough to find an echo in the stalwart hearts of the German public. She has kept the *nom de plume* under the shadow whereof the *Blüthen der Nacht* * blossomed in the literary dawn. If,

* In *Blüthen der Nacht.*

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as we suspect, the name of Amara was chosen with intent by the melancholy muse of the poetess, whose early youth had known much bitterness, a great compensation was sent to her by Providence for some, at least, of her premature suffering. A gentleman of kindred spirit, himself a poet of no low order, attracted by Amara's talent, ended by choosing her as his wife. Since their marriage they have lived, if we mistake not, in deep retirement at Wertheim, a lovely village on the Main on the borders of Baden and Bavaria. Cares and a not too liberal share of this world's goods have not quenched the poet's fire; or rather, in the midst of the cruelly-imposed drudgery of the German Hausfrau, Amara's pen has soared above her surroundings. If matrimony has sobered her muse she has given proof of a quality not often possessed by poetical minds. The solicitude after many things might have effectually prevented Virgil from singing of arms and the man who exchanged the Trojan ruins for the Lavinian shores; and if the *Blüthen der Nacht* has had no successor in kind, Amara has turned her mind to a work more in keeping with the duties of married life. Her translation of the *Formation of Christendom* * is as perfect a thing of the sort as could be found. The poet's nicety and fineness have been directed to the most delicate comprehension of the author's meaning. But Catholic Germany at this moment is essentially a land of repression. Only the first two volumes, we believe, of Amara's consummate translation have seen the light. The third awaits more propitious days, and in the meantime the activity which is one note of genius does not expend itself in fruitless desires. *Die Schlosskapelle zu Kleinhenbach* was literally written in the kitchen during moments snatched from the saucepan. The motto *Age quod agis* might be suggested here by a matter-of-fact-loving reader, but all in vain; for Amara's cooking is as excellent as her literary work, and we who say it may exclaim in Virgilian phrase, *Experto credite.*.

After a long interval Amara has given another proof of her poetical soul. *Dissonanzen und Akkorde* † is her latest work. It is a novel full of delicate work and Catholic enthusiasm. The scene is laid in a princely German court and its appurtenances—for it would be hard to say which of the two prominent figures excites the most interest. A reigning *Fürst*, caught in a storm in one of his own woods, seeks refuge in a lonely little house, where he finds an old man and the old man's lovely daughter. A great deal of mystery surrounds Herr Gordon and Melena, and perhaps it is a little disappointing to discover at last that the father is no more than an Austrian Graf. Of course the reader guesses at once that the Fürst is enchanted with the beautiful girl, in whose conversion he takes a lively interest. To our mind the most masterly part of the story is the painting of the princely court and the charming Princess Asta. A delightfully original scene is that which takes place on the top of the ruined tower between her and Prinz Gregor. He begs for a description of her lover, who is no other than himself, and Asta yields to his desire without betraying her secret. Her intuitive clear-sightedness discovers the presence of a rival, and she starts off impulsively, with some notion of a religious vocation, to a saintly aunt whose time is spent in prayer and charity. There the lively princess realizes what goes to make up a lifelong sacrifice, and she returns after a

* By Mr. Allies.

† *Dissonanzen u. Akkorde.* Von Amara George-Kaufmann. Mainz. 1879.

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time to the luxury of Waldenstein. The Oberförsterin is a well-chiselled character faithfully copied from nature. Then we have a model German priest, a Dr. Walter; and English readers, who know so little of the class, may see in him a good specimen of his race. We think the book as a whole has the faults of a poet. Its characters are somewhat too ideal and its situations too full of complications and mystery. Another flaw, in the minds of Catholic readers, will be the ultimate and double wedding of relations. We must protest against such marriages in fiction as much as we are bound to disapprove of them in life; but, apart from this, Amara has written an exquisite book.

The cleverness of the children of Mammon is a sufficient reason for extolling the talent of righteousness in whatever corner of the Catholic world it may appear. The poetess, in her remote village of Baden, is a spiritual relation whose vigor for Catholic interests deserves high praise and encouragement. Every effort which lends strength against what threatens to be the submersive tide of popular and sensual literature should be hailed by the lovers of truth, by the sons and daughters of the mother of saints. Life is rapidly bearing us away to the shores of eternity; if we cannot do great things ourselves, let us at least bestow the encouragement of our support upon those who can. We close our notice of Amara George by lines which belong to her own pen:

"Alle die Stunden,
Alle Verunden,
Eine, die letzte,
Tödtet und heilt." *

ŒUVRES COMPLETES DE S. E. LE CARDINAL DECHAMPS, ARCHEVEQUE DE MALINES, PRIMAT DE BELGIQUE. Malines: H. Dessain. 1879.

There are few prelates in the church to-day whose influence has been so wide and powerful as that of Cardinal Dechamps, and none whose works deserves more attentive study, especially his apologetical and philosophical treatises; for his influence has been mostly exercised in two great questions: the constitution of the church and the origin of ideas. We do not intend to enter into an appreciation of the cardinal's intellectual labors in this short notice. Eighteen octavo volumes are too vast a matter to be disposed of so briefly. To our clerical brethren who would keep up with the theological and philosophical discussions of the day we recommend the study of the works of Cardinal Dechamps, and shall endeavor to lay before our readers at an early date an ample account of their valuable and important contents.

MEDULLA THEOLOGIÆ DOGMATICÆ. Auctore H. Hurter, S.J. Innspruck: Wagner; Paris: Bloud et Barral; New York: F. Pustet & Co. 1879–1880.

We have already noticed and praised in the highest terms Father Hurter's Larger Theology. The *Medulla* is a condensed compendium of the same in a small compass of seven hundred and fifty octavo pages. The typography is excellent. A most serviceable and convenient manual for students of theology.

* *Blüthen der Nacht.*

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UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE

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THE INTELLECTUAL OUTLOOK OF THE AGE.

IT is an obvious fact that a considerable number of minds in our day have been trained in scientific studies and are devoted to intellectual pursuits. It is equally evident that the general diffusion of education will enlarge the circle of this class of persons and extend their influence. And it is quite natural that minds so trained, when their attention is turned to the study of religion, should look for its presentation under scientific forms. This expectation is not to be censured or thwarted; on the contrary, it should be met with due consideration and fairly satisfied. For the claim which Christianity lays upon man is that of a "reasonable service," and, unless it can make this demand good in the court of reason, it must lose its hold upon his intelligence, cease to exert its influence upon society, and give up the idea of ever winning the homage of the whole human race.

And it was precisely this scientific presentation of Christianity with the aid of philosophy that was aimed at, and in great part achieved, by the Schoolmen. "For it is due to the service of philosophy that sacred theology take up and enrich itself with the nature, habit, and genius of a true science." * Before their day positive theology, which consisted in proving the divinity of Christianity by the authority of the inspired Scriptures and the words of Christ delivered to his apostles and handed down from generation to generation in his church with the testimony of the Fathers, had received its completion. This prepared the way for the Schoolmen, who added to the arguments of positive theology those drawn from philosophy. Philosophy, as held by them, consisted in those truths which had been "discovered with the sole

* Leo XIII., Encyclical *Æterni Patris.*

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light of natural reason by the eminent thinkers of the past," especially by their prince, Aristotle, who reduced these truths into a system, but not unmixed with most serious, not to say appalling, errors. St. Thomas, the prince of the Schoolmen, with the aid derived from the writings of his precursors, especially of St. Dionysius the Areopagite, St. Augustine, Boëthius, St. Anselm, Blessed Albert the Great his master, and above all from the light of his own incomparable and sanctified genius, eliminated these errors, and at the same time modified, enlarged, and enriched with his own ideas the boundaries and scope of philosophy.

The aim of the Schoolmen was to produce, by the full play of the light of natural reason on the intelligible side of Christianity, aided by philosophy and consistent with positive theology, a strictly logical demonstration of Christianity. The great task which they had before them was that of the synthesis of natural and revealed truth, of science and faith. But there came a halt in the march of this intellectual progress.

In the early part of the sixteenth century earnest and zealous efforts were made by sincere churchmen to reform the evils and extirpate the abuses existing in the church, more especially in Germany. This most praiseworthy movement was turned, by certain leaders whose passions swayed their judgments, combined with temporal princes who made use of these to gain despotic power, from that of reform into one of heresy, schism, and revolution. Seized with the insane idea of destroying the church which Christ had built, they conspired together and organized a systematic opposition, protesting defiantly against her doctrines, and rudely overturning, wherever they succeeded in gaining the power, what she had with great difficulty reared and with greater sacrifices sustained.

Consistently with the fundamental principle of their system of confining the attention exclusively to the Bible, and the interpretation of its texts by the sole light of the internal illumination of the Holy Spirit, they denied the value of human reason, contemned philosophy, opposed the spread of education and the study of the liberal arts and sciences, burnt up or sold as waste paper precious manuscripts, depopulated the schools and universities, and shattered to pieces, wherever they came within their reach, all works of art.

Hence Melancthon, the learned scholar, imbued with this fanaticism, abandoned his studies, apprenticed himself to a baker in order not to distract his attention with human learning from the internal workings of the Holy Spirit. Every ignorant peasant

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might consistently entertain the fancy that he was called to be a preacher of the Gospel—as many did—and that he was even all the better fitted to become a preacher of the Gospel by very reason of his crass ignorance. This original characteristic trait of contempt for all human learning and culture survives here and there among Protestant sects even to our own day, more notably among the Society of Friends, the Methodists, and the Plymouth Brethren. Accordingly the ideal of Christianity was sought after by going back to its imperfectly-developed stage, that of the primitive church. This reaction against intellectual activity and denial of progress properly named itself Protestantism.*

It has taken the greater part of three centuries for the body of those who have been infected by this contagion to throw off its effects, and to regain their intellectual and moral health sufficiently to walk again erect. This state of convalescence upon which the better part of the descendants of original Protestantism have entered has taken place by the intellect slowly assimilating those truths which the leaders of this secession from the church denied, and in rejecting their principal errors. For the intellect, according to its own laws, as St. Thomas teaches, seeks truth, assimilates it when found, and has a natural abhorrence of error, and, when once detected, rejects it. Thus the Protestantism of the nineteenth century, or what goes now pretty much by that name, is the reverse of the Protestantism of the sixteenth century.

The process of this transformation has been somewhat as follows: The truths of divine revelation and of human reason against which a protest was made in the beginning, have been placed in such a clear light by long and frequent discussion that further controversy about them in our day is hardly possible. Where will you find an intelligent man among Protestants who could be induced to repeat Martin Luther's diatribes against human reason? or against man's free-will? or against human nature? On the other hand, touching its errors, how many Presbyterians of this generation hold and believe the five points of Calvinism pure and simple? The same might be said with equal truth of the Thirty-nine Articles of Anglicanism. Very few among Protestants of this century take the pains to read their creeds, and those who do, and get an idea of their contents, either clamor for their change or would smile at the simplicity of one who seriously asked whether they believed in them. Even the hu-

* These undeniable facts of history are not to be found in D'Aubigné, but they will be found, and much more of the same sort, in Döllinger's *Die Reformation, ihre innere Entwickelung*, etc., Regensburg, 1848.

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man sciences appear to have had for their mission, especially since their revival in our times, to undermine the positions assumed by Protestantism in its attacks on the Catholic Church, and the drift of their real discoveries harmonizes with Catholic philosophy and theology.* This confirms the truth of the teaching of St. Thomas, who says that "the study of creation tends to the destruction of error and the fortifying of the truths of divine faith." † Every forward step in the sciences is a conquest of truth, and as the supernatural finds its confirmation in the natural, so every advance in the natural sciences is a new conquest of Catholicity over heresy. It is from this point of view we can fully appreciate the affirmation of Leo XIII., that "*Christ is the Restorer of the sciences.*" ‡

So thoroughly have the principal errors of Protestantism been exposed that few, if any, can be found who could witness without impatience and disgust the killing for the hundredth time these "extinct Satans." Old issues are abandoned, the Protestantism of creeds lies at death's door, and those of the next generation who have not become Catholics, if they can still be called Protestants, may retain a general respect for the Christian religion, perhaps, but little beyond that.

Even unbelievers frankly acknowledge: "Granting that God Almighty came upon earth to found a religious system, they would be at loss to make out where such a system is to be found, if not in the Church of Rome." § Others who fancy that they are emancipated from the Christian faith, occupying themselves with the futile attempt to impeach Christianity with ideals borrowed unwittingly from its stores, publicly confess that if once you concede the Messianic idea—another phrase for the divinity of Christ—the Catholic Church is undoubtedly the complete embodiment and exponent of the Christian religion. The fact has become plain at last that Protestantism affords no longer any shelter for thoroughly intelligent and upright men to call themselves Christians and escape becoming Catholics.

Seeing this has compelled certain refractory and self-sufficient persons to make the attempt to invent a new religion as a substitute for Christianity; while, with keener insight, another class proclaims the utter hopelessness, not to say ridiculousness, of the sporadic efforts of these deluded men to accomplish their self-im-

* Those of our readers who would follow this train of thought we advise to read the volume entitled *Contemporary Evolution*, by St. George Mivart.

† *Contra Gentiles*, lib. ii. c. ii., iii.

‡ Encyc. *Æterni Patris.*

§ *Westminster Review*, July, 1872.

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posed task, and, recognizing the fact that there is no real alternative between the Catholic Church and atheism, these more far-seeing persons openly avow themselves atheists.

These, however, compose but a small number; the larger part of the body of Protestants have a more healthy tone, which is indicated by their willingness to listen to the genuine voice of reason, their enthusiasm for the general diffusion of education and their sacrifices in favor of the higher branches of studies, their love for the fine arts and pursuit of the natural sciences, their instinctive attachment to liberty and desire for progress—these, and other signs of the same nature, are all proofs of the early stages of recovery of that intellectual and moral activity which is the true standard of man's normal health. Therefore, to all whose eyes are not blurred and whose ears are not deaf, it is clear and audible that the main tendencies of the times in which we live are moving with increased rapidity and growing harmony towards the great truths of the Catholic faith.

Is not this interpretation of the signs of the times in accordance with the intention and significance of the invitation of the reigning pontiff, Leo XIII., to the Catholic world to turn its attention to the study of the Schoolmen, especially St. Thomas, with the view of completing, with the assistance of all our modern scientific resources, the noble work of the evolution on rational principles of the truths of the Catholic faith?

Pius IX. fearlessly placed before the eyes of the world the evil tendencies of the age, at the same time condemning its errors and vices, in the hope of saving society from being plunged into an unfathomable abyss. Leo XIII., his worthy successor, has been given, let us hope, the more consoling mission of pointing out to the world the good tendencies of the age, interpreting its truths and virtues in that light which will make the way clear to society of a loftier and better future.

The whole drift of the foregoing might be summed up in these words: If an exposition of the Catholic religion were made, following the efforts of the Schoolmen, especially St. Thomas, profiting at the same time by the knowledge, discoveries, and experience since acquired, in the light of such a presentment the prejudices against the Catholic faith would disappear; its beauty would find unbidden entrance into the hearts of men, the religious revolution of the sixteenth century would be reversed, and humanity as one man would advance with rapid strides to bring down the kingdom of heaven upon earth, and, in so doing, fit itself for its loftier and ampler destiny above.

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Assuming, then, the fact, which many among themselves frankly acknowledge, that Protestantism as an organized opposition to the Catholic Church has spent its main strength, and as an adequate representation of Christianity is an utter failure, is doomed to disappear and is disappearing rapidly; assuming that in the eyes of intelligent men the efforts to invent or construct a new religion are unworthy a moment of serious thought; and granting that "the problem of problems of this hour" is, as Mr. Tyndall has put it in his Bristol address, "how to yield the religious sentiment reasonable satisfaction," the question then immediately before us is this: What prospect is there that the Catholic religion will solve this problem of problems?

This is the question with which we started out, and insisted on being frankly met and fairly answered. Religion, Christianity, the Catholic Church—which is Christianity in its unity and totality in a concrete form—has for its actual task to answer satisfactorily the intellectual demands of the age, and honestly to accept modern civilization and its onward tendencies.

The Catholic Church, so far from shrinking from this precise problem and these imperative demands, hails them with inmost delight. She is not only ready to face them fearlessly, but, conscious of the indwelling divinity and the possession of divine truth, she looks upon this problem and these demands as the very opportunities prepared by her Divine Spouse to secure, by her satisfactory solution and answers, a new and glorious triumph.

This is what we shall now attempt to show.

Catholics often complain, and not seldom justly too, of the distorted ideas and wrong opinions current among Protestants concerning the doctrines, the sacraments, the worship, and the discipline of the Catholic Church. Comte de Maistre, in his usual emphatic style, did not hesitate to characterize the history written during these three last centuries as a general conspiracy against truth. There is no doubt a large dose of truth in this assertion, but is not this falsification due, in some measure at least, to the fact that in an age of active religious controversy one is apt to fix his attention upon those truths or virtues which are in dispute, even to the exclusion of others equally important and perhaps more essential, but which are not contested? The former are quite naturally, in the heat of the contest, unduly accentuated; and the latter quite left out of sight and, it would appear, almost forgotten. Occasion is thus given to narrow-minded and unfair opponents to select these points, forge from them a caricature, and impose, with a certain show of learning, this monster of their

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own imagination upon the ignorant as the Catholic Church. These controversialists play the part in ecclesiastical matters which the Trollopes and Dickenses did in their one-sided descriptions of our people and in their estimate of our popular institutions, and the best that can be said of them is that they fed the prejudices of their countrymen and for a short time relieved their spleen by affording them a little merriment.

It is not from the knowledge of her true character that the Catholic religion suffers in the minds of a large portion of the non-Catholic community, but from the false impressions which they have received. But the crisis of the fever of controversy is passing away, a change is coming over people's minds, and there is reason to hope that if the Catholic religion were presented to their attention without exaggerations, and in the light of its real character, the more impartial and intelligent minds would assimilate this knowledge. At least, the experiment is worth trying, and for our purpose we will take up what may be called the root of the issue of the religious controversy of these last three centuries—the burning question, so to speak, of authority.

The impression has been made on the minds of no inconsiderable portion of the non-Catholic community that the Catholic religion is one based exclusively upon an external authority which finds its absolute expression in the commands of the pope; and if obedience is not the sole virtue of a good Catholic, it is at least the one above all others put in practice by the Catholic system. And it may be asked: Have not learned authors and distinguished controversialists given countenance to this false impression by fixing their attention wholly, it would seem, upon the evils of rebellion against the authority of the Church of Christ, as is shown by their declaration that the essence of religion, of Christianity, of Catholicity is authority; and in the assertion that on becoming Catholic one has to make an entire surrender, in religious matters, of his personal liberty and his own will, and much more in the same strain?

Those who represent the Catholic religion in this distorted shape appear not to be aware of the fact that there is a large class of men, not to say whole nations and races of men, who are over-sensitive, perhaps, to the exercise of any authority outside of themselves in religious matters, or, as for that, in any matters whatsoever; men who instinctively look upon every act of such an authority, legitimate or not, as an attack upon their personal liberty, to which they are irresistibly attached; men who are in-

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clined to think that that religion which relies chiefly, if not solely, upon its authority must teach doctrines contrary to reason and proclaim precepts repugnant to the best impulses of our nature, or why, they ask, does it require the force of an external authority to impose these upon our acceptance?—finally, men who, if compelled to make a choice, would a thousand times rather suffer from the license of liberty than the despotism of authority.

But it might be said in extenuation of, if not justification for, presenting Christianity under the exclusive form of an external authority, that a wise strategist makes that his point of defence against which the attacks of the enemy are mainly directed; and as the attacks of the enemies of the church were aimed against all external authority in religion, even though divinely appointed, hence the reason for strenuously insisting upon and emphasizing the necessity of authority. It might also be said, further, that when an exaggerated or false idea of liberty has penetrated into the minds of a numerous class of men, loosened the bonds which hold them together in society, excited disturbances, and caused revolutions, it behoves the friends of order, progress, and civilization to drive home the conviction of the necessity of authority, to define and concentrate its powers, to insist upon the practice of the virtue of obedience and make it conspicuous. To all this it may be added, in favor of authority and obedience, that there are individuals, and even the larger portion of the human race perhaps—certainly this applies to some races—who find their highest contentment in religion, and, as for that, in their social and political relations, not so much from convictions arising from intrinsic evidence as in the exercise of obedience to an external authority. The knowledge of truth and their duty is never conveyed to the minds of these individuals or races of men so satisfactorily as when under the form of an external authority whose claims commend themselves to their intelligence, and which is venerable by its great antiquity. How perfect must be their satisfaction in finding themselves in possession of a religion like the Catholic, which unites in itself all the authorities of past centuries and all the ancient traditions of the human race from its cradle!

Finally, what was more natural than the appeal made to the external authority of the Holy Scriptures?—the validity of which both parties in the controversy that we are now treating accepted, and therefore it seemed to them the shortest and best way of settling their disputes.

Granting, then, the worthiness of their motives, the grievous

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evils flowing from disobedience, and the suitableness of presenting Christianity to a people of certain characteristics under the form of external authority, still when theologians or ecclesiastical authors venture to treat of Christianity as to its essence or nature, and aim at presenting it to a people unlike their own, they should bear in mind what are its real constitutive principles, and be careful not to employ language that is open to an interpretation the reverse of their real meaning. To declare, then, that the essence of Christianity is authority, and on becoming a Christian one must entirely surrender his personal liberty and his own will, are great mistakes, and, we were about to say, unpardonable ones. For whatever attractions authority may have in the eyes of a large portion of mankind, however absurd it may be to attack an authority directly and divinely appointed, and however great may be the evils of rebellion, no provocation should lead one in his defence of Christianity, or in his zeal for its propagation, to present it in so one-sided an aspect or to twist it into such a shape.

It is an error, and a gross one, to declare that the essence of Christianity is authority. It is no such thing. Authority never was and never can be the essence of anything, much less the essence of the highest and best of all things—religion. The essence of Christianity is the elevation of rational creatures, by the power of the Holy Spirit, to a union with God above that which they enjoy by their birth. Thus religion communicates to man's soul the indwelling Holy Spirit, who superadds to the relation man received from his Maker in the act of creation, one that makes him a participator in the divine nature and which transforms him from a creature into a child of God. This is the essence of Christianity in its relation to man.

Authority is always secondary to something else as its end, and never an end in itself. Hence authority may be defined in its most general sense as a power subservient to the end for which men are associated together. Thus parental authority is subservient to the proper rearing and education of children. Political authority is subservient to the securing of the general welfare of a people. The authority of the church is subservient to the attainment of the end for which the Christian religion was revealed—that is, the promotion and safeguard of the action of the indwelling Holy Spirit by which the soul is united to God. Therefore it may be laid down as an axiom of Christianity that the outward authority of the church effaces itself in a direct ratio to the action of the Holy Spirit within the soul.

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As to the assertion that in accepting the invitation of the church to become a Catholic one must, in religious matters, make an entire surrender of his personal liberty and his own will, this sentence requires no little explanation to understand its meaning, and it is not quite sure that a correct meaning can be attached to it—certainly not as it stands.

"Personal liberty and one's own will" constitute an essential part of our nature, and these faculties are not ours to surrender, if such a surrender were possible or desirable. Were this act in man's power it would then be possible for him to annihilate himself. Again, this act of surrender always supposes the persistent action of the faculties surrendered. A surrender of this sort is therefore as impossible as it is absurd. Once more, personal liberty and one's own will constitute man a rational, responsible being, and an invitation to such a surrender is an insult offered to his manhood and dignity, and ought to be treated as such. Catholicity, which is the concrete name for Christianity, makes no such impossible, absurd, and degrading invitation to men. Her martyrs, rather than make such a surrender, voluntarily underwent the cruellest torments and cheerfully suffered the most ignominious deaths.

Christianity violates no law of our being, asks no surrender of our faculties, and is in perfect harmony with all the genuine instincts of our nature. Christianity is truth, and invites men to exercise their faculties in search after truth, and, when found, to follow the truth and emancipate themselves from all servitude. "You shall know the truth," so runs the Master's promise, "and the truth shall make you free." This is Catholicity, and such too is its explication by St. Thomas.*

Were we to clothe the invitation of the Catholic Church to men of this age with words, it would run somewhat thus: O men who are prone by nature to seek knowledge! seek earnestly to know, and to know all things visible and invisible, above all the Sovereign Truth, to the uttermost of your faculties, for it is unto this end your Creator bestowed them upon you. Exert your will to gain all the good possible in every order of being, above all the Supreme Good; your appetites were given to no other end. Maintain your personal liberty, cost what it may; the cost cannot be too great to preserve such a divine treasure. God does not ask of you to surrender your nature or its faculties, for these are fresh from his hands; but to "go on with the same limbs that clad you at your birth to blessedness."

* *Summa*, I. 2, art. cvii. cviii.

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Doubtless to be a Christian in the ages of persecution was equivalent, in most cases, to martyrdom; subsequently, in order to keep one's self pure and unspotted from the world, the deserts were peopled with Christians; but as persecution ceased and pagan society was transformed by Christianity, so the prominence of martyrdom and retirement from the world ceased to characterize the Christian life. Unquestionably there are epochs whose prevalent errors and vices require of Christians the practice of special virtues to counteract them and to be faithful to God and their consciences, and the practice of these virtues even at times to a heroic degree. But it would be a misapprehension of the true idea of Christianity, and a misplaced zeal, to insist upon the practice, for instance, of poverty or that of blind obedience, as it is called, or any other of the lesser Christian virtues, as necessary to salvation for all Christians and in all times, or even as the most proper form and adequate exhibition of Christian perfection.

No one can dispute that the Holy Spirit inspires a number of souls to give themselves to the preaching of truths and the practice of virtues necessary to counteract the errors and vices of certain epochs. These favored souls do great service to the church of God both by their zeal and their example to the faithful, and the history of the different religious orders from the early ages of Christianity, approved and sanctioned by the church, places this beyond doubt. It is no less true that the principle of religious perfection is an integral part of the eternal Gospel of Jesus Christ, but religious institutions and their peculiar forms of acquiring this perfection are adapted to the peculiar needs of their times and their special circumstances. When they have answered the principal needs which called them forth they still continue to exist, and to be serviceable in many ways, but not as the most active and efficient agents of the church for meeting the pressing wants of the hour. The church alone is the immortal bride of Christ, bringing forth at every period children like giants ready to run their course. Herein lies the secret of the succession of her eminent pontiffs, her founders of great religious orders, and her saints, both men and women.

But it may be asked: Does not the invitation of the Gospel require of all men who would enter into eternal life to surrender the *perversion* of their personal liberty and to renounce their *self*-will? Most assuredly it does, and this will be found written on almost every page of the Gospels. If this be your meaning, why not use language that will convey your thought to those whom

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you address? The time has come to use words in their true sense, and he who would gain the men of this generation must address their intelligence, acknowledge their liberty, and respect their dignity.

May not the pushing forward external authority, and often when quite out of place, be one of the principal causes why there exists in the community such a wide-spread sympathy, both open and secret, for every attempt at resistance to authority? A specific prolonged beyond season may produce a worse disease than the one removed, and end in killing the patient. May not the prominence given to the practice of obedience, forcing it, so to speak, to cover ground which it cannot occupy or defend, have contributed in part to that general apathy among the faithful concerning which there is so common a complaint? Men, to be strong, robust, and active, need food that is not lacking in nutrition. The mission of vanquishing heresy and rebellion was of its nature a transitory one, and a wise physician diminishes both the size and the frequency of his doses when the patient is in a state of convalescence, and recommends a more generous diet. All honor to the champions of truth without whose heroic labors its victory over error would not have been, humanly speaking, achieved! Thanks to their resistance to the attacks of error, truths and virtues of great importance, and which otherwise would have lain latent, have been brought to the front. It is principally owing to their zeal that the way has been opened for the church to return to her accustomed orbit, and to enter upon a course which will be characterized by spontaneity, expansion, individual initiative, and energetic action.

Let us now suppose, as the smoke of the successful battle with heresy vanishes from the field, that the truths brought forth so conspicuously in this conflict were properly adjusted, like the one we have taken as an illustration; and this is what is meant by the resumption and completion of the great task of the Schoolmen. If this were accomplished, and the Catholic Church were seen in the light of such a fair presentment, the false impressions and the prejudices springing from these would disappear from the minds of men as the mist yields before the light of the rising sun; their intelligence would seize hold instinctively of its divine truths, and mankind, lifted as it were by one wave of thought and joy, would pursue with happier zeal its great end.

This is not a pleasant word-picture drawn by effort of the imagination; it is only the representation of the Catholic Church in her true light, and, as a proof of its truth and reality, we dare

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appeal to the unanimous testimony of the consciousness of every well-informed Catholic. It was in this light St. Augustine, that lofty genius, beheld the Catholic Church when he exclaimed: "Too late have I known thee, O ancient truth! Too late have I loved thee, O beauty ancient and ever new!"

Let him, therefore, who would serve the Catholic Church in this generation, show her in her own true light, in her unity and universality, in all her beauty and majesty. It is this true vision of her divinity that will captivate man's intelligence, secure the unbidden homage of his will, and elicit his uttermost action and passion. Herein lies the mysterious force of her duration for so many centuries, the secret of the power of her sway over more than two hundred millions of souls, and the reason for the stream of her converts and the capture of the ablest and noblest minds of our century.

Let us once more resume and close. If the interior and intelligible side of the church were exposed to view in such a light that men would be led to see clearly and appreciate her essential character; if it were shown unmistakably that all her externals, when not abused or exaggerated, are strictly subservient to the securing of her essential end, there are better and stronger reasons to hope for a greater tide to set in towards entering into her fold in the nineteenth century than there was to leave it in the sixteenth. For such a movement has in its favor the aim and power of the Holy Spirit, the noblest aspiration of man's soul—that for common brotherhood—and the co-operation of that law of unity which reigns throughout all creation.

The providence of God in the course of events appears to be preparing for such a movement by lifting the church out of the cradle of that race which has served her from her infancy, and in breaking the swathing bands of princes which protected her tender limbs, in order to clothe his divine spouse with the vestments of youth, and to place her in all her attractiveness before the eyes of all men, so that in beholding her divine beauty they may be carried away with joy and delight. The same Providence is so directing the issues of the world, the movements of nations, the intellectual, moral, social, and political needs of society, that the necessity of her divine action and aid is seen more and more plainly and felt more keenly; while, on the other hand, the enemy of mankind, in spite of himself, is driving those who will not be moved by higher motives, by their fears of common dangers, unless they are atheists or anarchists, into the fold of the church.

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As to Catholics, the controversies of the day will force on them the scientific evolution of their faith, for only the intelligent grasp of the truth in its entireness is adequate to meet the wholesale attacks and conquer the numerous errors of our age. Catholics are left no choice. They must either raise up their thoughts and courage to the height of the aims of Christianity as the absolute and universal religion destined to gain the entire world, or cease to be Catholics, and content themselves to take the ignoble part of one among the thousand of different religious sects, and with them finally disappear and be forgotten.

But such a supposition is a sin against the idea of a Divine Providence, a denial of the divinity of Christianity, and infidelity to the best instincts of our nature. Our hearts are therefore lifted upward, and our hopes are onward; for the great church which civilized and Christianized Europe, formed its people into nations, and into one great Christian family properly named Christendom, is fully competent to do the same work, and with greater ease considering modern facilities and appliances at her disposal, for the whole world.

ST. THOMAS AQUINAS.

SONNETS BY AUBREY DE VERE.

I.

He left the fortress-palace of his sires:
The blood of princes coursing through his veins
Flushed him no more with pride's insurgent fires
Than streams, hill-born, make proud the sundered plains:
He loved that lowly life the world disdains;
Contemned the insensate pomp that world admires;—
He walked, soul conversing with those choirs
That sing where peace eternal lives and reigns.

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Tender Loretto to her breast elate
Caught him a youngling. Silent, meek, serene,
His small feet sought the poor beside her gate
That wondered at the brightness of his mien,
Even then a holy creature, dedicate
To Wisdom's sovran seat, and Sacred Queen.

II.

Beauteous Campania! In the old Roman morn
The great ones of the nations rushed to thee:
In thy rich gardens by the full-voiced sea
Wearied they slept, and woke like men re-born.
Not so the greatest of thy sons! In scorn
He passed the snare; his spirit strong and free
Less honoring Pestum's roses than that thorn
The crown of Calvary's Victim. Who was he?
The Ascetic who refused a prelate's throne
Lest worldly aims with cares divine should mix;
The Builder, lifting fanes of thought, not stone,
Far less poor Babel Towers of sun-burnt bricks;
The man who summed all truth,* yet drew alone
His sacred science from his crucifix.

III.

Great Saint! In pictures old a sun there flamed
Soft sphere of radiance on thy vest of snow;
It taught us that from hearts by sin unshamed,
The mind's inspirer best, alone could flow
Sapience like thine. "Master of those who know!"†
At heaven's high mark alone thy shaft was aimed:
Therefore, by thee unwoo'd, by thee disclaimed,
Science terrestrial sought thy threshold low.
Beneath thy cell she knelt: all pagan lore
From mines of Plato and the Stagyrite
To thee she tendered. Thou, with spiritual light
Piercing each ingot of that golden ore,
To gems didst change them meet to pave the floor
Of God's great Temple on the empyreal height.

* The allusion is to the *Summa Theologiæ.*
† "Il maëstro di color chi sanno" (Dante, *Inf.* iii.)

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IV.

Prince of the Christian Wisdom of the Past!
Gazing for aye on Faith's sidereal skies
'Twas thine to map her stars in galaxies,
To ill-taught eyes a splendor random-cast.
The old world's Ptolemaic gaze aghast
Had shrunk from Nature's dread Infinities;—
Through thee that heaven of Faith for happier eyes
Attained Truth's beauty, yet retained the Vast!
Pledge of the promise of the years to come!
When lesser sciences, self-crowned this day,
Shall joy to own the great Creator's sway,
And, bringing huge, yet sifted, harvests home,
With nobler pride the increase of earth shall lay
Beneath the mighty Mother's cross-crowned Dome.

V.

The Householder, his treasures numbering o'er,
Draws forth the ancient now, anon the new,
With equal hand and unperturbed review
Measuring all gifts of after and before,
And to all needs adjusting. Impious war
This day the Novel wages 'gainst the True:—
More need to win the aggressor, or subdue,
Redress Truth's balance, Virtue's strength restore.
Great Pontiff! Glad at heart the Church this hour
Beholds thee from the treasure-house of God
Lifting that Tome, the ages' amplest dower:
Once more thou smitest with the Apostle's rod
A rock long sealed. Ere long the fount of Power
Shall rise and cleanse the nations like a flood.

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THE MILITARY NOVEL.*

ALTHOUGH Tennyson bids the New Year bells

"Ring out the thousand wars of old,"

the love of war, like hope, seems to spring eternal in the human breast. Military ardor is congenial to this undisciplined heart of ours. The major part of history is but a recital of wars. Fame reserves her choicest laurel for the brow of the conqueror; music attunes for him her most inspiring notes, and art stands with pencil or with chisel in hand to give him her loftiest triumphs. It is true that Napoleon I. said that he would go down to posterity with the Code in his hand; but do we not rather associate his hand with the sword? And although Alexander founded the city which bears his name, and which perpetuates his memory far more effectually than Arbela or the passage of the Granicus, what reader of Plutarch does not read listlessly his civic achievements? The reorganization of the Roman commonwealth brought about by the splendid administrative abilities of Julius Cæsar is, to the ordinary reader, completely eclipsed by the consummate generalship of the Gallic campaign and the rout of Pharsalia. The classical reader is amused at the evident desire of the old poets and historians to summarize rapidly their hero's victories of peace (generally the most enduring ones); for he sees that they are not in their element until the cloud of battle encircles them and the loud clash of resounding arms echoes through their lines. Homer, we think, must have yawned while penning the wisdom of Nestor, but he exulted when he sang the battle of the gods.

As our day is pre-eminently "scientific" (a man after a while will have to pull off his boots on strictly scientific principles, and with the least expenditure of force, lest that act may disturb the exquisite poise of the cosmos), we purpose profoundly investigating this natural love of fighting, which all philosophers agree in condemning, even if they have to knock down their opponents. St. Thomas of Aquin, who, by the way, never quailed before any antagonist in the schools or out of them, dwells with evident sympathy upon the virtue of fortitude, which, as one of the four cardinal virtues, fell within the scope of his *Summa*. Judging from

**The Life of Charles Lever.* By W. J. Fitzpatrick, M.R.I.A. 1879.

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the quality of the adjectives which he applies to cowardice and poltroonery—and every word is weighed—we are of opinion that he would have been a rather dangerous gentleman to attack, even if he would have observed the *moderamen inculpatæ tutelæ;* though it would be hardly safe to trust too implicitly to this principle, even in the case of a saint. Well, St. Thomas gives us plainly to understand that, if fortitude is not *maxima virtutum*, it comes very near it, and he doubts if virtues, particularly those of the religious life, can be practised at all without a very large admixture of this courage and heroism which, in the natural state, blaze out in war. The fact is, man is, or was created to be, courageous by nature; and it is this latent virtue which is evoked by the spirit-stirring drum and ear-piercing fife. War certainly develops the highest qualities of manhood, sometimes to an extent which verges on ferocity. The Darwinian nonsense about the fierce "struggle for existence" as originating and keeping up courage is disproved by natural history, which has established the cowardice of the lower animals, taken as a class, whereas man is the only animal that can properly be called brave. His reason points out a thousand perils; his imagination centuples them, but his will overcomes them. The blind fury of the wounded lion is not courage, any more than the stealthy prowling of the fox is wisdom. But the man who goes into battle with an almost physical certainty of death is courageous. Nor is his blanched face or trembling hand any evidence of timidity. On the contrary, as Wellington observed, this indicates the supreme courage which controls even the physical frame. We shall pass over, however, any philosophical or ethical principles involved in the question of war, as not being germane to this essay, which treats of the general literary expression and description of famous wars, and particularly of the marvellous graphic power in this line possessed by the late Charles Lever. Sallust has a pregnant thought that military glory is largely dependent for its perpetuance upon literary genius; and certainly, in this sense at least, the pen *is* mightier than the sword. Long since the keenest blade would have rusted, if its gleam had not been reflected by the pen.

By far the greatest part of the imagery of Holy Writ is taken from the scenes of war. Indeed, it is from war that we have the terminology of that conflict within our own breast which constitutes the profoundest problem of theology, and which has given rise to countless heresies on the subject of free-will in its relations to the action of divine grace. St. Paul repeatedly speaks the language of battle, and the Prince of Peace himself said that he

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came to bring the sword. Excepting the few didactical books of the Old Testament, it is mainly a chronicle of wars—carried on, too, with exceeding vigor. The Holy Ghost himself inspired those glorious songs of battle and of victory which have been the watchwords of ages; and there is nothing in the whole range of literature to equal David's lament over those brave men that fell upon Gelboe. Achilles' wail over Patroclus is tame in comparison. It may be, as the Society of Friends holds, that the Scriptural wars were undertaken at the divine instance and for the purpose of carrying out certain divine counsels, and, as wars of this exceptional nature, they were no justification of war as such; but there is no question of the importance attached by the sacred word to individual courage and generalship. The warriors of Israel are sharply defined from the "weak-kneed," and due credit is given to the warlike qualities possessed by the enemies of the chosen people. The defeat of the Israelites who trusted in the Ark of the Law as in a talisman of victory, without having invoked the name of the God of Armies (Sabaoth) and *then* striking the Philistine hip and thigh, appears to have been an evidence of God's displeasure at what, after all, was their cowardice; although, no doubt, *latet mysterium*, as St. Augustine would say. The friends of peace, however desirable their aspirations may be, cannot disprove the lawfulness of war when undertaken for the causes and under the conditions which a Christian international law has wisely ordained. It is not always possible to secure "peace with honor."

Perhaps one of the strongest evidences in favor of the church's wise regulation of the reading of the Scriptures is unconsciously afforded by Lord Macaulay's analysis of the fanatical warring of the Puritans, who overthrew the English kingdom and brought its monarch to the block. Those gloomy, melancholy men, whose fitting chief was Oliver Cromwell, loved to brood over their wrongs, and to find solace for them in the pages of the Old Testament. By an easy process of fancy, particularly when under the domination of strong religious feeling, they began to regard themselves as the Israel of God, called upon to do battle against the idolatrous Philistine, "to bind their kings in chains, and their nobles in manacles of iron." Prolonged meditation upon those passages of Holy Writ which, like trumpet tongues, seemed to call for the king's taking-off, gradually produced that temper of mind which made an hallucination little short of a divine inspiration. Such is the universality of Holy Writ that the Puritans quick-

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ly found analogies, coincidences, and striking parallelisms in the most harmless texts, if that word expresses the inaptitude of a text to bear a warlike interpretation. Of course the consequence of such meditation was soon in active play. On the Continent the same distortion of the Bible had been going on, with precisely the same results. The polygamy of the patriarchs sufficiently warranted the imitation of their example by those who were so zealous in diffusing to a benighted papistical world the matrimonial life of the men who lived in the infancy of the earth, and after a deluge which had extinguished all human life except the "just man" and his sons, in grace with the God who had punished the human family for the very abuse of the laws regulating matrimony—which abuse the Biblicists did not perceive they were reviving. The sects flew to the Bible for the sanction of the most iniquitous wars, of insubordination to constituted authority, and of socialistic and communistic principles which no modern state, Christian or pagan, would for a moment hesitate to repress.

The remarkable development of the military principle perceptible in ancient Greece and in Rome appears to have had its source more in a love of glory than in the justifying principle of self-defence. If we accept Schlegel's theory (*Philosophy of History*), that Greek civilization, like the language itself, came from ancient India, we can understand why the soldier should have been so honored a personage. There is not the slightest doubt that the arts of war were cultivated in Greece from the earliest period, and the courage of the Athenian, if more polished and cultured, was not less firm than that of the Spartan. Besides, the nation's literature, which is always the best reflex of its mind, shows that war held a higher place in their thoughts than even their beloved art. The whole course of Athenian as of Lacedæmonic education was to train up the youth for a prospective soldier. Plato (*Republic*) applauds the strangling of deformed children at birth. But while Sparta contented herself with forming the best soldiers, Athens aimed higher and sought to make the soldier fit for the senate also. Cornelius Nepos, who, however, is not by any means a philosophical historian, speaks of this double culture of Athens as having given her illustrious men incomparably the advantage over her rival. The union of the highest military with the highest civil abilities is exceedingly rare. Mme. de Rémusat, in her recently-published *Memoirs* speaks of Napoleon's chagrin at the wretched political failures of those of his marshals whom he entrusted with civil power, and

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who, though invincible in the field, were imbecile in the cabinet. Yet he thoroughly despised the physical cowardice of that prince of diplomatists, Talleyrand, who shook like an aspen at a discharge of artillery, and yet could outwit Napoleon himself, who still was no mean diplomatist. Everybody has heard of the downright poltroonery of Frederick the Great in his first battle, though he steeled himself by "philosophy" in time to love the smell of gunpowder.

Plutarch ascribes Alexander's thirst for military renown to his love of Homer. And surely we need not wonder that the Greeks were a nation of warriors, trained as they were to the hearing of that immortal verse, which even we βάρβαροι cannot read without a thrill. No succeeding poet has thrown such a splendor over deeds of personal prowess, or infused such a divine enthusiasm into what after all is only the butchering of our fellow-men. The horrors of war, its sickening details, its general fruitlessness, its intrinsic barbarism are hidden in Homer under the ægis of Minerva, or scattered by the blaze of the armor of Achilles. Only now and then does Homer make us feel war's true misery, as when Priam begs the dead body of Hector in lines over which many a father has wept when thinking of the "unreturning brave." Besides, the Greek drama, whose matchless perfection stands like one of their own statues, enforced upon the people the opinion, which is not theologically true, that death for one's country is the supreme sacrifice and atonement, which Zeus himself cannot reject, the soldier, loved of gods and men, entering all-radiant into Elysium as soon as the funeral rites were performed. So, too, Odin at once admits the slain warrior into Valhalla, and Mohammed's houris wait for him at the gates of Paradise. It is in keeping with Protestant historical philosophy to represent the plenary indulgence given to the Crusaders as a free pass to heaven, permission to rob, murder, and burn all and everything on the way to the Holy Sepulchre, and to maltreat all the paynim women that should fall into their hands. Gibbon, however, has saved English history from this wretched and ignorant calumny, though we noticed it quite recently in a school history intended for the "higher classes of colleges and for the private reader." We pity the "private reader," for there is some chance in a "college" to get at the truth in these matters.

Rome being a nation of soldiers, its literature, of course, bristles with arms. One cannot help regretting that the great Latin historians did not devote their fine powers to humbler but more important themes than the thousand-and-one wars in which

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their nation was engaged. How little do we know about the internal policy of the ancient Roman state! The few treatises of Tully are of comparative little worth, and his orations have the fault of all orations, in that they belong to special pleading. The lost decades of Livy and the lost treatise of Cicero *de Gloria* are no losses at all compared with the utter perishing of much of Varro. *Pace poetarum*, permit us to say that the preservation of one old law is of far greater importance than that of a dozen old poems. Mommsen regretfully admits that the authentic period of Roman legal history cannot be pushed farther back than the era of Justinian; yet we know, *de facto*, that the Republic and the early Empire were the best governed of ancient or of modern states. Surely were the Romans the *domini gentium*, and we are governed by their laws to this day.

Sallust is the Roman military novelist. His great hero Catiline stands out in stronger colors than even those in which the fervid eloquence of Cicero depicts him. After we get through the prosy introduction which, in accordance with the fashion of the times, was deemed necessary to every treatise—for the Horatian maxim *in medias res* is too bold a one for anybody but a genius to adopt—we are at once introduced to the conspirators. We attend their nightly meetings. We study the character of the chief, bold, unscrupulous, the haughty patrician despising the plebeian, spending the wealth of modern principalities in his gaming and rioting, speaking with a nervous eloquence which fascinates us, thunder-smitten with the bolt of Cicero's invective, hurrying from Rome, marshalling his followers and disposing of them with the skill of an old campaigner, fighting with a personal desperation which puts Richard III. to the blush, and dying like a Roman. Sallust has also given us that strange Numidian king, Jugurtha, with his rapid changes of fortune, until his sombre death in prison. The Roman historian is graphic in the highest degree, and, if he lacks the exact historical method of Livy, rivals him in word-painting. Of course Livy's speeches have never been surpassed. The *Agricola* of Tacitus is another charming military novel. Life in the camp, and the rigors of a Roman march and hibernation, were never better drawn. Cæsar was too cold and cautious to let his fancy sport with facts, and this is why some find the *Commentaries* rather dull reading. But they have been the text-book of all the great soldiers of modern times, nor are they wanting in those touches of romance, tenderness, and courtesy which are all the more affecting when we think of the man who wrote them.

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The institution of chivalry gave rise to a beautiful literature with which English readers are not very familiar, except in its transfusion into Tennyson's Arthurian legends. The Troubadours sang of knightly worth, and held up to the soldier that noble ideal of honor which the military profession has never since lost. This refining influence was doubtless exerted by the church, who had to deal with those barbarian hordes whose strong arms pulled down the noble fabric of the ancient Roman civilization. It is rather fashionable, we believe, to laugh at the old chivalric legends, and to stigmatize the whole institution as a system of authorized plundering. Of course most of the knights labored under the opprobrium of having been Catholics; but that was not their fault, poor fellows! for the star of the Reformation had not as yet risen. Nor must people take all their ideas of chivalry from the pages of *Don Quixote*, which is an *ex-professo* satire. Surely any influence for good which could strip war of many of its horrors, tame the savagery which war naturally engenders, and cultivate respect for women, who are the most defenceless in periods of violence and bloodshed, should merit some approval from the disciples of a *Kulturkampf* that finds ecstasy in a flower and the Infinite in a shell. If it were not for that miserable Catholic Church that for ever is thrusting herself in every institution which *should* have been the pure product of the "light-seeking tendency," chivalry, no doubt, would be loudly applauded. But up pops some old saint, or some council, or some pope, in the place of our ethereal culture, and forces us to acknowledge him or it as the author of every beneficent institution of modern times. Really, Culture cannot possibly evolve herself so long as that unmannerly old Roman Church persists in living.

When Charles Lever began to work the vein of military romance in modern English literature, he had the first choice. The military episodes in Smollett are only episodes, and can be easily left out of his stories. Sir Walter Scott had taken up the mediæval and the Stuart times, and so Lever fell fresh upon that period of military enthusiasm which the Napoleonic wars had awakened. Although later he wrote some excellent society novels, still his fame will ultimately rest upon *Charles O'Malley*, *Tom Burke of Ours*, and perhaps the *Knight of Gwynne*. His later stories are written more carefully and display a wider range of thought and experience, but they never had and never will have the popularity given to the three we have mentioned. He was the first to get down from the stilts upon which the older romancers

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walked, after the fashion of the actors of the ancient Greek drama, to give themselves an imposing appearance. It took Thackeray years of painful toil to acquire that style of easy familiarity which so charms us. It is the perfection of art. Compare the conversations in a modern story with the conversations of the characters in, say, Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*. Now, Lever was the first to write a conversation as it would have taken place—the most difficult thing in a novel and the very essence of a good play. There is hardly a stilted talk in all Lever's books, and this is what gives one the full measure of his extraordinary power. Fitzpatrick says that he talked better than he wrote. What a delightful companion he must have been! J. T. Fields says of Dickens' conversation that the novelist disliked continuousness of talk, and was best when he was burlesquing. This gives us rather a mean idea of the man.

But Lever lived with men who had made conversation a study. They prepared themselves for a dinner. They were the successors of the brilliant set that gathered around Brinsley Sheridan; and even that incomparable wit sometimes thought out his jokes. With possibly the exception of the French, who are rather sharp and witty than humorous, the educated Irish are the pleasantest and most jovial people in the world. Lever lived with a good set. He heard the stories which were afterwards to make the world shake its sides with laughter. He knew very many military men, who had a punctilious sense of honor, brave, high-bred manners, and a happy temper born of their profession; who held their lives as naught, and who consequently had repose of character and demeanor. The guard-room, the mess-table, the camp, the review, have all their legends and traditions. Besides, most of the officers were university men, and all the more agreeable on that account, as presumably not prigs. When *Charles O'Malley*, *Jack Hinton*, and *Harry Lorrequer* appeared they were most eagerly read and appreciated in military circles, which showed that they were fair transcripts of the life. The "inextinguishable laughter" which, like that of the Homeric gods, appears to be the happy heritage of the Irish people, broke from him in his delineations of such characters as Mickey Free. The famous old days of wassail, of hunting and of duelling, the madcap though virtuous women, the frolic of dance and wedding, the quickly-consoled grief of funerals, and all that topsy-turvy society which the war introduced or profoundly modified, live again in his pages. He wrote a remarkably pleasing and easy style. It reads like talk. There is no attempt at rhetoric, no

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cunning surprises, no maudlin sentiment, no obscene jests. It flows on like the interesting chat of one who has a pleasingly-modulated voice; and we can easily believe that his manuscript went to the printer with scarcely an interlineation or alteration.

He was quick to perceive the profound interest which his countrymen took in the character and deeds of the first Napoleon. This man had an extraordinary attraction for the Irish people, partly because of his splendid military talents, and partly because of his unrelenting hatred of the "hereditary foe." While in *Maurice Tierney* Lever described the opening scenes of the Reign of Terror, it was in *Tom Burke of Ours* that he most fully introduced the Little Corporal; but he represents him as harsh, brutal, ungrateful, and suspicious, particularly as regarded his foreign soldiery. This was done in order to deter Ireland from her wild dream that "Boney" would redeem her from bondage. We doubt if Lever himself felt much satisfaction in describing the glories of the British arms, unless it were from the consciousness that it was his own countrymen who did most of the fighting.

The Napoleonic sketches of Lever are valuable from the circumstance that he was personally acquainted with many who had intimate dealings with the emperor, and he himself was resident consul at Trieste for many years, and so quite competent to catch the evanescent forms of French life and thought. We certainly have the modern Cæsar well reproduced—his short, sturdy figure, his impassive face with its clear, olive complexion, his quick, nervous, abrupt movements, his explosions of wrath, and his almost preternatural acuteness in reading men's faces. The iron frame that needed no repose, the ceaseless vigilance, the military prescience, the strange charm of manner that made people love him while they trembled in his presence (thus reversing the ancient tyrant's saying about "hate me, but fear me"), the sublime confidence in victory, are well caught by Lever and well described. Military men say also that his descriptions of battles and sieges are remarkably accurate, in marked contrast in this respect with many romances, whose battle-plans would, if executed, invariably issue in their hero's defeat. Victor Hugo's famous description of the battle of Waterloo (*Les Misérables*) is altogether fanciful, besides being, in a military point of view, simply absurd.

Dr. Fitzpatrick deserves the thanks of all the admirers of Lever for this very excellent biography. His *Life of Bishop*

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Doyle won for him the gratitude of all ecclesiastics. This *Life of Lever* is far superior to any in the much-bepraised "English Men of Letters" series, and immeasurably surpasses Trollope's *Thackeray*, whose genius was akin to that of Lever. The amount of pleasant reading collateral with the life is very great, and the doctor, while relishing a witty story himself, has that rarer gift of knowing how to tell it well to others.

TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN "PLACARE CHRISTE SERVULIS."

FOR THE FEAST OF ALL SAINTS.

[The Marquess of Bute found no translation of this hymn which he deemed worthy to be inserted in his English Breviary. The desire of proving by experiment whether or no this hymn can be well translated suggested the attempt whose result is here given to the public. The translator makes no boast of success, but perhaps others may be induced to try their hand, and some one of these efforts prove worthy of critical approbation.]

HYMNUS.

PLACARE, Christe, servulis,
Quibus Patris clementiam
Tuæ ad Tribunal gratiæ
Patrona Virgo postulat.
Et vos beata per novem
Distincta gyros agmina,
Antiqua cum presentibus,
Futura damna pellite.
Apostoli cum Vatibus,
Apud severum Judicem
Veris reorum fletibus
Exposcite indulgentiam.
Vos purpurati Martyres,
Vos candidati præmio
Confessionis, exules
Vocate nos in patriam.
Chorea casta Virginum
Et quos eremus incolas
Transmisit astris, Cœlitum
Locate nos in sedibus.

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Auferte gentem perfidam
Credentium de finibus;
Ut unus omnes unicum
Ovile nos Pastor regat.
Deo Patri sit gloria,
Natoque Patris unico;
Sancto simul Paraclito,
In sempiterna sæcula.

HYMN.

Benignly on thy servants look,
O Christ! and from thy Father's book
The record of our crimes erase,
For whom the Virgin asks his grace.
Blest Spirits in your nine-fold choirs,
From Angels to Seraphic Fires,
Avert all past and present ill,
In future days protect us still.
Apostles, with the Prophets, plead
For weeping sinners in their need,
That from their Judge severe they gain
Pardon, effacing guilt's dark stain.
Martyrs in purple, Saints in white,
Call to the long-expected sight
Of God, us exiles, who await
The opening of the golden gate.
Virgins, who walk a spotless band,
And Hermits from the desert land,
Who dwell above the stars, prepare
Celestial seats with us to share.
Dire demons from all bounds expel
Where Christ's believing subjects dwell,
That they in peace his rule may own,
One Lord, one Faith, one Church alone.
Father, thy Name be glorified.
Praise to the Son, for men who died.
Adoring worship, as is meet,
We give thee, Holy Paraclete!

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FOLLETTE.

BY KATHLEEN O'MEARA, AUTHOR OF "A WOMAN'S TRIALS," "IZA'S STORY," "A SALON IN THE LAST DAYS OF THE EMPIRE," "FREDERIC OZANAM," "PEARL," ETC.

CHAPTER VIII.

VICTOR'S VICTORY.

IT was not altogether a lying impulse that prompted him to make the promise. He was bent, as we know, on making a good name for himself—on triumphing over his slanderers and leaving Bacaram admired and respected by all. Now, a letter written by him to Jules in the nick of time might prove a very skilful move in this little game. The point was to ensure that it did not come an hour too soon, as that might spoil everything.

He went down-stairs and looked into Gripard's room; the old man was quiet, but awake and breathing hard.

"I'm going round to the field for an hour. You'll not want anything till I come back?" he said.

Gripard turned his eyes on him, and then closed them wearily, as if to say, "Let me alone."

Victor went to the front door, opened it, shut it with a loud noise, then stealthily barred it, and, lighting his candle, descended to the cellar.

It was a large cellar, with a flight of stone steps leading down to it; the stones were broken here and there, so that you needed to be careful in setting down your foot, lest you should tread on a vacuum and find yourself falling headlong on to a heap of empty bottles that filled one-half of the place, piled up almost to the ceiling; the nearest corner on the other side was full of coal; some empty beer-barrels partly eaten by the rats lay rotting along the wall opposite the door. Victor held the light high above his head, and stood on the last step, peering round him, debating where he should begin his search. The ground was not flagged or tiled, but made of beaten clay, so there seemed little likelihood of the money being buried under the surface; it was more probably concealed in some of the barrels, or under the coals or the empty bottles. The barrels were the easiest to explore, so he began with them. He rolled them over and held the light into them; but it soon became clear that they had been long the recep-

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tacles of nothing more precious than rats and dirt. He next proceeded to turn over the coal; but his efforts were equally fruitless in this direction. The bottles came last. He took them down, one by one, until the pile was lessened by half. It was tiresome work, and he began to fear it might be all for nothing and that the gold was not here at all.

Before removing the lower half of the pile it occurred to him to examine the walls carefully; so he carried the candle all round them, looking closely into every crevice and crack, sounding every suspicious-looking spot. But nothing came of this; thick green and black mould grew in patches from the flooring to the rafters, but offered no possible hiding-place for anything under it. He paused for a moment, and then went back to the empty bottles. As the pile diminished on one side and rose on the other his hopes sank lower and lower. Was it likely that Gripard would have wasted his time and strength in periodically performing this operation to get at his money and count it? Most certainly he had been in the habit of going down into the cellar of a night; but it was just possible that he might have already done what Victor now contemplated doing—carried off the money to some other hiding-place. And yet his reluctance and dismay when Victor had asked for the key betrayed an alarm which was not to be explained by the presence of a few bottles of old Bordeaux.

Victor took heart as he thought of this. He went up to the kitchen and fetched two more candles, and set them so that they dispelled something of the dense gloom, and then set to work again. He took a bottle in each hand and conveyed them to the pyramid that rose rapidly beside the old one. The operation went on quickly, till at last he came upon one bottle that seemed made of lead; it was so heavy that Victor had to put both hands to it. His heart gave a great thump against his side. He held the bottle up to the light; it was perfectly opaque, corked and tightly fastened with a string. He cut the string with his pocket-knife and pulled up the cork; the jerk made the bottle tilt a little, and out ran a stream of golden coins, that dropped on the ground with a pure metallic ring, flashing like little stars in the tawny light.

Victor stifled a scream of joy, and, without waiting to gather up the golden drops, went back to continue his search. The next bottle he took up was weighted in the same way, and the next, and so on with over a dozen; they were large quart-bottles, capable of holding some five hundred golden louis, Victor calcu-

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lated at a rough guess; for, though he was trembling with excitement and his pulses beat wildly, his head was cool and his mind collected, and he was able to look rapidly from the present moment to the splendid horizon beyond. But after a little while the vision was too much for him. The perspiration stood in big drops on his forehead; he sat down on the stone steps and wiped it off, and gasped for breath. The coins glistened at his feet; he took them up and held them in the palm of his hand, and made them ring, and feasted his eyes on them till his mouth watered. What a prospect now opened before him! It was as if a magician had appeared and struck the ground with his wand, and changed in an instant the conditions of his life and the aspect of the whole world. There was an end of toil, of shabby penury, of stealthy petty gains, of meagre fare, of dulness, of everything that constituted poverty and made up the bitter sum of its hateful realities—there was an end of it all now: contempt, humiliation, dependence, fatigue, cold slops, and all that Victor loathed. His love of the gold was not concentrated on its mere possession, as was Gripard's, but on the good things its possession ensured. There was nothing he longed for and loved that gold could not buy; he revelled in the thought, and glutted his greedy appetites at the feast that imagination spread out before them —a feast that no reality would ever equal; for here there was no danger from surfeit, and satiety and disappointment were impossible. It was a moment of more perfect enjoyment than any the future had in store for him, let the money be spent as it might. For one moment he knew what rapture meant.

Dreaming on the broken step, he saw himself transported into a new world, changed into a new man, living a new life; he saw himself dwelling in a fine house, feeding on the fat of the land, wearing fine clothes, married, a father, a man of importance amongst his acquaintance, looked up to and respected—for he would perform charitable deeds and be strictly honorable in all his dealings; he would be generous, beginning by the gift of Quatre Vents to Follette; he fancied himself even helping Jules, patronizing the poor devil who had to struggle on, step by step, chipping stone through the long summer's heat while Victor sat at ease in pleasant summer shade. It would be a luxurious balm to his conscience to play the liberal patron to Jules; but not just yet: he should let time flow on and wash out an awkward interval between this and then, so as to leave room for the possible growth of wealth by some swift and wonderfully lucky process—a stroke of fortune on the Bourse, or something of that sort.

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When people were prosperous it was easy enough to account for their prosperity: they had been clever, and knew how to turn their chances to account; they were not drones or bats, who went about with their eyes shut; men with energy and ability are sure to succeed, etc. When a man is willing to spend his money handsomely nobody looks too closely into its origin. Victor sketched out the future in rapid pictures as he sat with his head buried in his hands, forgetting the dark, slimy cellar in this illuminated palace of fancy, when suddenly a noise at the kitchen-door dispelled the vision. He started to his feet and looked round with a scared expression. The thirteen black bottles stood in a group like a band of little demons or wizards whose wonder-working powers were spell-bound momentarily under this disguise, but who might fling it away in the twinkling of an eye, and, at the touch of a counter-charmer, start up in their terrible activity.

There was another knock at the kitchen-door. Victor blew out the candles, and, without waiting to put away the bottles, ran up to see who was there. It proved to be a pedlar from Tarbes, who came round twice a year, and whom Jeanne had always patronized to the extent of a bright kerchief or some other bit of finery for Follette. Follette saw him from her window, and it reminded her of her old friend and the pleasant excitement the pedlar's visit used to be in the days that seemed so happy now that they were passed. She watched him go out the gate, and then began to cry.

Victor was annoyed at being disturbed, and had dismissed the man with scant courtesy, bidding him carry his pack elsewhere and never return to Quatre Vents. He shut the door upon him, bolted it, and then went in to see Gripard.

"I have been longer away than I expected," he said. "I hope you have not been wanting me?"

Gripard muttered some inarticulate remark and moaned.

"I'm afraid you're feeling badly," said Victor.

Gripard turned his eyes on him with a look of dull resentment that to Victor's excited fancy seemed full of solemn denunciation.

"Would you try a little wine now?"

"Leave me alone," Gripard answered, moving his head with a feeble effort to turn away. "Where is Follette? Follette . . . " he repeated as Victor was leaving the room.

"She is up-stairs. She won't come near you. You remember you said you would beat her if she did."

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"Tell her to come to me . . . I forgive it all . . . I want to give the petiote a kiss . . . I was always fond of Martha . . . Tell her to come and give me a kiss . . ."

"I'll ask her to come, but I doubt if she will," said Victor. He returned in a few minutes.

"It's no use, patron; she won't come," he said. "I begged hard of her, but she is afraid of you."

Gripard closed his eyes and moaned.

"Mon Dieu! . . . I am sorry . . . I will make up . . . Follette . . . my little Follette . . . it is too late . . ."

He went on muttering incoherently for some minutes, and then was silent. Victor waited, and wondered if the end was coming; but the old man continued to breathe regularly, though he seemed oppressed; his hand lay quietly on the coverlet, no longer fidgeting and restless.

"He will see the sun rise again," thought Victor; and he debated whether the moment was come to call in a neighbor and write that letter to Jules. It would not be pleasant for him if Gripard died without a soul's knowing anything about it, with no doctor, and Follette kept out of the way up-stairs. Still, a false move just now might ruin everything—upset his scheme and destroy his character and prospects. Gripard was quite conscious enough even at this crisis to understand the importance of a witness to anything he had to say, and he was in a state to make a declaration which would have legal weight. Victor had the will in his possession, but a death-bed declaration accusing him of "captation" might make it null and void, or at any rate would produce a very ugly effect. He had made up his mind to put the will in a bottle and hide the bottle in Gripard's chimney. This would be characteristic of the testator, and divert all suspicion from the legatee, and prove that Gripard had kept his secret to himself. It would be easy for Victor to direct the search without taking any part in it. After revolving these and other circumstances rapidly in his mind he crept quietly from the room and closed the door on the dying man. The first thing to be done was to convey the magic bottles out of the house; there was a spot on the hillside that he had in his mind's eye, a sort of cave formed by a projecting boulder, that had been useful to him in little mercantile transactions that did not court the light of day. He could not, however, begin this operation until the darkness closed in and enabled him to steal out with his burden unnoticed. He had only counted thirteen golden vials, but he expected to find a great many more. He was impatient to make

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sure of this and to know the exact amount of his treasure-trove; but prudence counselled him to wait—prudence or conscience. He began to fancy that people were wondering why he had not gone out this morning, and that they were commenting on the cause of his staying at home. It never occurred to him before to think that any one paid attention to his comings or goings; but now he was in a fidget to show himself, to let people see that he was the same Victor to-day that he was yesterday, that there was nothing to keep him indoors and prevent his going about his own and Gripard's business as usual; so he took the precaution of closing over the cellar-door, and, without trusting himself again into its glorified precincts, he put on his cap and went forth into the village. Mme. Bibot's cottage was the first that came in view. She was at the door gossiping with a neighbor. He was glad of the opportunity of speaking to her, and determined to mention the fact of Gripard's illness incidentally; so he touched his cap with a friendly nod when he came within range of the old woman's notice, and swerved towards the cottage with a view to a closer greeting; but Mme. Bibot, without paying the slightest heed to these indications, dismissed her visitor and shut the door in Victor's face just as he was crossing the road to it. He bit his lip and reddened, and, muttering something under his breath, strode on, whistling the tune of a buccaneering song. But though he swaggered and carried a bold face, he was keenly mortified, and began to wish he had stayed at home. It was absurd to let himself be vexed by an old woman's snub. He voted himself a fool, and had half a mind to walk back and ask her what she meant by her insolence; but the other half of his mind prevailed, and he walked on, chafing inwardly and protesting he cared not a dry nut what any one in Bacaram thought of him. It was, no doubt, the excitement of the money that had undone him a little; the sight of those bottles and the gold stars that had flashed out on the gloom of the cellar was enough to make a man a trifle nervous. Yet, for all his plausible explanations, Victor knew that he would have willingly opened one of the golden vials and spilled the contents all over Bacaram, if only he could have made Bacaram look kindly on him. He had never gone out of his way to make friends, but he had found it pleasant to be on friendly terms with everybody in general, and, until his selfish, dishonest scheming made it desirable to keep people away, he had been civil and welcoming to the few privileged old friends of Jeanne who were tolerated at Quatre Vents. He longed for a nod of familiar recognition this morning; but, as if by tacit accord,

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everybody looked the other way when he passed, or else answered his greeting so coldly that it made any nearer approach impossible. He felt that he was tabooed, and strode on, whistling, his head in the air and his hands in his pockets, painfully conscious that the groups at the shop-doors suspended their gossip to pass a word of unfriendly comment as they looked after him. It was a lovely summer's morning; the sun was high in the heavens; the air was heavy with noonday heat, but a breeze sprang up in the mountains and cooled it, and wafted the scent of daffodil and sweet-pea and roses from the cottage gardens to Victor as he went. The village had never looked so pretty, he thought, as this morning when it frowned on him while smiling on all the world besides. He stopped at the blacksmith's, and bought a packet of nails and bargained about a kettle that he wanted to have soldered; then he stopped at the butcher's and bought some sausages; and after this he turned his steps homewards, but not through the village. He did not care to challenge its surly looks again, and he wanted to make ready that hole upon the mountain to which he must carry his band of wizards after dark; so he struck across the fields. In a few minutes he was high above Bacaram, looking down on its red tiles and patches of flower-gardens from a stretch of sloping grass-land, over waves of yellowing corn and fields of sweet-smelling beans, where the lark's song rose and fell, giving a voice to the joy and beauty of the summer's day.

Victor made ready his hiding-place, and then the Angelus bell sent its peal along the hillside, summoning him not to worship but to his dinner. The golden feast he had partaken of had not been so sufficing as to stand in lieu of more substantial food, and the bell reminded him that it was time to be hungry; so while simple folk knelt or crossed themselves, and lifted up their hearts to the Creator of the beautiful world around, Victor hurried back to fry his sausages.

He found everything just as he had left it. But the house seemed preternaturally still; the sunlight washed the kitchen floor; the old clock on the wall sent its loud tick-tack through the house; the ashes, a white heap on the hearth, looked very desolate in the golden sunshine. Victor stirred them to find a hot ember, and relighted the fire to cook his sausages. He meant to give Follette one. He would have taken a bowlful of golden louis to her, if she would have accepted it and made friends with him. It was unaccountable how he thirsted for a drop of human sympathy just now when he was lifted beyond all real need of it.

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He had never cared for it before; he had only cared for substantial things, money, or money's worth; but now that he had come into ample possession of these he was seized with a craving for this sentimental thing called sympathy. It was absurd, and he mocked at himself for a fool.

"I will have plenty of friends when I leave this miserable hole," he said to himself. "When people have money they can always make friends; they have only to spend it and make merry with people who don't want them."

While the sausages were frying he went in to look at Gripard. The old man had turned on his side, and lay with his face to the wall. He looked round when the door opened; his eyes had a strange expression, as if they were sightless.

"I thought you were asleep," said Victor; "I did not like to disturb you. Will you eat something now?"

Gripard turned his vacant gaze on him, and repeated: "Eat something . . ."

"I bought a sausage," said Victor, coming nearer and bringing out his words very distinctly, as if that would help their meaning to reach the weak brain. "I would have put down another pot-au-feu, only you would have scolded me for spending so much money."

"Money . . . aye, aye . . . it was that rascal . . ." muttered Gripard, and the glazed eyes grew strong, as if a light were kindled in them; but it was only for a moment—the light went out and left them in darkness again.

"Muddled; this time it's for good," said Victor, after watching him fixedly and with as much emotion as if the dying man had been a frog or a rat. Yet he had a curious reluctance to let his benefactor die of hunger. He felt it would be a form of murder to let him starve for want of any sort of food; but to let him sink for want of the right sort was a different thing. If the old idiot was obstinate and stupid, and refused what was offered him, he could not be hungry; and if he was not hungry there was no need for him to eat at all.

"I will bring him a bit of sausage," he thought, and he went back to attend to the cooking. There were potatoes to be fried, and this took some time. When all was ready he sat down and partook of a hearty meal; and then he carried in a plateful to Gripard, and held it close to him, thinking that the savory smell of the sausage might tickle his appetite; but the old man, with a feeble sign of disgust, turned his head away, mumbling irritably. Victor felt he had done his duty, and had now nothing to re-

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proach himself with. He added more potatoes and took the plate up to Follette.

She was at her wheel, spinning away in the sunshine that streamed round her through the open window. Gripard had sent up the wheel, not from kindness, but that she might not eat the bread of idleness. It struck Victor with a sudden sense of wonder that she should have borne his persecution so cheerfully; he could almost have fancied that she had some substantial source of help to keep her up. But he had watched her too closely for that; she had received neither food, nor visits, nor messages, and yet after three weeks' confinement in her little garret, with barely enough of food to keep away hunger, and no companionship but his presence twice a day with such refreshment as it brought, Follette looked far from unhappy. She had grown thin and pale, and looked all eyes; but there was a luminous glow in their velvet depths that lent them a fascination they had lacked before, while her pallor, though it told of suffering and weakness, was transparently lovely as the petals of a tea-rose, and gave a touch of pathos to the innocent young face that heightened its charm. Victor took in all this as he stood at the door with the plate and a glass of wine in his hand, and he bethought him that Jules was a lucky dog, and had no need to complain if he missed Gripard's money-bottles.

"I've brought you a glass of old wine," said Victor. "I drew it for your uncle, but he would not touch it after the first glass; he is not so well to-day."

Follette let him put down the dinner on the bed, her usual table, and, looking up with anxious eyes, "Is he very angry with me still?"

"He is angry with everything and everybody, but it's partly the rheumatism."

"I wish he would let me come and rub him! Does he stay in his chair all day long without moving?"

"He hasn't got even that far to-day; he won't stir out of his bed," said Victor, shrugging his shoulders.

Follette joined her hands and said "Oh!" in a tone that Victor fancied held a note of sympathy for him as well as Gripard. He thrust his hands deep into his pockets, tossed back his head with an air of good-humored endurance, and was leaving the room.

"Victor, that letter—have you written it?" said Follette.

It was the first time she had called him by his name since he had been her jailer.

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"I am going to write it now. And look here, Follette," he continued, turning back and meeting her eyes full of timid thanks and hope, "I don't mean to stand this sort of thing any longer. Gripard is as cross as a bear, but I don't mind that; but I mind doing his dirty work, keeping you locked up, and letting him starve himself to death—for that's what's the matter with him, and nothing else. He's very queer this morning; I never saw him like that before, and if he's not better to-night I'll go and fetch the doctor from Cotor to-morrow, and have you down to nurse the old man, whether he likes it or not. He won't like it; he'll howl like the devil when he sees you; but you won't mind that?"

"No, not if I can be of any use to him," said Follette. "But is he so very ill? Are you frightened?"

"Not I! Only one never knows what turn rheumatism may take, and I don't see why I should have the whole weight of his aches and his infernal temper to bear. A doctor would bully him into having proper food. There, eat your sausage before it gets cold. I'm going to write that letter."

He went straight down, and cleared the kitchen table, and wrote it:

"MY DEAR JULES: You'll be wondering why I write to you again, as you never thought it worth while to answer my last letter. But it's Follette that makes me write. She is fretting about you, and she is very lonely since Jeanne's death, and now Gripard is ill. He has been bad with the rheumatism these ten days, and now it is very bad. I have a hard time of it, I can tell you, for he does nothing but swear at me from morning till night; and if it was not that he's been kind to me when nobody else was I would not stay an hour in the house. He won't let me send for a doctor, and he won't let Follette near him; and she frets awfully about it. If you were here you might do something. The old man talks about you now, and I think he is inclined to make it up with you. You might find it worth your while to come back and see him. He won't give me money to get food. He says he has no money. He says he won't make a will. Quatre Vents is all he has, and that goes to Follette. It's the devil to confess, I can tell you, listening to him groaning and swearing all day long. You ought to come back. He was fond of Jeanne, and gave her a funeral any man might have been proud of.

"Votre tout dévoué, VICTOR BART."

When this was written he took it up to Follette. She could not read it, but she liked to think he thought she could.

"Thank you! I am sure you've said everything right. I don't want to read it," she said, blushing faintly; and she just glanced at the address and handed him back the envelope.

"I will post it by and by when I go out," said Victor. "I

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told him he ought to come back, if it was only for a day; that he owed that to the old man. I said all I could."

He went away without waiting for her to thank him, and Follette sat with a new gladness in her heart, watching to see him go out to post the letter. But Victor was in no hurry. He had made up his mind to post it that day, but there was a late post twice a week, and this happened to be one of the days for it; he meant to wait and send the letter by that. He was not actuated in this delay by hesitation, his purpose did not falter, but he shrank from the shadow of risk, and it was safer to let death advance a few steps nearer to the dying man before summoning to his side those whose presence might prove fatal to Victor's interests. He went out into the field and began to dig up potatoes.

"After all," he said to himself, his mind running on the possible results of the letter—"after all, once the money is safe out of the house, it does not matter much who comes or what happens. If he came to himself and rallied enough to tell tales, it would pass for a sick man's ravings; and, if it came to that, I could destroy the will."

He paused in his work and rested both hands on his spade, following the train of thought this idea called up.

"Why not destroy the will now?" he said suddenly. "That would do away beforehand with the possibility of any charge of undue influence. I should miss the satisfaction of making Follette a present of Quatre Vents, but, ma foi, it will be something to escape slander and get off with the money scot-free!"

He went on digging for a while, then paused again, resting one hand on the spade and the other on his hip, and looked back at the house, as if seeking for some sign amidst the brick chimneys and moss-grown tiles that glowed ruby-red and emerald-green in the western sunlight. It would certainly be very pleasant to play Don Magnifico, and he had played it so long now in imagination that it cost him something to give up the *rôle* in reality. Still the success of the part would hardly compensate him for the disagreeables it might involve. If Jules came down, as Victor inclined to believe he would, there was certain to be a row. And, after all, was it sure that he would be able to give Quatre Vents to Follette? The law was a puzzling contrivance, and might not lend itself complacently to his little scheme; it might keep Quatre Vents for itself. Gripard was fond of telling stories that proved a wonderful capacity in the law for devouring everybody that came near it; folks went to it to settle a disputed property, and

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by the time the dispute was settled the property had disappeared. This might happen to Quatre Vents. He made up his mind for the present to hide away the will with the bottles. Later it might serve his purpose to show it; but for the present he must deny himself the glory of strutting before Bacaram as Don Magnifico.

Victor threw aside his spade and went out by the field on to the open hillside towards Cotor. He had a vague notion that he was going to fetch the doctor; it would do no harm, anyhow, to go and look him up, and say that he might be sent for to Quatre Vents to-morrow. This anxiety about Gripard would look well; if "something happened" in the night it would be seen that Victor had not been neglectful or indifferent. Follette was there to bear witness that he had wanted to send for the doctor long ago. He strode on at a leisurely pace, with the air of a man bent on business but with plenty of time to spare.

It was a delicious evening; everything was still as a child's sleep; the birds were in their nests; not an insect chirped in the grass; the curly-horned cattle had done their browsing in the heat of the day, and now chewed the cud, lying like sphinxes on the hillside, solemn and motionless, their mild eyes gazing into the sunset, where flames of gold and crimson rose up from the altar of the west, wafting the smoke of the earth's incense to heaven in a vesper psalm of praise. Victor was no lover of nature; he worshipped an idol that left no room in his heart for any purer love; but though the ears of his soul were deaf to the sweet vesper song that rose from the forest, and the mountain, and the plain, chanting in the full glory of their summer pomp, their harmonies touched his senses, and soothed though they could not bless him. The serene beauty of the sunset spread a glamour over the future, over life in all its aspects; and there was something of the fond regret of a farewell in his gaze as it travelled over the familar landscape—the ripening grain-fields, the river, now sparkling like a topaz stream under the burning sky, and hurrying on between green banks, past cottages where vines and honeysuckle grew. He lingered as he went, not aware that he was moved by the splendor and serenity of the scene, but conscious of an unusual reluctance to turn away from it.

He posted the letter to Jules at Cotor, saw the doctor, and then wended his way back to Quatre Vents. The moon was up by the time he reached Bacaram, and she wore an aspect that Victor did not like, veiling her silver face behind a reddish haze. The breeze which in the early morning had freshened the hot air

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had sunk away long ago, and the heat had now become intolerable; the village might have been the mouth of a leaden furnace. Victor stood to wipe the drops from his brow, and gasped for a breath of air. At the same moment a wail rose up on the hills, and swept past him in a sudden gust, and died away towards the forest. He knew what that meant: it was Nature's lament before her wrath broke forth upon the land. A storm was coming, and he hurried on home, so as to get done what he had to do before the chained winds were let loose.

On entering the house Victor's first act was to light a candle and go into Gripard's room. The old man's eyes were open, but he turned them on him without a shadow of recognition.

"Don't you know me, patron—Victor, your old friend?"

"The old mill . . . blown down in the storm . . . eh? . . . Jeanne carried me . . . eh? . . . Where is Jeanne?"

The words came faint and indistinct; his breathing was difficult.

"There is not a moment to lose. He won't hold out over the night," thought Victor, and he left the room.

He did not want any supper—he had made a meal at the public-house at Cotor—but he took up some bread and cheese and wine to Follette.

"I was kept out late on business," he said; "I went to see the doctor, and he will be here to-morrow."

"May I not come down?" said Follette, alarmed by this announcement.

"No, not yet; but if he gets worse in the night I will call you up."

"You promise me?"

"I do."

He left her without more parley, and went down and lighted another candle. His hand shook a little, but this was no wonder: he had had a long walk in the heat, and the task before him had a sort of criminal excitement about it that might well set his pulses beating. He had left the wheelbarrow outside in the garden, but before going down for the bottles he went to the back door, intending to fetch a lantern which was kept in the outhouse. When he opened the door he saw that the storm was rising fast. The sky was strewn with black clouds, through which the moon fled like a frightened bird; heavy drops of rain began to fall, each drop big enough to wet a man's hand, and a low, whistling wind swept down the garden straight into his face.

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He hurried out to the shed, got the lantern, and was re-entering the house when it occurred to him it would be a wise precaution to wheel the barrow against the door, lest a strong gust of wind should make it slam. The cellar-door was at the other end of the narrow passage, and stood open. As he advanced towards it the wind rose with a howl and blew out his candle. Luckily, he had left another lighted on the cellar-steps, and he hurried on to place it out of the draught, for the wind now roared down the passage as through a tunnel. Victor cursed the storm for coming just when he wanted a fine night for his expedition. However, there was one comfort—he was safe to meet no prowlers on the hillside; nobody would venture out while the bourrasque raged, unless they were on an errand of life and death. Life and Death! They met under the roof where the old man lay dying, and whence the young one was about to sally forth and brave the elements for what to him was life.

The cellar looked like an open tomb with a light in it, as Victor, descending cautiously, placed the light on a beer-barrel, and then, taking a bottle in each hand, went up the stone steps. He had nearly reached the top when the wind came rushing down upon him with a shout and slammed the door in his face. Victor uttered a cry of horror, missed his footing, slipped, and fell, extinguishing the candle in his fall.

For a moment he was too stunned to realize what had befallen him; but he quickly recovered his senses, and his first conscious thought was that he was a lost man, caught in his own trap and buried alive. He had fallen on the pile of bottles and smashed them to pieces under him; when he tried to rise he found that he could not move. His back pained him horribly; so did his left hand; he drew it up to feel if it was broken, and found that it was covered with blood from a cut that seemed almost to have severed the thumb from the palm. It was bleeding copiously; the hot stream poured over his right hand, and added a sensation of sickness to the pain and despair. He tried to get at his handkerchief to stanch the wound, but he was lying on his pocket and could not reach it; he put out his right hand, groping for something to take hold of, but he could feel nothing but pieces of cut glass, one of which had already inflicted that deep wound on his left hand.

He groaned with agony and rage, and cursed his fate. Presently the rats came running over him, over his breast and neck—a whole army of them. The candle, which he had thrown over, lay close to his head, and the ravenous creatures were scudding

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to the feast from every corner of the cellar; some dropped from the rafters straight down on his body; one actually fell on his upturned face. The loathsome smell and the heavy tread of the vermin as they touched him made his whole body quiver, and the movement, involuntary as it was, gave him such torture that he shrieked aloud; but the rats pursued their feast undisturbed, hissing close to his ears as they nibbled away at the candle. It soon disappeared under their sharp teeth, and then the revellers scampered off to their holes and corners, passing over the prostrate body of the strong man, who writhed under the contact of the smooth, warm creatures, while he dared not move a foot to chase them away; they nibbled at his shoes, and he had to bear it, for the least motion was intolerable. Would he die like this and be eaten up by the rats? The wind howled dismally down the passage, breaking with tremendous force against the cellar-door, but not strong enough to burst it open. Would Follette hear it and come down and let him out? he wondered. Presently there was a great crash upon the house-top right over him, followed by a sound as of iron bars dancing all along the roof; crash! crash! it went, and then died away in a boom. Follette used to be terribly afraid of thunder, and would run and take shelter near Jeanne whenever one of these bourrasques came. Perhaps she would be frightened now and run down to him. But Follette had gone to bed just as the wind was rising; it had lulled her to sleep, and now the storm only bound her young slumbers with a faster chain. She was dreaming of Jules, of the forest and the winter fair, not of Victor, who was sending out cries for help in the darkness. After a while he grew exhausted; his hand was still bleeding profusely, and he became conscious of a stiffness in the jaws that made it more and more difficult to keep on calling out. He felt his face; there was no cut or bruise that he could discover, but the stiffness increased, until at last, at the end of a couple of hours, he could not open his mouth.

It was now ten o'clock; he heard the clock in the kitchen strike the hours. Unless he died of exhaustion he would have to spend the night watching in this living tomb. And if he lived till morning what awaited him? Release, perhaps, but with it discovery and consequences that even in this extremity Victor could not think of without an additional thrill of horror. His body was a helpless log, that had lost every faculty except that of suffering; but his mind was perfectly lucid and active, and exerted its powers with the cruel energy of a vivisector torturing a curarized dog. Memory took the brush and made the victim's life

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pass before him in a series of pictures that were intolerably vivid; it was as if the demons, into whose hands he seemed already to have fallen, were painting a hideous phantasmagoria on the darkness, and forcing his eyes wide open to stare at it. He saw every act of his from his childhood upwards, and there was very little that was good to look at: he had told lies as long as he could remember, and been cruel, and loved nobody, and hated most people, and never stuck at anything to get money or to gain his own ends; he had cheated Gripard, and robbed old Jeanne, and persecuted Follette, and planned to rob her, too; and, last of all, he had committed murder in his heart. There was no shirking it now; no sophistry, no plausible arguments could palliate the facts or make black look white; the outer darkness made a background against which the truth stood revealed with pitiless light, like fiery writing on a black sky—a vision of judgment that froze up his soul within him. He groaned and tried to shut it out, but it was no use; the letters of fire burned their way through his closed lids. After a while everything grew confused: it was Jules whom he had starved to death; Nicol sat on the beer-barrel grinning and making hideous grimaces, while the sound of his mocking laughter reverberated through the cellar, and Victor wondered if it would wake old Jeanne, who lay dead on the kitchen table.

While he lay stretched on his uneasy couch, a prey to the cruel tortures of conscience, Follette slept soundly, and did not awake till the dawn came peeping in through her shabby little curtain. Then she rose up, and, looking out of the window, perceived some traces of the night's work; broken boughs lay scattered about the road, with tiles and uprooted palings, and Follette knew that a bourrasque had passed over the village—one of those swift, sudden storms that rise up in the mountains at a moment's warning, and sweep over the country in passionate gusts, sometimes destroying in an hour the toil and hopes of a year. She uttered an exclamation of distress as, clasping her hands, she surveyed the scene; then she dressed herself quickly, and made her room tidy, and waited for her breakfast, as hungry as a young bird. It was so long coming that she began to think something had happened; the kitchen clock struck six, but no other sound broke the stillness of the house. Victor had promised that he would call her if her uncle grew worse during the night; but he might have forgotten his promise. Or perhaps he had gone for the doctor; if so she might be wanted down-stairs. She opened her door and listened, but everything was quiet except the clock,

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that sent its tick-tack up to her. Follette crept softly down-stairs; the shutters were up, and the door still barred and bolted. Victor evidently had not gone out. Perhaps he was with her uncle; she stepped close to the door on tiptoe, but could hear nothing. An impulse seized her to open the door and go in; but fear checked it. Gripard might be very angry at seeing her, and, ill as he was, this was sure to do him harm. She stood, full of perplexity, in the middle of the kitchen, and looked round as at an old friend whom she had been a long time without seeing; the familiar objects—the wide, black hearth, the dresser, and the pots and pans—had a weird look in the shuttered darkness, while the sun shot rays in through the slits and made fantastic figures on the walls. While she looked round her, hesitating, a knock came to the door; without asking who was there Follette slipped back the bolt and lifted the bar. A stranger stood on the threshold, attired in a travelling dress, his cap pulled low over his forehead.

"Follette!" said a well-known voice.

"Jules!" And with a cry of joy she fell into his outstretched arms.

There was no time to linger in the joy of the meeting. Follette, in breathless haste, told Jules what had been going on at Quatre Vents, and her present alarm and bewilderment.

"Victor has been up with him in the night and fallen asleep. I will run up and wake him," said Jules; and he sped up the steep brick stairs, and knocked at Victor's door, and opened it. "He must be with Gripard," he said, returning to the kitchen; and he opened Gripard's door softly and looked in. The shutters were closed, but there was light enough to show the old man on his bed, lying very still, with his eyes open. Jules put back the shutters and went over to the bed, Follette following close to him.

"Patron, I have come a long way to see you, and here is Follette; won't you speak to us?"

"Follette! . . . Come here, ma petiote!" gasped the old man.

Follette bent over him tenderly.

"May I give you a kiss, uncle? Will you forgive me?" she said, forgetting, in a rush of pity and affection, that it was she who had everything to forgive.

"Ah! . . . petiote . . . kiss me," said Gripard, bringing out the words with a great effort, in gasps. "I was too . . . hard on thee . . . but I meant for the best . . . I'm sorry . . . tell Jules . . . he'll be good to thee . . . Victor is a bad fellow . . . I was deceived . . . forgive . . ."

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The old man could say no more, but he tried to clasp Follette's hand; her tears were falling fast, and there was a look in his eyes for one moment that seemed to thank her for it; then they closed, and he went on muttering incoherently: "Petiote . . . the will . . . in the forest . . . mon Dieu! . . . ah! . . . mon Dieu! . . ."

"He is dying!" said Jules under his breath; "let us kneel down and pray for him."

Follette dropped on her knees, and they prayed together for the soul that was passing away. Follette held the hand of the dying man in hers till he breathed his last. Then Jules said: "It is all over. Come away." And he raised her and drew her from the room.

She was sobbing so bitterly one would have thought the hard old uncle had been the tenderest of fathers; and so he now seemed to Follette. Jules took her in his arms and comforted her, but he quickly remembered that there were things to be done which must not be postponed.

"I will run down for Mme. Bibot," he said, letting her go; but Follette clung to him like a frightened child.

"Take me with you. Don't leave me here by myself!" she said, glancing towards the door of the death-chamber. "Where do you think Victor is?" she added, looking up with alarm and wonder through her tears.

"Could he be in the garden? Let us look," said Jules. They opened the kitchen door, and saw that the door at the other end of the passage was wide open, and the place strewn with leaves and brambles and rubbish of all sorts which had been blown in by the storm.

"What can this mean?" said Jules in surprise.

They stood looking round in utter bewilderment, when a sound that seemed to come from under their feet made both start. Follette turned white as death.

"Good God! it is from the cellar. It must be Victor!" said Jules; and he went close to the door and listened.

They heard it again, but it was impossible to say whether it came from a human being or an animal; the sound was like a stifled groan, and seemed to come from under some weight or intervening obstacle that muffled the voice.

Jules put his mouth to the keyhole and called out: "Is it you, Victor?" The groan was repeated as with great effort, but no other answer was audible.

"How in heaven's name did he get locked up here, and how are we to get him out?" said Jules.

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"Uncle had a key, but I never knew where he kept it," said Follette. "Can't the door be opened without one?"

"We'll go for the blacksmith," said Jules; and he sent his voice down into the cellar, bidding Victor have patience, that he would be released as quickly as possible.

In ten minutes the village was on foot, and a crowd collected in the kitchen of Quatre Vents while the smith picked away at the lock of the cellar. When the door was opened a ghastly sight met the curious eyes that peered down into the darkness. Victor was stretched on his back, his face livid and stained with blood, while a faint moan issued now and then from between his clenched jaws. Several men went down with Jules and lifted him up; but the agony this caused to his spine, which had been severely injured in his fall, was so great that it made the eyes literally start in his head; a sound that was indescribable came from his locked jaws, and then he was silent. They carried him up and laid him on the kitchen table.

"Good God! he is dead!" exclaimed Jules, and the crowd recoiled, awe-struck. It was, in truth, a corpse that was in the midst of them—a corpse bereft of any beautifying touch of death, and made hideous by the convulsions of the last struggle, by throes of physical agony which the superadded pangs of remorse had cruelly intensified.

The crowd were still gazing at the awful spectacle when Mme. Bibot came out from Gripard's room with the key of the cellar in her hand. They made way for her to approach. The whisper was going round that Victor had been murdered; but Mme. Bibot pointed to the thumb that gaped, half severed from the hand, and then to the clenched jaws, and said: "There has been no foul play; he has died by the will of God."

A paper was found in Gripard's pocket, stating that at his death Follette would receive a message from a certain notary at Tarbes. The message proved to be a will, in which everything was left to her. "In a recent will," said the testator, "I bequeathed all I should die possessed of to Victor Bart. I now desire that it go to my niece, Follette, in her own right, hoping still that she will marry Victor Bart and that he will make her a kind husband."

He estimated the money at about two hundred thousand francs, but said that Follette would find a paper containing all particulars. No such paper was now to be found, and the circumstances of Victor's death, taken with the discovery of the gold that filled the bottles, led to the belief that the rest had been

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stolen by Victor and hid away where it would probably never be found. Jules and Follette resigned themselves contentedly to the loss, and determined to think no more of it, when a guide to the missing treasure unexpectedly appeared in the person of their faithful friend, the dwarf. Nicol had seen Gripard several times prowling about the forest in a particular direction; once he had spied him on his knees, but not saying his prayers, he felt perfectly sure. Nicol shared the common belief as to the fabulous wealth of the miser, and made up his mind that Gripard was burying money; but he held his tongue at the time, meaning to tell Follette some day. He now led Jules and her to the spot, and there, very near the surface of the soil, which was overlaid with a pile of brambles, they discovered a long line of bottles laid close together on their sides.

There was great rejoicing at Bacaram and beyond it at the happy termination of the loves of Jules and Follette. They had made friends in their days of poverty, and these were called in to share their brighter fortunes. Jules did not return to Paris, but built an atelier to Quatre Vents and made his home there. He enjoyed amongst his friends, and the population all along that side of the mountains, the reputation of being a great sculptor; and if the enthusiastic praise of the world we live in, and fame therein unalloyed by envy, may be taken as witnesses of genius, Jules Valdory must certainly have possessed it. But he himself never believed this. He did not complain of failure, but he knew that he had failed. He had turned aside from the rugged path of that alluring but difficult ascent which might have led him to high artistic achievement. It was not a deliberate renunciation, but he had renounced. Had he tarried for some years longer in the keen and stimulating atmosphere of poverty, he believed that it was in him to have climbed to the upper hill-tops. Yet he bethought him there must have been a flaw in his vocation, since it had needed this goad to keep it faithful; and if so, it was no wonder the goddess whom he had served with doubtful allegiance, and then deserted to walk in sunny paths with Follette, should have ceased to bless him with her divinest inspirations. But she continued still to smile upon him, and many a humble hearth was made brighter by the graceful and delicate creations that found their way there from the atelier at Quatre Vents. So Jules was fain to content himself with the flickering light which the smouldering embers gave out, and sought no more to rekindle the flame which had burned so brightly on the altar of his early passion.

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Our lives are manifold in their sympathies, but we are shallow creatures and can hold only one great love at a time; for such a love must reign supreme, and tolerates no rivalry. Before we elect our sovereign we are, some of us, like needles between opposing magnets, drawn this way and that, until the stronger force prevails; one moment we waver and recoil, attracted by the magnet that tempts us to ourselves. Most of us fall short of our ideal from want of courage, for the highest is only to be reached through sacrifice.

Who shall say whether France lost a sculptor in Jules Valdory, or whether he renounced the nobler ideal in forsaking the marble for Follette's love?

THE END.

GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

II.

IDEAL Catholicism, which is admitted by the most noble and generous of those who deny its objective truth to have a grand and winning aspect, is conformed to a just demand of our rational nature. It is reasonable to desire and expect in a divine religion, that essential character and those attributes and qualities which are represented in the Catholic Idea. It is reasonable to desire and expect that the true religion should eventually prevail and triumph in the world, by the working of adequate causes under the supreme wisdom and efficacious concurrence of its divine Author. It is reasonable to expect that it should furnish abundant satisfaction to the æsthetic part of our nature, making all the arts subservient to the dignity of divine worship and to the glory of the Creator. It is reasonable to expect that the true church and religion of Christ should fill up all the ages, from the First to the Second Coming of Christ, with its history, showing itself in grand proportions which surpass all human institutions. It is reasonable to expect that it should offer full scope to the highest aspirations after sanctity of life, and heroic achievements in the order of supernatural virtue, together with copious and efficient means for the fulfilment of these desires. The desire for commu-

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nion with the invisible and spiritual world is equally reasonable. It is reasonable to expect that it should give to all men of faith and good-will the greatest possible security of salvation compatible with the conditions of a state of trial and probation. It is reasonable to expect that it should contain a complete revelation of the counsel of God respecting human salvation, with all the means for constructing, on the basis of reason illuminated by faith, a consistent and harmonious science of theology and philosophy, logically concordant with all human science. Finally, it is reasonable to expect that it should furnish an unerring external criterion of certitude in doctrine and morals, as a supplement of the internal criterion, and afford a sure safeguard against the accidents of error to which the human mind is liable in matters so sublime and important.

Every other form of philosophy or religion falls short of this just demand of our rational nature, and therefore, *primâ facie*, presents an appearance of being a merely human, local, and temporary invention of the short wit of man, or a travesty and disfigurement of the divine reality. There is a presumption at first sight that they are false. Only that form of religion which is embodied in the Catholic Church presents the appearance of real conformity to the rational idea of a divine religion perfectly adapted to the demands of our rational nature. It is, therefore, presumptively true, at first sight. Moreover, this very appearance is to a great extent so identified with the substantial reality, which must underlie it unless it be a mere illusion, that the reality is undeniable, to the extent of the clear manifestation of this identity.

The future triumph of the Catholic Church as an ideal expectation is shown to have a real foundation of probability by its past triumphs, by the want of any rival power competent to thwart or forestall its progressive movement, by the fears and prognostications of its opponents, and by other reasons which derive their force from the evidence which other elements in the Catholic Idea present of their objective truth.

The external splendor and beauty of the Catholic Religion is real because it appears. Beauty is something *quod visum placet*. In this respect, we need no argument, for we have the concession of our opponents.

The real existence of the ideal sanctity of the Catholic Church is, at least partially, manifested by the mere statement of the theory which accounts for its attractive power by this reason, and is so obviously a fact of history that it is generally conceded.

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The reality of communion with the spiritual world is more enveloped in obscurity, and is less easily accessible to investigation by the greater number of persons. It chiefly depends on verification by another criterion outside of its own evidence, and we pass it by. The same is true of the security given by the sacraments to the hope of forgiveness and salvation.

That the Catholic Church is the grand historical embodiment of Christianity is conceded, except in regard to its earliest period, and needs no proof.

The logical harmony and consistency of the doctrine of the Catholic Church, and the unwavering certitude produced by the criterion of authority, in so great a multitude of men through many ages, is really a conclusive proof of the objective truth of the doctrine and of the unerring character of the criterion, though in controversial argument other proofs are requisite in order to complete the demonstration.

We have previously said that the whole essence of the Catholic Idea is expressed in the formula: the church is one, holy, catholic, and apostolic. All else springs from or accedes to this quaternion of the ancient symbols of faith, understood and interpreted in the genuine sense of Catholic theology. We may sum up the *primâ facie* evidence of the objective reality of that which is represented by the Catholic Idea, and prepare for giving the ulterior evidence of its total objective truth, in terms of the universal creed; which are more suitable to our topic than any others, since they are hallowed by the perpetual usage and veneration of Christians.

The ancient and historical church whose proper name is the Catholic Church is, in point of fact, at the present time indisputably one and catholic, with no rival claimant pretending to be strictly and exclusively the possessor of these glorious insignia of the true church of Christ. The same society presents a *primâ facie* appearance and presumptive claim to the note of sanctity, in the lofty ideal which it proposes to generous souls emulous of heroic virtue and great deeds in the arena of the spiritual combat; in the grand and consistent system of doctrine, the efficacious and abundant means of sanctification and salvation, the perfect moral code, the certain principles of universal ethics, which it proffers with authority in the name of God to all mankind. Also, in the abundant and extraordinary effects actually produced in all ages and in all parts of the world, in the moral and spiritual regeneration, the political, social, intellectual improvement and civilization of nations and multitudes, and in the wonderful saints whose names and deeds adorn the annals of Christendom. The

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note of apostolicity appears, also, in the immemorial antiquity of her hierarchical order of bishops under the headship of the Pope, universally extended and subsisting in continuity of legitimate succession, continuity of doctrine, and continuity of law and organization. The supreme pontiffs and the bishops under their jurisdiction, at the earliest epoch when the hierarchical order is conceded to have been in universal possession, had neither intruded into the domain of any pre-existing possessors of apostolic succession, set up any new claim, or separated from any prior community having a different doctrine and order. They held their position by virtue of an universally accepted claim of rightful succession from the prince of the apostles and his colleagues. Their right to this succession is therefore to be presumed to be founded on a valid title of inheritance, on the principle of law: *melior est conditio possidentis.*

It is evidently a very reasonable and modest assertion, that the Catholic Idea presents a *primâ facie* appearance of being no mere concept of the mind, no *ens rationis*, no illusion of the imagination, having only an ideal existence, alluring, seducing, and deceiving those whom it has captivated, by its lofty and attractive semblance of truth; but a concept having its foundation in an objective reality. It is not possible to apply to that body of educated Protestants who have embraced the Catholic faith the sarcastic criticism of Napoleon I. on the French *émigrés*: "It is easy to deceive that party, because it starts always, not from what exists, but from what it wishes to believe." If there be an ideal illusion which has deceived them, it is not one which is a creation of intellectual speculation or imaginative poesy, it is no visionary structure like a castle in the clouds. The illusion is something existing in reality, it is the Catholic Church itself, which professes and appears to be what it really is not, the one true church founded by Jesus Christ. This is the Protestant theory, that the Catholic Church is a grand illusion, a great fabric invented and constructed by men, substituted for the genuine apostolic Christianity, and falsely pretending to have a divine origin.

According to this theory, the actually existing unity and catholicity of this great and ancient society of men professing the doctrine of Christ have a human cause and principle, namely, a hierarchy exercising an authority in teaching and ruling devoid of any divine right and deriving from an invalid title, a hierarchy which is really a fraudulent usurper of dominion in Christendom. The apparent sanctity of this united and catholic society must be, for the same reason, an illusion, when considered

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as a specific and exclusive note marking the true church of Christ. The appearance of apostolicity must be an illusion and the foundation of all the other illusive appearances which make the Catholic Church seem to be, in its *primâ facie* aspect, and by its presumptive claim of possession, the true church of divine origin. Let the illusion be exposed, and it will cease to be imposing and attractive. Let the genuine ideal which represents the authentic and original reality, the Christian religion which Christ and the apostles preached, be presented in the light of evidence, and the *splendor veri* will win both the intellects and the hearts of those who have been deceived by a false semblance of truth and beauty. There is no charm in a prospect of future triumph which calm reason perceives to be only visionary; and it becomes abhorrent when the cause itself is not invested with the attributes of truth and justice. There is no great or abiding power in things which are only extrinsically beautiful, and which are not an embodiment and representation of spiritual truth and reality. The show of historical grandeur does not command the admiration of the mind, if it is a hollow semblance. Pretended wisdom loses all appearance of sublimity as soon as its fallaciousness is detected. The magic is all gone from the marvellous as soon as it is discovered to be an illusion; and all authority loses its claim to respect when it is known to be usurped without right or title. The more supernatural, miraculous, mysterious, and divine a religious system professes to be, the more absurd, ridiculous, and odious is the imposture, if the whole rests on fable and false pretensions; the greater the dominion it claims over the mind, the conscience, the will of its subjects, and over human society, the more unbearable is the yoke of its spiritual despotism, and the more degrading the servitude of those whom it holds in bondage. A reasonable man would as soon bow down before one of the hawk-headed divinities of Egypt, or drown himself in the Ganges, as pay homage to an Ideal Catholicism which is a counterfeit of real Christianity; if the reality can be shown him with clear evidence and confronted with the false ideal. If man cannot live by bread alone without intellectual and spiritual food to nourish his soul, neither can he live on visionary dreams of the future, or the romance of history, or baseless theories, or æsthetic excitement, or fabulous mythology, or the illusions of false spirituality, or on the word which proceeds from the mouth of man; but by every word which proceedeth from the mouth of God. Let it be shown that the Catholic Church is not the true church founded by the apostles, the just and exclusive possessor of a unity, sanctity, and ca-

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tholicity of divine origin, and the Catholic Ideal is shattered. Let the genuine original, the work created by the word of the divine Christ, the masterpiece of the wisdom of God, be presented to view; with an antiquity more ancient, a catholicity more catholic, a unity more perfect, a priority of right to the apostolic succession; with the splendor of truth and the beauty of holiness emanating from it like the light which shone around the head of Moses on Sinai and of Christ on the Mount of Transfiguration; and the falsehood of counterfeit Christianity will be made evident.

If there is any such thing as the genuine Protestant Idea of the church and religion of Christ, those who call the Catholic Idea an illusion should be able to present it clearly and distinctly in its objective form, with the evidence of its correspondence to that reality whose existence and divine origin is unquestioned; that it may be confronted with the Catholic Idea. We will not here inquire into the pretensions of the many and various representations of Christianity which are rivals in claiming primitive authenticity. We will suppose that the genuine Protestant Idea is something definite, recognized as held in common by orthodox Protestants, and a sufficient basis for an evangelical alliance of the sects professing to adhere to the Reformation.

Now, there must be a sure criterion of the judgment of the mind upon the respective truth or falsehood of these two opposite ideas, the Catholic and the Protestant. They present a dilemma, one term of which must be true and the other consequently false. God has given a revelation and promulgated a religion to the whole world through Jesus Christ and his apostles. It is certain in itself, clear and distinct in its manifestation, and can be known with certitude by all to whom it is sufficiently proposed. It is the object of a faith and obedience which are strictly required from men by their sovereign Lawgiver as the condition of everlasting salvation. It is evident, therefore, that the objective verity of this divinely-revealed doctrine and law of Christ is sufficient to cause in the mind to which it is presented the true idea, in and through which it is perceived, and assented to with a subjective certitude. It is also evident that no fraudulent substitute, falsely appearing in lieu of this objective verity, can effect the same certitude by presenting a similar evidence, sufficient to justify an equally firm assent. It is only objective and certain truth which can produce subjective certitude. Error in the rational judgments of the human mind is only an accident, not a result liable to occur from its natural and normal operation, as a subject

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having its proportionate object duly presented before it. In the present case, no deficiency in the object or in the medium through which it manifests itself can be supposed. The only deficiency must lie in the subject himself and affect either his intellect or his will or both together, by placing an impediment to his receiving a true conception of the object or eliciting a full and firm assent. If this impediment exists, he may fail of gaining the subjective certitude which the objective verity is capable of producing, and he may make a false judgment. But this false judgment can only be an opinion which appears to be probable, it cannot be a certain, undoubting assent. Moreover, if the truth has once gained its rightful and complete possession of the mind and will, it can never be ousted by error unless passion perverts the will and through the will debauches the intellect.

We come back now to our first position and starting-point, the consideration of the phenomenon presented by the conversion of intelligent and educated Protestants to the Catholic Church, and the theory which accounts for it by the lofty and attractive ideal of Catholicism.

There have been many thousands of converts from various Protestant sects, who have gone back to the communion of the church of their forefathers, from the time of the Reformation to the present day, and their number is continually augmenting. They have been from every class in society, from all professions, of every grade and variety of intelligence and education, under all sorts of circumstances. A considerable number of these converts have been men of high intelligence, great learning, exemplary probity of character, devoted piety, who have been brought up in the knowledge and practice of the Protestant religion from their childhood. These men have not been captivated by any illusion of the imagination which the unerring criterion of sober reason and evidence cannot approve, or an enlightened conscience sanction. They have embraced the Catholic faith at the command of conscience enlightened by intelligence and knowledge. The cause of their doubting the soundness of the instruction received by their Protestant education has been, that the development of their understanding by thoughtful meditation and of their science by investigation and study, has revealed to them a lack of solidity in the reasons on which it is based, and of evidence in support of the truth of its alleged historical foundations. Their motive for investigation into the Catholic controversy has been the desire and love of truth, a sincere longing to know the will of God and fulfil it, for the sake of securing their own salvation and

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promoting the eternal welfare of their fellow-men. It is impossible to assign any impediments which could have hindered them from perceiving and obeying the truth, by affecting either the intellect or the will. Liability to error, through intellectual or moral deficiency from the right rule of reasoning and volition, is an accident which cannot be reasonably supposed in the present case. The number of persons is too large, the differences of mental character, pursuits, local and personal circumstances, are too many and great to allow of any accident which might affect the mental operations of individuals, having any common influence to pervert the judgment of all. As for prejudice, it has been the other way in its influence. All the passions, the human motives, the natural associations and predispositions, the temporal interests involved, the *vis inertiæ*, have been on the side of not changing. Many inconveniences, losses, trials, sufferings, and sacrifices have been arrayed before the view of those who have been making their deliberation, as the consequence of embracing and professing the Catholic faith, to deter them from obeying the voice of reason and conscience. Most, if not all, converts of the sort we are now considering, would have preferred to remain in some Protestant communion, or to keep aloof from any church, rather than to be received into the Catholic Church; if they could have satisfied their conscience that they would not sin grievously by so doing. All the sources of truth and knowledge, all the means and aids for arriving at certain conclusions, have been within their reach. The Holy Scriptures, history, theology, have been open to their researches. They have made diligent use of these means, in many cases prolonging their studies for years before making a final decision. The light which comes from above has been sought for by fervent prayer and the purification of the heart from sin.

The question, how they came to be convinced and converted by the power of the Catholic Idea at the end of such an intellectual and moral discipline, presents itself anew, to every reasonable Protestant, as a psychological phenomenon which appears more and more inexplicable on any theory which he can find, the more closely it is looked into. The theory of a lofty and attractive ideal overmastering the mind and the heart is something, which only adds another phenomenon to be explained, but does not itself explain anything. Whence does Catholicism derive this ideal grandeur and attractiveness, in the view of men who thoroughly understand the Protestant idea, and whose conception of what Catholicism really is, in respect to its essence and origin,

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is derived from deep study and reflection? Why is not that idea which is supposed to truly represent the divine reality more lofty and attractive to their apprehension than any other? Why has it not, confronted with the Catholic Idea, made manifest the illusion, the semblance, the actual falsity of the counterfeit?

Besides these highly gifted and learned men of illustrious reputation, a great number of persons, intelligent, educated, and sincere, have given a due examination to the evidences of the Catholic religion, and with all the signs of a prudent, deliberate, and conscientious deliberation, have embraced it with firm and unwavering assent. Others, not educated, but sensible, upright, and fearing God, under circumstances which were a sure test of their earnest convictions and pure motives, have given a testimony to the power of the Catholic religion to come home to the minds and hearts of men of good-will in every grade of mental cultivation and in all conditions of life, which, to those who know the history of the workings of these humble and obscure souls in seeking for the truth and grace of God, is no less striking than that of deep thinkers and learned scholars.

There is one signal instance of a man whose genius and universal learning rank him among the greatest names of the modern age, Leibnitz, giving the whole weight of his authority in favor of the Catholic Church, yet never entering her communion. Others, such as Leo of Halle, the historian, have approximated in many respects so nearly to the complete system of Catholic doctrine, that the common judgment of men taxes them with an illogical, inconsequent faltering of judgment in holding back from a full confession of the total and absolute truth of Catholicism. Every one who has the opportunity of becoming acquainted with the facts in the case knows, that there are many persons who not only come very near to Catholic doctrine in their convictions, but who are fully convinced of its entire truth, and yet never openly profess it, because they are deterred by various private motives connected with their temporal and worldly interests. There is also another large class of individuals, who have no distinct and formed convictions, but who nevertheless admit hypothetically, that if there is any divine religion the Catholic religion presents the best or even the only claim to be so considered. Many will acknowledge that if Christianity be true the Catholic Church must be accepted by the same motives of credibility. Adherents of different Protestant sects often proclaim that the Catholic argument is conclusive against all other parties except their own. Intelligent Jews generally recognize that the only credible alter-

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native of Judaism is Catholic Christianity. Sceptics and infidels also very commonly estimate Protestantism to be an inconsequent and incomplete sort of Christianity, a segment or broken frustum of the logical and historical whole; which must be, according to reason, entirely true or entirely false. The immense weight of the judgment of those learned and conscientious men; who have concluded from the premises of natural theology and of revealed religion that the genuine Christianity of Christ and the apostles is embodied in the Catholic Church, perfectly and exclusively; is therefore increased by a great amount of extrinsic testimony to its logical validity and reasonableness.

The remarkable conversions of learned and pious Protestants to the Catholic Church have their counterpart in similar conversions from the Greek schismatical communions, from Judaism, from the religions of India, China, and Japan, and from the sects of infidel philosophy.

But we must not confine our attention to converts alone. Multitudes of persons educated in the Catholic religion, intelligent, learned, and sincere, have given their close attention and careful study to the investigation of the grounds and reasons of Catholic belief, and to the arguments of all sorts of adversaries who have assailed it and who have sought to establish some other system, whether theological or purely philosophical. The succession of these gifted, learned, and virtuous scholars and doctors in sacred science is unbroken and numerous, from the epoch of the earliest Christian Fathers to the present moment. They have possessed, at different periods of time, all the special advantages which accrue from being near to the beginnings and sources of Christianity; coeval with its most momentous epochs of development, of conflict, of disaster, or of triumph; or contemporaneous with the most advanced stage of progress in all kinds of science and knowledge. Under all vicissitudes of times and nations, all mutations in human affairs, all phases and conditions of the church and the world, all intellectual and moral movements, one unerring and unchanging rule of faith has bound them in unity of profession under the authority of the successors of St. Peter and his fellow-apostles. The same rule has held in obedience to the doctrine and discipline of the Roman Church a countless multitude of the faithful. The Catholic Church can reckon in her communion, since the foundation of the Roman See of Peter, more than 250 popes, 100,000 bishops, 20,000,000 priests, and 10,000,000,000 lay members. This is an enormous army of witnesses to the power of the Catholic Rule of Faith and of the

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authority claimed to be given by Jesus Christ to the Catholic Church, to convince and bring into willing captivity the minds and hearts of men of every class, condition, time, and country. The consent and concurrence of all the Eastern sects which have separated themselves from the supreme Roman See goes to augment the mass of this testimony against the fundamental principles and doctrines of Protestantism. Even the best learning of the Protestant sects, according to their scale of approximation toward the position of the Greek Church, which is the least removed from Catholicity in doctrinal confession, gives witness against almost all the contentions of Protestantism and in favor of their contraries, taken singly and part by part.

A Protestant may deduct from all this testimony as much as he may please to deny the value of a competent and reasonable judgment, on the score of ignorance, credulity, mental or moral supineness, and the *vis inertiæ* of human nature in the great mass of men. There remains still the great number of those whose intellectual and moral competence cannot be reasonably questioned. Their unanimity and firmness of assent to the certain and entire truth of the object of faith proposed with authority by the Catholic Church is a psychological phenomenon, which must be accounted for by the assignment of an adequate cause and sufficient reason, by those who deny that it is produced by evidence and by the grace of God. The least that can be said, in view of undeniable facts admitted by the most enlightened and noble minds of Protestantism, is well expressed by an anonymous writer in these words: "If I had had the misfortune of not being a Catholic, two things would have disquieted me, I must aver: the first of these is the number and the intellectual superiority of those who have believed in the Roman Church, after examination, since the time of Luther and Calvin; the second is the number and the intellectual superiority of those who have abandoned Luther and Calvin to return to Rome. I should conclude that at least there is reason for examining, and I should make this examination." *

We may add to this another reason for disquiet, the consent of those learned and holy men who lived near the times of the apostles, and in those ages following in which the extension of the papal power, and the growth of Roman doctrine, are supposed by non-Catholics to have modified essentially the original Christianity of the ante-Nicene period. We may add, also, the consent of all ages and nations confessing Christ from the begin-

* From Feisset's *Cathol. et Protest.*, cited in Bonal's *Theology*, vol. i. p. 423, eleventh ed.

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ning to the date of Luther's revolution. This disquieted Luther himself and made him tremble, and there is equal reason why his disciples should be disquieted with their master. "How often has my heart tremblingly palpitated, and reprovingly brought before me their strongest and only argument: Art thou alone wise? Are there so many universally in error? Have such great ages been in ignorance? What if thou dost err, and art dragging a multitude into error with thyself, to their eternal damnation!"*

ENGLISH LIGHT LITERATURE.

IT would not be easy to say what is light literature. "Whatever is not a treatment of grave subjects" would be a simple evasion of definition. Some of the gravest of subjects may be rendered light from the winningness or cunning of the style. There are some writers who can make play even out of science, while there are others who write ponderously on trifles. The greatest of English writers, Shakspere, was generally most light when most profound. The ripple on the deep waters—to use the commonest of illustrations—seems more playful than the ripple on rivers. Perhaps our consciousness of depth imparts a charm. Perhaps, too, our sense of the deep wisdom of great writers imparts a self-satisfaction of appreciation. No doubt a reader is more prepared to enjoy a book when his own sense of appreciation is flattered. On this principle the young lady who gave her impression of Euclid as being "the wittiest book she ever read" would be justified by the complacency with which she understood Euclid, or tried to imagine that she understood it. Probably lightness is quite indefinable, because it depends less on the writer than on the reader. The educated mind finds a pleasure, even a merriment, in the perusal of the deep pleasantries of "the profound." Such pleasantries would be utterly imperceptible to the less cultivated—to the less penetrating—average reader. Let

* Mire Lutherum torquebat illud argumentum: "Quoties, inquit, mihi palpitavit tremulum cor, reprehendens objecit eorum (Catholicorum) fortissimum et unicum argumentum: Tu *solus* sapis? Totne errant *universi*? tanta sæcula ignoraverunt? Quod si tu erres, et tot tecum in errorem trahas damnandos æternaliter!" (Lutheri Opp., t. ii. fol. 344. Apud Bonal, vol. i. p. 409).

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us take it that lightness is, to each separate reader, the gratification of his own sense of play, and not the aiming at light tone or light subject, which aiming is often unsuccessful.

For example: what are called "comic papers" are generally the reverse of being light. The effort after lightness makes heaviness. Besides, as Amelot observed, "nothing pleases less than a perpetual pleasantry." And to take up a paper, or even a book, foreknowing that we are going to be tickled, puts the mind into an attitude of criticism which spoils (what Akenside called) the "gay surprise." Reading professed wit is something like inventing it; there is an effort to detect in the reader, as there was an effort to evolve in the writer. All efforts are fatal to lightness, on the part of both writer and reader. "The ludicrous," if there be any, becomes as ponderous as its definition—which was given by the idealist, Kant—"The ludicrous is the deliverance of the absolute, captive by the finite." Exactly! Nothing could be more simple or more intelligible! We feel ourselves very much wiser—and we feel ourselves also much "lighter."

Of the many sorts of light literature—that is, professedly light—novels probably hold the chief place. That is to say, that when a man wants to amuse himself he ordinarily asks for a "good novel." He does not ordinarily take up a volume of Macaulay's *History*—which is really the very ideal of light reading, because it is both exquisite and satisfying—but he takes up some professedly inventive work which declines to use legs, but uses wings. Now, unquestionably romance *may be* amusing, far more than dull fact or homely life; but it must be said that it is surprising how very few romancers have used all the privileges of their craft. Considering that romance has no limits, no restrictions; that it soars into the infinite (theoretically); that all worlds, both the known and the unknown, are at the disposal of the airy, winged writer, it is really astonishing that not one novelist in a hundred even essays to get out of "the actual." Allegory, analogy, poetry, aspiration are at the bidding of the imaginative writer, who theoretically leaves the roads and the pavements, and mounts up with wings as an eagle. Or even if his invention be built up of known materials, he can rear an Aladdin's palace and can transport it. He has unlimited credit at his banker's—his imagination—and can draw checks for ten million aspirations. Yet the romancer, who is the Dives of material, is ordinarily the pauper of creativeness.

Want of object is what spoils most works of fiction. If you

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say that the sole object is to divert, you have to define what you mean by diversion. There is the diversion of intellect, of heart, of even soul. But the appeal in each case must be made with distinct reference to the immediate state of mind of the reader. Thus, the intellectual reader must be diverted from the dry paths in which his intellect is accustomed to roam; the emotional reader must be stirred with such sentiments as do not recall his private sorrows; and the reader of what is called a religious novel must find a tendency which does not shock his belief. Now, as a rule, in nine novels out of ten, it cannot be said that there is such fitness. Let us consider the English novel, since there is no country in the world which is more prolific in romances than practical and common-sense Britain. Three volumes, neatly bound, largely printed, containing perhaps nine hundred pages, propose themselves to our favor as meritorious compounds of invention, sensation, composition. Of most of these novels it may be said without injustice that they are constructively and intellectually "bosh." The normal features are weak-headed "spooning"—a word perhaps derived from nursery habits—the suggestion of the confines of impropriety, an improbable plot with a more improbable issue, and a sort of general debilitating of the brains. Our will is not strengthened, our heart is not solaced, and our soul—well, we were not supposed to have one. Or sometimes religion, in one form or another, will be mixed up with morbid emotionalism. There are lady writers who are prone to indulge their piety in the very middle of their rhapsodies on passion. But most writers leave out religion altogether as inconsistent with the worship of the senses. What enfeebles us chiefly is the exaltation of the passions above all which is intelligent and aspiring. Love is the most charming of all weaknesses, or sometimes the most strengthening of all virtues; but love which is simply sentiment or emotion fails to gratify any reader who has brains. Now, it cannot be doubted that to write a first-rate love-novel demands the highest intellectual gifts. To be able to impress the reader with the conviction that the affections were the homage of a fine intellect and fine character, to make both the hero and the heroine at once perfectly natural and exquisite, requires that the writer should have elevated conceptions as well as great power of description; whereas to make a man fall in love with blue eyes and a pink face, with the sweep of a muslin skirt or with little boots; or to insist that the grandest passion can be begotten out of one glance from beneath the folds of a Honiton lace veil, is only to insist that there is nothing so trivial

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as what ought to be the truest of feelings. "He met her once; 'twas in an omnibus; she looked; he looked; 'twas done" may be perfectly true of the two captives in question, but it is hardly worth immortalizing in type. And yet such a wondrous captivation is assumed to be fine fiction on the simple ground that it is very feeble fact. Most romancers seem to consider that the merit of fiction is that it is fact without vertebræ or without force; while at the same time it is called upon to propose marvellous issues—as if the marvellous and the weak were identical.

Of excellent and really interesting novels there are scores, perhaps hundreds, in England. Lytton was a master of the historical school, and also of the philosophic and aspiring. Who has not wondered over the reach of his *Zanoni* and over the power of the *Last of the Tribunes?* Lytton was the exact opposite of Dickens; for whereas Dickens was only at home in the simple sentiment of simple life, Lytton loved the big and the intellectual. Yet both these great writers were profoundly innocent in their grooves; they never did harm to a single reader. It would be happy if one could say the same thing of most novelists. Without mentioning names, it must be affirmed of the chief novelists who, in England, command the most attention, that they mar both their own characters and their readers' by descending to the tricks of sensationalism. They do not compel us to rise with them, but allure us to descend far below them. They suggest just so much as may be the seed of morbid thought, and then seek their own refuge in a new chapter. Yet such very talented writers are really without apology for even one idle descent into the unworthy. Their readers do not require it of them. They even regard such descent as disrespectful. The comic actor, Mr. Toole, says that he only plays burlesque because most people like it better than pathos; but in a theatre there are different audiences to be pleased, whereas in books there may be the writing for class. And yet experience has shown that *all* classes are capable of being educated to prefer the best standards. Just as, in music, the English people now prefer the best masters, and will not listen—at public concerts—to trumpery music, so in fiction there needs nothing but "education" to lead people to hate morbid trash. The cheap editions of Lytton or Sir Walter Scott have led the masses to prefer such sound reading; nor would they ever care to invest money in twaddle, if they could always buy sense just as cheaply.

There is nothing new in that fictional sensationalism which is characteristic of many modern novels, unless it be a certain real-

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ism in sensation, as distinguished from the old love for mystery. The romances of the middle ages were full of sensation—or rather of extravagance in allegory—but there was nothing realistic about them. In these days sensation takes the form of strange crime or of multiplication of incident. The pretty legends which were fostered by the Crusades were often extravagant, but not morbid. In such romances as *Sir Bevis of Hamtoun*, as in hundreds of others of the same kind, there is the wildest exaggeration or superlative, but the idea is the praise of what is healthy. Even in that objectionable buffoonery which was levelled against religion there was the profession of scorning what was unreal, not of making what was wicked to be interesting. Jugglers and minstrels, satirists and court fools did not seek to entertain by being morbid, but rather by too wild a truthfulness. And so, later on, we do not find that sensation became essentially realistic until twenty years ago. Take a comparatively modern novel, *Melmoth the Wanderer*, written by the Rev. Mr. Maturin; the sensation is derived from religious mystery, though the horribleness of the idea could not be passed. It was not until the locomotive and the telegraph did away with the illusions of distance that novel-readers seemed to prefer the "vulgar world" to either the super or the preter-natural. They also have come to prefer the "vulgar world" to the scintillations of original thought. Those very learned treatises which have been written on the characteristics of true humor, true wit, true satire—whether by German, French, or English philosophers—are not needed for the explanation of a pleasure which is grounded on the liking for "the morbid." When three volumes are made to depend for their interest on the issue of some vulgar, amorous intrigue, on the exposure of some tortuous criminal, or on the unravelling of some deeply-dug plot, we feel that we are only reading a police report, dressed up with fanciful detail. Wit, humor, mystery, sentiment are all dragged down into the gutters; whereas in earlier romances there was at least an aspiration, however rugged or fantastic the style.

In no department of literature is there a wider hiatus than between the best and the worst English novels. Spite of the glorious backbone of quite modern romancing—such as Sir Walter Scott has happily left us—there is a perpetual issue of sensational catchpennies intended for Saturday-night readers. Murder is the fine art of such catchpennies, with fitting auxiliary crimes. And then the illustrations! Well, the *Illustrated Police News* only depicts in the actual what these novelists depict

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in the fanciful. It is true that such trash is counterbalanced by the issue of good, cheap romances; and, better still, it is true that some of the best English romances are being constantly reproduced in cheap editions. If we can now buy Scott's, and Lytton's, and Dickens' novels for a few cents, we need not complain that the poorer class of readers are driven to feed on cheap husks. At every bookstall there is choice of sound romances, as well as of sound histories, sound essays. A dollar will purchase a day's profit. And it is also to be admitted that the bad forms of street-literature have recently been swept down the gutters.

Can newspapers be spoken of as light literature? It may be said, Yes, if to interest the reader be really the chief point in lightness. And since what interests us to-day may not interest us to-morrow, and may be utterly forgotten the third day, the lightness is undeniable in one sense, that the interest is ephemeral or for the hour. Yet the higher sense of lightness must certainly involve benefit to the spirit, the intelligence, the fancy. Now, it is questionable whether perpetually shifting interests be really a benefit to the reader. It must have happened to many men to pass a week or a fortnight without so much as "seeing a newspaper," and to have occupied the time in reading sound works which have strengthened and gladdened their minds. Such intervals were most refreshing. The escape from the forced knowledge of a score of follies or disasters was in itself an enjoyable serenity. Whereas the having the mind occupied, for some hours every day, with facts which, though interesting, are distracting, is only a profit provided that the distraction bars off much less profitable thought. Men whose misfortune it is to be "literary," in the sense only of "writing for the papers," know well with what weariness they read the news, which has no newness from its perpetual novelty. Probably there is no task more wearisome than making a digest of news for a weekly paper. "Lightness" has no part in that task. But, at least, journalists do this for money; and therein is a substantial profit. Whether the average effect of reading the papers is light or is heavy in the public mind it would be difficult to form any conclusion; yet it is probable that the pleasure from what pleases us is not equal to the pain from what pains us. Distraction, absorption, intense interest may be as opposed to enjoyment as to serenity. Besides, everybody reads *himself* in current events, reads with his own spirit, his own experience; nor is it possible to dissociate one's own *ego* from the myriad of human items in a newspaper. No human being can read through any one of the daily papers with-

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out having his principles contradicted, his sympathies assailed or perhaps harrowed, his remembrances or affections disturbed. Is this lightness? If it be, then the reason must be this: that the normal state of the reader's temperament is heavy.

Whereas for lightness, in the purest senses of the word—lightness which imparts profit with serenity—take such exquisite examples as the writings of Addison, of Lamb, of Sydney Smith, of Goldsmith. Sheridan, or Sterne, or Swift might be light, but they did not respect our refinement. Probably Charles Lamb was the most typical of English writers, whose lightness was the soft breeze of a May day. He could make us laugh with most joyous appreciation while making us feel innocent as babies. It may be true that Sterne and Swift—both Anglican clergymen, though at an exceptional period of Anglicanism—could make us laugh as loudly as Charles Lamb; but there is a laughter which is health, and which produces health from a sense of its purity, and even sweetness. Charles Lamb was the king of such laughter. Burlesque, parody, irony were all too coarse for Charles Lamb, unless they were sweetened by good-humor. He was the very baby of literary innocence, with a dimpled and chubby, smiling face. Byron with his gorgeous abilities, or Theodore Hook with his joke-cracking, or Douglas Jerrold with his brain-wit (more than heart-wit), or Thackeray with his intellectual acerbity, or even Dickens with his deep diggings into sentiment, did not lighten our hearts like Charles Lamb, who was frisky as his name, and as harmless. Perhaps Addison was most like him in spirit, though Addison's gift of satire was his *forte*. The *Spectator* papers stand out from all writings as the merriest yet the purest of satires. "I always fear to take up the *Spectator*," said an aged Oxford don to the present writer, "as often as the Thursday mornings come round, when I must select a fragment for Latin composition, because I know I can never read a first sentence without reading the whole paper—and a dozen others." Old-fashioned and precise as was the style (though Addison was only principal contributor), there is a lightness and a perfect horror of vulgarity, with a lofty disregard of all "breadth." And it is the more creditable that this should have been so, since the epoch of Addison was not refined. Sterne and Swift both descended to a level which they found ready made by "society"; but Addison appeared to force his own refinement into the very people whom he lashed with brilliant satire. Nor can it be said truly that any reading is "light" reading which does not caress us while it lashes us. It is impossible to call much of Byron light reading, because it is so

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cruelly severe. Some one has called Byron "the devil's avenging angel"; and certainly he does more harm than good, even while he is purposing to do good. If Charlotte Corday was "the angel of assassination" it was because she inflicted vengeance on the wicked; but poor Byron, glorious but unhappy Byron, inflicted vengeance for the sheer fun of his own caprice. An opposite of Byron was Goldsmith, who, in broad merriment as well as in tender story, was free from all venom or vinegar. His spirit was like the spirit of Dickens, though his sphere and his aspiration were different. Dickens has been called the most genial of writers; yet this is hardly true, considering the terrible pathos which he fetches out of every-day suffering. The spirit of Dickens was certainly genial, but his subject-matter was as often harrowing as cheering. And here it may be remarked that the individuality of Dickens—for he was not a bit like any writer who had gone before him—has led to his being imitated by crowds of writers, who fancy that they can exactly copy his style. Mistake quite as ruinous as vain! Nobody can copy anybody's style. Dr. Johnson said that every writer has his style, if only he does not spoil it by imitation; but in the last ten years we have had a hundred venturers who try to clothe their own thoughts in Dickens' *ego*. And it invariably happens that when one man copies another man, no matter whether in writing or in manners, in peculiarities of wit or of habit, he always exaggerates the weak points, while failing to catch the charm of the strong points. A man might as well try to convert his Roman nose into a Grecian nose as to appropriate another's individuality. It is safe to try to avoid another's faults, but it is futile to try to copy his graces. And we have now numerous writers—that is, in fiction-loving England—who utterly destroy whatever "style" they may possess by appropriating a style which they have not. Spontaneity is the highest charm of writing, as it is of an engaging personal presence; and though "imitation is the highest form of flattery," it is the most fatal of the obstacles to "style."

To a certain class of minds a weekly religious newspaper is presumed to be "improving light reading." Well, there are a few weekly papers which are both religious and light, and also improving in many senses; but there are others which are only religious in the sense of bitter controversy, improving in the proportion of their being despised, and light in the total absence of sound sense. In regard to magazines, it must be admitted that there are many which are brimful of sense and instruction; while even of the lightest sort there are very few indeed which of-

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fend against propriety or taste. The newest feature, however, in leading magazines is the mixture of opposites in principles. In one and the same magazine we have two brilliant articles—written necessarily by antagonistic champions—advocating the exact opposites of positions, theological, historical, or scientific. This may be a boon to the "unattached," but it is suggestive of restlessness, or even scepticism. The "lightness" of such reading must consist in the instability with which the reader may sit to his principles. And as the controverted points which are treated in this fashion are almost always important Christian verities, it cannot be regarded as respectful to Christianity that its verities should be posed like two prize-fighters. However, it is better that the reader—the general reader—should have a chance of considering both sides than that he should know only one side—that side being the wrong side, as well as unfair to the right side.

On the whole, it is gratifying that, considering the quantity, the quality of light reading should be so good. The streams of light reading which issue from the English press are not often poisoned, if polluted. To expect that they should be quite pure would be unreasonable; but they are as pure as any light reading of any country. They are far superior to French light reading, equal to if not better than the German, and not inferior to the Spanish or Italian. Saving the giants of the old Greek and Roman literature—in such departments as would now be called light—English light writers need not be much ashamed of intellectual or moral inferiority. The popular taste in this direction may perhaps be best judged by the literature which is fashionable on the stage. Good writing is more thought of in modern comedy than is even scenic effect or sensation. Farce and burlesque must always remain what they have ever been, but comedy is aspiring, in a literary sense. The severity of criticism—a wholesome trait of a free press—obliges much carefulness and excision. The passing tone of society must be always imaged on the stage, but lightness is not allowed to kill force. The humor, the wit, the irony of modern comedy are about equal to such graces in past times—always excepting, of course, the "gods" of such literature, who are individual in all ages, and not imitable. Shaksperes, like Homers and Virgils, are no more to be copied than to be created. They crop up when they will and where they will, and their ancestral begettings remain a mystery. Carlyle says of Shakspere—and it is a big thought and a big truth—that he must be regarded as a product of the middle ages. Arguing on such a principle, we might anxiously inquire: What product

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might we expect from the last three centuries; what giant can be begotten of the three hundred years which have passed (in "enlightened" England) since Queen Elizabeth? We are afraid that we must not be sanguine. The Victorian era chiefly differs from the Elizabethan in its want of heritage of staid and grave thought.

QUATREFAGES ON THE HUMAN SPECIES.*

THE precision which characterizes the statements of most French writers is notably displayed in the latest work of M. de Quatrefages. However much the reader may be inclined to differ with his views and conclusions, he need be at no loss to ascertain them definitely and clearly. And when we reflect on the many painful hours it has cost readers to unearth the true meaning of some scientific writers, who veil either superficiality or crudeness in a murky mass of verbiage, the quality of clearness which belongs to M. de Quatrefages' book becomes doubly grateful and refreshing.

Even Mr. Darwin, who has won golden opinions from the critics for profuseness of illustration and aptness of metaphor, not seldom balks and baffles his readers by vagueness and obscurity. But in method as well as in statement M. de Quatrefages excels, and the logical mind experiences a substantial satisfaction in accompanying him along his various lines of inquiry. This lucidity of arrangement likewise enables the reader to separate at a glance the wheat from the chaff, and to give prominence to those views which are most deserving of consideration.

The author begins by regarding man as the possessor of properties that pertain in common to all bodies, both organic and inorganic, and then as endowed with a special organization which brings him into the category of living beings. While allowing to man the possession of certain attributes which belong equally to his inferiors in the animated world, he holds that man is essentially (*i.e.*, generically) distinct from the latter, wherein, we must confess, he is guilty of some confusion both in terms and in thought. And first, in regard to terms, he is at fault when he writes:

* *The Human Species.* By A. de Quatrefages, Professor of Anthropology in the Museum of Natural History, Paris.

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"We can now return to the problem which gave rise to these expansions, and ask the question, Whether man should take his place in the animal kingdom?—a question which evidently leads to another: Is man distinguished from animals by important and characteristic phenomena absolutely unknown in the latter? For more than forty years I have answered this question in the affirmative, and my convictions, tested by many controversies, are now stronger than ever."

Is there not a little ambiguity here? In the first place, the author asks one question which leads to another, an affirmative answer to which latter is equivalent to a negative answer to the former, and yet he ignores the radical difference between both by making answer in the affirmative alone.

Now, it is evident that man may be distinguished from other organized living beings by important and characteristic phenomena, and yet not lose his *real essential* identity as animal. M. de Quatrefages assumes the point at issue when he asks whether man is in any essential respect distinct from animals, since he thereby takes it for granted that man is not an animal.

Had he asked, Is man distinct from *other* organized sentient beings? he would have made himself understood. It is easy to perceive that man and such beings possess many characteristics in common, that they love, hate, and are jealous; but it is not so clear that they possess the faculty of reason which M. de Quatrefages claims for them. He says:

"The relative development of intelligence certainly establishes an enormous difference between man and animal. It is not, however, the intensity of a phenomenon which gives value to it from our present point of view, but simply its nature. The question is whether human intelligence and animal intelligence can be considered as of the same order."

In answering this question he says: "As a rule philosophers, psychologists, and theologians have replied in the negative and naturalists in the affirmative." Now, it is not, to say the least, in the best taste for an author gratuitously to declare that he is advocating an opinion which is not in favor with philosophers, since he thereby challenges the opposition of not a few who may not be at all interested in his aspect of the discussion. This view of the equal participancy of man and beast in the God-like faculty of reason is precisely the same as that advocated by Herbert Spencer, who says that the faculties of brutes differ not from ours in nature, though immensely in degree. We cannot subscribe to this opinion, for if it were true that the intellectual faculties of men and the highest capacities of beasts were identical in nature, though differing in degree, we would, at times at least, perceive on the part of the latter some approach to the performance of the

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operation which is pre-eminently characteristic of reason, and is, indeed, the triumph of its supremest effort—viz., that of abstraction. Now, it is easily demonstrated that the lower order of animals never accomplish this process of abstraction. Their knowledge, like ours, comes to them through the senses, but it is never divested of its sensible properties, never filtered through the active intellect to come forth the pure word of the mind. They know multitude, but they have no idea of number; they perceive two objects differing in size, but they have no idea of relative magnitude; they know that a warm apartment differs from a cold one, but they have no generic idea of heat and cold. Thus, then, the power of abstracting may be set down as the distinctive badge of reason, and this power man alone among animals possesses. This view of the question does away with the purely logomachical discussion as to whether the lower animals reason—a discussion in the meshes of which M. de Quatrefages unwarily allowed himself to be caught.

But while we thus deprecate the attempt to obliterate those lines which separate the rational from the irrational animal, we fully agree with M. de Quatrefages in his view of what constitutes an essential and consequently ineradicable difference between man and the lower animals. That they both reason he maintains, and in so far he classifies them under a common head, assigning to them an animal soul, the power of voluntary movement, and a greatly differing amount of intellectuality. The phenomena, however, which are distinctively characteristic of the human mind are, according to our author, the sentiments of religion and morality, and it is for the purpose of strengthening his position in this respect that he brings forward biological facts. These sentiments essentially discriminate man from the brute creation. This line of distinction is certainly much more obvious than that which separates reason from brute instinct, and is rightly regarded by M. de Quatrefages as an unanswerable objection to the doctrine of evolution. The origin of the sentiment of morality is differently accounted for by the disciples of the different schools of biology. John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, Winwood Reade, Huxley, Vogt, Tyndall, and Lewes hold that it is the result of the continued operation of the law of natural selection, that utility is the parent of right, and that the sentiment of duty is the outcome of evolution. Moral sentiment is, according to these speculators, the result of a struggle for life, wherein those individuals survived who possessed traits and tendencies most helpful to the preservation of the race or species, and those who

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exhibited tendencies of an opposite character perished. The concentrated and gradually consolidated results of such survival were separated from the original appetite of which they were born, and became organized experience. Thus virtue became, as Mr. Mivart well puts it, "a sort of retrieving which the thus improved human animal practises by a perfected and inherited habit, regardless of self-gratification, just as the brute has acquired the habit of seeking prey and bringing it to his master instead of devouring it himself." These writers all point to the records of ethnography in support of their opinion. Sir John Lubbock maintains that the moral sense is entirely wanting in savages, and in proof he cites the case of the Australians, Tahitians, Tasmanians, and other degraded savage tribes. · That this statement is entirely false M. de Quatrefages abundantly proves, and in such a manner that the Aryan claimant for a code of morality superior to that in vogue amongst the lowest tribes of Oceanica ought to feel that silence in the matter is the better policy. The polished gentlemen who lounged in the baths of Diocletian, or simperingly inquired amid their cups, "Quid dia poemata narrent?" knew such vices as would startle the simple-minded Polynesians; and when the most repulsive form of immorality can boast of a Greek appellative, combined according to the most select rules of Attica, it is hardly logical to point to the excesses of some savage peoples in proof that they are devoid of moral sentiments.

A celebrated traveller, speaking of the inhabitants of the Fiji Islands, remarks: "The people are simple and confiding when we arrive, perfidious when we leave them. Once sober, brave, and honest, we make them drunken, lazy, and finally thieves. After having inoculated them with our vices we employ these very vices as an argument for their destruction." Does not this sound like evolution *à l'envers?*

The evolutionary explanation of morality possesses, however, a defect which it is strange that a man of Herbert Spencer's penetration overlooked. Actions viewed *in se* are indifferent, morally speaking. They may be *materially* good and *formally* bad. It is the form that gives the flavor of morality to an action; and granting that, out of the struggle for the survival of the fittest, a sentiment may have been evolved which conduces to the good of the race, that sentiment can give birth only to a line of conduct that is materially good, and so lack, according to the common feeling of mankind, the indispensable element of morality. The repulsive vices of savage tribes are not so immoral as the corruptions of modern society, because they often lack the

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element of formality which is never absent from the peculations of the confidential clerk or the impure dilettanteism of the fashionable *roué*. Materialistic physiology pretends to discover in the structural development of the brain the origin of the moral sentiment, and thus to shed light on the conclusions of evolutionary biology. Naturally its attempts are fanciful and far-fetched. Maudsley asks, "Whence is derived the beginning or the first shoot of a moral sense? The answer, which may be thought not so fit, but which, nevertheless, I propose to make, is that the root of the moral sense must be sought in the instinct of propagation. . . . It is not appropriative but distributive; not egoistic, so to speak, but altruistic." Such is the system of ethics evolution would have us accept, and such the anthropological inquiries of M. de Quatrefages utterly overthrow. He proves conclusively that there is no law-observing progress in the growth of morality among men, but, on the contrary, that there is a marked increase of vice in the great centres of modern civilization, over what we find in the secluded hamlet or among the nomads of the desert. Nay, more, he shows that the white man's intercourse with his less favored brethren has left a serpent's trail behind, poisoned and corrupt. The annals of ethnography and ethnology contain nothing to show that there ever existed a tribe of men utterly devoid of moral sense, and it is certain that their peculiar ideas in some matters is no less at variance with the principles of strict morality than are many notions floating in society the immorality of which is obvious, and yet which Christians alone, and, for the most part, Catholics alone, repudiate and disavow. What has been said of morality is equally applicable to religion. The evolutionists see in it but an extravagant development of social cohesion which serves to unite members of the species under circumstances calculated to retard its progress. God and his attributes are relegated to the domain of the Unknowable by Mr. Spencer, for there his influence on the growth and development of humanity is calculated to do less harm. But religion, they say, has played an important part in the history of human existence; it marks a stage in the progress of evolution; and consequently the lower races of men possessed no religion. Yet it is readily demonstrable that no tribe of men, no matter how degraded, has been entirely devoid of the sentiment of religion. M. de Quatrefages has proved this beyond all question, as Mr. Mivart and many other naturalists did before him. We will not dwell on the proofs which our author adduces in support of his view as to the universality of a religious sentiment, further than to remark

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that he has effectually silenced the most obstinate of his adversaries by showing that an erroneous conception of the Deity and his attributes differs immensely from a denial of his existence. M. de Quatrefages bases his belief in the unity and immutability of the human species on the possession of these two sentiments, and this conviction furnishes the key-note to his whole treatise. He says :

"It is not, therefore, in the phenomena connected with the intelligence that we shall find the basis of a fundamental distinction between man and animals. But in man the existence has been proved of fundamental phenomena of which nothing either in living beings or inanimate bodies has hitherto been able to give us any conception. 1st. Man has the perception of moral good and evil independently of all physical welfare or suffering. 2d. Man believes in superior beings who can exercise an influence upon his destiny. 3d. Man believes in the prolongation of his existence after this life."

Having thus categorically stated his views as to the essential difference between man and other organized beings, the author proceeds to the consideration of the various attempts that have been made to solve the riddle of the origin and history of mankind. Two leading theories have been broached in solution of the difficulties that surround the problem, both beset with obscurities and perplexities which have sorely taxed the patience of investigators. Polygenism regards the different races of men as descended from as many primitive stocks as there are varieties of type, whilst monogenism teaches that varieties are but branches, all springing from one parent trunk in which were contained the possibilities of all types. Polygenism is the simpler but less scientific answer to the question whence we came, and has been rejected by Buffon and Linnæus, Cuvier and Lamarck, Blainville, the two Geoffroys, Müller the physiologist, and Humboldt. Modern science of the sober type takes precisely the same ground as that taken by the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century when it maintained against the reformers of Geneva that pre-adamitism was inadmissible. Yielding to the tendency to make private judgment supreme arbiter in such matters, M. la Peyrère, a Protestant officer in Condé's army, inferred from certain passages in Genesis that the Jews alone were descended from Adam and Eve, and that the Gentile world had a pre-adamitic origin. A heated controversy over the matter was waged by theological writers on both sides, till patient search in the book of nature settled the question in favor of monogenism. Polygenism stands powerless before difficulties it does not even pretend to grapple with, while monogenism multiplies difficulties, indeed, but at the same time supplies the means for getting rid of them. The more the problem bristles with them the greater delight does the natural-

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ist experience in facing it, provided the least gleam of hope makes him feel that success will crown his efforts. It was in this spirit that M. de Quatrefages undertook his task; and though he has trodden thorny paths in the course of his speculations, still an ample harvest of truth has rewarded his labors. With a due appreciation of the importance of a clear and accurate meaning of terms, he discusses the various definitions of the word species, and contents himself with one which, though differently formulated and somewhat restricted in its application, is substantially the same as that given in our ordinary hand-books of scholastic philosophy.* "Species," he says, "is a collection of individuals more or less resembling each other, which may be regarded as having descended from a single primitive pair by an uninterrupted and natural succession of families." The definition is perhaps open to the charge of being overloaded with terms and being too restricted in application, but it at least so far agrees with the true conception of species that it admits its objective truth and allows it to possess a foundation in reality (*fundamentum in re*), independent of mere mental operation. Species thus understood is subject to variation, but excludes transmutation as destructive of the essence of specific character and calculated to bring confusion into the whole domain of science.

Darwin makes transmutation the basis of his theory of development, and so does away with the notion of species and genera, and even makes scientific classification impossible. M. de Quatrefages, proceeding in what he deems to be a strictly scientific method, appeals to analogy in support of his conclusions, and especially bases them on observations made in the vegetable and lower animal kingdoms. If plants and brutes exhibit phenomena which determine species, the same phenomena occurring under similar circumstances among men ought to lead to the same logical results. We just remarked that species admits of variation, but that varieties, notwithstanding very pronounced morphological differences, invariably retain the essential characteristics of the species. This fact has an important bearing on the consequences drawn from the crossing of varieties. Original sexual characteristics never disappear throughout the ever-changing features of variation, for the reason that there is no attempt to violate the law of specific descent. Varieties thus produced may interchange, and the result is called a *mongrel*. The crossing of *species*, if fruitful, results in the production of a *hybrid*. Mongrel reproduces mongrel, and hybrid, if productive, reproduces hybrid. In view of these obvious facts M. de Quatrefages draws the conclusion that if the phenomena accompanying the sexual results

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which follow from the union of mongrels (the crossing of varieties) essentially differ from those which characterize the union of hybrids (crossing of species), we have a means of determining whether the most opposite types of men differ as varieties of the same species or as species totally distinct.

A variety is defined as "an individual, or a series of individuals belonging to the same sexual generation, which is distinguished from the other representatives of the same species by one or several exceptional characters." According to this definition mere morphological differences go for naught so long as identity of sexual origin is indisputable. Indeed, the history of plants especially points to the widest range of morphological difference between varieties. We have only to allude to the *acacia*, one thornless specimen of which, discovered in 1805, has given birth to all the thornless acacias now distributed over every part of the globe. Thus the morphological differences between plants, clearly the outcome of the same specific stem—differences that are destructive even of supposed botanic peculiarities—must be extremely striking. But even in the animal kingdom the same fact is equally perceptible and impressive. Dogs and horses devoid of hair are known to exist. Certain breeds of European oxen imported into the warm countries of Central and South America begin by exhibiting a very fine coat of hair, which in the course of time altogether disappears. This phenomenon has been well known for years, and no objection had been made against specific origin on account of it; but when a few travellers told of men entirely hairless, speculation became rife as to the identity of their origin with European races. And yet mature inquiry revealed the fact that those so-called hairless men had made themselves so by depilation. Variations in size are still more striking between many animals specifically similar than between the most widely-separated races of men.

The following table exhibits these differences at a glance:

SPECIES.	RACE.				DIFFERENCE.			RATIO.
		m.	ft.	in.	m.	ft.	in.	
Dogs (length).....	Small Spaniel..	0.305	1		1.025	2	4.27	0.2
	St. Bernard....	1.328	3	4.27				
Rabbits (length)...	Niçard.....	0.20	0	7.87	0.40	1	3.74	0.3
	Bélier.....	0.60	1	11.62				
Horse (height).....	Shetland.....	0.76	2	5.92	1.04	3	4.94	
	Dray-horse....	1.80	5	10.85				
Man (mean height).	Bosjesman....	1.37	4	5.93	0.35	1	2.18	0.8
	Patagonian....	1.72	5	8.11				

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Morphological differences, therefore, may prevail quite extensively without infringing upon specific identity. And it is worth while here to remark that the science of zoölogy, to which properly belong the consideration and discussion of generic relations, herein differs from physiology in that it does not exaggerate the importance of morphological characters, but deems them to depend on variation of species, while physiology refers them either to transmutation of species or to specifically distinct origins. Comparative physiology, it is true, is a useful science and has been rich in valuable results, but it should be regarded only as a branch of zoölogy, and in the hands of the naturalist alone can hope to avoid excesses into which it has fallen when made subservient to human physiology. The existence of marked morphological differences being no bar to similarity of specific constitution, the question presents itself, How may we determine the difference between species and mere varieties? As before hinted, M. de Quatrefages places this difference in the essential phenomena which characterize hybrids and mongrels. Hybrids, as a rule, are non-productive, whereas increased fertility exists among mongrels.

Many interesting facts in natural history are adduced by our author in support of his conclusion that every feature attending the propagation of mongrels and hybrids respectively, points with telling force to specific similarity between the latter and specific difference between the former. When varieties (individuals of the same species) cross they become, after a few oscillations, consolidated and settled for many generations, but suddenly manifest, even in a remote link, a return to characters of either parent of pure breed. This phenomenon is called *atavism;* but it is important to bear in mind that atavism is never accompanied by a complete disappearance of traits pertaining to the parent from which there has been a family departure. To show at how remote a point such a phenomenon may occur Darwin cites the example of a fowl-breeder who, after forty years' endeavor to free his poultry-yard from a Malay strain, found it still occasionally recurring. Atavism, therefore, is the physiological bond which unites mongrels with their ancestors, marking an identity of specific origin. With hybrids the facts are entirely different. In their case infertility is the rule and marked irregularity the characteristic of the few deviations therefrom. More than two thousand years ago Herodotus regarded the fertility of mules as a prodigy, and in the year 1828 the whole Mussulman population of Algeria gave themselves up to long fasts, with

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the view of appeasing the divine wrath as made manifest, Dame Rumor hath it, in the fact that a mule had conceived. Every attempt, indeed, to perpetuate the product of certain species which the common sense of mankind holds to be essentially distinct has been thwarted at every step or signalized by all manner of irregularities and failures. The most interesting phenomenon which has characterized the few successful attempts at crossing species is what may be called *reversion*. Reversion is a return of a hybrid product to its prototype with a complete loss of the characteristics of the original parent from a resemblance to which there had been a departure. One of the two bloods is irrevocably dispelled, and the reverted progeny is as pure as though there never had been an intermingling of species. Atavism is proof of the physiological bond between all the representatives, more or less modified, of one species; reversion is a complete sundering of the same bond between the descendants of two species accidentally or artificially united. The only exception that seems to impugn this conclusion is that of a species of wheat which, uniting with another species, has maintained a distinct form for many generations. This hybrid is known in botany as the *Ægilops spelt*æ*formis*. But the clever naturalist who has so far succeeded in keeping it alive assures us that it is only by means of the most painstaking precaution that this artificial plant can be preserved. So, in view of the marked differences which obtain between the results of mongrelism and hybridism, it is fair and logical to infer that mongrels belong to a species really and essentially identical, to employ a scholastic expression, and hybrids are separated by the impassable chasm of distinct specific constitution.

Unscientific writers, men little versed in the rules of logic, for whom terms are shaded off from each other only by a hazy line of demarcation, are readily betrayed into confounding the terms species, race, and variety; and since words are mere arbitrary symbols of thoughts, so, they believe, the thoughts represented by them are separated only by a purely arbitrary difference. It is a significant feature of the logical condition of the scientific mind when M. de Quatrefages feels called upon to defend himself against the charge of what he calls orthodoxy, as though heterodoxy should be the distinctive badge of the true votaries of science. To M. de Quatrefages it is a matter of little moment whether his conclusions, drawn from what he deems the most carefully considered scientific premises and data, are in accord with the doctrines of the Christian Church or opposed thereto, so long as they have the sanction of truth and logic. He proclaims himself to be a free

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lance in the great army of truth-seekers, and recognizes neither friend nor foe in the pursuit of his legitimate quarry. His position is logical for one who is indifferent to the claims of Christianity, and practically, though not theoretically, consistent with the attitude of a Catholic towards truth; for the latter pushes his investigations fearless of consequences, since he knows that each truth is a sister to the other, and all borrow lustre from the truth that is divinely revealed.

But M. de Quatrefages says he is not engaged in theological controversy, and pursues his course irrespective of it, and so, he maintains, his orthodoxy is all unconscious and the unavoidable outcome of strictly scientific research. He insists that those who confound species with race ignore all the researches of the past, and especially the magnificent labors of Buffon, the Geoffroys, Kölreuter, and Naudin. They overlook the constant facts of our poultry-yards, our orchards, and our stables, and shut themselves up in the narrow confines of a withering scientolism. In this class he does not hesitate to include even Darwin, and charges him with having overlooked the radical differences between hybridism and mongrelism in the experiments he made upon the *Bombyx cynthia* and the *Bombyx arrindia*, having failed to state that disordered variation appeared in the second generation, and that reversion to one of the parental types was rapidly approaching completion. Species is therefore a reality and not a development from a homogeneous pangenetic cell into a heterogeneous and constantly diversified compound. The statement alone is barbarous and unscientific. If now we apply the law which governs hybridism and mongrelism to the human family, we will find that every characteristic of mongrelism attaches to the race, and that we observe neither disordered variation nor reversion in the union of the most widely separated varieties of men. On the contrary, fertility and permanence of type characterize the union of the latter—a fact totally at variance with the results of hybridism. The words which conclude M. de Quatrefages' chapter on the unity of the human species are both forcible and significant, and bear the stamp of impartial scientific conviction. He says:

"Now, I wish that candid men who are free from party spirit or prejudice would follow me in this view, and study for themselves all these facts, a few only of which I have touched upon, and I am perfectly convinced that they will, with the great men of whom I am only the truth-enforced follower —with Linnæus, Buffon, Lamarck, Cuvier, Geoffroy, Humboldt, and Müller —arrive at the conclusion that all men belong to the same species, and that there is but one species of man."

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These words have the true scholar's ring about them, and it is pleasant to meet on the highroads of science a man who has shaken the dust of discipleism from his shoes and is willing to accept the returns of observation and experience for what they are worth. M. de Quatrefages might, indeed, have attacked the doctrine of evolution from a more radical stand-point, and consequently with more effect, were it not that he would thus be led to wander from the proposed object of his labors. If it is true that all experience is opposed to the obliteration of specific lines between animals seemingly congeneric, how much more at variance with the claims of evolution is the fact that species far remote do not exhibit the slightest tendency to interchange! If there is no essential, and consequently no impassable, barrier between species, why will not the bear and the bison, or the fox and the ferret, propagate hybrids? It may be answered that evolution is a slow process and leads to results by gradual change; but we retort that such gradual change so called, and such slow process so claimed, are only misnomers for permanence of type, and that if there were no essential and insuperable difference between species deviations from the law of non-essential separation would occasionally occur, and we would have monstrosities from time to time, and such confusion as would render the labors of the naturalist nugatory, if not null. If we come to regard species as "an artificial combination which is necessary for convenience" (Darwin), we might as well abandon for ever all hope of establishing zoölogical grades on a basis of necessary order.

Though the leading features of Mr. Darwin's theory have already been frequently discussed, and the claims of "natural selection," together with the laws of *divergence*, *continuity*, *permanent characters*, and *finite heredity* have been rejected for valid reasons, we deem it proper to call the attention of our readers to the views entertained by M. de Quatrefages on these subjects. He does not agree with the majority of anti-Darwinians, who seem to be actuated by feelings of personal hostility to the great naturalist, and who reject his theories *in toto* because of the pernicious consequences to which they lead. That there is a struggle for existence and a consequent selection no one, says M. de Quatrefages, can for a moment deny. The whole face of nature is a battle-field where the weakest must yield to the strongest and the unwary fall victims to the wily. In this struggle every man has his hand unconsciously lifted against his brother, and is unwittingly seeking out a flaw in the armor of his dearest friend, that he may pierce him to the

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heart. The very law of existence necessitates this struggle, else the earth could not hold its swarming millions. But that the survival of the fittest thence ensues is not true. If the battle were always waged in the open plain, then, indeed, the victory might fall to the strongest and the guerdon be given to the fleetest. But other circumstances constantly occur to paralyze the strength of the bear or the panther, or to baffle the agility of the tiger. M. de Quatrefages illustrates this fact quite interestingly by a reference to the natural history of the rat in France. A variety of brown rat entered France in the last century, having made its way from the banks of the Volga. He was more ferocious than the indigenous black rat of the country he invaded, and the latter was soon exterminated. He seemed, however, to hold the weak and timid mouse in greater detestation even than the black rat; but as he could not follow the little creature into its tiny home, he was compelled to desist from attacking it. Mere trifles sometimes turn the scales in favor of the stupid and the weak, and the richest prizes fall to their lot. It is true, however, that, all things considered and in the majority of cases, those animals survive to whose existence environments are most favorable; and it is likewise true that adaptation to such environments must work some change in the rudimentary intelligence and instincts of animals. So far M. de Quatrefages is willing to accept the law of natural selection, though he prefers, and it seems to us with good reason, the term *elimination*, since *selection* denotes a conscious process. When, however, Mr. Darwin attributes to the law of natural selection, to the struggle for existence and the consequent survival of the fittest, the power of indefinitely modifying organized beings so as to render it possible for any given organism, when duly subjected to the above conditions, to be changed into any other whatsoever, he is at war with common sense, experience, and facts. Common sense proclaims the existence of species, experience verifies it, and innumerable facts attest it. The vital flaw, therefore, in the Darwinian theory is the denial of the reality of species, and it is on this point that M. de Quatrefages tries conclusions with the English naturalist. He says:

"I have been unable to find in any of his works a single precise statement in regard to the meaning of the word species, and this accusation is the more severe from being brought with justice against an author who claims to have discovered the *origin of species*."

Mr. Darwin is an indefatigable student and a successful naturalist. Indeed, the science of biology is indebted to him for its greatest triumphs, and his name will live wherever true science is

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cherished and sacredly guarded. But he is no logician, and his reasoning should put a school-boy to the blush. He gives no definition of species; he constantly uses it as a synonym for race and variety, and thus paves the way to the most bewildering confusion. We appeal to all those who have read his works entitled *The Descent of Man* and *The Origin of Species*, and ask them if this arraignment is not perfectly just, and whether they have not risen from the perusal of these treatises as from the contemplation of a beautiful panorama which seemed to begin nowhere and to end nowhere, having no definite aim or purpose. That his works are replete with interesting facts no one can gainsay—his magnificent work on pigeons alone is proof of this—but his reasoning is radically defective. He argues in a vicious circle after this fashion: Nature everywhere presents morphological differences and resemblances susceptible of classification. This classification results in a hierarchy of organized beings, throughout which we perceive a gradual ascent from a lower and consequently more simply organized class to a higher and more complex one; therefore the latter are the outcome of the former, and there are no specific differences, there is no species, whatever the word may mean. The conclusion of this enthymeme he makes the antecedent of another, and reasons inversely in this manner: There is no specific difference between organized beings—*i.e.*, there is no real species; therefore there has been a development from a lower to a higher order—that is, there has been a transmutation of species. This is his argument in a nutshell; and no matter how he may multiply facts, dazzle us with brilliant discoveries, or enchant us with the witchery of his style, he cannot escape from the charge of unconsecutiveness.

Huxley, who is called the philosopher of evolution, must have been aware of this radical defect in the reasoning of Darwin when he wrote: "I adopt the theory of Darwin under the reserve that proof should be given that physiological species can be produced by selective crossing." Why, on this very point the whole controversy turns. There is nothing to accept, indeed, that is new but this. M. de Quatrefages does not confine himself to the mere expression of the charge he brings against Darwin, but supports it by unassailable proof. Arguing that no amount of morphological change can obliterate original specific identity, he mentions a fact of great interest which the advocates of development will find very hard to explain.

"At the present time," he writes, "there is a stag in Corsica which, from its form, has been compared to the badger-hound; its antlers differ from those of European stags. Those who confine themselves to morphological

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characters will assuredly consider this as a distinct species, and it has often so been considered. Now, Buffon preserved a fawn of this pretended species and placed it in his park; in four years it became both larger and finer than the French stags, which were older and up to that time considered more finely grown. Moreover, the formal evidence of Herodotus, Aristotle, Polybius, and Pliny attests that in their time there were no stags either in Corsica or Africa. Is it not evident that the stag in question had been transported from the continent to the island; that under the new conditions the species had undergone temporary morphological modification, though it had not lost the power to resume its primitive characters when placed in its primitive conditions of life? Are we, then, to conclude that in time nature could have completed the action and entirely separated the Corsican stag from its original stock? We may answer in the negative, if any weight is to be attached to experience and observation."

Haeckel, in Germany, has been boldest in applying the transmutation theory to man. According to this naturalist all organized being had its origin in what he calls the *Monera*, corresponding to the pangenetic cell of the English evolutionists. From this elementary condition man advanced by slow degrees up to the state in which we now find him. But in order to arrive there he had to pass through twenty-one evolutions. It is true, science has not hitherto been able to discover specimens of each of the twenty-one types; several links in the chain are still missing; but that circumstance, which would be a wet blanket to the reasoner who takes only facts for premises, in no way damps the ardor of the scientific enthusiast. At present man's nearest known progenitor is the tailless catarrhine ape, such as the orang and the chimpanzee; but Haeckel supposes that there has been an intermediary type, though this purely hypothetical being no man yet has seen. We have here served up to us a large dish of theory supported on a hypothesis and flanked by a feeble garniture of facts. But so long as it comes under the dignified name of science we must make no wry faces at it. This immediate progenitor of the human family is called the *pithecoid man* by Haeckel.

"Our earliest ancestors," says Darwin, "were without doubt once covered with hair, both sexes having beards; their ears were pointed and capable of movement, and their bodies were provided with a tail having the proper muscles. . .·. The foot, judging from the condition of the great toe in the fœtus, was then prehensile, and our progenitors, *no doubt*, were arboreal in their habits, frequenting some forest-clad land; males were provided with canine teeth, which served as formidable weapons."

And Haeckel, speaking of the *sozoura*, a supposed amphibious animal, reasons as follows: "The proof of its existence arises from the necessity of an intermediate type between the thirteenth and

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the fourteenth stages." It is very evident that the purely gratuitous nature of this hypothesis, this ideal necessity of an intermediary, invalidates the whole superstructure of speculation resting on it. But, more than this, M. de Quatrefages proves conclusively that the admission of such hypotheses and such transitional states is in direct variance with that fundamental law which constitutes the chief charm of Darwin's system—the law of *permanent characterization*, by virtue of which *all* the descendants of the first mollusks have been mollusks, and all the descendants of the first vertebrates have been vertebrates.

"The consequence of these facts," says M. de Quatrefages, "from the point of view of the logical application of the law of *permanent characterization*, is that man cannot be descended from an ancestor who is already characterized as an ape, any more than a catarrhine tailless ape can be descended from a tailed catarrhine. A *walking animal* cannot be descended from a *climbing* one."

And this follows necessarily from Darwin's own law of the *permanent characterization* of types. Another defect in the Darwinian mode of dealing with nature is the attempt to make pathological facts account for specific changes in organized beings. The conditions known as microcephalism, cretinism, and idiocy are purely morbid and can never play a rôle in the production of changes which are natural and abiding. We notice this strikingly in what is called inherited tendency to disease—a tendency that is very variable and capricious. Phthisical and rheumatic diatheses appear, disappear, and reappear with the greatest irregularity, and so can in no manner be regarded as factors in the production of new and permanent typal features.

M. de Quatrefages next proceeds to the discussion of the views held by his learned compatriot, M. Naudin, who belongs to a very different school of evolutionists. According to this naturalist all things sprang from a protoplasm the existence of which he does not even pretend to account for. Under the influence of the evolutive force proto-organisms appeared, which, by reason of their increased activity, were speedily followed by meso-organisms, till man appeared upon the earth. He says that the Mosaic account of man's creation is true, if rightly understood, but that it is purely allegorical. The *clay* of the Bible is the primordial human blastema from which Adam sprang. At first Adam was neither male nor female. "It was from this larval form," says M. Naudin, "that the evolutive force effected the completion of the species. For the accomplishment of this great phenomenon Adam had to pass through

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a state of immobility and unconsciousness very analogous to the nymphal state of animals undergoing metamorphosis." This theory M. de Quatrefages rightly censures as not scientific. It is bad enough for men of science to build up theories in direct conflict with revealed truth, but it is still more illogical to admit those truths in a sense which only a *bizarre* fancy can attach to them. But it is not the fanciful interpretation which M. Naudin has put upon the Biblical genesis of man that M. de Quatrefages so much finds fault with, but the attempt to mix up dogma with science. M. de Quatrefages proclaims himself above all a votary of science; she is the only oracle to whose voice he will listen and to whose utterances he will lend weight. Very well; but if the conclusions to which science has led him are, as they undoubtedly are in his case, reconcilable with dogma, why should he go out of his way to cast a slur upon the latter? He says that science could not fail to contradict certain beliefs which were drawn from a book written in an entirely different sense from its own and explained by the aid of data which were incomplete or false. Now, if there is any one man of science who ought at least to respect the Mosaic genesis, it is M. de Quatrefages, since science has enabled him to reach conclusions that are easily reconciled with the statements contained in Holy Writ, and, *per contra*, to refute theories opposed to it. This, however, does not alter the character of his scientific labors, which must stand as a monument of patient and impartial investigation and as illustrating the illogical and one-sided character of anti-Christian science. There is one argument against the doctrine of evolution which M. de Quatrefages would have found very available had he considered it worth his while to study the results of scholastic inquiries. The law of causality is a corollary from the principle of sufficient reason, and as such enjoys with the former the character of an absolute *à priori* and analytical truth, and its laws are necessary and immutable.

An efficient cause must contain all the perfections of the effect *as such*, on the principle that *nemo dat quod non habet*. We have italicised the words "as such," so that it might not be urged against us that at times effects are superior to their causes, for that is true only when we fail to estimate the influence of concurrent activity. This is especially the case in natural history, where we find the progeny often superior to the parent, owing to judicious crossing or careful handling. In respect to such results the parent is not cause, and the offspring is superior through the operation of other agencies. But the offspring receives its natural constitution from

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the parent, and this can never be superior in the former. The sire of Parole may not have been as fast as his celebrated offspring, but this superior speed is clearly traceable to the new strain infused by the dam and by intelligent treatment in the stable and the paddock. But his equine nature he received from his parents, and, on the principle of causality just adverted to, it would have been impossible for him to receive a superior one. Now, evolution reverses this indefeasible order of reason and clearly lands us in the impossible. For this reason it is absurd to suppose that the stupid ostrich or simple sheep potentially contains the intelligence of man. Thistles do not produce roses, nor do brambles give forth figs.

In discussing the antiquity of the human family M. de Quatrefages enters into very interesting details, and, guiding himself by the most recent and best-established discoveries in the domain of geology, he favors a higher antiquity for man than do the majority of naturalists. Yet, with good sense and sound discrimination, he commits himself to no conclusion which facts do not fully verify, and he constantly informs us that he wishes to enforce no view when he advances an opinion partaking of a greater or less amount of verisimilitude.

"In fact," says he, "the most careful judges acknowledge that man has seen the accomplishment of one of the great changes on the surface of the globe. He has lived in one of the geological periods to which he was but lately thought to be a stranger; he has been contemporary with species of mammalia which have not even seen the commencement of the present epoch. There is, then, nothing impossible in the idea that he should have survived other species of the same class, or have witnessed other geological revolutions, or have appeared upon the globe with the first representatives of the type to which he belongs by organization. But this is a question to be proved by facts. Before we can even suppose it to be so we must wait for information from observation."

This language, while revealing a scientific spirit loyal to the truth, clearly shows us that geology is still groping amid doubt and unsupported speculation in its endeavors to cast light upon the origin of the race.

The most interesting chapters in M. de Quatrefages' treatise are those devoted to the consideration of the original localization of the human species. Being a monogenist, he admits the descent of the entire human race from one primitive pair, and must defend himself against the arguments of Agassiz, who is the great advocate of the multiplicity of human local origins. Whilst Darwin admits the perpetual instability of specific forms and consequent recurring transmutations, Agassiz believes

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in absolute immutability. Both opinions, however diametrically opposed, proceed from the same vague and capricious use of the terms species and race. With Darwin, species is a mere artificial combination adopted for convenience' sake. Agassiz, indeed, admits a bond of union between the races of men as close as the physiological bond which unites them in the eye of the monogenist, but he holds them to be the result of separate and independent creations. He says: "Whilst in every zoölogical province animals are of *different species*, man, in spite of the diversity of his races, always forms one and the same species." Yet he adds elsewhere: "The chimpanzee and the gorilla do not differ from each other more than Mandingos from the Negroes of Guinea; there is less difference between either of them and the orang than there is between the Malay or the white and the Negro." It is evident from these passages, occurring in different portions of his work, but here placed in juxtaposition in order the more vividly to mark their inconsistency, that Agassiz had no definite idea of species. He says that men always form one and the same species, and yet he identifies with certain races of men beings specifically distinct, while he marks off other races from each other. Trifling and accidental differences and resemblances are insisted upon by the Cambridge professor in support of his view, and he even goes so far as to maintain that the various languages had distinct and separate origins wherever they were spoken before the intercourse between nations became general. He contends that there is just as much relation between one human language and another as between the growling of different species of bears, the mewing of cats, the barking of dogs, or the liquid warbling of feathered songsters. It is truly strange to what an extent the habit of theorizing induces intellectual blindness. If there is one science more than any other to which ethnology and ethnography owe a debt of gratitude, that science is philology; and we doubt not that the labors of Max Müller have contributed a large share to the elucidation of the problems which are suggested by the natural history of man. Philology has so clearly established the community of the origin of languages that what was only surmised a short time ago is now everywhere accepted as an undoubted scientific fact. We do not, therefore, consider any other argument in support of the doctrine of universal human filiation than the crystallization of the fact in language necessary. M. de Quatrefages, however, goes farther, and in opposing the notion that there is a coincidence in the appearance of human races throughout the globe, and the character of the fauna and flora ac-

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companying them, conclusively proves that Agassiz adopted an unscientific mode of procedure. The labors of M. Alphonse Edwards, M. de Candolle, Andrew Murray, and Duméril are invoked, and they show clearly that such alleged coincidence does not exist. In working out his theory of man's original cosmopolitanism Agassiz has divided the globe into nine great regions or kingdoms corresponding to nine races of men distinct in origin. This distribution M. de Quatrefages holds to be purely gratuitous. The very first division, indeed, he entirely rejects; for Polynesia we know to have been peopled from the Indian Archipelago, and hence is exclusively an animal and vegetable centre. We will not follow the author through the discussion of each separate kingdom, but simply state that he questions the correctness of Agassiz' opinion as to each one of them having been a distinct centre of human appearance, and in each instance he supports his opposition by plausible, if not convincing, arguments.

The fifth book of M. de Quatrefages' treatise is taken up with a consideration of the manner in which the globe was originally peopled; and we can assure our readers that they will find his method of explaining the formidable difficulties which beset the naturalist's way, in his efforts to account for the many migrations of tribes and peoples by sea and land, highly ingenious, if not convincing.

TRANSLATION OF THE HYMN "QUICUMQUE CHRISTUM QUÆRITIS."

FOR THE FEAST OF THE TRANSFIGURATION.

HYMNUS.

QUICUMQUE Christum quæritis,
Oculos in altum tollite:
Illic licebit visere
Signum perennis gloriæ.
Illustre quiddam cernimus,
Quod nesciat finem pati,
Sublime, celsum, interminum,
Antiquius cœlo et chao.

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Hic ille Rex est gentium.
Populique Rex Judaici,
Promissus Abrahæ patri,
Ejusque in ævum semini.
Hunc et Prophetis testibus,
Iisdemque signatoribus
Testator et Pater jubet
Audire nos et credere.
Jesu, tibi sit gloria,
Qui te revelas parvulis,
Cum Patre et almo Spiritu
In sempiterna sæcula.

HYMN.

Who seek of Christ the sign
Lift up your eyes on high!
Perennial, divine
Splendor illumes the sky.
Unfading glory glows
In that eternal light,
Whose source no orb that rose
At morn, or sets at night.
His infinite embrace
All being did enclose,
E'er countless orbs in space
From night and chaos rose.
Descending from the skies
Nations their Sovereign bless,
And Judah sees arise
Her Sun of Righteousness.
By Abraham foretold,
His promised Seed appears,
Awaited from of old
By sages and by seers.
The Father's voice is heard
In witness to His Son;
Believing in his word
All nations shall be one.
Jesus we glorify,
Who gives the humble, heaven;
The Father, God Most High,
And Him whose gifts are seven.

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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER II.

I MEET £500,000.

"How did you get on, Billy?" I asked of my retainer as we awaited the distribution of luggage at Euston Square.

"Finely, sir. That chap in the yalla small-clothes thought for to cod me, Masther Joe, but I tuk the consait out av him lively enough. We were discoorsin' about sportin' whin he ups an' axis me—I seen him winkin' at the sargint—av I ever shot a Welsh rabbit.

"'No, but I shot scores av Irish wans,' sez I; an' all that was in the place comminced for to roar wud the laffin'.

"'Wud ye back yerself to hit a Welsh rabbit at the first shot?' sez he, wud a grin like Counsellor MacDonagh's whin he has ye tight in the box.

"'I wud,' sez I.

"'Sure?' sez he.

"'Sartain,' sez I; 'an' more than that,' sez I, 'give me a dacent gun an' I'll bag nineteen out av twinty.'

"Well, Masther Joe, av they laughed afore they laughed till ye'd think they'd rowl the thrain aff the rails. I seen, sir, that I was bein' codded, so me blood riz, an', turning to yalla small-clothes, I sez:

"'I'll tell ye,' sez I, 'what I *can* hit,' sez I, 'an' wud the shillelah that never missed fire.'

"'What's that?' axed the sargint.

"'A yalla canary,' sez I, pointin' at the other chap's breeches; 'an' I'll go bail,' sez I, 'that I'll make him sing like a stuck pig,' sez I. I had him there, Masther Joe."

I drove to the Tavistock, in Covent Garden, and having tubbed and breakfasted at this most comfortable of all old-fashioned hostelries, sallied forth to visit my sister, accompanied by Billy Brierly. I took him through the central arcade to show him the flowers and fruits, at which his expressions of astonishment and delight recognized no bounds.

"Why, the marquis"—Lord Headfort was the Alpha and Omega of Billy's idea of earthly power and grandeur—"has nothin' in all Headfort for to aiqual this, Masther Joe. I wish I had

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ould Sandy McPherson, the head gardener, here for wan minnit, an' it's little he'd think av his roses an' polyanthusis. Murdher! will ye luk at that bokay, sir. Faix, it's a little rainbow, no less; and thim pears, Masther Joe—luk at thim pears; they're as big as Barney Brien's boneens. Thirty shillin's apiece! That wud keep a dacent family for a quarther anyhow. Wisha, but I'd thank ye for grapes as large as Crafton apples. An' luk at thim pays, large as walnuts; a cupple o' thim wud swally a young duck. Murdher! there's a rose; it's bigger nor a cauliflower an' redder nor ould Casey's nose. Why, there's as much flowers here, sir, as wud cover the Hill o' Tara, an' more. What lashin's o' money they must have up here, Masther Joe! Luk at that lady—whisht! she's payin' a goold sovrin for that little pot o' mignonette. Why, she'd get as much for sixpence below at Kilduddery as wud scint a score of parlors."

Having hailed a hansom and stepped into it, I expected that Billy would have followed me.

"Make room up there, avic," he said to the driver.

"You cawnt come up here."

"Faix, it luks like it. Where am I for to go?"

"Inside."

"Is it an' scrooge the masther? Oh! no; bedad, I know bether manners nor that, ye spalpeen!"

"Wot a h'Irishman you are!" laughed the driver.

"Av ye come down on the flags here I'll show ye what soart av an Irishman I am," was Billy's indignant rejoinder.

"Begorra, this flogs, Masther Joe," cried Billy after he had taken an inch of seat. "Why, I'd as lieve be in a light-house as dhrivin' from that sate up there. They call it handsome. *I* don't. Arrah, there's nothin' like the jauntin'-car for convaynience and comfort afther all. A man on the dhriver's sate av a car is an emperor on his throne; he has the whole world foreninst him. Aye, ye near done it that time!" shouted Billy, as our horse, owing to the sudden pull up of an omnibus, inadvertently thrust its head into the vehicle. "Musha, but the thraffic is shupayrior. I wish Father Tom seen this, an' he'd never be hard on a boy for dhrivin' fast through Kilduddery agin."

I have seldom enjoyed a ride more than this one. Billy's astonishment, bewilderment, consternation; his exclamations and comments, his desire to find fault with everything English, amused me intensely.

"Arrah, but the sthreets are crowded enough anyway; but where's Sackville Sthreet? That's me darlint. That's the sthreet

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that flogs Europe. Oh! the buildin's is big enough, but there's not wan av thim aiqual to the Four Coorts, or the Bank av Ireland, th' ould Parliament House, where, plaze God, we'll have th' Irish Parliament agin, an' *you*, Masther Joe, sittin' for the county. Aye, why wudn't London be big? Isn't the half av the quollity av Ireland livin' here?—bad cess to all absintees!"

The people with whom my sister was on a visit were a Mr. and Mrs. Bevan, residing in a handsome house at Knightsbridge, facing the Park, and nearly opposite to the Albert Memorial. Mr. Bevan was a needle-manufacturer and an old beau, who late in life fell violently in love with a Miss Thornton, of Mulhallow, whom he met at the Meath Hunt Ball. Miss T. was not in her *première jeunesse* by any means, and as Mulhallow was mortgaged up to the hall-door, and its proprietor somewhat hard up, Arabella accepted the "needle-man," as he was sneeringly named in the county, and became mistress of a superb London residence and of every comfort that an elderly man's darling could have for the mere asking.

Mr. Bevan was a very fussy old gentleman, very proud of his wife, his children—he had two—his home, his plate, his pictures, his cellar, his servants, his horses, and of his trade. He was a member of two or three guilds, a Common Councilman of the city of London, with a lynx-eye for the position of lord mayor—an office which he held in greater reverence and respect than even the occupancy of the throne of England.

My sister—small, round as a ball, blue-eyed, chestnut-haired, and neat as a new pin—was overwhelmed with astonishment when she entered the drawing-room and beheld me. I had sent up word that a gentleman from Ireland wished to have a word with her.

"What has happened, Joe?" a great terror in her eyes. "Is auntie ill?"

In a few words I told her of the receipt of the Señora San Cosme's letter, and placed it in her hands.

My sister, a warm-hearted little thing, gushed and wept over the epistle, kissing it and otherwise manifesting the tender pleasure its perusal had afforded her.

"It's like a dream, Joe," she smiled through her tears. "It seems awfully unreal; one reads of these things, but they seldom happen in real life. What a tribute to our darling mother's memory! And to send so much money—how thoughtful! And Billy Brierly remembered! I wonder what Billy will do with his fortune? Dear Joe, you will pay the señora a visit? Such a visit becomes a duty."

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"I am *en route*, Nellie."

"What! *now?*"

"Yes." And I unfolded my plans to her.

"What did Trixy say?" asked Nellie after a pause.

"Trixy's ideas upon the subject would not weigh with me in the least."

My sister stared at me.

"I had a letter from her this morning, Joe, and she says you have not been there for ages; that they were about fitting out an exploring expedition to start from Timolin in search of you."

"How very good of them! Nellie, did you ever meet a Captain Ballantyne at Timolin?"

"I have met him." And my little sister blushed like a red, red rose.

"Confound it, Nellie! he's not worth blushing about," I angrily cried.

"You won't start for some days?" exclaimed my sister, speaking very rapidly. "You'll come and stop here, of course. Mrs. Bevan would be awfully offended if you didn't; so would Mr. Bevan. There are any number of spare rooms here. We are to have a dinner-party to-morrow night. We go to Bournemouth on Friday for a month. You slept on the train; where did you breakfast?"

"At the Tavistock."

"Telegraph for your portmanteau. I must overhaul your wardrobe, Joe. You'll have to pass through the bitter cold of North America, to the warmth of the South, and again to the *tierra caliente* at Vera Cruz. I know all about it. I got my medal at the Sacré Cœur for an essay on Mexico. Tell me, Joe," she suddenly added, "have you and Trixy fallen out?"

"Oh! dear, no." And I felt myself reddening up to the roots of the hair. "Why do you ask?"

The entrance of Mrs. Bevan prevented the reply. How fat she had grown, with a great waist, and a double chin, and a waddle!—she who, when she rode to hounds, possessed the smallest waist in the field.

"I didn't know you, Joe, and wondered who the handsome cavalier might be sitting so close to my little guest."

As I glanced at myself in one of the superb mirrors that reached from carpet to ceiling, I saw a man of four-and-twenty, a little over six feet high, with a lot of light chestnut, curly hair, a light chestnut, curly beard, a pair of large, heavy-lidded blue eyes, and a small nose. I am told that my head sits my broad shoul-

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ders well, and that my figure is—there! I have said enough anent the appearance of J. W. N.

"What a surprise, Nellie! Joe, your room is of course ready for you, and the sooner you claim it the better; for I expect some ladies to arrive to-day who wouldn't hesitate to declare that bachelors should be put to sleep on the roof. *I* would willingly give you a latch-key, Joe; but Mr. Bevan wouldn't sleep a wink until he had fastened the door after you. He goes round every night, and sees to every bolt and lock himself. Nellie was nearly frightened to death, the first night she arrived, upon finding him in her room testing the window-bolt."

"The fact is, Mrs. Bevan, that—"

"That you want to remain *en garçon* in the dissipated city of London. It will not do, Mr. Joseph. You *must* come here; besides, I promise you an attraction in the shape of an heiress—a Miss Wriothesly, the *only* child of George Russel Wriothesly, the deputy chairman of the Bank of England—think of that, sir—with a fortune of half a million."

"I won't have Joe marry anybody but—" here my sister hesitated.

"I know to whom you allude," laughed Mrs. Bevan—"Patricia Butler. I met her last year a good deal when I went home. Well, Joe might do worse, and he might do better."

"I assure you, Mrs. Bevan," I hastily exclaimed "I have no intention of seeking the honor of an alliance with Miss Butler. She's too military for a poor country lout like me." And as I spoke I hated myself for being minus a red coat and a plumed helmet and spurs.

Nellie, who had been watching me with anxious eyes, interposed with "For shame, Joe! Trixy doesn't care for any military man. *I* know it."

"You should have seen her playing billiards with one of the K. D. G.'s, Mrs. Bevan," I laughed—"a brainless booby. She *was* playing a game."

"Are you jealous, Joe?" asked Mrs. Bevan, with an arch smile.

"He is *not*," cried my sister hotly. "He has no cause to be jealous."

"No *right*, you mean, Nellie"; and I added: "I shall ask leave of absence till to-morrow, Mrs. Bevan, as I have a number of things to do. Nellie, do you know who is in the hall?"

"Who, Joe?"

"Billy Brierly."

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"Billy—Brierly—" breathlessly.

"Yes; I am going to take him with me to Mexico."

In a second my sister had bounded to the door, and was down the stairs before Mrs. Bevan or I could gain the lobby.

"Faix, it's here I am, sure enough, Miss Nellie; but it's yerself that's lukkin rosy an' well. All Dromroe sint respects to ye, an' so wud the bastes av they cud have spoke. Yis, miss, we're goin' to forrin parts. Masther Joe isn't saysoned enough for to thravel be himself, so I'm goin' along wud him—sorra a know I know where. Och, but this is a shupayrior house, miss, an' the furniture's as fine as at the marquis' beyant. Faix, it's snug quarters yer in, an' it's well wan av the family is provided for anyway; there's no knowin' what tratemint we'll get afore we return, if the Lord spares us."

Mrs. Bevan greeted Billy.

"Troth, but yer fine and comfortable here ma'am, an' it's well th' English air agrees wud ye."

"Am I not getting too stout, Billy?"

"Sorra a bit, ma'am; there isn't an ounce of flesh on ye that isn't well reared an' as prime as there is in the land."

"Have you made the acquaintance of Timmins yet—the butler?"

"No, ma'am."

Mrs. Bevan rang a bell, and a round-faced, rosy as to the nose, solemn-looking individual, arrayed in an apron and a white choker that would have done credit to Beau Brummel, appeared in response to the summons.

"Timmins, this is Billy Brierly, Mr. Nugent's confidential servant; take him under your especial charge."

"Yes, madam. Mr. Brierly, will you be pleased to walk this way?" And stepping as if on eggs, Billy disappeared with the solemn-looking butler in the direction of the lower regions.

I got out of stopping for that night at Knightsbridge. I dreaded the *tête-à-tête* with old Bevan over a Château Lafitte—I am not a claret man even yet—and a dissertation upon the depression of trade in general and of the needle trade in particular. So begging to be excused, and promising to put in an appearance with my *impedimenta* upon the following day, I went into the city.

I called at my tailor's, and ordered some light clothing suitable to the Mexican climate; then slipped down to the Foreign Office and drew an old school-fellow, Ernest Ramsay, one of the clerks, who proposed a Star and Garter dinner.

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"There's a swell cipher telegram after coming in from India, old man," observed Ernest, "and I am awfully afraid I cawnt get away before four o'clock—this slavery is horrible—but if you'll draw me at *our* club in Piccadilly at four-thirty we'll take the train to Richmond. It's the only thing to be done, 'pon honor, Joe."

As we sat on the terrace overlooking the silver Thames I mentioned the fact of having been asked to meet Miss Wriothesly, very pleased to be able to communicate such information to Ramsay, who had been putting in a lot of asides about his swell London circle.

"She's got no end of coin, Joe—all in her own right, too. The mother was a Cuban or Mexican, or something in that way, who left her a ringing half million. She's awfully eccentric, though, and tells a fellow fairly and squarely what she thinks about him before he's two minutes talking to her. She's trodden on an awful lot of corns. Young Coventry, of our office, says he'd give up his chance of the title—you know he's Lord Bolfiddert's heir-presumptive—to be able to talk to her once as she talks to him. She's as cool as a pickled sardine; and the worst of it is, she's as pretty as one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' best. Look out for the siren, my juvenile; for she can sing sweetly, even though it be the dirge over a lover sinking into the Slough of Despond."

I spent my morning and forenoon in strolling about the West End of London, in gazing at the closed and papered windows of the palatial residences of the swells who were away at their magnificent parks, or travelling on the Continent, or roving in their yachts. The clubs were empty, the streets wore a listless, lifeless appearance. A number of tourists with eyes and mouths wide open gaped at the public buildings; but "out of town" was in the atmosphere, and a general dulness seemed to hang in the air like a haze. I drove out to Mount Street to pay a visit to my former monitor at Stoneyhurst, and spent a delightful two hours with the most genial and cultured man in the wide world. At six o'clock I reached Knightsbridge, and as the hansom dashed up to the flagway Billy Brierly made his appearance from a sort of side wicket.

"Masther Joe," he half whispered as he shouldered my portmanteau, "the dickens a bit ye need for to go to forrin' parts. Yer bread is baked, avic: there's a little wan up-stairs that's richer nor the Queen, an' she's reddy for to come to Dromroe at yer beck. I heerd Mrs. Bevan tellin' Miss Nellie. It's a racin'-

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stable ye'll be keepin', Masther Joe, an' it's Mullinavoyallish ye'll be buyin', an—"

I did not wait till Billy placed the topmost story on his aerial castle, but lounged up to the drawing-rooms. One of these apartments—there were three or four—was a dream of rose-pink and gold; its windows were all lace, and out beyond them stretched a balcony radiant with glowing geraniums and the last roses of summer. Beside a wilderness of ferns dripping with the spray blown from the pouting lips of a tiny water-nymph stood a small, pale girl with rippling hair of a golden brown wound round a small and delicately-shaped head. She turned as I entered, and I saw that her eyes were clear and large and full of expression.

"You are the wild Irishman," she said.

"You are the heiress," I retorted with a laugh.

"My misfortune, not my fault."

"Misfortune!"

"Even so," shrugging her shoulders. "You arrived yesterday, your sister tells me. How very like her you are!"

"She has all the beauty of the Nugents."

"I don't know that," she said gravely. "You are far above the average as regards good looks, and when you travel a little that wonder of expression consequent upon perpetual home influences will wear off."

Tolerably candid, thought I.

"You are a Home-Ruler?" This interrogatively.

"I am."

"I thought so. You look honest enough to go in for an idea. Ah me! these ideas. What can you do?" she suddenly asked. "Sit down, Home-Ruler."

She spoke, not imperiously, but as one accustomed to be obeyed—the *sic volo, sic jubeo.* She sank into the cushions of a *fauteuil,* and I perched myself upon a gilt gimcrack by courtesy termed a chair.

"What can I do?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"Any way."

"I really do not know what you mean."

"Are you a musician?"

"No."

"An artist?"

"No."

"A linguist?"

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"No."

"I see: you are the usual Irishman. You can ride, and shoot, and fish, and talk 'horse and dog.' You dance pretty well; you are too young to drink whiskey-punch, and too unsophisticated to flirt. Why will they only half-educate these people?" And leaning her elbow upon the arm of the *fauteuil*, and placing her chin in her hands, the owner of £500,000 favored me with a prolonged stare.

At first I felt the hot blood of anger swelling round my heart; but it soon cooled off when I realized that it was a small, pale girl, with grave and earnest eyes, who talked in this way in a low and musical voice. I burst into a loud laugh—an honest ringer.

"You are good-tempered," she quietly said.

"Not always, Miss Wriothesly."

"Which means that if I were a man I should be held accountable for my spade-is-a-spadeism."

"What do you think?"

"Well, I suppose your Irish blood would boil over. What a mistake it is that people will not say what they think!"

"You would live in the Palace of Truth."

"I would if I could. Let me see if you are candid. You have candid eyes. Tell me what you think of me—straight, and fair, and square."

I did not hesitate one second. "I think you are very queer," I said.

"And—"

"And, if you are not affected, I rather like your ways."

"Do you think that I am affected?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Your reasons," leaning over towards me, her elbows on her knees, her hands clasped.

"Well, I suppose you are compelled to be original. A girl like you with an awful lot of money has to do something, if she has chosen to be considered *bizarre*. I suppose you are educated to the tips of your fingers, and," I added with a laugh, for I thoroughly enjoyed the *tête-à-tête*, it was so unlike anything I had ever put in before, "must show something for the money."

"I am *not* affected," she exclaimed somewhat hotly, "as *you* will find when you know me better."

"Oh! *I* don't count for anything—I am only an Irish bog-trotter. But I'd like to see you with a howling swell; I'd like to see how you'd treat *him*—I mean a fellow up in the inner ten-thousand."

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"I am the same to all and every one of your sex."

"Then I don't imagine you are very popular with us."

"I am sure of *that*," she laughed.

"I wonder what you would be like if you hadn't money?" I said, speaking my thoughts as they came to me.

It was her turn to laugh, and right merrily.

"Do you know I have often pondered over that myself," she exclaimed. "I suppose hard fortune would compel me to round off some of the angles in my character, but the substratum would remain. I like you, Mr. Home-Ruler, and I'll sing you a song." She rose and approached the piano, easily, and gently, and naturally, without any trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness. "Shall it be a French song, all tears, and fountains, and bits of ribbon; or an English song, all lanes, and hedges, and church-spires; or a Jacobite song, all claymores and Charleses; or an Irish melody? Ah! I will select for you." And passing her white fingers softly over the keys, till the music resembled the rippling of summer seas or the sighing of the summer winds, she began "Savourneen Dheelish."

She had not much voice, but it seemed to me to be exquisitely trained, and she sang with intense tenderness and expression.

"*Brava, brava!*" and Mr. Bevan bustled in. "Well sung, my dear; but—ahem—I don't think I care to have the piano opened till after dinner. I am all system! Ah! Mr. Joseph, you are welcome here. I found a cane of yours in the wrong place, Mr. Joseph—in the wrong place, my young friend—and gloves flung into a hat that lay upon an ormolu table, when the hat should have been hung on the rack, Mr. Joseph. I should like to thump you two for kicking up this Persian rug. Mr. Joseph, it's time to dress. Come with me. No, by *this* door, if *you* please; I like people to *enter* by that one."

"Why, you are more fussy than ever, Mr. Bevan," laughed the heiress.

"It's system, my dear; it's not fuss. There, now, you are dogs-earing my wife's music. I should like to thump you."

"And, upon my word, I should like to return the compliment," said Miss Wriothesly, still good-humoredly.

"Glad you met that girl—don't rub your hands along the wall, Mr. Joseph. She's got five hundred thousand—a good thing to take over to Meath; would buy the whole county. Be careful about splashing the paper, Mr. Joseph; it takes stains like a new dress-coat. *Why* did they put your portmanteau on a chair when the stand was here? Please help me to lift it. No,

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no, no, don't remove the stand; that's its place. You'll find hot and cold water turned on. Use both, if you please. I like people to use everything in my house. I'll leave you now."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BENEDICTINES.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THE Benedictines celebrate this year the fourteenth centennial of the birth of their founder, and His Holiness Leo XIII. has granted extraordinary privileges for the celebration of the Feast of St. Benedict. But St. Benedict does not belong exclusively to the members of his order. The world at large has as much interest in him as the Benedictines themselves. A general sketch of the Benedictine Order will be timely just now, and give an idea of what the order has accomplished in the past and the means by which it succeeded in performing its providential work.

The spirit that animated St. Benedict was the same as that poured out upon the church on the Day of Pentecost. This spirit does not operate on all in like manner. It is, if it be proper to say so, the common property of all that belong to Christ, but its manifestations are not the same in all. For we well know that it adapts itself to all legitimate wants and circumstances, suits every individual temperament, every national peculiarity, and elevates human nature without destroying it. It is not restricted by limits of climate, nor bound by any special form of civil government, neither is it peculiar to any particular race of men. It is a catholic spirit, embracing all ages of history, all races of men, and all the regions of the earth. The Benedictine Order is not so well known in this country as some other orders. It is, comparatively speaking, a new-comer here. Yet we Americans cannot forget that the first American bishop received episcopal consecration at the hands of a son of St. Benedict, the Right Rev. Charles Walmesley, of England. This, certainly, ought to be a link of endearment between Americans and the Benedictine Order. Fourteen hundred years is a long time. Can we wonder that the vicissitudes of this long time have left their marks on the work of St.

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stable ye'll be keepin', Masther Joe, an' it's Mullinavoyallish ye'll be buyin', an—"

I did not wait till Billy placed the topmost story on his aerial castle, but lounged up to the drawing-rooms. One of these apartments—there were three or four—was a dream of rose-pink and gold; its windows were all lace, and out beyond them stretched a balcony radiant with glowing geraniums and the last roses of summer. Beside a wilderness of ferns dripping with the spray blown from the pouting lips of a tiny water-nymph stood a small, pale girl with rippling hair of a golden brown wound round a small and delicately-shaped head. She turned as I entered, and I saw that her eyes were clear and large and full of expression.

"You are the wild Irishman," she said.

"You are the heiress," I retorted with a laugh.

"My misfortune, not my fault."

"Misfortune!"

"Even so," shrugging her shoulders. "You arrived yesterday, your sister tells me. How very like her you are!"

"She has all the beauty of the Nugents."

"I don't know that," she said gravely. "You are far above the average as regards good looks, and when you travel a little that wonder of expression consequent upon perpetual home influences will wear off."

Tolerably candid, thought I.

"You are a Home-Ruler?" This interrogatively.

"I am."

"I thought so. You look honest enough to go in for an idea. Ah me! these ideas. What can you do?" she suddenly asked. "Sit down, Home-Ruler."

She spoke, not imperiously, but as one accustomed to be obeyed—the *sic volo, sic jubeo.* She sank into the cushions of a *fauteuil*, and I perched myself upon a gilt gimcrack by courtesy termed a chair.

"What can I do?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"Any way."

"I really do not know what you mean."

"Are you a musician?"

"No."

"An artist?"

"No."

"A linguist?"

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"No."

"I see: you are the usual Irishman. You can ride, and shoot, and fish, and talk 'horse and dog.' You dance pretty well; you are too young to drink whiskey-punch, and too unsophisticated to flirt. Why will they only half-educate these people?" And leaning her elbow upon the arm of the *fauteuil*, and placing her chin in her hands, the owner of £500,000 favored me with a prolonged stare.

At first I felt the hot blood of anger swelling round my heart; but it soon cooled off when I realized that it was a small, pale girl, with grave and earnest eyes, who talked in this way in a low and musical voice. I burst into a loud laugh—an honest ringer.

"You are good-tempered," she quietly said.

"Not always, Miss Wriothesly."

"Which means that if I were a man I should be held accountable for my spade-is-a-spadeism."

"What do you think?"

"Well, I suppose your Irish blood would boil over. What a mistake it is that people will not say what they think!"

"You would live in the Palace of Truth."

"I would if I could. Let me see if you are candid. You have candid eyes. Tell me what you think of me—straight, and fair, and square."

I did not hesitate one second. "I think you are very queer," I said.

"And—"

"And, if you are not affected, I rather like your ways."

"Do you think that I am affected?"

"I shouldn't wonder."

"Your reasons," leaning over towards me, her elbows on her knees, her hands clasped.

"Well, I suppose you are compelled to be original. A girl like you with an awful lot of money has to do something, if she has chosen to be considered *bizarre*. I suppose you are educated to the tips of your fingers, and," I added with a laugh, for I thoroughly enjoyed the *tête-à-tête*, it was so unlike anything I had ever put in before, "must show something for the money."

"I am *not* affected," she exclaimed somewhat hotly, "as *you* will find when you know me better."

"Oh! *I* don't count for anything—I am only an Irish bog-trotter. But I'd like to see you with a howling swell; I'd like to see how you'd treat *him*—I mean a fellow up in the inner ten-thousand."

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"I am the same to all and every one of your sex."

"Then I don't imagine you are very popular with us."

"I am sure of *that*," she laughed.

"I wonder what you would be like if you hadn't money?" I said, speaking my thoughts as they came to me.

It was her turn to laugh, and right merrily.

"Do you know I have often pondered over that myself," she exclaimed. "I suppose hard fortune would compel me to round off some of the angles in my character, but the substratum would remain. I like you, Mr. Home-Ruler, and I'll sing you a song." She rose and approached the piano, easily, and gently, and naturally, without any trace of embarrassment or self-consciousness. "Shall it be a French song, all tears, and fountains, and bits of ribbon; or an English song, all lanes, and hedges, and church-spires; or a Jacobite song, all claymores and Charleses; or an Irish melody? Ah! I will select for you." And passing her white fingers softly over the keys, till the music resembled the rippling of summer seas or the sighing of the summer winds, she began "Savourneen Dheelish."

She had not much voice, but it seemed to me to be exquisitely trained, and she sang with intense tenderness and expression.

"*Brava, brava!*" and Mr. Bevan bustled in. "Well sung, my dear; but—ahem—I don't think I care to have the piano opened till after dinner. I am all system! Ah! Mr. Joseph, you are welcome here. I found a cane of yours in the wrong place, Mr. Joseph—in the wrong place, my young friend—and gloves flung into a hat that lay upon an ormolu table, when the hat should have been hung on the rack, Mr. Joseph. I should like to thump you two for kicking up this Persian rug. Mr. Joseph, it's time to dress. Come with me. No, by *this* door, if *you* please; I like people to *enter* by that one."

"Why, you are more fussy than ever, Mr. Bevan," laughed the heiress.

"It's system, my dear; it's not fuss. There, now, you are dogs-earing my wife's music. I should like to thump you."

"And, upon my word, I should like to return the compliment," said Miss Wriothesly, still good-humoredly.

"Glad you met that girl—don't rub your hands along the wall, Mr. Joseph. She's got five hundred thousand—a good thing to take over to Meath; would buy the whole county. Be careful about splashing the paper, Mr. Joseph; it takes stains like a new dress-coat. *Why* did they put your portmanteau on a chair when the stand was here? Please help me to lift it. No,

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no, no, don't remove the stand; that's its place. You'll find hot and cold water turned on. Use both, if you please. I like people to use everything in my house. I'll leave you now."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE BENEDICTINES.

BY ONE OF THEMSELVES.

THE Benedictines celebrate this year the fourteenth centennial of the birth of their founder, and His Holiness Leo XIII. has granted extraordinary privileges for the celebration of the Feast of St. Benedict. But St. Benedict does not belong exclusively to the members of his order. The world at large has as much interest in him as the Benedictines themselves. A general sketch of the Benedictine Order will be timely just now, and give an idea of what the order has accomplished in the past and the means by which it succeeded in performing its providential work.

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Benedict? Certainly, it would be folly to say of the Benedictine Order now what must be said of it as it was of old. Of old, for instance, there were far more Benedictine monasteries than there are now members of the order. The number of Benedictine monasteries at one time exceeded sixty thousand. Yet with two sons of St. Benedict on St. Peter's throne in this century, with so many Benedictines adorned to-day with a bishop's mitre, with the recent establishments of the order in France, in Australia, and here in America, and—it may be justly added—with the lustre in which the famous old English congregation (as they call it) of the order has shone resplendent ever since the days of the Protestant Reformation, not to mention other symptoms of vigorous life—who will say that, with all this, the old tree has become decrepit and is going to decay?

What we present to view, then, is no mere fossil of the past, no petrifaction of a *once* living growth, but a still living tree, an oak of fourteen hundred years' standing, that has, indeed, been beaten by storms and rifled by whirlwinds, but which, replacing its lost branches, still stands firmly rooted in the soil. Of course nothing like completeness can be even approached in this article. For it must be remembered that the history of the Benedictine Order fills many a ponderous volume. That history is intimately interwoven with the weal and woe of Europe's nationalities in their advance towards civilization or in their struggles to preserve it.

I.

St. Benedict was born in the year of our Lord 480, not far from the city of Rome, and he was of patrician birth. But his greatness came of a source different from that of his birth. When still a child of a very tender age—as his great biographer, the first Gregory, tells us—the Spirit of God taught him to see and to fear the corruptions of this world; and the world, in consequence, beheld the miracle of a little boy emulating the example of the great anchorites of Egypt. The prince of this world, the devil, saw it too; and the fierce conflicts which he prepared for a St. Anthony were quickly hurled by him upon this wonderful youth. The temptations of the flesh thus aroused by diabolical machinations became at last so violent that the young hermit, in order to overcome them, flung himself naked into a bush of briers, rolling therein till the excruciating pain had killed the last glimmer of the flame excited by the devil. Many hundred years afterwards the spot was visited by the seraphic Francis. That bush of briers

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was still there; and St. Francis, to honor the heroic conduct of St. Benedict, engrafted on it the scion of a rose. To this day that rose-bush flourishes. But God, to sanction, as it were, the singular piety of his saints, and as a memento of the victory of St. Benedict, has marked the leaves of that rose-bush with the image of a serpent. After that victory of the youthful saint the devil did not again dare to harm his person.

God did not suffer the light of his saint to remain hidden under a bushel. St. Benedict was at last discovered in his retreat by shepherds, and the fame of his sanctity was rapidly spread abroad. Very soon the monks of a neighboring monastery chose him, notwithstanding his youth, for their abbot. But these unfortunate men could not stand the rule of a saint. They have become an example to us of the depth to which human depravity may sink. For they tried to get rid of their new abbot by administering poison to him in a cup of wine. The saint, however, made the sign of the cross over the cup before he put it to his lips, and it flew to pieces. St. Benedict then, understanding at once what hideous attempt had been made, left those reprobates. But no longer could he enjoy solitude, for disciples gathered about him from near and far.

For many years he now quietly governed his spiritual family. But the enemy of mankind, divining by his diabolical instinct the future greatness of that small beginning, of course tried to nip it in the bud. A wicked man of the neighborhood annoyed the servants of God by obtruding on their sight shameful spectacles. The saint, perceiving that this sort of persecution was aimed at his own person rather than at his disciples, resolved on seeking new quarters for himself. So he took some of his disciples with him, but not with the intention of depriving those whom he left behind of the benefit of his further direction, and went up to the mountain near which he had hitherto lived. There he found people that were still heathens, whom he converted, and at the same time he built the monastery called Monte Casino. In this monastery he spent the rest of his life.

How can one refrain from speaking of Monte Casino, the cradle of western monasticism, that home of sanctity, seat of learning, sanctuary of kings, and refuge of pontiffs?

There is not, nor was there ever, a monastery so famous in history as Monte Casino. Many a one great in this world parted with all his riches and worldly renown for the sake of wearing the hood of a simple monk at Monte Casino, first among whom shines the Blessed Carloman, King of the Franks and uncle of

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Charles the Great. Many of its abbots and monks were clothed with the purple of princes of the church; nay, even St. Peter's chair itself was not unfrequently filled by a Casinensian monk. But its greatest glory, aside from that of being the shrine of St. Benedict and of his sister, St. Scholastica, consists in the multitude of saints who flourished there.

Monte Casino, too, was the place where the greatest mind of the Catholic Church was moulded. Let the Dominicans glory in their St. Thomas! Their glory is just. But the Benedictines justly claim to have laid the foundation for the greatness of that wonderful mind. The Dominicans, however, owe still more to the Benedictines. In the year 1073 died in Spain the holy abbot of Silos. At the tomb of that saint a noble lady prayed Heaven for a son. Her prayer was granted; and the child, in honor of the Benedictine saint, was named Dominic. The Franciscan family, also, was most nobly encouraged in its infancy by the children of St. Benedict. The monks gave to the seraphic father his loved *Portiuncula*, and the nuns sheltered and protected St. Clare. Aye, and the Jesuits, too, must be grateful to them; for, apart from the valiant aid given them in their founder's life-time by the great Benedictine abbot, Blosius, when God called from the world the Knight of Loyola, was it not in a Benedictine monastery * and from a son † of St. Benedict that Ignatius received his first lessons in sanctity? That was the same monastery whose abbot, accompanied by a number of his monks, was the first Christian missionary to set his foot on American soil in 1493.‡

But to return to Monte Casino. Towering high upon a mountain peak, it looks like an eyrie which an eagle built, and its noble form is visible far and wide to the wanderers in the plains. May not this eminence in the natural order have been but the shadow of the future eminence of St. Benedict's institution in the supernatural order? Monte Casino is really the cradle of the Benedictine Order, because there St. Benedict wrote his *Rule*, and, as we shall see, that *Rule* made his order. Thus the very thing undertaken by the devil to destroy St. Benedict's work became, under God's providence, the means of giving it lasting success. For, chiefly, he was moved to write a rule by his fatherly care of the absent ones that belonged to him. Once moved to write a rule, he intended to place monasticism itself on a footing more safe and sound than had been thought of before.

* Montserrat. † Garcias di Cisneros.

‡ The Venerable Bernard de Bueil.

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II.

Monasticism is an early growth in the church of God. It flourished in the East long before St. Benedict's time, and assumed wonderful dimensions (though, as for that, in Benedictine times not a few monasteries were to be found with considerably more than one thousand monks). At one time a large part of Egypt was peopled exclusively by monks. That must have been the time to which the prophet Isaias alluded in the nineteenth chapter of his prophecies. Monasteries in the East became as large as cities.

Monasticism was brought to the West by the great St. Athanasius, and there flourished, about one hundred years before St. Benedict, such holy founders as St. Eusebius in Italy, St. Martin of Tours, St. Honoratus of Lerins, John Cassian, the illustrious ascetical writer, and St. Roman, who founded several monasteries in the Jura Mountains. Nor must we forget that wonderful monk from Lerins who brought the faith to Ireland, the glorious St. Patrick. Contemporaneous with St. Benedict were St. Equitius and the statesman, scholar, and monk, Cassiodorus, both in Italy. After him, but still contemporaneous with his work, was the great Irishman, St. Columban. In fact, the work of the Irish saint (which began in France and ended in Italy) eclipsed that of St. Benedict for a considerable length of time; and if one had judged of the future from the look things had in the beginning, he would certainly have pointed to St. Columban as the man to be known in history as the patriarch of the monks of the West. But the monastic institutions founded by these and other holy men (that of St. Columban not excepted), however flourishing they were at one time or other, no matter what impulse they gave to holy life, were all deficient in one thing: there was a defect in proper organization—a defect which, in the East, had already resulted in most fatal consequences, and which in the West too, about the time St. Benedict was born, was beginning to work mischief. Stability and fixedness of rule were wanting. The introduction of these features into monastic life is the great merit of St. Benedict.

The state of a monk was endowed with a certain universality that did not bind him strictly to one superior or to a fixed spot. We do not assert, however, that, practically speaking, stability was unknown to monks before St. Benedict. What we deny is that ante-Benedictine stability was more than a virtue of convenience, and we know that the history of ancient monasticism bears

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us out. For an illustration of the truth of what we state we merely point to the travels of St. Patrick from one religious master and from one monastery to another. Then, as to rule, of course St. Benedict was not the first to write a rule for the regulation of monastic life, the essence of which consists simply in a life of conformity with the counsels of the Gospel. But not one of these rules was anything beyond an ascetical guide. *Monastic legislation*, in the strict sense of the term, was first thought of by St. Benedict. Even St. Columban, who wrote his rule in the same spirit, did not, for all that, make stability obligatory for his monks, neither did he forbid them to change his rule for another one. Hence they could, and in time they actually did, change it for that of St. Benedict. What, then, was it that gave this predominance to the Benedictine rule?

III.

First of all, that feature of stability, when once its nature and working were fairly understood, could not of course but commend itself most favorably to all in whose hands the destinies of monastic institutions rested. Then, too, the rule of St. Benedict was remarkably free from impressions of his mere individuality. He had not made his own heroic ways of life a law for others, but had written a rule which satisfies the demands of the most advanced as well as it suits the weakness of human nature. This difference between the Benedictine and the Columban rule was well marked; for the rule of the Irish saint could not be followed unless by men who were saints themselves. But we find also some very potent external causes by which this predominance was brought about.

In the year 583 Monte Casino was destroyed by the Lombards. Now, again, the blow no doubt aimed by the old enemy at the destruction of the hated work once more served to establish it only the more firmly. The Casinensians escaped and fled to Rome, and the pope domiciled them in his own palace near the Lateran basilica, where they remained for one hundred and thirty years. (After the lapse of that time Monte Casino was rebuilt.) We feel instinctively how this turn in their affairs must have rendered both them and their peculiar institution conspicuous in the eyes of the Christian world. Benedictine monasticism had at once very significantly become *the* monasticism of the Roman Church. Nor was the young order slow in rendering yeoman service to the Holy See. For it is chiefly due to the in-

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fluence of Benedictine activity that the disputes about celebrating Easter, which then threatened to bring on a Western schism, were composed in conformity to Roman custom. To this very day that ancient eminence of the Benedictines in Rome is attested by their holding the great basilica of St. Paul *extra muros*. Soon a Benedictine was elected to the Papacy. For a monk to become pope was a thing never heard of till then, and such a pope as St. Gregory the Great. That St. Gregory must be left to the Benedictines, the Bollandists to the contrary notwithstanding, has been clearly proved by Mabillon, as the scholarly Montalembert has judged. Lastly, the rule of St. Benedict bore a stamp with which, up to that time, no other monastic rule was distinguished: the *formal* approbation of the Holy See by St. Gregory's predecessor.

Thus, then, it happened that bishops and princes combined in urging on all monks the adoption of that rule; and the religious life which flowed from so many different sources—the splendid monasticism of Lerins, of Bangor, of Iona, of Luxeuil and Bobbio—all these various streams became tributary to, aye, and formed, the mighty and majestic river flowing thenceforward through history as the Benedictine monasticism of the West.

IV.

And now let us glance at the work accomplished by monasticism. The Roman Empire had become Christian one hundred and fifty years before St. Benedict was born. Christianity was the religion of the state. There was, certainly, a great advantage in this; but let us not overrate that advantage. What brutal heathendom could no longer do was done no less brutally, and even sometimes more effectively, by heresy.. Strange to say, the imperial power was always more or less hostile to the true interests of the religion of Jesus Christ. At Constantinople the emperor tried to govern with the heathen notion of Cæsar's supremacy both in state and church, and many bishops flattered his ambition in this. The bishop of Constantinople himself, if he did not happen to be a saint, claimed at first the highest rank and jurisdiction in the church next after that of the Roman Pontiff. But he soon claimed equality, and finally even superiority. Need it be said how the first Benedictine pope answered that arrogant pride?*

* *Servus Servorum Dei*—Servant of the servants of God—became thenceforward the title of Roman Pontiffs.

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That answer will shine for ever and ever, in letters of heavenly light, on the brow of pontiffs before the throne. But how dreadfully has that pride been punished! One look at the once glorious East tells the tale.

A long time previous to the period we have in view a flow of nations came pouring out of Asia by way of the Caucasus and the Ural Mountains. To resist that barbarous onslaught tasked to the utmost all the military resources of the Romans. But at the time we speak of—that is, when the Benedictine Order was about to appear on the stage of the world—the barbarous nations then bordering on the confines of the empire, and, as it were, walling themselves up against it (some of them having even embraced Christianity, though in a spurious form), not able to hold out any longer against the tremendous pressure in their rear from the North, dashed over the frontiers and rushed right into what then was, and what, indeed, has remained to be, the very heart of Christian civilization. Rome's military power was on the wane and the empire tottering. In the year 476 (just four years before the birth of St. Benedict) the Herulean chief Odoacer destroyed the western half of the Roman Empire. After seventeen years the throne of Odoacer was upset by the Ostrogoth Theodoric. Then came the Lombards, and after them the Normans. Nation pushed upon nation, and like a flood barbarism swept on. Occasionally, too, there came a Genseric, or Alaric, or Attila, or Totila, heralding the terror of death and leaving desolation in his track. Where is the imagination bold enough to form a conception of the gloom, and anguish, and wide-spread agony of that time?

But it has been said above that some of these barbarous races had become Christians. Their Christianity was of a spurious kind, however, and made them rather worse than they might have been without it. The Vandals, for instance, were Christians of this sort. But what did they make of Africa? Africa was once the most fertile garden of Christ, one of the brightest gems in the crown of God's church. Africa—the home of a St. Augustine, of a St. Fulgentius—alone numbered as many bishops as are now counted in the world altogether. Are we not justified in assuming that so fertile a Christianity must have reached from one end of the continent to the other? And what is left of that ancient Christian civilization of Africa to-day? Abyssinia, perhaps; but what a sad remnant is that! Behold, then, the work of heresy!

Now, a large part of Europe—in fact, the largest part—was deep in the night of heathenism. The Franks in Gaul; the Goths

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in Italy and Spain, the Lombards too; in England the Anglo-Saxons; the Germans and Saxons between the Rhine and the Baltic Sea; the Swedes and Danes, and the Normans generally, also the Slavonic tribes, and, in a word, all the barbarous races of Europe had yet to be converted to the light of faith. What made this a task of special difficulty was the fact that all these nations hated the Christian religion because it was the religion of the Romans. Then, again, their savageness was an almost insuperable obstacle to the light of faith. Steadily on the move, nation, as has been said, pushing upon nation, war was their only work. What tilling of the soil had to be done was done by slaves—captives made in war. Pillage and robbery were noble exploits. Revenge of the most revolting kind was with them a sacred, a religious duty. Those ancestors of ours were giants in body, but not less so in brutality. With a passionate fondness they clung to their national superstitions, and these, of course, were in perfect keeping with their brutalized natures. When the Christian missionary spoke to them they would either kill him at once or else treat him with supreme disdain. The powers of darkness held them bound in thousand fetters.

The reader may wonder how, if all that was so, it could have happened that some of them had left their ancient form of religious worship for even a spurious form of Christianity. No matter how it happened. Perhaps it can easily be explained when it is remembered that the devil may have had no reason to object to that kind of conversion. However, only few of these barbarous races, and even these but partly, had been perverted in that manner. The vast majority of them were still heathens pure and simple, and to convert them was a task, a problem not to be solved by the usual methods. We simply point to Cologne, Treves, and the many other Roman colonies of that time, which had been Christian strongholds for centuries, distinguished, too, by saints, and yet the barbarous populations surrounding them were not converted. Their conversion, and consequently Europe's civilization, was a work reserved for monasticism.

V.

In the East monasticism had, on the whole, gone to decay, and in the West, too, when St. Benedict was born, decay was fast setting in. But the monks of the West were not to be wrecked like those of the East. The providential means to avert it was the rule of St. Benedict. Monasticism in the West was saved by becoming

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Benedictine. The motto of the monks was: *Ora et Labora.** No doubt the reader will wonder how the life of a monk, checked as it was by stability, could serve missionary purposes. We will see.

First of all, let it be remembered that those ancient monks were *giants in sanctity*, just as the people they had to deal with were giants in body, vice, and brutality. Those fierce and untamed, and almost untamable, minds, whether of Celts, or Franks, or Saxons, were appalled at the sight of the monks coming among them with a practical display of their *Ora et Labora*—of men whose sanctity, with all its Christlike meekness, had yet about it a robustness, too, a vigor and a masculine energy—aye, almost a holy fierceness—beyond anything we can well imagine. But it must not be imagined that this new missionary method of monasticism was anything but the most simple thing in the world. The monks moved right into the lands of the barbarians (in squads, not singly), built themselves houses, and strong ones, too, and stayed right where they were. What else? Well, to understand the matter thoroughly, let the reader just look, for illustration's sake, to the habits of the little bee. Monasticism took the hint of its activity from that pattern of nature. This is the whole secret. Would not the barbarians interfere with this proceeding? Of course! But martyrdom had no terrors for the monks. Often, however, the divine power that was with the monks kept their assailants at bay. Step by step monastic foundations advanced till at last the people had become accustomed to them. In fact, it was, curiously enough, invasion parried by invasion. Every monastery, too, was a school.

Lastly, Benedictine stability was not an unreasonable one. There was nothing in it to prevent missionaries from going into the neighboring country to preach the Gospel, nor yet was there anything in it to prevent distinguished monks from becoming bishops, when, of course, their mode of action had to be that of St. Paul.

Of the famous spots in Benedictine history Sicily ranks first. St. Placidus was sent there with thirty companions. He was a favorite son of St. Benedict, and he with his companions, through piratical cruelty, became the first offerings of the Benedictine Order on the altar of martyrdom. Next comes France. St. Maur (whose name, by the bye, has been converted by the English into *Seymour*), that other favorite son of St. Benedict, was sent there. But France at that time was in a certain sense a Christian country—that is to say, the king and many of

* Pray and work.

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That answer will shine for ever and ever, in letters of heavenly light, on the brow of pontiffs before the throne. But how dreadfully has that pride been punished! One look at the once glorious East tells the tale.

A long time previous to the period we have in view a flow of nations came pouring out of Asia by way of the Caucasus and the Ural Mountains. To resist that barbarous onslaught tasked to the utmost all the military resources of the Romans. But at the time we speak of—that is, when the Benedictine Order was about to appear on the stage of the world—the barbarous nations then bordering on the confines of the empire, and, as it were, walling themselves up against it (some of them having even embraced Christianity, though in a spurious form), not able to hold out any longer against the tremendous pressure in their rear from the North, dashed over the frontiers and rushed right into what then was, and what, indeed, has remained to be, the very heart of Christian civilization. Rome's military power was on the wane and the empire tottering. In the year 476 (just four years before the birth of St. Benedict) the Herulean chief Odoacer destroyed the western half of the Roman Empire. After seventeen years the throne of Odoacer was upset by the Ostrogoth Theodoric. Then came the Lombards, and after them the Normans. Nation pushed upon nation, and like a flood barbarism swept on. Occasionally, too, there came a Genseric, or Alaric, or Attila, or Totila, heralding the terror of death and leaving desolation in his track. Where is the imagination bold enough to form a conception of the gloom, and anguish, and wide-spread agony of that time?

But it has been said above that some of these barbarous races had become Christians. Their Christianity was of a spurious kind, however, and made them rather worse than they might have been without it. The Vandals, for instance, were Christians of this sort. But what did they make of Africa? Africa was once the most fertile garden of Christ, one of the brightest gems in the crown of God's church. Africa—the home of a St. Augustine, of a St. Fulgentius—alone numbered as many bishops as are now counted in the world altogether. Are we not justified in assuming that so fertile a Christianity must have reached from one end of the continent to the other? And what is left of that ancient Christian civilization of Africa to-day? Abyssinia, perhaps; but what a sad remnant is that! Behold, then, the work of heresy!

Now, a large part of Europe—in fact, the largest part—was deep in the night of heathenism. The Franks in Gaul; the Goths

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in Italy and Spain, the Lombards too; in England the Anglo-Saxons; the Germans and Saxons between the Rhine and the Baltic Sea; the Swedes and Danes, and the Normans generally, also the Slavonic tribes, and, in a word, all the barbarous races of Europe had yet to be converted to the light of faith. What made this a task of special difficulty was the fact that all these nations hated the Christian religion because it was the religion of the Romans. Then, again, their savageness was an almost insuperable obstacle to the light of faith. Steadily on the move, nation, as has been said, pushing upon nation, war was their only work. What tilling of the soil had to be done was done by slaves—captives made in war. Pillage and robbery were noble exploits. Revenge of the most revolting kind was with them a sacred, a religious duty. Those ancestors of ours were giants in body, but not less so in brutality. With a passionate fondness they clung to their national superstitions, and these, of course, were in perfect keeping with their brutalized natures. When the Christian missionary spoke to them they would either kill him at once or else treat him with supreme disdain. The powers of darkness held them bound in thousand fetters.

The reader may wonder how, if all that was so, it could have happened that some of them had left their ancient form of religious worship for even a spurious form of Christianity. No matter how it happened. Perhaps it can easily be explained when it is remembered that the devil may have had no reason to object to that kind of conversion. However, only few of these barbarous races, and even these but partly, had been perverted in that manner. The vast majority of them were still heathens pure and simple, and to convert them was a task, a problem not to be solved by the usual methods. We simply point to Cologne, Treves, and the many other Roman colonies of that time, which had been Christian strongholds for centuries, distinguished, too, by saints, and yet the barbarous populations surrounding them were not converted. Their conversion, and consequently Europe's civilization, was a work reserved for monasticism.

V.

In the East monasticism had, on the whole, gone to decay, and in the West, too, when St. Benedict was born, decay was fast setting in. But the monks of the West were not to be wrecked like those of the East. The providential means to avert it was the rule of St. Benedict. Monasticism in the West was saved by becoming

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Benedictine. The motto of the monks was: *Ora et Labora.** No doubt the reader will wonder how the life of a monk, checked as it was by stability, could serve missionary purposes. We will see.

First of all, let it be remembered that those ancient monks were *giants in sanctity*, just as the people they had to deal with were giants in body, vice, and brutality. Those fierce and untamed, and almost untamable, minds, whether of Celts, or Franks, or Saxons, were appalled at the sight of the monks coming among them with a practical display of their *Ora et Labora*—of men whose sanctity, with all its Christlike meekness, had yet about it a robustness, too, a vigor and a masculine energy—aye, almost a holy fierceness—beyond anything we can well imagine. But it must not be imagined that this new missionary method of monasticism was anything but the most simple thing in the world. The monks moved right into the lands of the barbarians (in squads, not singly), built themselves houses, and strong ones, too, and stayed right where they were. What else? Well, to understand the matter thoroughly, let the reader just look, for illustration's sake, to the habits of the little bee. Monasticism took the hint of its activity from that pattern of nature. This is the whole secret. Would not the barbarians interfere with this proceeding? Of course! But martyrdom had no terrors for the monks. Often, however, the divine power that was with the monks kept their assailants at bay. Step by step monastic foundations advanced till at last the people had become accustomed to them. In fact, it was, curiously enough, invasion parried by invasion. Every monastery, too, was a school.

Lastly, Benedictine stability was not an unreasonable one. There was nothing in it to prevent missionaries from going into the neighboring country to preach the Gospel, nor yet was there anything in it to prevent distinguished monks from becoming bishops, when, of course, their mode of action had to be that of St. Paul.

Of the famous spots in Benedictine history Sicily ranks first. St. Placidus was sent there with thirty companions. He was a favorite son of St. Benedict, and he with his companions, through piratical cruelty, became the first offerings of the Benedictine Order on the altar of martyrdom. Next comes France. St. Maur (whose name, by the bye, has been converted by the English into *Seymour*), that other favorite son of St. Benedict, was sent there. But France at that time was in a certain sense a Christian country—that is to say, the king and many of

* Pray and work.

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England, France, Italy, and Germany. Then St. Benedict's children entered heaven by the thousands with the palm. Furthermore, much might now be said of the labors of a St. Anscharius, of two Sts. Adalbert, and of another St. Boniface. But enough: we must look back once more.

As the vanguard of monks moved onwards steadily, those in the rear were by no means idle, and could not be. The work itself, from its very nature, was slow and tedious and the times warlike as ever. But meanwhile there were grand conquests. They may not, we will admit at once, be always due to strictly missionary efforts; but then such men as the Frank, Charles the Great—he almost a monk and entitled to the name of *saint*,* and certainly the greatest friend the Benedictines ever had—such men may, nay, must, be classed among the missionaries of religion. The Christian heroism of Charles, much more than his invincible sword, conquered the sturdy Saxon chief Wittekind, the father of the Saxon dynasty of German emperors, among whom we count the monk-emperor, Henry the Saint. But of old the public honors due to a saint were given to Wittekind also. Such were grand conquests for which the monks must receive due credit.

That pressure of nations of which we have spoken did not cease at once. Against its crushing force the newly-converted races had to defend their civilization with almost superhuman efforts. First of all, they would no longer move. The character of the young nations of Europe was being formed after the pattern of that of the monks. But as a mass of floating ice, when stopped at a certain point, whilst higher up the stream the crush comes steadily on, will form a solid wall, causing the roaring waters to rise till they can float off the moving mass in some other direction; so were those moving populations, by this wall of stability in their front, now held in a jam that reached all the way back over the Ural and Caucasus Mountains, till at last an outlet was found for the stream of nations by way of Arabia, and thence, dividing, it formed two branches: one rushing upon the empire of the East, the other pushing the Mohammedanized Vandals, by this time known as Saracens, out of Africa back into Spain, France, and Italy. Under that tremendous pressure the Eastern empire went to pieces. Spain's struggle against it lasted seven hundred years. Also France and Italy felt it severely. At the same time the current pressing from the North still held its course. But the monks were there,

* In the diocese of Cologne, and in other dioceses of Europe, Charlemagne has the public honors of the church given to saints.

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and, therefore, the Christian civilization of Europe held its own. Later on in history, when the struggle between Christendom and the avalanche of infuriated barbarism (that had already overwhelmed the East, and threatened likewise to overwhelm the West) began to make it questionable which was to conquer, the cross or the crescent, what did the world behold? Fighting monks, most valiant knights, of the Order of St. Benedict.*

To speak of the various branches that shot forth from the parent stem of Benedictine monasticism would impose on us the task of speaking of twenty orders. All these are no longer in existence, but the stock itself is safe and sound. Neither can we speak of a Bede, Dunstan, Anselm—names so great both in the history of the church and of the world—who were also Benedictine monks. There was a time when the Holy See itself seemed to have become an heirloom of the sons of St. Benedict. The pigmies of the present love to descant on the ignorance of the monks. We will only say that among the doctors of the church eight were Benedictine monks. So much for monkish ignorance.

There is one other glory of monasticism that cannot be passed by in silence. It was in the eleventh century. The Holy Roman Empire was established. But not every emperor was a holy man. Byzantine ideas were not foreign to many of them. Never, indeed, was there a time when the church of Christ was permitted to forget that it is militant on earth. Often did the civil power attempt to subvert its constitution and to deprive it of its liberty and independence. In the eleventh century many bishops who, for wise reasons, had been endowed with temporal sovereignty by the great Saxon Otto, forgot their sacred character and were tainted with simony. The inferior clergy, to a very large extent, lived in shameful concubinage, and were clamorous for the legalizing of priestly marriage, wherein they were upheld by that imperial monster, the infamous Henry IV. Those were indeed sad times. Even in many monasteries religious discipline had given way to laxity of morals. To know these things of the past, and to behold how the church has lived through them, even the worst, triumphantly, is one of the best evidences that a divine power guides her destinies. And yet that time saw a Romuald, Bruno, Gualbert, Damiani, Bernard, Malachy. But everything else in that time, if we except the still undimmed splendor of Monte Casino, was thrown into the shade by the dazzling brightness of a monastery in Burgundy in which the light of sanctity

* The orders of Christian knighthood in the middle ages were Benedictine monks, because they followed the rule of St. Benedict.

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had been shining uninterruptedly for two hundred years. We mean Clugny, the famous monastery founded by William, Duke of Aquitaine, of glorious and saintly renown, to which three thousand other monasteries were affiliated by the end of the eleventh century. This monastic confederation (which, it need scarcely be said, was thoroughly Benedictine) was the focus of the movement by which the march of Cæsarism in religion was checked, which made a haughty emperor travel to Canossa, and by which also the demon of corruption was banished from the ranks of the clergy. That movement was brought to a successful issue by the genius of Hildebrand, a Roman monk of Clugniacensian affiliation. But a detailed description of this would require as much space again as has been already taken up.

What man more than Hildebrand has had to bear the brunt of the vilest vituperation? But his contemporaries honored him by making him the seventh of Gregories, history honors him by calling him the second of his name justly great, and the church honors him by calling him a saint.

To sum up: had it not been for this glorious energy of the monks of the eleventh century, the Latin Church to-day, like its Eastern sister, would be weighed down with a married priesthood.

Here we might stop, were it not for the question which many a one will ask: What of the activity of the monks in the interest of science, literature, art, agriculture, architecture? But the monuments of such activity are spread over all the world. They may speak for themselves. Is there nothing in the more recent history of the Benedictine Order worthy of mention? Far be it from us to say that there is nothing. But we have said enough for our purpose. Still, in conclusion, we must take a parting look at the grand figure of the patriarch of Western monasticism, that man in whom, as the church in the monastic office declares, the spirit of the prophets and patriarchs of old was combined. Did he know the greatness of his work when, at Monte Casino, he established monasticism on the law of stability? For, beyond any doubt, all the grand results of Benedictine activity flow from the secret power of that peculiar law; and wherever we find in our historical reading that the labors of the Benedictine monks were crowned with signal success, we also find that they worked in a compact body—not moving as a flying column, but stationary behind the ramparts of the cloister. The church must have all kinds of arms, but her Benedictines took charge of the heavy artillery.

St. Benedict may have foreseen the grand results of his work;

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for he was certainly a man singularly gifted with wonderful lights from above. Yet it can hardly be realized that his humble soul dwelt even for a moment on the greatness of his work. One by one, though but slowly at first, his monasteries arose. They were the strongest bulwarks of the church against the havoc and corruption of the times, and piety fled to them for refuge. They were the foundation of a new civilization for Europe; and it is no fulsome flattery, but strictly historic truth, to say we owe it to the Benedictines that Mohammedanism found a barrier in Europe. And no wonder; for the strength of St. Benedict and of his children was that of the Day of Pentecost. He did not fly from the world, brooding on plans for its reformation, but simply sought to secure the salvation of his own soul. In that solitude the seed of grand virtues was sown in his heart. Eventually God led others to him. And had he not, as it were, been cruelly driven from his own, perhaps he would not have written his admirable *Rule*. But when he had written it, then was the seed, gathered from that rich harvest of virtue and wisdom which had ripened in his soul, sown broadcast over the world. Storms, indeed, threatened the coming crop; but it came, and a goodly crop it was. It kept on multiplying and increasing till it filled the world and peopled heaven. There now the patriarch stands among his children like a cedar in Mount Libanus, and his sons and daughters like as branches of palm-trees stand about him.

THE NEW CHRISTIANITY.

II.

IN our former article, having accepted Max Müller's conclusion that there must be an Infinite Being as the only object and explanation of the universal religious craving of mankind, we sought for the Infinite in the universe of sense and experience, but in vain; and therefore we concluded from this and from other arguments that the Infinite must be distinct from the universe, and that the universe must be the work of his creative power.

But although among the facts of experience we do not find the Infinite, there is among those facts one which points to him like an unerring index-finger. That is the sense of moral right and wrong which every man has within him. Experience and re-

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search show that this fact, the fact of conscience, is universal, as wide as the limits of mankind; they show that it is a fact of all times, as clear in the earliest trace of man that we possess as it is to-day; and they show that it is something which man could not make and cannot unmake, because it rules him with an authority which he may not obey, but which he cannot ignore or disown. Man may drown the voice of conscience in the din of his passions; he may break from its control in the rush of his lawless desires; he may tell it that he will not listen to its monitions nor care for its approval or its condemnation; but the voice is there though he heed not, and the authority is there though he rebel. He may try to discredit its dominion by calling it a usurper, by picturing it as a growth of mistaken training and superstitious weakness, or at most as a merely natural accumulation of hereditary experience; but he never succeeds in satisfying even himself, and the common sense of mankind only laughs at his vain endeavor. Conscience is the inner voice—low, indeed, and small, yet more awful than any outside tumult—which tells man ever of duty and responsibility, of the course of conduct demanded by his origin and his destiny. It is a supreme rule which he cannot abolish or ignore, a tribunal which he cannot overturn, and before which he knows that he is at the bar of a Judge whose sentence he cannot evade. Conscience is the foot-print of Infinite Justice and Holiness in man's nature, and it points unerringly to the Infinite Lawgiver, telling at once of our freedom and of his authority.

This brings us to Matthew Arnold's notions concerning God and conscience. Our readers will remember that, as stated in his own words in our previous article, he defines God to be "the eternal not-ourselves that makes for righteousness." Going on in his definitions, he limits the meaning of his word "eternal" to "*ævi-ternus*, or life-long," thus bounding it by the limits of individual experience. He next analyzes his term "righteousness," and limits it to the well-mannered morality which secures social pleasantness in life and avoids grossness and jarring. This being so, he finally reduces God to mean that law of nature by which man is prompted to social morality, just as falling bodies are naturally impelled towards their centre by the law of gravitation. Throughout his works on religion he appeals to *experience* as the foundation and vindication of his definition. Then let us consult experience.

As we have just seen, every reasonable being has experience of that *within himself* which "makes for righteousness," and he learns from the words and acts of other people that they have the same

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experience within them. This something within ourselves "that makes for righteousness" all the world calls conscience. It is the behest of "the law written in men's hearts, their conscience bearing witness to them, and their thoughts within themselves accusing them or else defending them" (Rom. ii. 15). But our experience goes no further. Of a something "*not ourselves* that makes for righteousness" we have no experience whatever. The experience of one and of all tells only of the impulse or law which each one feels within himself. True, if I am not ready to stultify my reason, as we will presently see that Matthew Arnold would have us do, I can *conclude* from the internal law to a universal and supreme Lawgiver; and mankind have ever agreed in so concluding. And thus the something in me "that makes for righteousness" tells me of the true "Eternal not-ourselves," who does not himself "make for righteousness," because he is necessarily perfect righteousness or he would not be the Infinite, but who is the measure and rule and judge of all righteousness, who lays on us the obligation of "making for righteousness," and has put in our moral nature that mainspring of right action, that rule and that impulse, which direct us in all our acts to make for him who is the Eternal Righteousness. But it was reserved for him whom Dean Stanley calls the first of living critics to confound two things so palpably distinct, and to be guilty of the almost childish sophism of taking conscience for God and defining one for the other.

Having turned conscience into God, Matthew Arnold does not save his credit for consistency by subsequently degrading conscience into the mere result of experience and calculation of the best means for living pleasantly. Thereby he only illustrates the rule that error contradicts itself. The assumption—for he does not attempt proof—is so contrary to the facts of consciousness that nothing but a preconceived theory could have suggested it. Such *might be* conscience and its dictates, if there was no God but a law of nature. But that such *are not* conscience and its dictates no one can doubt who honestly listens to and analyzes its behests. It is not of pleasant living and social propriety that it speaks—although these elements of good order naturally result from obedience to its rules—but of justice and judgment and retribution to come. This is not theory but experience, and we confidently appeal to the judgment of mankind.

The conclusions thus far arrived at concerning God, creation, and conscience are the evident results of reason working upon facts. There is no escape from them, save to deny the reliable-

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ness of reason and thus stultify man. And this Matthew Arnold has not shrunk from doing in order to maintain his pet notion. He not only asserts the "relativity of knowledge" in its lowest form, but he cuts off reason's wings completely. Not to follow him through all the tiresome self-stultification of his chapter on metaphysics in *God and the Bible*, the following specimen will suffice. He says that from the beauty of design and the harmonious working of a watch we have no right to conclude, by force of reason, that some intelligent being devised and made it: we simply happen to know, as a fact of experience, that men make watches, and conclude accordingly. Hence, in regard to any, even the most complicated and admirable, works, from a bud or an ear to the universe, we have no right to conclude that they argue an intelligent designer, since we have no experience of that, but are only justified in concluding that "they work harmoniously and well"! It is passing strange that "the greatest of living critics" does not see that such a principle would paralyze reason, would render induction as impossible as deduction, and would annihilate not only metaphysics but all science. A more striking instance could hardly be imagined of the resolve to force a conclusion at any cost. Its author has evidently sided with those sceptics who entirely deny the power of reason to generalize, abstract, argue, or conclude, and who are well called "agnostics"— that is, philosophical Know-nothings.

Against them all, and Matthew Arnold among them, we simply appeal to facts and experience. It is a *fact* that man has reason, that he does reason; that even these gentlemen reason when they argue against the validity of reason; that all human life is based on the fact that man reasons and depends upon the validity of his reasoning; and that even the errors which he may detect in himself or others, far from invalidating reason, only serve to show more clearly its power when it works in normal circumstances. And it is a *fact* that this reason, whose powers and reliableness are thus forced on man's acceptance, mounts unhesitatingly from second causes to the First Cause, from the religious craving which seeks the Infinite to the Infinite himself, from conscience to the supreme Lawgiver—in a word, from all nature up to nature's God. These are *facts* of man's intellectual nature, facts to which all experience and all history testify, and they are the sufficient refutation of those philosophical Know-nothings who claim to be the champions of fact and experience, but who instantly reject or ignore all facts and experience which make against their preconceived theory—which protest against

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their project of stultifying man in order to keep him down among the gross and transient things of sense, in order to hinder him from looking up and soaring up to that adorable First Beginning and Last End who has left his foot-prints in the things of sense, that they may show man's mind and heart the way up to him.

As if to provide against the failure of their attempt to degrade God into a mere fact of consciousness, and to stultify reason, which tells the contrary, Matthew Arnold and his fellow-agnostics next go to the other extreme of elevating God so high that reason can never reach him or tell aught concerning him. They declare that, by ascribing the attributes of infinite perfection to God, we make God in the likeness of man, and put form and limit upon Him who has none. But nothing could be farther from the truth than such assertions. It is not we but they who make God in the likeness of man; for what else is it to assert with Matthew Arnold that God is only a law of man's nature, or with Max Müller that God is the all-comprising Self which has its consciousness in man? Put these notions in their plain, crude form, and we have the assertion of one German pantheist that "man makes God," or of another that "every man is his own God."

We, on the contrary, knowing that all created perfection is his gift, and that it is worthy of the Giver and tells us of him, recognize in man's noblest powers some little shadowing forth of God's perfections, and see that man is made in the likeness of God.

Nor do we, by comparing the finite with the Infinite, put form and limits on the Infinite. According to the clear and positive teaching of St. Thomas, since all creatures are comprised within the limits of genera and species, and God, the First Cause, is above and beyond all genera and species, there can be no generic or specific comparison between God and creatures, but only a comparison of analogy. Hence, seeing that intellect and will are the highest perfections of the creature, we naturally and necessarily conclude that in God there are perfections analogically corresponding to these noblest qualities of his creatures; but we also know that the divine perfections infinitely transcend the perfections of the creature, so that there can be no specific comparison between them. Hence St. Thomas says:

"Est autem *via remotionis* utendum, præcipue in consideratione divinæ substantiæ. Nam divina substantia omnem formam, quam intellectus noster attingit, sua immensitate excedit; et sic ipsam apprehendere non possu-

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mus cognoscendo *quid est*, sed aliqualem ejus habemus notitiam cognoscendo *quid non est*" (*Summa, contra Gent.* l. i. c. xiv.)

And like to this is the doctrine of St. John of the Cross in his sublime treatise, *The Ascent of Carmel.* Comparisons and imaginary representations, he says, are only the means that help beginners to an imperfect notion of God; but in proportion as we advance to a more perfect knowledge of God and union with him, all such comparisons in the mind, and forms in the imagination, and feelings in the sensibility must be transcended and disregarded, since God is the Illimitable and Incomprehensible, whom no such things can equal or represent. The finest passages that have ever been penned about "the Unknowable" do not approach the sublimity of what the Angel of the Schools and the great mystical theologian have taught concerning the incomprehensibleness of the Deity, and this in perfect consistency with their acceptance of all that reason demonstrates and revelation teaches concerning him. Because they are fully aware that their minds cannot grasp his infinity, they do not refuse to believe anything that he deigns to tell his creatures about himself and his works.

And, again to retort the argument, is it not they who put form and limits on the Illimitable by reducing him to a mere law of nature, like to gravitation? The pretended reverence of the agnostics reminds us of that of the pagan persecutors, who put the Christians to death as atheists because they did not accept the gods of the Pantheon; and their reasoning is like that of the wolf which accused the lamb of muddying the brook. The efforts of these men to decry reason, or to cast discredit on its fundamental conclusions, must be in vain. Their unworthy task is akin to that of the old Greek sophists. Their work is in conflict with the consciousness and the common sense of all mankind; and should the memory of their sophistry live, it will be in the record of the dead and buried enemies of reason; nor will the ignominy of their failure be the less because, while trying to strangle reason, they pretended to be her champions. Impartial criticism will inevitably pass the same condemnation on their reverential sophistry as on their degrading agnosticism, and will proclaim the victory of the great truths which, by these unworthy means, they have labored to undermine.

The two great truths of reason on which all other rational truths hinge are these which we have thus far discussed: there is an Eternal, Infinite God distinct from the universe, and the

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universe is the work of his creative power. It was the gradual wandering away from these truths that led the minds of the sages of old into the labyrinth of error in which Plato and others like him cried out despairingly for guidance from on high; and it has been the wandering away from the same truths that has caused all the errors of our modern speculators, and of the authors of the new Christianity among them. When Christianity brought back the pagan world to these two truths, all other truths became plain in their light, and the prayer of Plato was answered. And when, to-day, we establish these same old truths against our philosophical Know-nothings, their fabric of error dissolves like mist-clouds before the risen sun, and the eternal hills, which had been shut from view for a while, stand out as grand and as beautiful as ever.

If God were only a law of nature, or the sum of all the laws of nature, then *miracles* would be impossible, as these men assert. But when God is seen to be the Author of nature, who freely gave it its laws, and could have given it a thousand different codes of laws had he so chosen, and who makes its workings secondary to the spiritual welfare of his intelligent creatures, then the possibility of miracles becomes self-evident, and the proof of their existence, like that of other possible things, becomes matter of reliable testimony.

If man were not a being distinct from and dependent on his Creator, then *revelation* would be impossible, as they assert, or, which is the same thing, would be simply a natural outworking of intellect, and the Bible would not be a divine inspiration, but only an inspiration of poetry, as they say. But when we recognize that man is God's creature, and that he has from his Creator this nature of ours with all its cravings and all its needs, and, above all, with that need of learning and being taught which is a prime fact of individual experience and of history, then we clearly see that the revelation of the needed truth and of the Creator's will is not only possible, but, we may venture to say, a debt which the Creator owes to the creature whom he has so constituted, and the Bible appears in its true character as the divinely-inspired record of that revelation.

If man were not a creature, and if revelation were impossible, then *dogmas* would indeed be mere human fancies, as these men pretend, and the Trinity, the Incarnation, the Redemption, sanctification, and salvation might well be spoken of as "the mere foam on the sea of enthusiasm." But when man is seen to be a creature, and revelation a divine teaching given him concerning

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his destiny, his duties, his relation to his God, what God has done for him and what he owes to God, then dogmas are a necessity of revelation, and he who spurns them so flippantly spurns the gift of God, and refuses to receive from his Creator the teaching which would show him his destiny and guide him to it.

Were God and man what these men fancy, then might *immortality* and the hereafter be regarded as the vague, shadowy uncertainties of which Dean Stanley ventures to express only an uncertain hope, or become the wild, pantheistic absorption in *Nirvana* of which the old Hindoos dreamed, and which Max Müller seems to have imbibed from them; and ere long it would be rejected utterly, as by Matthew Arnold, who believes in no hereafter, and pretends that Christ believed in none. But when we know that man is God's creature and has God's revelation, then the immortality of which that revelation tells becomes a blessed certainty, and we can exultingly exclaim, like Job, "I *know* that my Redeemer liveth," and, like St. Paul, "I *know* whom I have believed, and I *am certain* that He is able to keep that which I have committed unto him, against that day."

If God and man were nothing but nature, advancing and developing by its intrinsic force, then might *Christian truth*, if such a thing could exist at all, be only an advancing development of the human intellect, receiving constantly additions of truth not possessed before; and then might *Christ* be only a phenomenal development of human nature, more far-seeing than his fellows; and then might clinging to "traditional religion" be unreasonable; and then might divisions among Christians, which tend to loosen their grasp on the old "traditional religion," be a blessing; and then might the "liberal theology" which aims at shaking off the grasp altogether, and flinging "traditional religion" into the ocean of the dead past, be a burst of sunlight for mankind. But when God and man and revelation are seen to be what unbiassed reason clearly sees them to be, then Christ our Lord is recognized as the "God with us" whom prophecy foretold, "the Word made flesh" whom St. John proclaimed, "the Way, the Truth, and the Life" that he declared himself to be. Then the truth which he commanded his apostles to teach all nations was that "fulness of truth" which he brought from the bosom of the Father, and from which all nations were to draw the living waters that they need, with no need itself to draw from any nation or any age. Then the Christian religion is essentially a "traditional religion"—that is, *handed down*, generation after generation, from Christ. Then the differences among Christians, which reject one

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or another part of that treasury of truth, and by which men take religious *opinions* for religious *faith*, are sad causes of loss of God-given and therefore necessary truth, sad evidences of that dire crumbling and falling to pieces which must befall the lopped-off and withering branches of which Christ himself tells. Then, in fine, the "liberal theology" which would rob man of faith altogether is an attempt to deprive him utterly of the gift of God, to cut him adrift from his Creator, and to plunge the world into the abyss of intellectual and moral darkness which St. Paul pictures in his Epistle to the Romans, of which profane history testifies so clearly, and from which the light and the power of the Christianity now sneered at as "traditional religion" alone saved the world.

This brings us to one of the wildest of Matthew Arnold's assumptions—namely, that his new Christianity is to shed upon the world the effulgence of righteousness, of morality. His God is the power "that makes for righteousness," and his theology puts aside dogma, that righteousness may reign without a rival. In reading his honeyed sentences one would be almost tempted to believe that dogmatic, traditional Christianity was a power antagonistic to morality, an obstacle to righteousness. Can it be possible that "the greatest of modern critics," when on the mountain-top of the prophetical character which he has assumed to himself, does really become oblivious of that boundless wealth of not merely genteel morality, but heroic virtue, which dogmatic Christianity has inspired in all the ages of its existence? Does he know nothing of the heroism of the martyrs, who in myriads rejoiced to lay down their lives for their dogmatic faith? Has he never heard of the pioneers of Christianity, those generations of noble-hearted men whose glories Montalembert has celebrated, who, amid untold hardships gladly borne, carried to benighted millions the blessings of civilization through the teaching of that same dogmatic faith, and through the influence of the personal holiness which that faith inspired in themselves? Has he, then, no knowledge of, or no esteem for, that pure, sweet, virginal chastity which, ever since Christianity began, and thanks to its dogmatic teachings and sacramental aids, has graced with its loveliness the deformity of this sad world, as the sweet, humble daisies clothe the rough mountain-side with spring-time beauty? Can he ignore the almost countless army of consecrated ones who, in this age as in every age, fill the world with the sweet charity of their ministrations to every need of suffering humanity, and who find the inexhaustible fountain of their devotedness in the divine faith and divine love of the old tradi-

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tional Christianity? Does he fail to discern in the course of history that unfailing stream of virtue—domestic and civil, private and public virtue—which, amid the world's corruption, has never ceased to make myriads of lives admirable, myriads of homes happy, myriads of careers honorable, and all flowing from the same blessed source, the old traditional Christianity? Or if he knows all this, does he claim that his new Christianity is to give a better morality, or as good a morality, or any morality at all? What morality can there be where there is no God to look up to, no heaven to hope for, no divine law to follow? What morality can there be where it is taught that *nature* is the only law, and nature's development the only rule? Theorizers may indulge in utopian imaginings; but practical men, who take men as they are, know but too well, from common sense and from history, what the bulk of men are when nature is their rule, and what mankind could not fail to become were nature their only God. Utilitarian logicians like Locke and Hobbes have reasoned out the conclusions, which experience has wrought out more than once in the world's history, showing that the logical and inevitable result of such principles would be to turn the "one fold of the Good Shepherd" into what Horace has well called "the herd of Epicurus' pig-sty." Facts and experience are as destructive of Matthew Arnold's *moral* pretensions as we have seen them to be of his notions concerning conscience, and God, and all revealed dogmas.

Can it be necessary, in order further to explode this absurd counterfeit of Christianity, to quote its authors against themselves, and refute them by their own arguments? A few words only on this point. Dean Stanley quotes approvingly the beautiful words of Hooker on his death-bed, who, meditating on the number and nature of the angels, and their blessed obedience and order, without which there could be no peace, even in heaven, prayed that such peace might come to earth through the same reign of order and obedience. This prayer Dean Stanley echoes heartily. But where is the obedience where there is no commandment? and where can there be commandment where there is no revelation, and, in the last analysis, no God distinct from man? and without this obedience how can there be order and peace? The "liberal theology" which rejects all dogma, and makes man's nature the arbiter of his conduct, is the very opposite of obedience, order, and peace, and launches forth mankind —every man according to his own conceit—in the wild ways of unrestrained anarchy, intellectual and moral.

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Matthew Arnold truly says:

"So prodigious a revolution does the changing of the whole form and feature of religion turn out to be that it unsettles all other things too, and brings back chaos. When it happens, the civilization and the society to which it happens are disintegrated, and men have to begin again" (L. E. p. 40).

No words could be more in accordance with common sense and experience; and yet they contain the most crushing condemnation of his own theories. Who that looks beneath the plausible cloak which he throws over them, as we have tried to do, can fail to perceive that what he offers is a complete changing of all that Christianity and religion have always meant to the world? And what result then could be expected but the chaos which he rightly declares to be the inevitable result of such change? Oh! who could picture the dread upheaval? Byron's fearful "dream, which was not all a dream," would then indeed find its realization in the moral world. Society would soon display a worse darkness and chaos than that which he beheld when—

"The bright sun was extinguished, and the stars
Did wander darkling in the eternal space,
Rayless and pathless, and the icy earth
Swung blind and blackening in the moonless air.
. . . . . .
The world was void;
The populous and the powerful was a lump,
Seasonless, herbless, treeless, manless, lifeless—
A lump of death—a chaos of hard clay.
. . . . . .
The winds were withered in the stagnant air,
And the clouds perished. Darkness had no need
Of aid from them—she was the Universe!"

Turn God into a law of nature; turn heaven into such comfort as we can find here below; turn conscience into a mere experience of what best conduces to our own easy living; and what would life and the world be, for childhood, for youth, for old age? Would not the sun be quenched indeed, and, in the horrid darkness, would not the dead world shrivel up and crumble into chaos?

After this careful examination of the doctrines put forth by Arnold, Stanley, and Müller we may surely be allowed, without any accusation of uncharitableness, to express our amazement at the effrontery that is capable of propounding such views under the name and guise of Christianity. It is not hard to see why it

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is done. Experience has shown, as Arnold himself fully states, and as Froude has since testified, that the teachings of crude and naked rationalism and unbelief have produced a popular reaction in favor of dogmatic Christianity. Therefore rationalism and unbelief must be clothed in the garb of Christianity, in order that they may meet with popular favor. Hindoo pantheism sounded less repulsive, no doubt, when heard amid the Christian surroundings of the lecture-hall in Westminster Abbey, and labelled by its venerable dean as "a storehouse of wise theology." Biblical rationalism and the praises of Rousseau and Spinoza shock less, no doubt, when breathed forth in the gentle, silvery tones of the honored clergyman in charge of England's grandest ecclesiastical monument. Rank materialism and humanitarianism sound less revolting, no doubt, in the elegant diction of one who claims to be the champion of Christianity and the Bible, and whose utterances are recommended by his being chosen to lecture the Anglican clergy of London on the nature and destiny of the Church of England. But who will say that such Christianity is not a counterfeit and a sham? Or who will say that such a counterfeit is honest? And who can help fearing that this counterfeit Christianity will do incalculably more damage in deceiving the unwary and breaking down safeguards than its destructive errors could have done if put forth in their genuine and honest absurdity and repulsiveness? And who, in fine, can help wondering at the attitude of the Church of England, in countenancing this conspiracy against Christianity, by tolerating and honoring its authors?

But the cloak is too flimsy; and when this counterfeit Christianity will have met the fate which all counterfeits deserve, the true Christianity of all nations and ages will shine with all the more lustre because of this attempt on the part of infidelity to counterfeit it. Nothing is counterfeited but what is valuable: and so unbelief does homage to Christianity, as hypocrisy to virtue.

Grudgingly, too, but most strikingly, do these would-be authors of a new dispensation pay homage to the Catholic Church. It is interesting and instructive to remark the difference between the views of Catholicity expressed by Dean Stanley and those put forward by Matthew Arnold—a difference arising from their different stand-points. Matthew Arnold stands further on the road of humanitarianism than Dean Stanley. The dean is leading on, through paths of Biblical rationalism, to the term which Arnold has already reached. Stanley, therefore, in his efforts to cast aside dogmas, looks on private judgment as the

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hammer which breaks down dogmatic faith; and he compliments Protestantism, on both sides of the Atlantic, on the unsettledness of creed and the multiplicity of sects and divisions, which are accomplishing the breaking-up process which he desires. Arnold has reached the goal of simple humanitarianism—he has no dogmas to get rid of—and so he regards Protestantism as *only* a hammer, *only* a disintegrator; and he looks back to the Catholic Church as the great and only representative of *unity*, which is essential to all order. He says:

"'The dissidence of Dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion,' have some of mankind's deepest and truest instincts against them, and cannot finally prevail. If they prevail for a time that is only a temporary stage in man's history; they will fail in the end, and will have to confess it. . . . This, at any rate, is certain: that the great and sure gainer by the dissidence of Dissent and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion is the Church of Rome. Unity and continuity in public religious worship are a need of human nature, an eternal aspiration of Christendom, but unity and continuity in religious worship joined with perfect mental sanity and freedom. A Catholic Church transformed is, I believe, the church of the future" (L. E. p. 227).

We can forgive the sneer for the honesty of the avowal. His ideal, then, is like that apt expression of Comte's notion: "The Catholic Church with its Christianity left out," or "the play of *Hamlet* with Hamlet left out." But what has just been said of the result for Christianity is equally true of the result for the Catholic Church. The homage paid to her by these advocates of unbelief will live and do her honor when their system of unbelief will have mingled in the dust of countless systems before it. Both by their acknowledgments and by their attacks they proclaim that she is the only efficient guardian of dogmatic and traditional Christianity, and therefore of faith and of the hopes of the human race. Thus they echo the homage which Huxley paid her as the only power that could efficiently resist the destructive theories of false science.

And, as we have seen in these investigations, she maintains the old truth and refutes the novelties of error, not by hushing reason, not by a crushing and blinding intellectual despotism, as these men would have the world believe, but, on the very contrary, by defending and maintaining reason against these innovators, who know that there is no hope for their materialism, save in chaining reason to the rock, like Prometheus, that the vultures may devour it. Under such terms as "agnosticism," "the relativity of knowledge," and the like, they deny the noblest powers

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of reason, and fancy they overthrow its work by sneering at it as *metaphysics*. The Catholic Church, on the contrary, maintains that the powers of reason are the starting-point and foundation of faith; that man is not a mere animal, capable only of seeing and feeling and comparing sensations, but a rational being, enlightened by "the true light which enlighteneth every man that cometh into this world," and capable of knowing truth which does not depend on experience, but to which he knows that experience must conform. He sees that three times three *must* be nine, and that, in the world of experience, they never can be found otherwise; he sees that the three angles of a triangle *must be* equal to two right angles, and that experiment *never can* make a triangle of which this will not be true; and from simple truths like these, and the insight they give into reason's power to apprehend absolute and necessary truth, she bids man recognize the nature and the end of this God-like gift of intellect. As with his bodily eyes he looks from the stones and the rocks and the mountains away into the starry depths, so with the eyes of his intellect she bids him spurn the fetters of materialism and look from nature up to nature's God; and as with the telescope he scans the immensities of the universe, so through divine faith she makes him acquainted with the mysteries of God. And knowing that God is the author of the old truth which she hands down from the beginning, she knows full well that it never can be contradicted by any natural truth or fact that man may discover. She points to her sons, gracing the highest walks in philosophy and science, as well as in theology, and bids the world recognize in them and in their mother church that glorious compatibility, yea, that essential connection, between the highest morality and the highest intellectuality which Socrates proclaimed, and which Professor Jowett and Matthew Arnold quote from him, while inconsistently striving to hold man down from those noble intellectual conclusions to which even Socrates pointed up. She challenges the world to look honestly into her teaching and her work, and say whether she does not fulfil that ideal which Dean Stanley has so well pictured:

"So to put forth old truths that they may with each successive age wear a new aspect; so to receive new truths that they may not clash rudely with the old—this is the function which God entrusts to each new generation of mankind" (Add. and Serm., p. 138).

She stands before the world, the temple of the Most High, the tabernacle of God with men; her trenches dug deep in the primitive revelation whence man received the divine truth which,

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even in the first faint gleam of profane history and literature, we find him possessed of; patriarchs and prophets the immovable flag-stones from which her structure mounts; the apostles her twelve foundations, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone; the Holy Scriptures the solid base, from which the wisdom of her Fathers and Doctors and theologians rises like mighty columns to support the gorgeous arches of her heavenly liturgy; generations of saints, of high and low degree, the living stones that build up her massive walls; the genius and the virtue of all ages adorning every niche and beautifying every nook and corner; the chanted or whispered prayer of all ages floating up in harmonies which rival the "holy, holy, holy" of the Seraphim, while the perpetual indwelling of the Holy Spirit fills it with the majesty of God. Such is the church which "the Lamb slain from the beginning of the world" has made the sheepfold of all ages. And as we gaze upon its beauteous and vast and immovably solid proportions, the uncertainty, the doubt, the wreck and chaos of the void without make us bow down in more lowly thankfulness for the blessing, and with deeper yearning that they who so sadly stray may yet hear the voice of the Good Shepherd and come to rejoin their brethren in the one fold.

Mr. Gregg, another of the leaders in the movement we have been describing, declares, and Arnold and Stanley echo the assertion, that their rejection of the old Christianity comes mostly from their early teaching concerning predestination, justification by imputation, and salvation by faith alone. As Moehler has well shown in his great work on symbolism, the notions which they reject were never the teachings of the Catholic Church, but are the very foundations of the "reformed" theology. Through the mistaken following of these exaggerated and erroneous doctrines their forefathers left the old church. Ever since, as then, she has not ceased to mourn their wandering and to condemn the false doctrines which led them astray. And now that their descendants are forced by common sense to join in the condemnation, should not common sense also guide them back to the divinely constituted guardian of Christian truth from which these very doctrines that they reprobate have separated them? May the day soon come when men of noble intellects and honest hearts will recognize that, instead of the vain attempt at building up a new Christianity, duty calls them to turn their energies to the worthy and salutary task of recalling men to the old God-given Christianity and the old God-established church which, in the words of St. Augustine, are "ever old, yet ever new"!

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AVE MARIA.

TO-NIGHT above the valley lights
We keep our broad hearth-fire,
Whose sparks, set free from earthly bonds,
For evermore aspire:
To thee we turn, beside its glow,
With thought of deep desire:
May not our life like these spent stars
In ashes pale expire—
Ave Maria,
Gratia plena,
Bear thou our souls still higher.

The midnight blue of summer sky
Above the hills lies spread;
The silent stars fill full of peace
The infinite depths o'erhead;
Dark lie the hollows of the hills
As if death shadowèd:
O Mother! let thy mantle blue
Its folds about us spread—
Ave Maria,
Gratia plena,
Keep us in peace, pure Maid.

Near seem our feet to heaven to-night,
Our pathway fair and clear;
Our mountain throne God's footstool is,
Bring thou our hearts as near;
Give us his grace for our good-night,
So banish every fear,
From any thought of dread or ill
Keep thou our visions clear—
Ave Maria,
Gratia plena,
Pray for us, Mother dear.

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CATHOLIC COLONIZATION.*

ONE of the greatest social and political problems of the day is to determine what to do with the poor. And by the poor is not meant the indigent merely, or that large class of persons whom nature or misfortune throws for their care and hope of life in this world on the charity of their fellows; but men and women of intelligence befitting their station, of good principles, sound health, active minds, and nimble hands, who rejoice in labor and find nothing so sweet in this world as their own bread, but who, from the shiftings of trade and commerce and the ebb and flow of circumstance, are often threatened with, and sometimes stranded in, hopeless poverty. At the best large numbers of them perpetually lead a hand-to-mouth existence, and struggle from the cradle almost to the grave to keep body and soul together. When mere life is an everlasting struggle what care can be bestowed on the children of those whose own lot is so wretched? Humanly speaking, it is an accident whether they turn out well or ill; the chances being naturally that they turn out ill, for the odds of life are all against them. In Europe to-day this is especially true, and for two chief reasons: first, the constant and ever-increasing drain upon the peoples by their governments to support vast armies and armaments, which, it is claimed, are necessary to keep the peace among these very peoples, though in themselves they are peaceable enough and hate war; second, from the overcrowding of the populations in the more powerful states without corresponding avenues of industry and employment for them. Not a great nation in Europe but is cursed with poverty. Poverty among large masses means danger of every kind. And this poverty is growing rather than diminishing in precise proportion to the exactions of the governments.

The great haven of refuge for these people is this country, this vast continent of as yet undeveloped resources and almost illimitable spaces, which Providence would seem to have opened up to relieve an exhausted world. And the people have come here. They have been coming in streams for the last fifty years. A century ago the population of the United States was about three millions. It is now nearly forty millions, and there is still room

* *The Religious Mission of the Irish People and Catholic Colonization.* By the Right Rev. John L. Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

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and ample means of support for all Europe, so far as the products of the soil and the means of livelihood go. But we have now a nation formed, with large and populous cities. Thousands upon thousands of those who come to better their lives and fortunes, on arriving see wealth and industry around them. They make the mistake of staying where they land. It is natural for them to think that in centres of such wealth and busy commerce there must be room for them. Each one is but an individual. He cannot tell upon the crowd. He forgets the aggregate. And so, instead of pushing onward and inward to where the throng is less and there is greater room for him and the exercise of such powers and faculties as he may possess, he settles down a helpless straw in a vast whirlpool of industry.

For one newly arrived who will succeed in our cities five will fail or eke out an existence little better than that they have been accustomed to in the past. For our cities are now established. Each one may be said to have his place there. They are overcrowded, in fact. For the great mass of those who now come—we speak of the poorer, the agricultural classes especially—there is no place any longer in our great cities. They must go elsewhere. Hence colonization has become a question to demand the attention of this government and the governments of the States, and within a few years the transportation of immigrants, on their arrival, to regions suitable for their maintenance and occupation will doubtless be arranged on a systematic plan. Indeed, every encouragement to that end is already offered by the government in the way of cheap transportation and the allotment of cheap and fertile lands. But at present much is left to individual or co-operative efforts on the part of individuals. Hence have arisen the various colonization societies already in existence, which have for their primary object the care of the immigrants on their arrival here.

We are here considering Catholic immigrants chiefly; and, without inquiring into the causes, it is safe to say that up to the present Catholics as a body have been singularly neglectful of Catholic interests in this most important matter. This seeming neglect may have been a matter of necessity while the church was still in a state of formation. It is now, however, in a position to act as a unit in any great matter of Catholic interest, and surely none can be greater than to watch over the spiritual and social well-being of the stream of Catholic immigrants annually touching our shores; to guide it to a sure channel and hold it fast in the bosom of the church. The great work of the Catholic

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Church on earth is to preach the Gospel and plant the church. The church has preached and continues to preach the Gospel here, and has planted the church in the large cities and places adjacent. But hitherto there has been no systematic scheme on a large scale to make use of the ample means at our hands of planting the church in the new regions of the republic by assisting the great work of colonization. If there are to be colonies at all, as there must be, what is to hinder the erection of Catholic colonies, any more than Swedish or Mennonite, German or Mormon? Thousands of Catholics land yearly on these shores to seek a home and maintenance for themselves and families, and the means of bringing up their children in the knowledge, love, and fear of God. There is no reason whatever why they should be lost in the crowd. On the contrary, from the very fact stated, that the great centres of population are already crowded to excess, there is every inducement and reason for the new immigrants to push out in bodies, on their arrival, to places and homes prepared for them beforehand. Catholics are now strong enough, wealthy enough, and numerous enough to do something in this way. And the fact that they have not done something already is probably due to the lack of being fully awakened to the necessity and feasibility of such a plan. Nor is the work to be at all considered in the light of a charity, but rather as a practical business enterprise calculated to repay richly those who honestly undertake it.

It is to bring the subject home to Catholics in this country and elsewhere that Bishop Spalding has written the volume that gives occasion for the present notice. His desire is to rouse Catholics to a sense of what they are missing in neglecting the great opportunities now before them which are being so eagerly seized by others. Our cities are thronged with Catholic poor, themselves and their children often going to destruction. There is no reason why they should be poor, and no reason why they should go to destruction. There is every reason, for the sake of both body and soul, why they should be removed from surroundings that constantly threaten the life of both. To show how easily and successfully this may be accomplished is the main purpose of Bishop Spalding's book. The bishop is the president of the "Irish Catholic Colonization Society" established last year; and the aims and objects of this society may best be told in his own words:

"It was the knowledge of these facts, together with the deep conviction

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of the urgent need of doing something to help to bring about a redistribution of our Catholic population, that led to the formation of the Irish Catholic Colonization Society of the United States, which is a joint-stock company with a capital of one hundred thousand dollars. Its history is told in a very few words. The St. Patrick's Society of Chicago took the initiative by issuing invitations to a National Conference to consider the subject of Irish Catholic Colonization, and to be held in that city on the 17th of March, 1879. The conference assembled on the appointed day, with a numerous and representative attendance; and it was admitted on all sides that there was urgent need of devising some practical means whereby the settlement of our people upon the cheap lands of the States and Territories of the Union might be facilitated and increased. But as deliberation is hardly possible in a large and hurried meeting, it was deemed advisable to appoint a committee, to be composed of bishops, priests, and laymen, with power to give definite shape to the general thought of the conference. This was accordingly done, and the committee met in Chicago on the 18th of April, 1879, and again on the 20th of May following, and, after long discussions and consultations, finally determined to form and incorporate, under the laws of Illinois, a joint-stock company, to be known as "THE IRISH CATHOLIC COLONIZATION ASSOCIATION OF THE UNITED STATES."

The object of the association, as set forth in the act of incorporation, is "to promote, encourage, and assist the settlement of Irish Catholic citizens and immigrants on the lands in the States and Territories of the United States." The capital of the company is to be used in the purchase of lands, which are resold to colonists on advantageous terms, and yet so as to secure to the stockholders a fair return upon their investment. The association, moreover, builds an emigrant-house, a church and priest's residence in each colony, and, in certain cases, advances the money to plough twenty or thirty acres on each farm—the average price being about two dollars per acre—and also to put up cottages at a cost of from one hundred and fifty to two hundred dollars each. The farm, with these improvements, is sold to the settler on time, and the association secures itself from loss by retaining the title until full payment shall have been made. The colonies are established exclusively on railroad lands, which, when bought in large tracts and for cash, are frequently sold for less than half the price which the settler who buys a small farm on time would have to pay. In this way the association can afford to resell on time at a much higher rate than it paid, and yet give to the colonist exceptionally favorable conditions, besides the social and religious privileges which it secures to him. For every hundred dollars invested it draws interest at six per cent. on, say, one hundred and fifty dollars, so that the business is not only safe but profitable. The secretary is the only officer in the association who receives a salary, and the only outlay of money for which no return is made is the amount spent in the erection of an emigrant-house and provisional church—a sum equivalent to from three to four thousand dollars.

"Though the motive which prompted the action of the men who organized this company was, I may say, exclusively religious and benevolent, yet their whole endeavor was to place the enterprise upon a purely business basis, since they were persuaded that in this way they could most easily and certainly attain the object aimed at. It would be a perfectly safe proceed-

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ing to buy fifty or a hundred thousand acres of land in Minnesota or Nebraska at the prices at which it is offered, and then simply to await the advent of population and consequent rise in value. The association buys the land, and, instead of trusting to the incoming tide of immigration, puts the colonists on it at once, and consequently has an immediate sale at a fair price."

The capital stock of the society is $100,000—a small sum truly for the great work contemplated. But the society thought it wiser, Bishop Spalding informs us, to begin with a small capital: 1. Because the enterprise is necessarily to some extent experimental—at least, it must so appear to most of those who are asked to contribute towards it; and 2. Because of the serious doubt on the part of the company whether subscribers could be procured at all in sufficient numbers to justify making the experiment. And, in truth, it was found extremely difficult to raise even $100,000 for the purpose; and it is questionable whether the sum would have been raised at all, had not Bishops Spalding and Ireland veritably "stumped" the country in order to explain the objects, plans, and possibilities of the association's scheme. Their cautious reception struck a chill to enthusiasm. Indeed, Bishop Spalding complains of "the dearth of large and enlightened views among wealthy Catholics on the work and wants of the church in the United States," and remarks that "even the better sort seem to have little idea of anything that reaches beyond a parish charity." Nevertheless, to reasonable men the reluctance to take up such a scheme on mere assurances, no matter whose the authority, must appear natural and wise. Besides, Bishop Spalding himself shows in his volume the unfortunate and ill-grounded prejudice that had been created in the minds of Catholics against anything in the shape of Catholic colonization on a systematic scale. The society, then, ought to congratulate itself and take courage rather from the opposition it may have received and overcome and the slowness to respond to its appeal. This has necessitated a lively ventilation of the whole question, a shaking up of dead bones, the publication of Bishop Spalding's book—in itself no mean result. The attention not of Catholics alone, but of the public press and public men of the country, has been drawn to the society and its objects; so that those who share its labors cannot complain that there is any attempt to deceive them. The fullest possible investigation into the whole matter has been made by keen, intelligent, and practical men. Finally, they have approved of it.

"The money has been called in and certificates have been issued to the subscribers. The association has bought ten thousand acres of land in

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Minnesota and twenty-five thousand in Nebraska. In the Minnesota colony the farms have all been sold, and the land in the Nebraska colony, which has just been opened, will without doubt be taken up in a very short time."

Well, there is an actual beginning at all events; and needless to say if this initial movement succeed in the manner so confidently predicted for it by those who set it going, it is likely to inaugurate a movement vast in size and import not only to Catholics but to the whole country. If it be shown that bodies of Catholics can be caught up on their arrival, or even after their arrival—that men willing to go and work where work is plentiful and yields a rich reward can be transplanted from the crowded cities to the free prairies of the West, with success ensured, one may say, beforehand—there is likely within a few years to be a much-needed thinning-out of our poverty-stricken city populations. Moreover, those from other lands who contemplate coming hither will have half their doubts and difficulties solved beforehand. The main thing for these people to determine before coming is where to go and what to do. If this be wisely decided for them in advance, how different their lot and prospects for the future! Suppose a number of Irish families, small farmers or such like, life-long neighbors, with a sufficiency of means to start for the United States, get together and agree on the point of their destination, after communicating with such a society as this—with how much more courage and hope can they leave the home that no longer holds out any prospects of future advancement for themselves and their families, than if they purposed starting at all costs, in a hap-hazard way, to do the best they could and trusting to Providence to help them! But this is just the work contemplated by the association of which Bishop Spalding is the president.

It must be remembered that the association of which we speak has always Catholic colonists in view. It is intended that they should be kept, and their children moulded, in the faith; that there should be ample means for the blessings of Catholic worship and Catholic education. Numbers of Catholic waifs and strays in New York City alone are being constantly transported out West to the homes of farmers. For the most part these are lost to the faith. They are set down among Protestants; the chances are that they never see a priest unless by accident, while it is known that the attempt to obliterate their faith is not the least motive actuating those who send them out. The New York *Tribune* has published several lists of boys sent out in this way by

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means of funds placed in the hands of the editor, Mr. Reid, for that purpose. Of course we do not dream of accusing Mr. Reid of being actuated by a spirit of proselytism in the benevolent work of which he is the trustee. He simply takes the children who are sent to him and disposes of them according to demand. It is sad, however, to see many an Irish and Catholic name in the lists, while perhaps a third of those sent out in this way from the House of Refuge are unquestionably of Catholic parentage.

Had Catholics only a few more colonies of the kind already established in Minnesota and such as is now set on foot by the Irish Catholic Colonization Association, there would be homes and employment for these unfortunate children where they would be received and welcomed without detriment to their faith. Here is the plan of the association as sketched by Bishop Spalding:

"The colony is placed under the immediate supervision of the bishop in whose diocese the land lies. He, with the approval of the association, appoints the priest who is to take charge of the work. The ground is examined, section by section, before purchase. The site for the church and village, which is generally determined by nature or the position of the railroad, is agreed upon in advance. The colonists, upon their arrival, find the priest waiting for them, who conducts them either to their own cottages, standing in readiness, or else to the emigrant-house, where they remain until their own is built. They reach the colony at seed-time, and in a few days are busy planting their gardens and sowing wheat. If temptation to discouragement comes the priest and the church are there to inspire confidence."

This is no fancy sketch. It is simply true, and we can imagine nothing better calculated to appeal to the best instincts and hopes of men anxious to better themselves and improve their condition in this world than just such an inducement as is here held out. Those who know of families or persons likely to take up this mode of life can easily communicate with the association, which has offices in Chicago, St. Paul, and Omaha. As Bishop Spalding forcibly says:

"There is not a priest in the whole country who may not become an active worker in this cause; for everywhere a few Catholics at least are found who are leading a migratory life, keeping railroads in repair, or laboring in villages, or working as hired hands in shops and business houses. Now, if priests everywhere would take upon themselves the duty of warning against the dangers of such a mode of life, pointing out at the same time how easy it is to establish a settled home in the midst of one's countrymen, where the young will grow up in the observance of all the old traditions of faith and purity, it certainly would not be rash to hope for vast results from such preaching. I do not think there is a better way of incul-

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cating morality than to persuade people to seek those surroundings which of themselves tend to promote religious earnestness and purity of conduct. My own limited experience is proof sufficient for myself, at least, that the number of Catholics who are anxious to get a thorough knowledge of this question of colonization is very great. What they read awakens interest but does not satisfy them. The laboring man is slow to realize what he hears or reads of, and many doubts and difficulties present themselves to his mind which a tract or book cannot explain. He needs some one who is thoroughly familiar with the subject in all its details, and with whom he can talk at his ease and with the full confidence that he is his friend. When he has once rightly understood the matter he will in turn become a persuader of others; and so the good work tends of itself to thrive. From the priest, however, the impulse should come."

And now what is required of the colonist in order that he may embark on the enterprise with a fair hope of success? He is not expected to go absolutely without scrip or staff. Some little capital is necessary, and it is the object of the association to assist those who have some means over the first year or two of struggle. "To settle under favorable conditions," says Bishop Spalding, on the authority of Bishop Ireland, whose experience is as thorough in this matter as his wisdom is sound and practical, "a family should bring about five hundred dollars to meet the expenses of building a cottage and buying the indispensable implements of agriculture." It is not necessary that a man should know much, or indeed anything, about farming at the outset. It is necessary, however, that he be strong and willing to work. All who go and settle in these colonies are by no means farmers when they first arrive there. They are men of all classes and ways of life. The practical working of the movement has been successfully tested by Bishop Ireland, of Minnesota, to whom Bishop Spalding gives "the place of honor" in the whole movement. "A joint-stock company," the latter tells us, "similar in every respect to the one of which I have spoken, except that its capital is smaller and its aims local, was organized in St. Paul three years ago; and the colony which it has founded is thoroughly successful, while the property which it now holds represents more than double the amount of the capital originally invested in the business." This is a point on which we cannot insist too strongly in the grave matter of recommending an enterprise of this kind to public favor. Those who engage in it are entering on no wild-goose chase nor on a completely novel experiment. Catholic colonies are already in existence and flourishing, though with less advantages than the present association offers to the colonists. They have been planted in Minnesota by Bishop Ire-

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land. He opened his first colony in 1876, and here is his process:

"His working plan, which is the same for all his colonies, is very simple. He selects a tract of land of fifty or a hundred thousand acres, the exclusive right to dispose of which for three years is given to him by the railroad company. Through a bureau, which he has organized for this purpose, he brings these lands, with full details as to price and conditions of sale, to the notice of Catholics who may desire to secure homes. He chooses a priest, with a special view to his knowledge of farming and farm life, to preside over the new colony. He is on the ground to receive the first settler, who upon his arrival finds a father and a friend. The church is the first building put up, and around this the earliest colonists choose their lands. Town sites are laid out at proper distances along the line of the railroad. In a few weeks after the colony is opened there is a post-office and a country store, but no saloon. The lumber to build the cottages of the settlers is brought by the railroad at reduced rates. Farms are selected in advance for those who, properly recommended, write to declare their intention of becoming colonists.

"The country is a rolling prairie. No trees are to be felled, no roads are to be made, and, as there is a herd law in these Western States, no fences are built. The one difficulty which makes the beginning tedious is the necessity of ploughing the wild prairie a year in advance of sowing the first crop, as the roots of the grass that has been growing for centuries hold the upturned sod in a compact and matted mass, which will break up only after it has been frozen and thawed. Vegetables and corn, however, can be raised after the first ploughing. When those who have bought farms so desire, the priest has twenty or thirty acres of each farm ploughed the summer before their arrival, so that when they come they begin at once to sow their wheat, and in four months reap the harvest. The farming is of the most elementary kind. Everything is done by machinery which is so simple that a man learns to handle it in a day. Care, moreover, is taken to intersperse practical farmers among the mechanics and city people; and as great good-will prevails, those who have skill are ready to train their less fortunate neighbors. Then the priest is always there to give counsel and to inspire a cheerful and hopeful spirit. Six or seven years are given to make payment for the land, and the price of purchase is received by the railroad company in instalments and with a low rate of interest. It often happens that a single crop sells for more than the entire cost of the land. As the country is wholly free from malaria, sickness is almost unknown, and this most active cause of discouragement and failure in new settlements is therefore absent. From the very beginning there is generally a daily mail, which enables the colonists to keep up old and dear associations with their friends and kindred at home."

A point of deep interest and vast importance is this:

"Another important result of Bishop Ireland's efforts is the practical demonstration of the fallacy of maintaining that persons who have lived long in cities, and who have been occupied in factories or in mechanical trades, will not succeed in agricultural colonies. In these settlements al-

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most every condition of life, from banking to mining, is represented. There are colonists from the cotton and woollen mills of Massachusetts, from the coal-mines of Pennsylvania, and from the tenement-houses and saloons of New York and Boston; and it is precisely among this class that the greatest appreciation is often found of the blessings which they have found in God's open and free country. It has been proven, in fact, that even the vices which are bred in cities and factory towns generally disappear amid these healthful surroundings. The quiet, the retirement, the family life, the personal influence of the priest, who knows each member of his flock, the almost certain hope of soon reaching independence, the effect of good example, and the heightened self-respect which comes of owning the land and being one's own master, all co-operate to develop moral character, and consequently to increase the power to overcome the helplessness which often results from long-indulged vicious habits."

The first having proved a success, Bishop Ireland established a second colony in Big Stone County, Minnesota. There in three months, during the spring of 1878, he located one hundred and seventy-five families on government lands. Within the same period a church was erected, one hundred and fifty cottages were built on the claims, and around each cottage from five to ten acres of land were ploughed. The colonists arrived in time to plant their corn and vegetables, the yield was sufficient to support them during the winter, and there has been a constant and truly astonishing progress ever since.

The bishop has since started his fifth colony. He has placed 300,000 acres of the most fertile land in the possession of Catholics, who are living in thriving communities, many of them having already paid for their farms. Villages have sprung up. Grist-mills have been built, and flour is sent directly from Swift County (one of the colonies) to Liverpool. The farmers find a market for their grain at the railroad depots.

Successful colonies have also been established in Kansas, Nebraska, Virginia, and Arkansas. But sufficient evidence is already given of the easy, practical, and successful working of these colonies. That is what is to be driven into the Catholic mind by those interested in Catholic welfare and desirous of advancing Catholic interests. For it is to be taken for granted that there will now be no dispute as to the desirability of planting such colonies, provided only there be a fair prospect of success. In the colonies mentioned there has been not even partial failure. With such evidence before us of what has been accomplished in a few years with such slender means, there can no longer be serious doubt as to the possibility of organizing and conducting to a successful issue a scheme of Catholic colonization which shall cover

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all the requirements of colonists, and ensure a good return to them and to those who assist them in the manner demanded by the association which has Bishop Spalding for its head.

All that has been attempted in this article is to set before our readers the practical features and working of this association to promote and secure Catholic colonization: what it aims at doing, what it has succeeded in doing, what its prospects of success are, judging from similar associations on a smaller scale and with less advantages. If our readers are not satisfied with what has been set before them, their course is plain. Let them not touch it. If the movement, under the circumstances, is not its own best advocate, then all other argument is thrown away. Meanwhile, for those who would look deeper and go more thoroughly into the whole question, as it is calculated to affect not only Catholics and the future of Catholics in this country, but to a great extent the future of the country itself, we recommend Bishop Spalding's volume, with a chapter or two of which we have contented ourselves here. The book is stamped with the earnest eloquence, keen observation, and philosophic reflection that have become characteristics of the distinguished author. It is impossible at any time to read or listen to Bishop Spalding, when treating of a great subject, without feeling that he is absolutely and passionately in earnest, and brings out all the faculties of his mind and heart and soul to enforce his point and carry his conclusion. It is characteristic of such a man that he should not be content, in a movement of the kind he contemplates and urges, with setting a mere business document before people, and proving his process by the book of arithmetic, even though he be secure there. He appeals to a larger book than the ledger, without forgetting or neglecting its demands. He looks to faith, and hope, and charity in the hearts of men; to the bettering of the condition of countless poor; to the raising up of a new and strong and pious generation in the freest of countries, in days when faith is everywhere decaying and the very foundations of Christian life are threatened. So we find him open his book with a chapter on "The Church and the Spirit of the Age," followed by one on "The Religious Mission of the Irish People," to whom, of all peoples, he addresses himself. He goes on to contrast city with country life, and the advantages that the latter in a country such as this presents to the average man. His chapters on "The Irish in the United States" and "The Work of the Church in the United States" will be quoted as authoritative for years to come. Indeed, the whole book is likely to call forth wide attention and

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discussion for the facts it presents, quite apart from the incisive and vehement style and glowing yet forcible eloquence of the author. If good for anything at all, it will be good for this: it will lift a veil that has hung for years over Catholic eyes, awaken a new Catholic energy of vast public benefit and usefulness, and give a new and needed turn to Catholic thought and Catholic activity.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

AFTER THE BALL, AND OTHER POEMS. By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

HER LOVER'S FRIEND, AND OTHER POEMS. By Nora Perry. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co.

One of the rarest things in literature is a perfect lyric poem. It would seem as though there was a special faculty, differing from all other forms of poetical genius, and more in the nature of the gift of a musical voice, which gives a distinct and peculiar charm to certain happy lyrics, so that they stir the senses and settle in the mind by the effect of their rhythm as much as by their meaning. At any rate, the happy faculty seems to be beyond the reach of the most careful art and finish, for it is frequently absent from verses that display the highest perfection of both, while it is to be found in some rude and rough melody or giving lasting vitality to some light trifle or careless snatch of song like those of Catullus and Herrick. We do not mean by this that the most careful finish is not bestowed upon apparently rude melodies like "Ye Mariners of England," for we know very well that it is, and in that case particularly; or that the apparently careless rapture of Herrick's bird-notes was not the result of that sort of skill which, as musicians know, requires a rarer faculty for the adequate interpretation of a Scotch or English ballad than for the rendering of a florid aria from an opera; but it is not to be obtained by labor and polish alone, and we might enumerate very many instances where lyric poetry displays all the elements of melody and finished skill except just the one property of singing in the ear of the mind and living there in form as in meaning. It may be considered rank heresy, but we are inclined to point to Tennyson as an example where the finest skill in word-melody, the most exquisite finish in rhythm, and the most perfect lyrical form fail in the faculty of rhythmic vitality, and to say that, while we read and admire, we do not feel the thrill that seizes us when the lyric spirit of the poem is like the sound of a voice or an instrument in living force and vitality. We say this remembering the "Bugle Song," as well as many exquisite gems of verse, hardly less artificially perfect, which shine like gems in his pages, and also excepting the blank-verse of the "Morte d'Arthur" and the grave music of the measure of the "Lotos-Eaters," which have a rhythm of vital magic. Among other modern poets, Mr. Browning has the faculty on the rare occasions when he plays out his

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air without vagary or variation, and gives us a melody instead of an improvisation or a fugue. It is the best gift of Miss Ingelow, and belongs, with rare skill in the management of the refrain, to Mr. Dante Gabriel Rossetti. In Mr. Swinburne it is perverted beyond its purpose to the predominance of mere sound over meaning, which is nearly as fatal to its perfection as the reverse. Mr. Swinburne's melodies live in the ear solely by their own force, and oppress and obscure the meaning instead of happily blending with it and intensifying it as in the happy medium that makes the perfect lyric. The music of his verse is unsurpassed, but the musical element is too powerful for the poetry.

Miss Nora Perry, a native poet comparatively little known, possesses the true lyrical faculty in a very high degree, and, as an example is worth pages of disquisition, we select the poem entitled "Riding Down" as, aside from charming *naïveté* and delicate sweetness of feeling, a very striking specimen of sentient lyric melody:

RIDING DOWN.

Oh! did you see him riding down,
And riding down, while all the town
Came out to see, came out to see,
And all the bells rang mad with glee?

Oh! did you hear the bells ring out,
The bells ring out, the people shout,
And did you hear that cheer on cheer
That over all the bells rang clear?

And did you see the waving flags,
The fluttering flags, the tattered flags,
Red, white, and blue, shot through and through,
Baptized with battle's deadly dew?

And did you hear the drums' gay beat,
The drums' gay beat, the bugles sweet,
The cymbals' clash, the cannon's crash,
That rent the sky with sound and flash?

And did you see me waiting there,
Just waiting there and watching there,
One little lass amid the mass
That pressed to see the hero pass?

And did you see him smiling down,
And smiling down, as riding down
With slowest pace, with stately grace,
He caught the vision of a face—

My face uplifted, red and white,
Turned red and white with sheer delight,
To meet the eyes, the smiling eyes,
Outflashing in their swift surprise?

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Oh! did you see how swift it came,
How swift it came, like sudden flame,
That smile to me, to only me,
The little lass, who blushed to see?

And at the windows all along,
Oh! all along a lovely throng
Of faces fair beyond compare
Beamed out upon him riding there.

Each face was like a radiant gem,
A sparkling gem, and yet for them
No swift smile came, like sudden flame,
No arrowy glance took certain aim.

He turned away from all their grace,
From all that grace of perfect face;
He turned to me, to only me,
The little lass, who blushed to see!

It may be said that this measure is palpably artificial, but if it is so it fully hits the mark and produces its effect. It gives an exact interpreting cadence to the feeling of the poem and the scene. As another example of what may be termed without over-refinement the picture of landscape in rhythm and verse, as pure music sometimes essays and almost succeeds in giving, the following seems to add the breath of spring and the song of birds to a perfect picture of June:

"So sweet, so sweet the roses in their blowing,
So sweet the daffodils, so fair to see;
So blithe and gay the humming-bird a-going
From flower to flower a-hunting with the bee.

"So sweet, so sweet the calling of the thrushes,
The calling, cooing, wooing everywhere;
So sweet the water's song through reeds and rushes,
The plover's piping note, now here, now there."

We might pick out other examples of what seems to us an almost absolute felicity of lyric melody; but if these do not carry conviction with them, then our ear is entirely at fault.

In her first volume Miss Perry is especially happy in expressing the shy and tender grace of young maidenhood just upon the verge or within the edge of love. There have been poets specially felicitous in depicting the grace and feeling of childhood, but none, we think, so charmingly interpretative of the period of "sweet sixteen." The poem that gives the name to the first volume, "After the Ball," is familiar in all the books of poetical selections, and certain others, such as "Apple Blossoms," have been seized and made familiar with more than ordinary remembrance. The apparent artlessness of these poems is not, we apprehend, any less consummate art than is manifest in Herrick's verses of invocation to his various loves.

A decided merit to these poems is that there is no straining for effect,

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no tagging on of a moral as if to give purpose to a picture which is its own excuse for being. There is a fashion nowadays, particularly among the minor poets, of supplying a forced *raison d'être* for verses by working them down to a precept of morality or an artificial climax of enforced epigram, so that it is a relief to find one who is content to paint a perfect little picture and let it stand as such. It is far better, it is far more effective even, than when the moral or tag of antithesis is too obvious or forced; and we would recommend to those who consider such adjuncts necessary one of the magazine articles where Michael Angelo Titmarsh describes and moralizes upon the pictures in the yearly exhibition in the National Gallery, lamenting the effect produced on his mind by such pictures with a moral as "The Indian Mail" and "The Governess." There is a virility and a purpose to Hogarth's moral teaching in pictures, although we sometimes smile at its very crude directness, and it was appropriate both to the time and his character. But in most modern attempts it is false and affected; and the same may be said of the artificial epigram invented and successfully used by Heine, but which his imitators fail in giving with any neatness or effect without his exquisite skill in verse. The greater part of Miss Perry's lyric poems are entirely without this labored moralizing or antithetic epigram, which is so much striven for in modern brief poems, and are content to be simply pictures or purely expressions of emotion. This, to our minds, denotes an artistic sense that thoroughly knows its purpose.

In her second volume the author strikes a stronger chord. "Her Lover's Friend" is nobly conceived and finely executed. "For the King" also strikes us as being conceived with a noble originality of sentiment expressed with dramatic force. In ballad verse and skill in narration "Lady Wentworth," "The Rebel Flower," and others are striking examples; and as a whole it is an advance upon the first volume in strength and intensity, although we miss and would gladly have more of the fresh and peculiar charms of the simpler lyrics.

PSYCHOLOGICAL ASPECTS OF EDUCATION. By Brother Azarias. New York: E. Steiger. 1879.

Brother Azarias is always welcome, because he always has good thoughts in good words. This little brochure, which costs only ten cents, is, in the first place, a very pretty little pamphlet. Little children ought always to have pretty dresses, and little books also, in order that they may attract attention and please the eye, which their insignificant size is unable to do, without some aid from ornament. Brother Azarias' pamphlet contains an essay read before the University Convocation of New York at Albany, July 11, 1877. It is written against the method of *cram* in schools and colleges, and the system of fitting out every student with an intellectual jacket made on the same measure and of the same stuff. We advise every one who cares about matters of this kind to buy the little book and read it for himself.

THE MIRACLE OF THE 16TH OF SEPTEMBER, 1877, AT LOURDES. Translated from the French of Henri Lasserre by a Lady. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

This authentic account of one of the remarkable miracles wrought at Lourdes will interest all pious Catholics. It is a most beautiful and affecting

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history, and that M. Lasserre is the author of it will recommend it to every one who has read his famous book on the Apparition of Our Lady to Bernadette. As for the unbelieving, they will still continue to shut their eyes and ears with a marvellous and stupid incredulity which is proof against the clearest evidence, and yet make believe they are *scientific*.

STATUTA DIŒCESIS NOVARCENSIS. New York: Benziger Bros. 1878.

This volume is very well and neatly printed, and contains an appendix in which are several valuable documents, useful formulas, and general instructions, most of which are in English, and are necessary for all persons who in any way are concerned with the business affairs connected with churches and ecclesiastical institutions in the diocese of Newark. The Statutes were prepared in several synods, presided over by the former and the present bishop. They will be serviceable, not only to the clergy of the diocese, but to all who may have occasion to prepare similar collections of Statutes in diocesan synods. Where the body of Statutes already exists in any diocese, the publication of the same in a similar form, with an equally full and useful appendix, would be very serviceable to all parochial clergymen as well as to all others concerned. We may safely recommend this collection as a model.

THE CHRISTIAN MOTHER: THE EDUCATION OF HER CHILDREN, AND HER PRAYER. From the German of Rev. W. Cramer. Translated by a Father of the Society of Jesus. New York: Benziger Brothers. 1880.

We could not praise this book too highly. It gives a true and exalted idea of the dignity and responsibilities of Christian motherhood, and furnishes excellent advice for the successful carrying out of its holy mission in society. If every young wife and mother would peruse this beautiful little work, ponder over its useful lessons and take them to heart, the next generation would not fail to show a vast improvement in religion and morality. There are also to be found in this neat volume beautiful prayers and devotions specially suited to the state of life indicated. It has the *imprimatur* of His Eminence the Cardinal.

AN ADDRESS ON STATE MEDICINE. Delivered by Dr. R. J. O'Sullivan before the Medico-Legal Society.

Dr. O'Sullivan is very energetic in urging a much-needed reform in the ventilation of the public schools, churches, etc. The present address touches to some extent on the same important subject and the responsibility of civic and educational authorities in the promotion of public health, while it humorously hits off the relations of the medical and legal professions.

DIRECTORY FOR THE LAITY FREQUENTING THE CHURCH OF THE FRIARS PREACHERS (the Dominican Fathers). For the year 1880. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

Those who are in the habit of attending divine service at Dominican churches will find this little manual, which costs only a few cents, very convenient.

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THE

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MODERN THOUGHT AND PROTESTANTISM.

IT is remarkable that (so-called) science should have given the death-blow to Protestantism, seeing that Protestantism claimed to emancipate science. The boast of the Reformers was that they freed the human intellect from the thraldom of Roman Catholic authority, threw open all knowledge to all Protestants, and did away with the ignorance, both natural and spiritual, which fifteen centuries of "popery" had fostered. Yet, after a sufficiently long trial, we find that the new enlightenment has settled down into the rejection of the Sacred Scriptures, while the Catholic Church alone is defending those Scriptures against "science," against "liberty," against "progress." It is manifest that these three words are capable of being understood in senses which are radically opposed. Science, in the apprehension of modern thought, has come to mean the worship of "the Unknowable." Liberty means the right of disbelieving. Progress means return to barren paganism. The apostles of modern thought claim the privilege of being profoundly ignorant of every truth which has been revealed by the Incarnation. They use language which is the worship of crass ignorance. "By continually seeking to know, and being continually thrown back with a deepened conviction of the impossibility of knowing, we may keep alive the consciousness that it is alike our highest wisdom and our highest duty to regard that through which all things exist as the Unknowable," wrote Herbert Spencer in his *First Principles*. "The idea of a future world is the last enemy whom speculative criticism has to oppose, and, if possible, to overcome," wrote Strauss. So that to be an "advanced

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thinker" is to have returned to a state of mind which would have been thought disgraceful by the (virtuous) Greek or Roman pagan. Well might Mr. Ruskin say of modern thought: "We ourselves, fretted here in our narrow days, know less, perhaps, in very deed, than the ancient heathen, what manner of spirit we are of, or what manner of spirit we ignorantly worship." This it is to be an "advanced thinker." In Athens, about two thousand years ago, there was an altar raised to God, who was "unknown." But by certain scientists, in the year 1880, the "Unknowable" is not thought worthy of an altar. The old Athenians were more "advanced" than modern scientists, for they proclaimed that there was a God, though he was "unknown." Modern scientists decline to proclaim that there is a God. It would be impossible to proclaim that there is not a God, but if there be one he must do without an altar. In truth, the only altars which modern scientists think of rearing are such as are in honor of their own ignorance.

We have said that the fall of Protestantism, its intellectual dissolution, is due, finally, to the "progress of modern science," though we use the word progress in the sense only of license, and the word science in the sense only of conceit. It would be simply ludicrous to dignify speculation—speculation in certain departments of materialism, without the aid of superior knowledge and sound philosophy—as science in that really exalted sense which treats of all things as auxiliaries of truth. If the object of all search is to know the truth, and if the confession of modern thought is that it is "unknowable," we do not perceive that either the object or the attainment of modern thought can be regarded as more than playful or diverting. And even so far as modern experimentalism can go, the chief doctors of such experiments are all at issue. Mr. Huxley calls the science of Mr. Darwin "only a hypothesis," and Mr. Owen speaks still more disrespectfully of it. It is needless to say that the French physiologists cast ridicule on Mr. Darwin's "gasconades" and on Mr. Huxley's "anatomical paradoxes." Nor does any one out of England allow the claim of originality to the "hypotheses" of English modern scientists. The polysyllabic vocabulary of this modern philosophy is probably its chief claim to attention. Osmosis and protoplasm are such very fine words that we are tempted to forget that they mean but little. Yet it would not matter if their inventors were content with bare "hypotheses"; but they will insist on their own infallibility. This shows that they are not really scientific. The grave Professor Fara-

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day warns us to remember the "large assumptions" which have been made in turn for each novel discovery, and never to allow ourselves to be led from "facts and laws" to a worship of "theory and hypothesis." No one need object to indulgence in speculation, provided it be stamped "speculation"; but we have a right to be irritated against vain doctrinaires who insist on our taking them for apostles. And we are still more irritated when such teachers mock authority and pronounce themselves superior to it. Mr. J. S. Mill, who said that he should prefer eternal punishment to worshipping a God who could invent it; or Mr. Grote, who "cordially sympathized" with that view; or Mr. Tyndall, who can prove that prayer is never heard; or Mr. Lecky, who is disposed to regard future judicial awards in the light of "pernicious superstitions," are all welcome to their private ideas about science, but we do not want their opinions about God. They tell us that he is—to them—unknowable; and, therefore, we do not value their ideas of him. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which assures us that eternal damnation is "wholly obnoxious to modern philanthropy," and that if such a shocking hypothesis could be entertained we should be driven to think disrespectfully of the Almighty, no doubt expresses its own "religious" convictions; but religion happens to be outside its science. That in one and the same breath men should say, "We do not know God; he may exist, but we know nothing about him," and yet should add, "We condemn him for being judicial, whereas we are so superbly free-thinking," does strike us as a little wanting in that precision which should distinguish the new apostles of pure reasoning. One thing is certain: that, whatever they may think, Almighty God will not alter his judgments; and it would be more prudent and "philosophical" to make peace with the Just One than to revile him for *our* stupid wickedness. A God who offers us his love on certain fixed conditions—of which the chief condition is that we love him—can hardly be "monstrous," as the *Pall Mall* suggests, quoting J. S. Mill and Leigh Hunt.

Yet there is no class of men that gets so angry with God's judgments as the class which merely speculates on his existence. It is only of late years that English Protestantism has gone so far as to question the dogma of reprobation; and this scepticism has been concurrent with the growth of so-called science, which has undermined the belief in revelation. No new thing has been discovered by modern science which could in the least degree affect Bible testimony; but, the true keeper of the Scriptures being dis-

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carded as untrustworthy, the false keepers have had no power to make resistance. The Catholic Church alone can meet modern thought with weapons which are more keen than its own. The logic of Catholicism, being based on the simple postulate that the Creator cannot be judged by the creature—for if that were possible the finite in apprehension could gauge the whole intellect of the Infinite—can consistently bid the creature to kneel and cover its eyes while the Adorable Wisdom communicates his truths. And this attitude is the true dignity of the creature. It is in obedience that the creature is alone dignified. For obedience to the divine law is unity with the Divine Mind, and therefore exalts the reason above nature. But human reason lost its dignity at the time of the Reformation by divorcing its researches from divine authority. If it be true, as Kant observed, that "reason is subject to an inevitable delusion," so that, as Coleridge further observed, "rationalists" (that is, men who believe in nothing but their own reason) "in the very outset deny all reason, and leave us nothing but degrees to distinguish us from brutes," it follows that the new theory of "every man his own teacher" must result in the profound ignorance called modern thought. The Ritualists, who have perceived this inevitable result, but who have not the courage to get back to the divine authority, yet who confess with Mr. Hallam that "Protestantism appealed to the ignorant," and with Mr. Lecky that "it was a fruit of intrigue and corruption," have tried hard to substitute a fictitious divine authority for that one church which the Divine Wisdom founded. The result has been to multiply the difficulties of Anglicanism in contending with sceptical Protestantism, and to confuse the necessary strength of the divine authority with the necessary weakness of a human one. Anglicans are beginning to grow weary of *all* judgment, because Ritualists have made *some* judgment child's play. It is true that modern thought (as distinguished from English churchism) takes a very different estimate of the Catholic Church and of the fictitious corporations of Protestantism. Modern thought smiles complacently at Protestantism *plus* Ritualism, though it never presumes to smile at the Catholic Church. It may hate her, abuse her, misrepresent her, but it never presumes to make light of her. Mr. Huxley draws a very wide distinction between the professors of the Catholic philosophy and the "comfortable champions of Anglicanism and Dissent." And, more strange still, the boldest advocates of modern thought confess that Protestantism is not a religion at all. That very talented magazine, the *Westminster Review*,

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speaks of "the corner-stone of Protestantism as an admirable one for a temple of free thought, and for nothing else." And so thoroughly appreciated is Anglicanism by the sceptics that Mr. Tyndall does not hesitate to claim the Anglican clergy as his allies in the downward path of infidelity, and as preparing the public mind for great changes which it would never do to introduce by any violence. On the other hand, Mr. Huxley, in utterly reckless language, speaks of the Catholic Church as "that one spiritual organization which is able to resist, and must as a matter of life and death resist, the progress of science and modern civilization." Seeing that the Catholic Church has ever been, in all ages, the mother of science and civilization—as even the Calvinist historian, Guizot, admits—what Mr. Huxley should have said would have been this: The Catholic Church has always distinguished between the conceits of mere unaided speculation and the sound development of thoroughly assured science, just as she has always distinguished between a true civilization and the pagan license of men who are half-believers. The sole mission of the Catholic Church is to "resist" erroneous theories and to "resist" erroneous habits of life. She alone, as Mr. Huxley confesses, is "able" to do this, because her science is always associated with divine knowledge, and her civilization is after the pattern of Christ's life. It is really too ridiculous to talk of the Catholic Church as being opposed to *true* science, *true* civilization, when but for the Catholic Church there would not have been a man now in England who would have known anything of the science of theology—which is the science of eternal salvation—nor anything of that true civilization which is built on the science of theology. More than this, the very liberties which we enjoy are the fruit of purely Catholic civilization, slightly altered, developed, or marred, according to the national circumstance. Let us briefly consider this question of "liberty" in connection with science and civilization; since free thought claims liberty for its own, whereas we say that free thought does not possess it.

It is obvious that modern thought, or free thought, or scepticism—it does not matter what we may call it—mistakes the tyranny of the ignorance of what is true for the liberty of knowing it and possessing it. What is liberty? The best answer is that in heaven alone is there perfect, ineffable liberty. And what is the liberty of heaven? Absolute conformity of mind, will, and heart to the perfectly known wisdom of God. This is also the "Catholic" liberty, modified only by the living by faith instead of the living by sight. Yet the two liberties are identical in

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spirit. The Catholic philosophy makes the knowledge of God's truths—which is all one with the key of salvation—the main object and aspiration of the intellect, and affirms of the intellect that it can *only* enjoy liberty when it is anchored on the Rock of eternal truth. Away from that anchorage it is the slave of every caprice, the plaything of vanity or passion, the mere cork on the waters of speculation—now a little above the surface, now below it. Modern thought says of liberty that it is the privilege of doubting, the sublime possession of every means of going wrong. *plus* the total impossibility of being assured—that is, infallibly—as to what are the conditions of salvation. And as is this theory, so is its practice, and so is its penalty and its suffering. Who are now the teachers of modern thought, or who are its too contented victims? It would be indecent to ridicule the apostles of the Unknowable, and happily it is superfluous to do so. As to their victims, they are chiefly young men who are grateful for an apology for being heathens, and who know about as much of true science, true philosophy, as they know of the occupations of the angels. These young men (and also old men) seem to imagine that the Divine Wisdom is to be discovered, like the root of a cabbage, by digging downwards but not by winging upwards; and they always cut themselves off from the whole of their higher nature in setting about to reason on his being. To hear half a dozen Englishmen who have caught the disease of modernism (which, by the way, is no more "modern" than was the imbecility of the first sin), you would imagine that they kept their souls in a cupboard of their intellects, and never permitted them to see the daylight nor to have fresh air. The glorious sun may shine them full in their faces, but they turn away their eyes and ask for candles. The candles are, for the most part, the "daily newspapers." The journalists, who judge everybody, judge everything, judge this world, judge the next world, judge God—and this, too, with such infallible authority that the Sovereign Pontiff might fairly wonder at such powers—are the principal doctors, recluses, and mystic saints who unravel the truths hidden from the church. Such teachers are the more listened to and obeyed on the ground that they "represent public opinion." Sterne was so rude as to call public opinion a long-eared ass; but public opinion does not take that view of itself, and since the press always flatters its readers, and assures them that *they* are its judges, the public returns the compliment by imputing to its journalists the most superior enlightenment and progress. Whether the writers or the readers are most to be pitied we need not here stay to

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inquire. But that both the writers and the readers have lost the liberty of pure reasoning by becoming slaves of caprice or of complacency is so obvious that any grave man who "takes in" a daily paper must marvel what the next age will come to.

Whereas the church loves to appropriate every new step in science as a fresh testimony to the wisdom of the faith—as multiplying the evidences of the exquisite harmony between the natural and supernatural law—modern thought uses every fresh discovery to cut itself further off from God. St. Thomas in his wonderful Summary, St. Augustine in his *De Civitate Dei*, did not treat of science as leading *from* God, but as leading up to him by perfectly plain proof. The same may be said of the illustrious Cardinal Newman, and of all the profound thinkers of Catholic ages. It was true also of pre-Christian philosophers that the best of them aspired to know God. Aristotle and Plato would most certainly have been Catholics had they "philosophized" in the year 1880. They always soared in aspiration, though they lacked that full knowledge which belongs only to the "fulness of time."

"Many prophets and kings desired to see the things which we see," but modern thought desires only not to see. And in proportion to the blindness is the slavery. It is remarkable that great Protestant historians, notably Guizot, and Ranke, and Macaulay, with also Hallam and Lecky and others, avow their conviction that the introduction of free thought—which took place, or at least was systematized, by the Reformation—was the lowering of the dignity of Christian liberty by enslaving every will to its own caprice. "The truth shall make you free" became interpreted with the formula, "Every kind of error shall enslave you." "Ye shall be as gods," which was the promise of the Reformation, was fulfilled by a diabolical mental chaos. Politically as well as religiously the tyranny of "reformed" thought was felt throughout every Protestantized country. In England and in Scotland, in Ireland and in Prussia, in Denmark, in Switzerland, in Holland, there was the grossest material tyranny exercised over consciences which did not approve of the new religion. States used their Protestantism for crushing out the liberties which their Protestantism was assumed to ensure. And hence, morally, the condition of Protestant countries soon fell to a level with the mental chaos. England is now less moral than it ever was—less moral even than in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Dr. Pusey has said so, and so have said a host of modern writers, including most of the apostles of free thought. And the reason is so obvious that

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the simplest intelligence can connect the effect with the cause. If it is of no importance *what* we believe nor *whom* we obey, nor scarcely whether we believe or obey at all, how can it matter whether morality, which is a fruit, be less healthy, less strong, than its parent stem? If I am not certain about the conditions of the future life, the conditions of the intellect and of the will, why should I fret myself about interior living or about exterior conformity to speculations? "Society" may force on me a code of prudence, but "religion" cannot take me by her right hand. I may be naturally most decorous, and even virtuous; but to be so supernaturally I must believe. And since modern thought tells me that the *only* law which is not certain is the law of the divine will in regard to faith, I feel myself emancipated from the restraints of a code which a Mr. Mill or a Mr. Spencer may think reasonable. If my intellect, which is the superior of my senses—since reason is more dignified than emotion—is under no necessity of obedience, why should my senses be under any obedience to an unknown and unknowable God? The law of nature may teach me a good deal, but it cannot teach me the Seven Beatitudes; still less can it teach me that the Incarnation, with Holy Communion, make both mind and body the home of God. Such an infinite exaltation not only commands high morality but makes it an intellectual necessity. Modern thought makes morality a convenience, and also a dignified natural state; but the Catholic religion makes it equally a duty, and a requisite of intellectual harmony. Without the Incarnation morality is a duty, a duty to Jew and to pagan; but with the Incarnation it is intellectual fitness such as all "science" and "philosophy" must approve.

The tendency of modern thought is to make a fallacy out of the syllogism which the church can construct upon morals. The Divine Intellect being united with the church's intellect on all points of faith and of morals, and the Divine Nature being united with every Catholic's nature when a Catholic communicates at the altar, a Catholic regards morality less as a duty of obedience than as the essentially harmonious state of the Christian intellect. This is theoretically undeniable; but because sin works on every human will, every Catholic is liable to commit sin; and here comes the sacrament of penance to recleanse the mind and the body. Modern thought cannot propose any such remedy, any more than it can kneel to the divine purity. And therefore modern thought, both practically and theoretically, both morally and intellectually, both in regard to knowledge and to action, has degraded the mind and the body. That Protestants have been,

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normally, good persons, and have retained what is commonly called high principle, is due to the traditions of the Catholic faith, which modern thought now seeks wholly to uproot.

It must be admitted that the profession *to know* is more intellectual than the profession *not to know;* so that the Catholic philosophy, even assuming it to be erroneous, is more intellectual than modern thought. If to aspire to know the truth be intellectual, what must be the knowledge, if attained? And Catholics for eighteen centuries have avowed their conviction that they know what is said to be "unknowable." They prove their consistency by the intellectual harmony of every one of the doctrines of their faith; by affirming, while others only deny; by being always on the side of a simple positive, as opposed to the champions of a simple negative. Now, the positive is more honorable than the negative; it is more intellectual, because divine; for it is not known of the Creator that he teaches by denying, but, on the contrary, by always affirming. Modern thought can affirm nothing of the Divine Will, except that it is unknown and unknowable. Save so far as the plants and trees intimate laws, or so far as virtue and vice seem to imply them, the apostles of modern thought know no more of the Divine Mind than did the ox and the ass in the stable at Bethlehem. Take the articles which are published in some of the first-class magazines in regard to elementary Christian verities; they are made up either of questioning or of groping; they are either written in hostility or in speculation; their writers are as birds who have no wings and no feathers, and who wonder how their ancestors climbed the sky. Once a month or once a quarter we have stupendously-learned articles, written by undeniably able men, but always wearing the aspect of pain and of struggle, never of serenity and of conviction. The claims of the Holy See to the gratitude of mankind, with its claims to be revered as a Christian teacher, are treated as inconveniences to be got rid of, because they interfere with modern thought. Not to believe, to obey, to be assured, are the desires, the cravings of the writers; rather to increase the burden of doubt under which honest hearts groan, but under which modern thought skips with playful vanity. It is such a heartless, such a dried-up kind of thinking! Omit the soul, omit the life-blood, omit the instincts of the deeper nature, and cling only to the little frettings of paper controversy as the only paradise of the (possibly) immortal mind! Whereas Catholic theologians can fight on paper, and fight hard, they fight always with the knowledge of certain truth; but modern thought is as much at sea on the

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alphabet of Christian knowledge as it is at sea on the conclusions of its own philosophy.

The same with the journalists; the same with the platform orators; the same even with the pulpit-opinionists. It is curious that modern thought has mounted the pulpit-stairs and has largely impregnated Protestant sermons. A certain timorousness as to the pleadings of modern science, with a certain affectation of being superior to it, infects the discourses of deans, canons, and rectors, and the charges of the governing prelates. These teachers are puzzled in dealing with phenomena which are necessarily submitted to the human judgment, because they know that *all* Protestantism is the offspring of human judgment, and they have no right to (consistently) condemn *one* part of it. Hence they are obliged to speak of science—that is, anti-Christian science—as being opposed to the teaching of the Scriptures, while at the same time they must permit the license of interpreting those Scriptures according to the individual proclivity. Yet if a man is fully capable of interpreting the Scriptures, of determining their whole teaching for himself, it is obvious that he must be capable of interpreting human dicta, which are invented or formulated by man's brain. The natural is less obscure than the supernatural, needing nothing but brain—not the Holy Spirit. So the Anglican preachers are caught always in this dilemma when dealing with the aggressions of modern thought: that they must prove by their own wits that *their* views of modern thought are as sound as are *their* views of the Scriptures. And their audiences must equally judge both. Since revelation and science are both proposed to all Protestants as being (theoretically) within the compass of their criticism, the Protestant clergy cannot teach in regard to either with any higher credential than human wits.

Thus the aggressions of modern thought have no barrier to beat against more potent than poor human brains or more steadfast than poor human will. And we all know what these two are capable of! If it be true of religion as Bassanio says in *The Merchant of Venice*, "In religion what damned error but some sober brow will bless it, and approve it with a text?" it is at least equally true of many scientific theories that men can persuade themselves of what they will. And when their persuasions are in harmony with their repose, and release them from the irksomeness of obedience, it is not remarkable that free-thinkers are found generally among the ranks of free-livers, easy gentlemen, "fast" young men. It is so comfortable to sit in an easy-chair, smoke a cigar, and talk "scientific scepticism," it is so pleasing

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to the vanity to be not bound as are other men by the shackles of prejudice and tradition, that modern thought has carried the natural temperament by storm almost before it has attacked the natural brains. To be one's own pontiff, intellectually and religiously, is to have a disciple most docile and obedient. No fear of any jar between teacher and taught when the active and the passive are but one mood. Thus we do not wonder that the spirit of modern thought is more diffused than is the intellectual apprehension. Not one free-thinker in ten thousand could intellectually work out the "scientific scepticism" he approves; nor is there any disposition to do so, for what he wants is the apology for repose. Unless a man be startled into earnestness by some call of disaster or of disease, he will prefer to glide calmly down the stream of modern thought—that is, to be idle and vain. If the Catholic Church catch him at the right moment she will take him into the haven of heavenly science; but if he be left outside in cold Protestantism he will but pass from false science to shallow sentiment.

TRANSLATION OF SCHILLER'S "HOMAGE OF THE FINE ARTS."

THIS lyrical operetta was composed by Schiller in four days, but a little while before his death, and performed at the theatre of Weimar, in honor of the newly-arrived Grand Duchess Maria Paulowna, sister of Alexander I., Emperor of Russia. The idea of the poem is, that the inhabitants of a quiet valley, representing Weimar, having received a rare exotic, under which emblem is represented the young foreign princess, wish to plant it so firmly that it may thrive in their soil and air, but are perplexed how they may do this. The genius of Art with his companions appears to them, sent from the Neva by the mother of the princess, and consoles them with the hope that their kindness, and the cultivated society in which the refined pleasures of art are appreciated and enjoyed, will compensate the fair and illustrious stranger for the privation of the splendors of the imperial court of Russia. The seven Arts then appear and disclose to the princess the sphere open to her activity as a patroness of their works, offering their services to give usefulness, happiness, and embellishment to her

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life. It is a pleasant fact to record, that the grateful princess, after Schiller's death, provided for the education of his sons.

THE HOMAGE OF THE FINE ARTS.

The scene is in the open country. In the centre is an orange-tree covered with fruit and adorned with garlands. Country-people are engaged in planting the tree in the ground, while maidens and children hold it on each side with festoons of flowers.

A FATHER.

Grow and flourish in thy bloom!
Flourish, golden-fruit-crowned tree!
Brought from far; now joyously,
In our soil we give thee room,
Thy delicious fruits to nourish,
In unfading green to flourish.

ALL THE COUNTRY-PEOPLE.

Blooming tree, thy branches fair
Spread in beauty in our air!

A YOUTH.

Fragrant blossoms, in the light,
Through all time their leaves expand!
While with golden fruit bedight,
Thy graceful limbs all storms withstand.

ALL.

Through all times thy limbs expand,
Thy firm-knit stem all storms withstand!

A MOTHER.

Holy earth! receive the stranger,
Power! who rulest mead and field,
With the speckled flocks a ranger,
Let thy care this treasure shield.

MAIDEN.

Guard this tree, ye gentle Dryads!
Father Pan! protect this stranger,
Flitting band of free Oryads!
Bind all storms which threaten danger.

ALL.

Guard this tree, ye gentle Dryads!
Father Pan! and free Oryads!

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YOUTH.

Give thy warmth, O laughing Æther!
Keep the sky serene and blue,
Shine, O Sun! with genial radiance,
Earth! diffuse refreshing dew.

ALL.

Shine, O Sun! with genial radiance,
Earth! diffuse refreshing dew.

FATHER.

Life and pleasure on thy part
Give to every pilgrim's heart,
Share the joy our welcomes give,
Let thy fruit delicious nourish
Offspring who long time shall flourish,
To latest age thy memory live!

ALL.

Give all pilgrims joy and pleasure,
Share with them the costly treasure
Which our joyous welcomes give thee.

All commence a dance around the tree. The music of the orchestra accompanies them and gradually changes into a more elevated style. Genius is seen descending from the sky with seven goddesses, and while the country-people withdraw to the sides of the stage, he places himself in the middle, with the Arts on each side.

CHORUS OF THE ARTS.

We come from afar,
Wandering with each other
Through all lands and all ages,
From one folk to another,
Seeking a fixed habitation on earth;
Where a permanent seat
May give rest to our feet,
While we, tranquil and still,
Our high mission fulfil;
But have sought it in vain from the day of our birth.

YOUTH.

What dazzling vision meets my sight,
Of beings who are more than mortal!
Descending in a wondrous light
That streams from heaven's open portal.

GENIUS.

Where war-weapons clash
And bayonets glisten,
Where the wild waves of passion tumultuous dash,
We hasten our flight, and we stay not to listen
To sounds of confusion, but pass like a flash.

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CHORUS OF THE ARTS.

We detest the untrue,
From the scoffers depart,
We seek for the upright
And single of heart.
Where the simple and child-like
A welcoming give
We set up our dwelling
And peacefully live.

MAIDEN.

Whence comes the emotion
That stirs my heart's core
Like a magic alluring, and banishing fear
Of these wonderful forms, which familiar appear,
Though I know that I never have seen them before?

ALL.

Whence comes the emotion
That stirs our heart's core?

GENIUS.

Hush! I see some human beings,
And they seem on joy intent;
See the graceful tree whose branches
Weight of fruit and flowers hath bent.
Of a feast these tokens tell.
Speak! and what has happened say!

FATHER.

In these vales we shepherds dwell,
And we keep a feast to-day.

GENIUS.

O gentle swain! what is this feast?

MOTHER.

A royal princess from the East,
Our gentle queen, we honor;
To this quiet, still retreat
She has come, to be our blessing,
From her high imperial seat.

YOUTH.

See her! every grace possessing,
In her radiance mild and sweet.

GENIUS.

Wherefore do you plant this tree?

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YOUTH.

It was brought from foreign strand;
She towards home is turning sadly:
We would bind her heart, most gladly,
To our own, our Fatherland.

GENIUS.

Therefore, do you set this tree
With its roots so deeply planted,
That your youthful queen enchanted
Here a new, dear home may see?

MAIDEN.

Ah! how many a tender band
Draws her to her native land!
Childhood's fairy haunts are left
By her, of Paradise bereft;
No more to kiss her loving mother,
No more embrace her hero-brother,
No more her head to fondly rest
Upon a sister's gentle breast!
Can we give her compensation
Equal to so great privation?

GENIUS.

Holy love no limit bindeth,
In all lands a home it findeth.
From a flame no force is taken,
Which another flame doth waken.
So, when love her heart remindeth
Of her childhood's home forsaken,
Old friends not lost, she others bindeth
To her heart, at home with you,
Old love blending with the new.

MOTHER.

Marble halls the royal maiden
Trod of old, 'mid golden treasures;
Here, the trees with blossoms laden,
Meadows green and simple pleasures,
The golden sun the only splendor,
Cannot please the royal maiden.

GENIUS.

Shepherds! your simplicity
In a noble heart to see
Hath no power, but learn of me
Greatness from the soul goes forth,
Seeks without no borrowed worth.

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YOUTH.

O noble stranger! show us how to bind
Her heart to ours, and how her love to win;
Around her garlands sweet we fain would wind
To draw her willing steps our homes within.

GENIUS.

A noble heart soon finds itself at home,
And builds around itself its world,
Just as the tree takes kindly to the loam
And soon its limbs are strong, its leaves unfurled.
So doth the lofty mind, the generous heart,
To life give beauty by its skilful art;
Quickly the tender bands of love are wound,
One finds his country where true joy is found.

ALL THE PEOPLE.

O beauteous stranger! say, how can we wind
A wreath this noble heart to our green fields to bind?

GENIUS.

Already woven is this tender band,
She is no stranger to your pleasant land;
Me, and these Seven, well your princess knows:
We only need to her our forms disclose.

Here Genius and the seven Arts come forward and form a semicircle, at the same time throwing aside their mantles and disclosing the insignia which denote their several attributes.

GENIUS.

(*Addressing the Princess.*)

I am the Spirit and the Form Ideal
Served by these Spirits ruling each an Art;
We give the crown of beauty to the Real,
To altar and to palace grace impart.
Long in thy House Imperial we are guests;
Thy Empress-Mother in her secret shrine
Served with devotion all our high behests,
And on her altar fed the flame divine
With her pure hand; now, Princess, we have come,
Entreated by her love, with thee to live,
To decorate for thee thy new-found home
With all that Genius and the Arts can give.

ARCHITECTURE.

(*Wearing a mural crown and holding a golden ship in the right hand.*)

Thou sawest me throned above cold Neva's stream;
Thy great ancestor called me to the North.
I built for him that city which doth seem
A second Rome; my magic summoned forth

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Those gardens bright from wintry waste forlorn,
That capital whose streets and precincts stand
Adorned with palaces superb and temples grand,
Where gay and busy crowds incessant stream;
I built the fleets above the sea that tower,
Floating from lofty masts the sign of Russia's power.

SCULPTURE.

(*Holding a statue of Victory.*)

Me hast thou, also, often seen with wonder
In god-like forms of old mythology.
Upon a rock no time shall rend asunder
There stands a hero's statue shaped by me.

(*Lifting up the statue of Victory.*)

This image, formed by me, thine eye beholdeth,
Presents the semblance of that Victory
Thy valiant Alexander captive holdeth,
Above his army's battle-flags to fly.
My art can only fashion the statue's lifeless form,
His art doth shape a nation of men with life-blood warm.

PAINTING.

Me, also, Princess, thou wilt recognize,
Joyous creator of the bright illusion
Which makes appear before admiring eyes
The real and ideal in a strange confusion,
And works a magic on the sense deceived,
Bringing the loved ones back from death's dark prison,
To cheat the sorrow from the heart bereaved,
As if, by wonder-working power, they to new life had risen.
Those whose farewell has left them broken-hearted,
My pictured semblance keeping, seem scarcely to have parted.

POETRY.

No limit holds me by a fixed dimension,
Freely I pass all bounds with speed of light,
My kingdom equals thought in its extension,
Words are the wings on which I take my flight.
Whatever moves on earth, in heaven's blue field,
Whatever nature works in mystery,
Unveiled to me lies open and unsealed,
For nothing bounds the power of Poesy.
Yet naught more beautiful my search can find
Than beauty of the soul with grace of form combined.

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MUSIC.

(*With a Lyre.*)

The charm of tones which on the harp-strings thrill
Thou knowest well; and, mistress of my art,
Canst waken with its melodies, at will,
The soft emotions of the human heart.
The senses waken at my touch to gladness,
When roll my harmonies with current strong;
Their gentler murmurs lull the soul to sadness,
And make it long to melt and die in song.
The ascending cadences of melody
Like mystic ladder join the earth to sky.

DANCING.

(*With a Cymbal.*)

The higher, more religious life is still,
In tranquil contemplation fixed intent,
But youth's vivacity must have its fill
Of restless movement, and on joy is bent.
The age that often heedless is of duty,
And leaps its bounds in gayety aerial,
Controlled by soft and silken rein of beauty,
From grossness purified, and made ethereal,
Gladly the measure keeps I gently place,
Guiding its movements by the charm of grace.

DRAMA.

(*With a double Mask.*)

A twofold countenance to thee is shown,
One bright with joy, the other wan with pain;
For, like a shuttlecock, our hearts are thrown
From laughter unto grief, and back again.
Scenes ever shifting cross the mirror's face
Wherein I show the depths and heights of life.
Instructed by the images I trace
In panoramic view, thy bosom's strife
Is hushed to peace; its tumults are subdued,
When all the scenes of life grouped in one whole are viewed.

GENIUS.

Presiding spirits of the Higher Art,
We pay our homage to your Princely Grace,
With proffer of all service on our part.
Give the command, and we will run apace,
To fill with life the mass inert of stone,
And build a city beautiful and grand
Like Thebes obedient to the lyre's sweet tone;

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ARCHITECTURE.

Make massive pillars ranged in order stand,

SCULPTURE.

Marble obey the hammer's skilful blows,

PAINTING.

The painted canvas beauteous forms disclose,

MUSIC.

The stream of harmonies thine ear entrance,

DANCING.

The choirs of graceful youths around thee dance.

DRAMA.

Life's varied scenes shall pass the stage along,

POETRY.

Plumed fancy bear thee on her pinions strong
Upward, enchanted, to the heaven of song.

PAINTING.

As Iris every color's brilliant line
Spins for its texture from the sun's refraction,
So shall the tissue of thy life entwine
The mystic Seven by their united action.

ALL.

For by united force of all the spirit's powers
A truly noble life in just proportion towers.

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COUNTESS IDA HAHN-HAHN.

"I BELIEVE! Oh! for words to express the feelings with which I say: I believe! What an admixture of unearthly happiness with earthly pain do they express—happiness at having found the eternal truth, pain at having found it so late; happiness at having looked upon and recognized the eternal beauty, pain at having recognized it so late; happiness that one's whole life has been but one continued thirst for that truth, a longing for that beauty, pain that the source of both has been found so late! It would indeed be bitter pain to have to say myself that a little stronger effort of the will, one more decided step of the heart towards light and knowledge, might have led me years ago to the path which I am now treading, were it not that that pain is overcome by the immortal feeling of victory which lays hold of one and so fuses together his earthly and immortal life that he forgets to count by days and by years, because days and years come to have a different meaning and a different value when he can say: 'I believe!' With some such feeling as mine must the messenger from the scene of war, in ancient times, have hastened home with the news of battles won. The poor herald is weary and sore. He is covered with dust, and blood is pouring from his wounds. But he heeds not. He does not know that he is tired or bleeding; nor would he care if he did, for his soul is filled with only one thought. Victory! he cries, victory! The fatherland is safe! And so cry I, poor messenger that I am—poor, yet infinitely happier than he, because he exults in only earthly victories. Victory! I cry too. I believe!"

These are the opening lines of the gifted Countess Hahn-Hahn's *Von Babylon nach Jerusalem*, in which she gives us an account of her conversion to the Catholic Church. They are evidently the cry of exultation of a soul that had long lived in spiritual darkness and now for the first time beheld the sun of divine truth in all its brightness; of a soul translated from the polar snows of Lutheranism to the Eden of the Catholic Church; of a heart that had gone through many a bitter conflict, but came out laurel-crowned at last from the fight. Hers is the enthusiasm of the convert to the Catholic Church—an enthusiasm frequently so apparent both to Protestants and to those born of Catholic parents who have never known what it is to be out of the church. Countess Hahn-Hahn explains its secret. "It is," she says, "if I may say so, the privilege of those who have lived in immense error. When at last they obtain the faith they have an immense faith. They are transformed by it, as was Saul the Pharisee and Augustine the Manichæan."

Countess Hahn-Hahn was born at Tresson, Mecklenburg-Schwerin, in 1805. She was married to her cousin in 1826, but

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separated from him not many years after. Among the writers of her native country she occupies a very prominent place. She has written poems, novels, and descriptions of travel; for she had, before she entered the church, travelled extensively in Europe and the East, having visited Switzerland, Italy, Sicily, Spain, France, England, Egypt, and the Holy Land. But it is not with her writings or her travels that we are here concerned so much as with her conversion to the Catholic Church—with her journey from the "Babylon" into which she was born to the "Jerusalem" of the church, of which she was the faithful daughter for nearly thirty years.

Countess Hahn-Hahn was born of Lutheran parents and baptized and confirmed a Lutheran. Looking back over her life, in her forty-fifth year and in the full maturity of her powers, she tells us, however, that, although thus baptized and confirmed, she had, when in the ranks of Lutheranism, no religion; for she asks: "How could I have revealed religion, since I had no church? Protestants, indeed, teach the existence of an invisible church—a very sublime idea—but it is hard to conceive, or to make any one understand, how one can have actual living relations with a notion so vague as an invisible church." Her heart was always naturally Catholic, and the teachings of Lutheranism did not appeal to it.

"I remember very well," she tells us, "the time that preceded my confirmation in the Lutheran Church. I received instruction from a good old preacher, to whom I went in the afternoon. The scene comes up before me now as if it was but yesterday—his green room, the long writing-table at which he sat just opposite me, his kind old face, the little velvet cap on his snowy head. It was in the winter. Tall, leafless trees stood before the window, and the declining sun cast the shadow of their boughs on the wall before me. Crows flew croaking about the trees in search of their quarters for the night. An atmosphere heavily laden with tobacco-smoke filled the room. I distinctly remember all this, but not one word of what the good old gentleman told me and of what I went there to learn can I remember. This has always seemed a very strange fact to me. I have never been able to recall what I was then taught. And yet I was seventeen years of age. I had a good memory, was anxious to learn, and was not devoid of noble aspirations. I listened to him devoutly. My religious feelings were not inactive; but of all he told me I carried nothing positive away. I had a feeling that what he told me was not the truth."

Lutheranism seemed to her what it really was—a state institution. Yet, like other young persons born and educated in the same atmosphere as herself, she read the Old and New Testaments. She even loved them. She delighted in the literary

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beauties of the prophets and the Psalms. She was not a rationalist—her heart was too true and warm for that—but her Bible-reading did not bring her the gift of faith; for she tells us:

"Of Christian faith there was not a trace in me. . . . The Holy Scriptures are a sublime fragment-truth which Protestants took with them when they left the church. The soul that seeks a full knowledge of the truth can never consider itself in possession of it simply because it has the Bible. Objective confirmation of the truth is wanting it; and this objective confirmation is necessary safely to repose in the faith."

Dissatisfied with the religion she had been brought up in, she, like a great many outside the church in our own day, adopted the theory so flattering to natural vanity and self-sufficiency, that every one has a special revelation through nature, through feeling, through beauty and art. Under the influence of this theory, she tells us, she became an out-and-out heathen. Pride, self-confidence, and independence, she humbly and frankly confesses, were her ruling traits. She recognized no authority. She read, thought, travelled, and wrote. Her sympathies were with all that was high and noble, or what she conceived to be such. She was aristocratic, conservative, monarchical. Her writings had brought her a great reputation. But her soul was not at rest. Her lot seemed a happy one to others, but not to herself. To a friend who had remarked to her that her position was an enviable one, and how much she had to be thankful for, she replied: "Yes, yes, yes, I have all that, and that may be a great deal; but I feel as if I had nothing. I shall be wretched until I find something that absorbs me entirely." She prophesied truly. Her heart did not find rest until it was absorbed by the faith in the Catholic Church.

Protestantism is, as she justly remarks, the "religion of individualism." It may disclaim the title, just as it denies that it almost necessarily leads to infidelity. But by its fruits it is known. It did not make Countess Hahn-Hahn a Christian, but it had the anti-Christian effect of making her the preacher, through her works, of the philosophy of individualism as it was afterwards developed in Mill's book on liberty. Man's destiny, she claimed, is the attainment of internal satisfaction. Hence his right to assert his individuality and cultivate independence. But while asserting his own individuality it is his duty to respect the equal right of others to assert theirs. The man who recognizes these limits and develops himself within them is in a state of equilibrium, and, although he may be wanting in external happiness, he will find rest in the harmony between his will and his obligations.

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The person who surrenders his own right or does not recognize that of others must fail in his endeavors, frequently perish entirely. Such was the philosophy of her works. She saw its error when she became a Catholic. She recognized then how dangerous a principle it was to make man, blinded as he so frequently is by feeling and passion, the judge in his own case and the executor of his own rights. The Protestant doctrine of morals was not a safe guide. "Protestantism had no sublime doctrine of morals because it had no faith, and no faith because it had no church." It had lost the principle of authority; "it attached more weight to the words of the fallen monk of Wittenberg than to the words of Jesus: 'Thou art Peter.'"

Countess Hahn-Hahn was seventeen years of age before she set foot in a Catholic church. St. Hedwig's, in Berlin, was the first she ever entered. She was told it was modelled after the Pantheon in Rome, and she thought that, if such was the case, the Pantheon was far from beautiful. This was the only impression it made on her mind. Many and many a time was she in Berlin after this, but St. Hedwig's Church did not attract her. "I never thought of it again," she writes, "until I thought of it never to forget it." It was in this same St. Hedwig's Church that she made her profession of the Catholic faith almost thirty years after she had entered it with the curious eyes of a girl of seventeen. Two years later we find her again for a moment in a Catholic church in Dresden. The music at High Mass made a pleasing impression on her mind, but she did not understand the Mass and felt no interest in it. She had no knowledge whatever of Catholics. She was not acquainted with any. All her information concerning them was derived from works of history. Another two years, and we find her in a Catholic country, in Wurzburg, and then on the Rhine. Here the Catholic Church was not confined within the limits of the four walls of a building, and she saw something of Catholic life. Its sacred emblems were everywhere. There was the crucifix by the wayside, the chapel in the tree-shade, the shrine on the hill-top, the church-domes in the city, the convent, the Angelus bell. For the first time she breathed the air of Catholicity, and realized that religion was not a mere shadow without substance, but that it was something actual, a fact in the world about her. This was a real discovery to her. Shortly after she spent some time in a small village in which there was a Protestant and a Catholic chapel. She went to the Catholic chapel to pray. Protestant churches did not seem to her the place to pray in; and Protestant preaching she

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found exceedingly wearisome. Protestant sermons were "cold reflections divided into three parts." They were "subjective opinions," with no claim to be considered the word of God. Every one that heard them had a right to say: "I put a different interpretation on that text"—the right of private judgment! No wonder she did not feel at home in Protestantism. No wonder she tells us that it never afforded her a moment's happiness in her life. Indeed, long before she became a Catholic she used to say, and she said it thousands of times: "I was born in a Protestant country and in a Protestant age, with a Protestant head; but my heart is Catholic." And when she once added, "But the head is good for nothing, the heart is everything," a friend told her she did not show her wisdom in believing the dogmas of the Catholic Church; to which she replied: "Do you think me wiser than Bossuet or Fénelon?" She refused to read the sermons of the celebrated Schleiermacher, which a friend had sent her, because "their language was not sufficiently like the language of Christ to the fishermen of Galilee." "Without knowing it," she says, "I hit the nail on the head. I longed for the pure doctrine of the Eternal Word as it has been preached for eighteen centuries by the servants of the church."

For several years after this she lived entirely surrounded by Protestant influences. The consolation her religion refused her she found to some extent in Fénelon's works, in Thomas à Kempis and St. Augustine. Next to God's grace, which is the ultimate source and cause of Catholic faith, it was her own unrest, the untenableness of Protestantism, and her study of mankind, of political institutions, and of the world, that led her into the fold of the church.

She was in Naples when the king ordered the Jesuits to quit his kingdom. She hated the revolution with all her strength, and felt genuine sympathy for the exiled sons of St. Ignatius. She saw them from her balcony on the ship in the bay—the ship that was to carry them off into exile. She studied the calm expressed on their serene countenances.

"It was," she writes, "a majestic sight. Crowded like slaves into a narrow space, they were as undisturbed as if taking a stroll towards Capri or Ischia. Their demeanor was that of men who looked upon themselves as strangers upon earth, but in the service of their God. They had in their veins the blood of martyrs, and if it did not flow, it was not because of the humanity of their enemies."

To a friend in Dresden she wrote:

"These men are indeed happy. They live for an immortal idea, for the

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civilizing power of the Catholic Church; and if there is no room for them in Europe they seek other quarters of the globe as a theatre of action. I have always had great respect for the Jesuits. Now that the radicals pour the vials of their wrath upon their heads, I begin to love them."

After she had become a Catholic she said that her soul was always a sleeping Catholic, and when it awoke it found itself Catholic. We look in vain through the account she gives us of her inner life for any feeling of antipathy to Catholics or the church even when not a member of the fold. When in Italy she was more attracted by the art of the middle ages than by the antique. There were moments, she tells us, when she preferred the old Florentine masters, like Fiesole, Lorenzo di Credi, Sandro Boticelli, to Raphael. The devotion, the union with God, the beauty of soul that their works expressed entranced her. They spoke to her sleeping Catholic soul. A similar feeling possessed her in Spain, whither she went after leaving Italy. She made, she writes, but one Catholic acquaintance in Spain—Murillo! She even then divined the secret of his genius. Murillo was to her the painter of Catholic dogma—of saints, of ecstasies, of visions—"those stars in the infinite firmament of Catholic dogma." In her opinion, Murillo stood alone in Christian art. The Florentine painters painted saints as well as he, but they painted them as if they had come down from heaven, while Murillo painted real men ascending up to heaven as saints. This is why she called him the painter of Catholic dogma. His subjects are not purely ideal or classic—souls that never felt the pain or breathed the air of this world. They are men made saints by the sacraments. And thus it happens that his St. Thomas of Villanueva, his vision of St. Francis of Cantalizio, can be compared with nothing else in art. She confesses that at this time she knew nothing of the sanctifying effects of the sacraments, nothing of the Mother of God to whom the church prays; but, she adds, Murillo knew them, and his sublime genius gave expression to his sublime faith.

Hitherto we have seen the countess no more than an admirer of the faith. She even then accounted it a great good fortune to any one to have been born into the church. When in the Orient she felt genuine regret, she says, that she could not call herself a Catholic. She writes:

"But now that I was received everywhere in the pilgrim-houses of the monasteries with the greatest hospitality, and witnessed the life of these humble men who had come hither from Spain and Italy and learned the Eastern languages, that they might teach little children and look after the wants of pilgrims; now that I saw the Catholic Church in its glory, in its

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charity and poverty, I began to love it. But as one longs to be united to the object he loves, and as the idea of joining the Catholic Church had not even entered my mind, I became the victim of great grief."

And she felt this grief on Carmel more than anywhere else. From the monastery there she wrote some letters to friends in Europe, so Catholic in spirit and tone that it was rumored she had become a Catholic. She indeed thought of the church now, but had no conception of what a change her entering into it implied.

"I was," she says, "so well satisfied with myself, with my course, the way I was going and what I aimed at, that the thought of having to be reconciled with God, of contrition, forgiveness, of a change of life, found not the least place in my mind."

The presence of an Anglican bishop in Jerusalem while she was there caused her to draw a contrast between the Protestant and the Catholic clergy—between the absolute and undivided devotion of the latter to humanity and to God and the divided affections of the latter. She had read of bishops of the church, of St. Augustine, Charles Borromeo, and Fénelon, great souls, great minds, great hearts, genuine followers of the apostles. And what a contrast they presented to the gentleman bishop with his fashionable wife from England!

"My ideal," she says, "of a man was a bishop, but what had an Anglican bishop in common with my ideal? He might indeed be a very upright and honorable man, but what more than so many other upright and honorable men who lead a respectable life, but who are in nothing above men in the ordinary ways of life? They had not, like my favorite, St. Augustine, overcome the world in anything."

And so it was with the Protestant missionaries. How could they preach to the heathen to leave all things and take up the cross? What had they sacrificed, and how could a person feel any enthusiasm for a cause for which he had sacrificed nothing?

In the spring of 1844 Countess Hahn-Hahn returned from the East. Europe was in an alarming condition. Revolutionary movements were brewing everywhere. On the 14th of July she wrote in her diary:

"Unheard-of events are impending over Europe. I tremble to think what the next fifty years may bring forth. As things are now nothing can remain, neither church, nor state, nor society. The process of dissolution has begun in the minds of men. Its external manifestations may be suppressed for a time, but how long?"

She studied the communistic systems of the time, and found that to renovate the world they called "not organic but mechani-

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cal" forces into existence. At the same time she studied the writings of Luther, and saw more clearly than ever that Protestantism was the religion of individualism; that it was, in fact, as she expresses it, no religion at all, being wanting in that common bond which unites soul to soul to train them for the kingdom of heaven. She now wrote:

"I was born in a Protestant country, in a Protestant age, and my thoughts still run in Protestant channels. But I loathe the Evangelical Church which is at present the fashion. No; if there be any church for me at all, it is the Catholic."

About this time an event which caused a great sensation in Germany afforded her much food for thought. It was the exposition of the robe at Treves. Thousands of pilgrims ascended and descended the Rhine to be present at it, and not the lower classes only, but the upper and educated classes as well. She wrote at the time:

"I do not know whether it is the same garment Christ wore on earth, but it is the same faith that moved the sick woman to touch the hem of his garment and cured her."

Dissatisfied with her inner life, she turned to Swedenborg. She read his *New Theology*, in which she says nothing pleased her but his refutation of Protestantism. There are evidences in her *Sybille*, written about this time, of her leaning towards the Catholic Church. "I do not know whether Catholics," we read there, "are better than Protestants, but I do know that they are happier."

The spring of 1846 found Countess Hahn-Hahn in England, where she remained six months. Its cathedrals were empty. "Of course," she writes, "they were empty. They were built for the religion of the whole world; they are too broad for a sect." In Ireland she again saw the church in its beauty, in poverty, oppressed, and martyred. The famine of the winter of 1847 was approaching. The church in Ireland awakened her soul from its sleep. It was charity personified, full of compassion and devotion. But, strange, it did not seem to bring her any nearer, herself, to the sanctuary of the church. She tells us:

"The absolute necessity of beginning at the beginning, and of learning the positive doctrine of the church, was something that did not enter my mind. Or did I think that the truth would strike me like lightning or come to me as it did to the Apostle Paul, or was it a reminiscence of Lutheranism that the will was not competent to co-operate in the work of conversion or in the knowledge of divine things?"

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During the sermons which she heard while in Ireland she wept at the thought that they were not addressed to her and that she was not a Catholic.

After her return to Germany she found her native country unbearable. Over and over again she said to herself: "Thou hast no fatherland, no church." The whole world, in fact, became so unbearable to her that she sank into deep melancholy. She was wont to exclaim: "O that I were a Catholic!" She suffered indescribable torments of mind. She walked her balcony in Dresden frequently until two and three o'clock in the morning. Her mind was in a ferment. Life and travel had been preachers to her of the Catholic faith. Her soul was empty and truth was knocking for admission to it. Her own observation had satisfied her that there was no salvation for society but in a return to the Catholic Church. She saw the necessity of putting an end to her vacillation. She sent for three books, Luther's larger and small Catechism, Boeckel's *Confessions of the Evangelical Reformed Church*, and the Decrees and Canons of the Council of Trent. After reading the last-named book she wrote:

"If it is sufficient to join the Catholic Church to have the faith that it is the visible body of the invisible God, that its dogmatic structure is the form through which he reveals himself; if it is sufficient to have an ardent longing to unite one's self to the church, because it alone is imperishable on this perishable earth, and it alone offers what the soul craves as its proper food—if this faith and longing are sufficient I must profess myself a Catholic."

After many a conflict she publicly professed her faith in the Catholic Church in Saint Hedwig's, in Berlin, on the 26th of May, 1850; and with a rapture which only the soul that has sought the light as she sought it—and found it—she says. And so

"I returned from Babylon to Jerusalem, from a foreign country to my home, from isolation to society, from division to unity, from unrest to peace, from a lie to truth, from the world to God!" . . . "The exit from the dark cavern in which I lived was on the summit of a mountain, and by many a dark, labyrinthine way I reached it. And now I stood on the top of that mountain, in the open air, in a bracing atmosphere, under a boundless canopy of stars reflected in an equally boundless sea. And a voice said to me: 'This is the church of Christ'; and I fell down in adoration. . . . I have found God in his revelation, and I believe.'"

Her pen as a writer was ever after active in the cause of religion. Her means she employed in the erection of a convent of the Good Shepherd in Mainz; and she lived in the convent she had erected, without, however, joining the order, until her happy

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death on the 14th of January last. Her days were full of good deeds, and her soul of peace, after she had hearkened to the voice that said to her: "To thy tents, O Israel!"

GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

III.

THE Protestant idea of the church and the religion founded by Jesus Christ cannot show any testimony in its behoof, worthy to be regarded as an offset to that which bears witness to the truth of the Catholic Idea. We do not know what more precise statement of the Protestant theory which would be acceptable to evangelical Protestants could be made than this. The Gospel is made known to true believers by the word of revelation, independently of any church authority, and appropriated in a saving manner by them, individually, without dependence on any church power. What the Gospel really is in itself, according to a common consent of evangelical Protestants, we leave for them to settle among themselves, if they can. We are willing to give them the benefit of the most orthodox and catholic formulas of doctrine which can be found in the works of their most generally esteemed writers.

This theory or idea of original, genuine Christianity, cannot cite any testimony in its favor from antiquity, except in its negative aspect, as in opposition to the authority of the Roman Church. The system called evangelical did not exist before Luther. Its modern professors do not wish to claim affinity with the Arians and the other ancient heretics. Nevertheless heretical and schismatical sects, long since given over to condemnation by all who call themselves orthodox Christians, are the only witnesses out of past history who give any aid or comfort to Protestants in their denial of the exclusive right and supreme authority of the Catholic Church. We must, therefore, in order to reason and judge impartially, estimate the value of this sort of testimony in favor of the negative side of Protestantism.

We do not find in the authors and disciples of these new doctrines and sects a calm and concurrent testimony of men who were seeking earnestly to understand and obey the teaching of

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Christ, that they had found themselves and their fellow-Christians generally to have been led astray into error, away from the right road of faith and salvation, by the Catholic Church. They do not profess to have discovered the true church and religion of Christ which had been perverted and altered by an usurping ecclesiastical authority, and set themselves to work as reformers to restore genuine, apostolical Christianity. The great heresiarchs whose errors were condemned by the first six councils invented new theories of their own for a rational explanation of the mysteries of the faith. They pretended to be good Catholics and to teach in accordance with the doctrine received always, everywhere, and by all. They were ready to have the matters in dispute examined and adjudicated by councils. They appealed to the pope and the Roman Church, extolling their authority so long as they had any hope of obtaining sanction or at least escaping condemnation. This was the conduct of the most notorious authors of errors and sects from Valentinus to Luther and Henry VIII. Eutyches, for instance, when accused of heresy by Flavian, the Patriarch of Constantinople, appealed to St. Leo in these words: "I asked that these things might be made known to your Holiness, and that you would make what judgment might seem good to you, being ready to follow in all things that which you shall have approved. . . . To you, therefore, I fly and beseech . . . that you will pronounce that sentence concerning the faith which shall seem right in your eyes." Photius, the author of the Greek schism, wrote in equally obsequious terms to Pope Nicholas I. Luther's protestations of loyalty to the Holy See during three years, from 1518 to 1521, are well known to all readers of history. To return to the heretics of ancient times, it was after the long and fierce contest which they waged against the orthodox had brought upon them a solemn and final sentence of condemnation and excommunication that they openly renounced the authority of the Roman and the whole Catholic Church. Moreover, each new sect as it arose anathematized all other sects which had preceded, and was by them equally put under the ban. Each one sided with the Catholic Church against all heresies except its own, and professed to be by right in communion with the church, the councils, the doctors and saints of the time preceding its own condemnation, strove vehemently to conquer for itself the legitimate domain of the œcumenical society, and loudly proclaimed that it was unjustly and unlawfully shut out from the communion of the orthodox. All these sects were completely vanquished in controversy, irrevocably condemned by the su-

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preme tribunal of the church and the common consent of the faithful, and most of them were in the course of time re-absorbed into the orthodox society. Those which continued to exist as separate churches, namely, the Eutychians and Nestorians, after running a course of outward prosperity for a certain period, dwindled and withered away into the dead remnants which are still standing like old decayed trees in Egypt and other territories once belonging to the ancient empire of the East.

The Reformation, with the local and temporary movements which were its harbingers, was a great political and ecclesiastical convulsion the motive power of which was in the passions. The reflection which succeeded its original impulsive movement and elaborated a theory of the doctrinal and historical aspects of Christianity, was an after-thought, and the result of its acts, which were more spontaneous than deliberate. The calm and critical judgment which has been gradually formed by Protestant and other non-Catholic students of its history, in the more recent period, has deprived it of all prestige, as a return and reappearance of primitive and apostolical Christianity effected by sages and saints, confessors and martyrs, new apostles the successors of the first apostles and apostolic men who were the original founders of Christendom. We may quietly leave to the offspring of these seceders from the Catholic Church the task of estimating the characters of their religious ancestors, and judging of the intellectual and moral quality of the results which followed their revolt against the authority of the Roman Church. Indeed, we need only take the estimate which the reformers mutually expressed of one another, and their own description of the fruits which followed their enterprise of preaching a new Gospel as a substitute for the old and universal religion which they endeavored to supplant. Protestantism cannot boast of either the wisdom or the moral virtue of its first founders and leaders. They inspire no veneration either as doctors or saints. Their testimony, and the testimony of the masses of men who followed them and constituted the first Protestant churches, has no intellectual or moral weight against the truth of the Catholic doctrine and in favor of any different idea of true, genuine Christianity. Just as soon as the first violence of the movement of secession had spent itself, and the church had gained time and opportunity to rouse herself to resist and repel it, it shrank and subsided within limits which it has never since been able to overpass, but which the ancient religion has steadily and successfully invaded, besides conquering new territories which have fully compensated for all

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its lost domain. The people were brought back to the obedience of the church by hundreds of thousands. The learned who were in danger of wavering, who actually wavered, or abandoned the communion of the church, as time passed on and the tendencies of the movement showed themselves more plainly, were in some cases confirmed in their ancient faith, in others reclaimed to it, and in certain notable instances, though not reconciled to the Catholic communion, they recoiled from Protestantism in its naked, undisguised form, and drew back upon a middle position like that which is occupied by English High-Churchmen. This was especially the case during the latter part of the sixteenth and the earlier part of the seventeenth century. Hallam observes that—

"The progress of the Catholic Church for the first thirty years of the seventeenth century, was as striking and uninterrupted as it had been in the final period of the sixteenth. Victory crowned its banners on every side. . . . The nobility, both in France and Germany, who in the last age had been the first to embrace a new faith, became afterwards the first to desert it. Many also of the learned and able Protestants gave evidence of the jeopardy of that cause by their conversion. It is not just, however, to infer that they were mainly influenced by this apprehension. Two other causes mainly operated: one, to which we have already alluded, the authority given to the traditions of the church, recorded by the writers called fathers, and with which it was found difficult to reconcile all the Protestant creed; another, the intolerance of the reformed churches, both Lutheran and Calvinistic, which gave as little latitude as that which they had quitted. . . . The defections, from whatever cause, are numerous in the seventeenth century. But two, more eminent than any who actually renounced the Protestant religion, must be owned to have given evident signs of wavering, Casaubon and Grotius. . . . If Casaubon, as he had much inclination to do, being on ill terms with some in England, and disliking the country, had returned to France, it seems probable that he would not long have continued in what, according to the principles he had adopted, would appear a schismatical communion. . . . We can hardly deem it an uncertain question whether Grotius, if his life had been prolonged, would have taken the easy leap which still remained; and there is some positive evidence of his design to do so. But dying on a journey, and in a Protestant country, this avowed declaration was never made."*

Justus Lipsius, who was a prodigy of learning, was one of those who actually did return to the bosom of the church.

The dogmatic and polemic theology of Protestantism, from the time of Luther to the present moment, in that part of it which is anti-Catholic, has been shifting, inconstant, and so far as it has not given evidence of gross perversion of Catholic doctrines and

**Hist. Lit.*, vol. ii. p. 30.

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misrepresentation of the real teachings and testimonies of antiquity, characterized by ignorance or superficial knowledge of patristic and catholic learning. The controversial writings of Protestants have become, to a great extent, obsolete, and an object of indifference or disdain to the most learned and enlightened Protestants themselves. Indeed, the more heretical have been ably refuted by those which are less so, in an ascending series, from the Extreme Left of Protestantism until we arrive at the Extreme Right, which, in many important respects, occupies Catholic ground, and is our ally in the contention with the Protestantism of Lutheran and Calvinistic sects.

We have no intention of disparaging those who are reckoned by Protestants as among their great men and great writers. We do not deny the genius and powerful character of Luther, the graceful accomplishments of Melanchthon, the learning and metaphysical talent of Calvin, or the remarkable qualities of other men concerned in the Reformation, according to the common verdict of the learned. We consider, however, that the men who are the most worthy of praise on account of the works they have written on matters of religion, and who are also to be honored for their moral excellence, among Protestants, are such as arose after the scission had become an accomplished and permanent fact. Many of the works of Protestant writers of the best class are chiefly remarkable on account of their rhetorical and literary excellence. Such as are deserving of a great and lasting reputation as works of sacred science are either substantially in agreement with sound orthodox doctrine, or to a considerable degree tinctured with a Catholic infusion. The Christian truth, piety, and morality which they contain and inculcate are derived from those Catholic sources which have continued to send an irrigating stream through such channels as have not been cut off entirely from communication with the great current of Catholic tradition. But when we examine the purely and distinctively Protestant exposition of the idea of Christianity as placed in direct and formal opposition to the Catholic presentation, we do not find any such testimony to its convincing power over the mind or its attractive force over the moral nature, as deserves to be called an offset to the testimony of the host of witnesses to the undoubting certitude given to the intellect, and the complete satisfaction given to the heart, by the Catholic Faith.

Those Protestants who have retained the foundation of belief in Jesus Christ as defined by the Nicene Creed have, as Cardinal Newman has recently said, "a half-gospel." When the genera-

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tion of bad, indifferent, and ignorant Catholics, who either knowingly and wilfully renounced the communion of the Catholic Church, or were either seduced or driven into schism by fraud or violence, had passed away, and a new generation arose, born and educated in the Protestant sects, the grace of God together with the still powerful influence of Christian principles, doctrines, and practices, brought them back upon that foundation from which the storm of revolution had threatened to sweep them away altogether. The influence of the Protestant principle of doubt and negation was in a measure impeded and counteracted. All the Christian faith and piety which have survived the separation from the visible centre of unity are the result of the half-gospel to which a multitude of sincere and upright souls have clung as their greatest treasure, and not of that spurious half which the Reformers stuck upon it in lieu of the genuine counterpart, to make a new gospel, a counterfeit which might pass for the original Gospel of Jesus Christ, recast and restored in its pristine integrity. The positive effect of Protestant principles and ideas has been to produce, in the first place, a general indifference and neglect of religion in the majority of the people. Its second effect has been to produce divisions, sects, and disunion among those who are called orthodox. Its most logical and direct effect has been to shake and subvert the foundations of all supernatural and natural religion, and to generate universal scepticism. Only the minority, which seems to be continually decreasing, has continued upon the foundation of belief in Jesus Christ as the Divine Redeemer of a fallen race, and professed to live accordingly. In so far as this relatively small number, whether actually greater or smaller, has been composed of persons who have known no more of the complete Christian truth than is contained in the Protestant Confessions, their conviction of the certainty and security of their belief is a testimony to the evidence of Christianity, but not to the want of evidence in Catholicity. A dense mist has hidden the Catholic Church from their eyes or given it an entirely altered appearance. Even scholars and controversial writers, though learned and well-informed in their own sphere, have generally been surprisingly ignorant of Catholic history, philosophy, theology, morals, literature, ascetical and spiritual doctrine, and of the whole actual life of the Catholic Church.

Moreover, as controversy has gone on, as knowledge has increased, as prejudices have been dissipated and the mist of ignorance has been gradually dispersed by the light of truth, Pro-

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testant polemics have changed and weakened. Suffer us to keep the half-gospel we possess, in peace, and let us be contented to agree that the substance and essence of the gospel is all contained in this half, but do not insist on determining what the other half is with certainty and unanimity! This is the tacit appeal which we can read in the countenance and bearing of those who are not content with their isolated condition, between the Catholic Church on the one side and the constantly swelling host of rationalists on the other. It is a confession that Protestantism has failed to reproduce the original Ideal Christianity. D'Aubigné, the author of a sprightly romance pretending to be a history of the Reformation, says:

"But modern Protestantism, like old Catholicism, is, in itself, a thing from which nothing can be hoped—a thing quite powerless. Something very different is necessary to restore to men of our day the energy which saves." *

This is the opinion of all non-Catholics at the present time, except the small number of those who still cling tenaciously to the old-fashioned unmitigated Protestantism. M. Chastel, in his introduction to Bolsec's *Life of Calvin*, says:

"A Genève, les mots *Protestantisme, Calvinisme,* ne veulent pas dire énonciation de certains principes, affirmation de certaines théories religieuses, mais demolition de l'édifice catholique, negation, anéantissement des traditions du passé."

This statement may be generally extended, making all due exceptions, to the entire domain of Protestantism. A century ago, Rousseau had addressed the Genevese in the following language:

"O Genevois, ce sont de singulières gens que messieurs vos ministres; on ne sait ni ce qu'ils croient, ni ce qu'ils ne croient pas, on ne sait pas même ce qu'ils font semblant de croire. Leur seule manière d'affirmer leur foi est d'attaquer celle des autres." †

There is something of infidel malice in the sharp point of this taunt. There was some truth in it, also, at the time it was uttered, and there is much more at the present time, even substituting Protestants for Genevese. The declarations of Protestant ministers themselves, in regard to their own mental condition and that of a great number of their brethren, manifest a most unsettled, doubting, changing state of religious opinion. The common

* *Hist. of the Ref.*, vol. i., Preface, p. 9.
† Deuxième Lettre de la Montagne.

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public sentiment about them, often most distinctly asserted by the secular press, and to which they make no emphatic and decided answer, is: that their body is pervaded by doubt and uncertainty respecting matters which were formerly considered fundamental and were commonly taken for granted. We are not concerned with Unitarians and avowed rationalists who form the Extreme Left of Protestantism, and to whom the passages just now quoted are most strictly applicable. We may, therefore, prescind from consideration such doctrines and principles as the common consent of the mitigated orthodox can be supposed to hold by, as essentials of Christianity. In regard to everything else, we may fairly impute to them agreement in sense with a famous saying whose author we do not now remember, that it is easier to declare where Christian truth is to be sought for, than what it actually is.

We cannot find any distinct and complete Idea of Christianity, set over against the Catholic Idea, sustained by an orderly system of evidences, and with a great *consensus* of witnesses to its power of convincing and satisfying the intellect and the heart as a full revelation of the divine truth and law. The opposition to the Catholic Idea is therefore mostly in the form of negation. As a lofty and attractive Ideal, it is left to stand without a rival. And we see now the full significance of the admission that the power of the appeal of the Catholic Church to the educated Protestant mind lies in the loftiness and attractiveness of this ideal. The advantage conceded to the Catholic Church consists in the ability to present this ideal as having an apparent foundation in reality, whereas Protestantism cannot pretend to do the same. Protestantism acknowledges and boasts of its own vagueness and indistinctness of form and outline. It rejoices in its nebulosity, and its theory of Christianity may fitly be called a kind of nebular hypothesis. Of course, thinking men cannot get on without shaping some kind of ideal of Christianity, and forming some or other theory. But each one is left free to do this for himself. His intellectual ingenuity and imaginative power have free scope. The nebulous mass must be supposed to have begun at the origin of Christianity the process of solidifying, and to be undergoing the same transformation now, and thus to be progressing toward the perfect state which will be attained in the future. There is free room, therefore, for speculation on the whole of the past history of Christianity, on its present state, and its future prospects. It cannot be denied that a certain advantage has been gained in the contention against the Catholic Church, by those who have

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thus cut loose from a defensive and offensive warfare in favor of any distinct and positive system professing to be the original, organized Christian religion, which existed in the first period of the church, and has been restored in its later epoch. A great deal of responsibility has been shuffled off by this change of base. The polemics of the past are to a great extent rendered obsolete. On both sides, we have to begin afresh, and this is an advantage to our opponents, as well as a new task imposed on our side. Those who maintain that neither Old Catholicism nor antiquated Protestantism is adequate for the work of Christianity in the present and coming time, can admire and criticise both, with freedom, while they assume a position and attitude of philosophical impartiality and superiority. They escape, in this way, from the difficulties in which they would be involved, if they remained on the old ground of contention. A great part of what we can say in favor of Catholicism and against old-fashioned Protestantism, they can concede, and give it a *transeat*. They think they have gained, also, another advantage, by conceding something to their own Extreme Left of rationalism and negative criticism, in their contention for what they consider essential orthodoxy against partial or total infidelity.

We consider that two of the best and ablest of the leaders of this new, moderate school, are Guizot and Milman, and we believe that their influence has been very great. The criticism which Cardinal Newman put forth on Milman's *Latin Christianity*, while this illustrious prelate was still a Protestant, sets forth with admirable clearness and ability the nature and bearings of the new theory, which at the time gave so great a shock to the orthodox Protestant sentiment, but which has gained over such a very general assent of those who are by no means prepared to go to the greater length of Stanley and Arnold, although, in many cases, this is only a qualified assent, not implying a full concurrence with the minimizing views of Milman.

Guizot's view may be briefly stated as the theory of a Christianity determined only in a few dogmas and principles, left indeterminate in all else, and subject to a human and natural development, which is, however, strongly affected by the new moral quality, the divine impulse, imparted by the Christian revelation and the great events which introduced it.* Milman's view is essentially similar, and he sums up what his leading idea and aim

* Vid. *Hist. de la Civilis. en Europe* leçons 2, 6, 12, etc. *Civ. en France*, l. 3, 12, 13, 29, etc.

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had been in the composition of his great works, in the preface to the latest edition of his *History of the Jews:* *

"A comprehensive, all-embracing, truly Catholic Christianity, which knows what is essential to religion, what is temporary and extraneous to it, may defy the world. Obstinate adherence to things antiquated, and irreconcilable with advancing knowledge and thought, may repel, and for ever, how many I know not, how far I know still less. *Avertat omen Deus!*"

It is strange what a charm there is in the word "Catholic," for those who retain the Christian tone and temper of mind, and unite with it that philosophical enlargement of the understanding to which a narrow sectarianism is so repugnant. Those who reject Old Catholicism must have some sort of vague, undefined, shadowy substitute for it which they can call Catholic Christianity. Their position obliges them to attempt to show that our Catholic Idea is an illusion, that is, not the just apprehension and concept of genuine Catholicity. They must, then, show what this really is. We have seen already that they cannot show any rival concrete Catholicity, having priority, continuity, and present actuality of existence, with evidences of right to oust the Catholic Church from her possession. Their Idea, such as it is, is only in the mind as an *ens rationis*, with no foundation, thus far, except an individual interpretation of Scripture; and awaiting realization in the future, so its advocates are led by their fancy to hope. All they can have is a theory, but a theory they must have, and are forced to frame, when they attempt to disprove the reality of that idea of the Catholic Church which they acknowledge to be lofty and attractive.

This theoretical view has a striking analogy with another famous theory elaborated by that great genius, Immanuel Kant, in his *Critique of Pure Reason.* It pretended to refute scepticism without returning to the old philosophy, which the Reformer Des Cartes was supposed to have demolished, just as Luther is supposed to have demolished the old religion. The theory was, that there is no reality to be an objective term of doubt, and that pure reason is only a way we have of thinking. This gets rid of all questions after the manner of the Scotch boy who answered all the queries of an inquisitive American girl about the reasons for local customs with: "It's a way we hae, miss." It was Kant's theory, as it was the boy's, not to have any. So, also, it is our modern Protestant idea that we cannot have an Ideal Christianity, and do not want a theory of it, because there is none. The

* New York ed. 1871, vol. i. p. 40.

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object of affirmation, of contention, of doubt, is put out of the way. What are Catholic doctrines, what are Protestant doctrines? It is a way which Catholics and Protestants have of looking at things. What are their ecclesiastical organizations, modes of worship, laws and customs? It is a way they have of doing things. There is no complete, perfect organic Christian church and religion, established and determined from the beginning by Jesus Christ through the ministry of the apostles. There are certain revealed facts, dogmas, and moral principles. The means, methods, agencies, for elaborating doctrine, ethics, worship, organization of active energies for propagating truth, holiness, and well-being among men; in view of the conversion of the world to God; are left to human prudence, to choice, to circumstances, to the operation of natural causes, to the developments and modifications of various times and various places, and to the course of events; not excluding, of course, the general providence of God and the influences of his divine grace. Christianity, therefore, is identical with civilization, including the culture of the religious part of human nature; it is civilization affected by the facts, doctrines, and ethical principles which are supposed to constitute the essential part of the revelation made by Jesus Christ. Its catholicity is the universality of its prevalence under all forms and modifications.

Thus, our idea of Christianity is taken away, without substituting any other which can even appear to fill its place. When the Protestant princes of Germany confiscated the property of the Catholic Church, they did not confer it upon the Protestant Church but appropriated it to their own use. When the Greek Patriarch of Moscow was deposed, no other was appointed in his room, but a new bureau of the imperial government was instituted, to regulate ecclesiastical affairs henceforth as one branch of secular administration. Thus this theory despoils the One, Holy, Catholic, Apostolic Roman Church of her claim to a divine origin and authority, without investing any Protestant church or collection and alliance of churches with the queenly robes of the Spouse of Christ. All alike are regarded as human institutions; imperfect, voluntary, and equal societies; having a legitimate and useful function in Christendom, for the advancement of its civilization, and in the outlying world for reclaiming it from barbarism, ignorance, and superstition. Thus, the obligation of ignoring or decrying all historical Christianity between some supposed primitive period of pure religion and the appearance of Luther is avoided, and the necessity of thorough partisanship

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with the Reformation is likewise done away with. The separation of the Protestant societies from the Catholic Church is excused and justified, yet the modern, the mediæval, and the ancient Catholic Church need not be condemned. The unity, catholicity, sanctity, even the apostolicity of the church under the supremacy of the Roman Pontiff, as historical facts, can receive the votes of men of this party, in the form of *placet juxta modum*. Any evidence of what doctrines, worship, polity, and usages were prevalent in any age, however early, can be received. The greatest latitude for individual opinions in respect to doctrine, the interpretation of Scripture, philosophy, science, modes and means of promoting religion and morals, from the nearest approach to the widest departure from Catholic orthodoxy, can be allowed; provided only that what is assumed to be essential is sacredly preserved.

It is not to be denied that a great apparent advantage, for the time being, accrues to those who have taken up this position of moderate, evangelical rationalism. Their theory permits them to remain quietly in the inheritance of their fathers, in whatever communion they happen to be, or may choose for themselves, without much restraint on their liberty of thought and action. They feel that they hold a strong position on the basis of natural theology and the motives of credibility which sustain the great facts of divine revelation, against unbelievers and pure rationalists. They flatter themselves that they are essentially united with the great body of Christians in all ages. They look out for some future development of what they call Catholic Christianity, which will combine all the elements at present disunited in some synthesis more universal than any whose formula has been hitherto discovered. In the meanwhile they are not committed to any very great amount of positive affirmation which they are bound to prove, beyond the domain of those truths which are contained in what may be called common secular and common Christian science. They are in the attitude of inquirers, eclectics, free, impartial, philosophical thinkers. And, no doubt, so long as they feel safe, they can be happy.

Nevertheless, it is our firm conviction that they are in a most unsafe position, more like that of Jules Verne's party on the floating, melting ice-island, than that of people who dwell on solid land. Newman said thirty years ago, in respect of Milman's View of Christianity, that such a theory must prove too much for those who adopt it, and will control them instead of being controlled by them. Men who are bolder and more clear-sighted,

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more logical and consistent, than those who hold this theory, according to the German expression, as *eine Halbheit*, sustain and propagate it in a more comprehensive and universal form. The negative and rationalistic principle which this theory contains must sweep away all in whom it predominates over the orthodox spirit, and the convictions of reason which are consonant with Catholic faith. The solid reasons which sustain their orthodox convictions cannot long give them security in holding their middle ground, which is only a halting-place in the transition which they must make to complete Catholicity, or the entire negation of all supernatural religion. Their negative principle saps the basis of certainty beneath their orthodox convictions. Logic is inexorable and merciless in its conclusions. Given sufficient time, every error must run its full course. Those who hold a half-gospel may be as individuals so firmly fixed in their belief that their perseverance in the same is morally certain. But they have no security for their children, their pupils, or the body of the people who look up to them as teachers. The orthodox and pious portion of the great Protestant multitude, if they had been born and educated in the Catholic Church, would be faithful and practical Catholics. The rejection of the Catholic Church by an intelligent and deliberate act, accompanied by sufficient knowledge of the cause to remove the impediment of invincible ignorance, is an act in diametrical contradiction to the doctrines and principles which those who are called orthodox profess as being the essence of the Christian religion. There is no alternative, therefore, between going forward, or going backward. And this we hope to show, more at length, by the arguments which are to follow.

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A RETROSPECT OF MANY YEARS.

BY CARDINAL WISEMAN.

Being verses which spontaneously glided through the author's mind on a sleepless night, August 25, 1864, and during the following days.—N. C. W.

[*Never before published.*]

I. EDUCATION.

OH! 'tis sweet, when life is failing,
Back to look on labors blest;
After years of stormy sailing,
Port to sight for endless rest.

Early, e'en on childhood's morrow,
Its new flowers begin to till:
Leave good room for growth of sorrow,
But weed out all germs of ill.

Thirsty panting after knowledge,
With the zest of unseen joy,
May depict the life in college
Of a lone, unmurmuring boy;

To whom pastime gave no pleasure,
Nor to run, or row, or climb;
For whom book or thought the measure
Filled of fragmentary time.

Quaint devices he remembers
Which from that far distance loom,
Such as glow in crumbling embers
With the evening's deepening gloom.

Warps they seemed of future history,
Drawn in threads so frail and thin
That e'en friends would hint, with mystery,
At decay that lurked within.

For wan features, frame ill-knitted,
Wrung compassion from the strong:
Oh! how many who then pitied,
In their tombs have slumbered long!

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Some, by virtue now illustrious,
Keep remembrance of him still—
Poring, plodding, slow, industrious,
Without soar of wit or will.

II. ROME.

Till Rome's mighty spirit beckoned,
Not as though 'gainst him it strove;
For its signal did but second
Hidden claims of early love.*

Docile to the call supernal,
Soon adored he where alone
With the temporal th' eternal
Holds, in peace, one common throne.

Oh! how good is youthful toiling,
Without help from hand or mind;
Grand the self-sustained uncoiling
Of the serpents round us twined!

Nights of anguish, days of labor,
Then bright flashings of God's sun,
Made Gethsemani and Thabor
Blend their mountains into one.

Rome, what art thou but the treasure
Of free, rich, exhaustless grace?
Gold the treasure, gold its measure,
With it thrown into th' embrace? †

Garden where the rose have furnished
Virgins, white, and martyrs, red;
House whose pavement feet have burnished
Of apostles, deathward led.

* Some years before the restoration of the English College at Rome was thought of the writer, with a friend, afterwards his school-fellow at Rome, and then a bishop, joined in society to study Roman antiquities by the aid of a wretched old plan; and they were called familiarly by their school-fellows "The Romans." They wrote a little book or story, of which the writer remembers nothing but the title, *Fabius*, of which he never thought when he wrote the story of Fabius' daughter.

† Rome not only grants boundless spiritual graces, but liberally confers on many the powers to bestow them.

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There 'tis sweet 'mid tufts to linger
Which some buried crypt conceal,
Just when evening's "rosy finger"
Loosens Mary's Angel-peal.

Sweeter at some old "Confession,"*
Where your hands your tears can hide,
To pray God soon from oppression
To deliver the Lamb's Bride:

Or beg pilgrim saints, who hover
Within Peter's princely dome,
To assist us to recover
Faith, for our dear English home.

Sweetest when a pontiff filleth
With all grace his hands outspread,
Then, reversing them, distilleth
On the kneeling Levite's head;

When he sheds the "oil of gladness"
On his consecrating palm,
Bids him soothe all pain and sadness
With that healing, saving balm;

And anoints the stripling, eager
With his shepherd sling to smite
The Goliaths who beleaguer
Juda's host with bitter spite.

III. THE RETURN.

Was it well so safe a harbor
With a bark so frail to quit?
Would a bird from sheltered arbor,
Without stronger pinions flit?

If command still higher follows,
E'en the skiff must ocean brave;
Instinct like the "stork's or swallow's"†
Drives the bird o'er earth and wave.

* Martyr's tomb.

† Jeremias viii. 7.

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And with us, how much more holy
That which comes from Jordan's Dove,
Which bears not the body solely
On these burning wings of love:

"Dost thou love me, thy Creator?
Dost thou love thy fellow-clay?"
Though our answer be with Peter,
"Lord, thou knowest—spare my 'yea'!"

IV. THE HIERARCHY.

Wherefore, now the bark is floating
On the evening-sun-lit main;
May it not be worth the noting
What has been its loss or gain?

Riches, pleasure, earthly honor—
Have these been her golden freight?
Has the worldling smiled upon her,
Or applauded her the great?

Sailed she not 'twixt raking volleys,
Now with jeer dealt, now with yell,
Here the witling's hissing follies,
There the statesman's booming shell?

So she bear her Chieftain's banner
On the shore to be made fast,
What cares *she* if breezes fan her
Or her limp sail flap the mast?

V. ITS FRUITS.

Now its tree is firmly planted,
With its healthy saplings grouped,
Ne'er defiant hath it flaunted
Nor ingloriously drooped.

For as, round the olive springing,
Rise in sheaves its graceful shoots,
Heaven's dew was quick in bringing
Happy offspring from its roots.

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Where Religion sat imploring
For a hermit's humblest cell,
Noble piles, sublimely soaring,
Rise by Rome's creative spell.

Synods, held with modest splendor,
Guide the church by steadfast rule;
Faith's new bulwarks round defend her—
Learning's seat or lowly school.

Still more, Piety up-raises
Against sin a surer dam—
Holy men sing midnight praises,
Virgins watch before the Lamb. *

VI. SOLI DEO LAUS.

O Lord God! who made or granted
All these wondrous gifts but THOU?
Men have watered—may have planted—
Thou with life canst sole endow!

As for me, the smallest sharer
In thy work of gracious love,
Make me e'er thy burden-bearer—
Toil below, its wage above!

Without nature's gifts or graces,
Aught that charm to life imparts,
With few sympathizing faces,
Fewer sympathizing hearts,

Be my journey lone and darkling,
Now in age, as erst in youth,
So I Mary's crown see sparkling;
See thee triumph—LOVE and TRUTH!

Oh! how glorious to behold you—
Handmaid one, the other, Lord;
In well-ordered love enfold you—
Her, companion; thee, reward.

ST. NICHOLAS' DAY, 1864.

* Several communities now rise at midnight to sing the Divine Office, and others practise perpetual adoration of the Blessed Sacrament.

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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER III.

CHECK ALL ROUND.

MR. BEVAN'S fussiness during dinner was something to set one's teeth on edge, while the manner in which he ordered about the two maids, smart as to cap and smart as to apron, absolutely made me feel inclined to shy my dinner-roll at his head. It was some source of comfort to me to behold the waitresses making silent grimaces at one another when their duties brought them in close proximity in the neighborhood of the sideboard; and one of these young ladies had my entire sympathies when I saw her double up her hand after the fashion of the P. R., and shake it menacingly behind mine host's chair—a piece of pantomime performed solely with a view to relieving her injured and excited feelings.

"Eh! what's the meaning of this, Pumpsy?"—his pet name for his wife. "Another cracked soup-plate! This will *never* do! I bought this set at Christie & Manson's, a dead bargain, for eight-seventeen-nine, and here's another plate cracked. When was the last one cracked? Let me see, the 10th of June. Who cracked this one? Either of you girls?" to the waitresses. "Of course not. It was done between you, anyhow, and I'll deduct the cost of the plate equally between you. Mr. Joseph, not taking cucumber with your salmon! I insist upon it. Please use another fish-knife. Kate, another fish-knife for Mr. Nugent; I see that the handle of the one he's using is cracked. Nellie, don't take sweetbread to leave it on your plate. Miss Wriothesly, I fear your bracelet will chip that glass. Please move the glass in a little—ah! that's right. Pumpsy, why use these glasses every day? We got three of them smashed in five years. Kate, don't hold the dish in that way; Mary will be sure to knock against you, and who's to pay me for my carpet? There, now, Mr. Joseph, you've spilled the salt! How I should like to thump you! Kate, mind what you're about; you can't do two things at once. That's no way to help peas. See there, three of them on the cloth. Ah! you've bruised one; that will stain. How I should like to thump you! Some saddle of mutton, Miss Wriothesly? Don't say no if you mean yes. Who sharpens these knives? You do, Mary? Well, then,

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please sharpen them, but don't wear the edges clean off. Timmins"—to the butler—"didn't I leave some claret yesterday? No? But I'm certain that I did. I did not finish the decanter. What wine is this? A Brand Mouton! Who told you to decant a Brand Mouton? Eh? Not I, indeed. How do I stand in this wine? I'll look at your book after dinner. Mr. Joseph, be careful not to spill a drop of claret on this table-cloth; if you do I'll thump you. Oh! please fold your napkin the other way. Pumpsy, you *must* look after things more closely; I noticed the cook hand a large basket to a boy to-day as I came in. Oh! no, you won't, but I will; I'll look into this. Mr. Joseph, I pay high wages and buy the best of everything, but I'd rather pay half a crown a pound for beef than lose one farthing's worth of suet. Ah! here are the darlings," as his two little daughters came frisking in with the dessert, all blushes and lace and embroidery. "If you're not going to finish that apple, Mr. Joseph, please give it to Maudie. Miss Wriothesly, let me have a couple of those nuts for Louisa. Ah! here's another tear in your frock. How is this? I pay a nurse-maid for keeping you from wearing out your clothes, and here's what I get for my money. Pumpsy, are those new shoes on Maudie? Good heavens! I paid seven-and-six for a pair for her not two months ago. This sort of thing cannot go on. Don't turn the nut-crackers that way, Mr. Joseph; you might strain them. Miss Wriothesly, do, for gracious' sake! have a care with that fan. It's all very well to laugh, but I hate breakages. There's somebody scraping the leg of the table with their foot. Is it you, Nellie? By the way, Nellie, you burn your gas a little too late. I want every light in my house turned out at eleven o'clock; I hate to run up a heavy gas-bill," etc., etc.

When the ladies had retired Mr. Bevan was good enough to inform me of the exact cost of each and every article in his house, where he purchased, and the articles which he obtained at wholesale price. He was also good enough to give me an insight into his career as a commercial man, illustrated by several smart things he had accomplished during his climb up the ladder.

"Look after the pence, Mr. Joseph, and the pounds will take care of themselves," he exclaimed, as we rose to join the ladies. "How I should like to thump you for shoving back your chair like that! See, you have knocked it against this chair, and it's a miracle there was no damage. There, now, you will kick up the mat. How I should like to thump you!"

"Can you ride well?" Miss Wriothesly asked me when I had

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taken a cup of coffee, Mr. Bevan in terror lest I should spill a drop on his velvet carpet.

"Well, I—"

"Yes or no?"

"Yes."

"Can your sister?"

"She has a splendid seat. She has ridden with the Meaths and the Kildares."

"A woman who clears a six-foot wall might have no seat for the Row."

"Nellie has ridden over and over again in the Phœnix Park; and let me tell you, Miss Wriothesly, that—"

"Don't flare up. Always the Phœnix Park! I never yet met an Irishman who didn't howl about the 'Phaynix.'"

"I don't know about howling, Miss Wriothesly, but—"

"Take any other word you prefer. Will gushing do?"

"We have the finest park in the world," I eagerly exclaimed. "You could take all your London parks put together out of it, and we wouldn't miss them. We have acres upon acres of seventy-pile velvet that to gallop on it makes you feel as if you were not of this earth at all. And then the deep-wooded glades with elms centuries old, and hawthorns which in early summer are one sheet of white and pink blossom and the air is perfumed for miles; and then the glorious background of the Dublin Mountains, and in the immediate foreground the Liffey winding, as your Thames does at Richmond, a silver thread. You should see a review of the troops on the Fifteen Acres. The flash of the dragoon helmets and sabres and bayonets, the red coats against the green sod and green background; the smoke of the cannon mixing with the trees and enveloping them as with a white veil; the charges of cavalry and the skirmishing of the infantry—I tell you, Miss Wriothesly, that a review in the Phœnix Park is a superb sight!"

"I know a dragoon who is quartered in Dublin now—a Captain Ballantyne. Have you met him?"

"Yes."

"He's rather nice, but lazy."

"Ah!"

"Does his soldiering with his hands in his pockets, and would saunter half a mile to look at a public clock sooner than take the trouble of unbuttoning his frock-coat to consult his watch. Where did you meet him?"

"At a neighbor's—Major Butler's."

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"I've heard your sister speak of them; by the way, of course you've flopped your young affections at the feet of Miss Strawberries-and-Cream, haven't you?"

I would have given the year's rent of Tubbermore to have been able to reply sarcastically, but it wasn't in me. I blushed, jackass that I was, and almost yelled a denial.

"Ah! a lover's quarrel. *Now* I see it all," cried Miss Wriothesly. "Strawberries-and-Cream falls out with young Turnips-and-Mangel-wurzel, and he resolves to leave her for ever. Strawberries-and-Cream betakes herself to a flirtation—aye, with Captain Ballantyne, and—"

"She is perfectly welcome as far as *I* am concerned," I interrupted.

"Oh! of course she is. We know all about that, Mr. Turnips-and-Mangel-wurzel; but, nevertheless, what would you not give to see the captain bowled out, and Strawberries-and-Cream howling for her dear Turnips-and-Mangel-wurzel?"

"Howling seems to be a pet word with you, Miss Wriothesly."

"So it is. You are right. It covers a great deal of ground. It means a lot. But here's Timmins to howl that my carriage awaits me. *Revenons*, not to Phœnix Park but to Rotten Row. I'll give you and your sister a mount for to-morrow morning at eleven. You shall ride a cob fit for a Chancellor of the Exchequer. If you have played me false about your riding I'll dismount you. I wouldn't be seen in the Row with a man who didn't know how to ride, except for a wager, for the Phaynix"; adding with a light laugh, "Eleven o'clock bang, 37 Park Lane! Good-night, Turnips!"

I lay awake for a considerable time after going to bed, cudgelling my brains for a witty nickname wherewith to dub the heiress in return for the agricultural *sobriquet* she was facetiously pleased to confer upon me, but without success. Anything I thought of was so personal as to amount to an impertinence. And yet what could be more personal than Turnips? True, I was a farmer, and of a race of farmers; but I was a magistrate for my county, my father and grandfather had represented it in the Imperial Parliament, my great-grandfather in the old House in College Green, and I thank Heaven he voted dead against the Union, although offered a peerage for his vote—I have Lord Castlereagh's letter in my possession; I held up my head with the best blood in Ireland; I was invited to the carpet-dances at the Viceroy's; I belonged to the best club in Dublin; and to be called Turnips-and-Mangel-wurzel! It was really too provoking.

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As my sister and I drove up to the residence of the banker's daughter at five minutes to eleven the following morning, the three mounts, in the care of as many grooms, were being led up and down the lane, and three more perfect beauties I never laid my eyes on. My cob so riveted my attention that I forgot the cabman, my sister, the heiress, everything, as I gloated over the charms of this tidy bit of blood.

"More power, Masther Joe."

I turned to behold Billy Brierly at my elbow.

"How did you get here?"

"Faix, thin, I spint a shillin' on wan av thim quare machines that we come in on Thursda', Masther Joe, the Lord forgive me!"

"A hansom?"

"Yis, sir. Divil a haporth o' hansom in it, more betoken. That's th' English ignorance. Anyway," he added, "it's long afore we'd call that a handsome conthrivance in Ireland—no, be me song. Sorra an outside-car I seen since I come, Masther Joe."

"What brought you here, Billy? Any message from Mrs. Bevan?"

"No, Masther Joe, but I'll tell ye the whole truth, sir. Ye see I heerd the young wumman that attinds on Miss Nellie—an' an ill-mannered, upsettin', impidint crayture she is—I heerd her say that Miss Nellie's ridin'-habit wasn't worth layin' a brish on.

"'What habit are ye talkin' of?' sez I.

"'That's none of you're bisness,' sez she.

"'Isn't it?' sez I.

"'No,' sez she.

"'Well, thin,' sez I, 'I'll show ye it's me bisness, for dickins resave the sight av a brish it'll get from your dirty hands. Give it to me,' sez I, 'an' I'll brish it; an' as for cloth, there's not such a bit av stuff in all Europe.'

"'Faix, it'll make a nice display,' sez she, 'in the Rotten Row,' sez she.

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"'In where?' sez I.

"'In Rotten Row,' sez she agin, as bowld as brass. Well, Masther Joe, I felt the blood leppin' in me veins as if I'd got a welt av a *kippeen* at Bonabeela fair.

"'Did ye say rotten?' sez I.

"'I did,' sez she.

"'Ye did?' sez I.

"'I did,' sez she agin.

"'Yer the ignorantist, vulgarestest faymale,' sez I, 'that ever I seen in all me thravels, an' I wudn't demean meself be houldin' talk wud the like o' ye.' So I tuk Miss Nellie's habit, an giv it a rousin' brishin', Masther Joe, an' then I heerd where yez was comin'. 'An' be the mortial,' sez I to meself, 'I'll see what soart av a baste the masther's goin' for to throw his leg across,' for this is a great day for ye, Masther Joe. I hear she owns the Bank av England—more power, *avic.* I wanted for to see av ye got a dacent mount—somethin' that wud give thim a taste av the greens—and *that's* why I spint the shillin', Masther Joe!"

Billy's admiration for the cob was equal to mine.

"It's as nate a baste as ever I seen. Wudn't it warm the cockles of Father Tom's heart for to see the darlint! There's showldhers for ye! There's a toss av the head! See the deep chest an' th' iligant withers. Bedad, Masther Joe, ye can give thim the dale, an' keep the five spots in the heel av yer fist."

Leaving Billy to make friends with the grooms, I entered the Wriothesly mansion. Everything was in the most luxurious splendor, coupled with the most æsthetic taste. The heiress was noted for her "nocturnes," and "arrangements," and "harmonies," to use the modern art jargon. Her windows were veiled with lace of the tenderest pink, like the heart of a blush-rose; her walls were of that pale neutral tint which enhances the brilliancy of showy women, and makes the pallor of the white kind chaste and refined; nothing jarred, either in form or tint; and the result was a universal sense of *bien-être* and perfect taste.

"Nellie!" she exclaimed, "you *would* look a fat little pocket Venus, if your habit fitted you. But in this thing you are a laundress' bale. You must let my artist build one for you at my proper expense. What do you think of this *chef-d'œuvre?*" pirouetting. "Mind! I am not *sewn* into it, as the Empress of Austria is into hers. Baker!" this to a flunky in plush, powder, and silk stockings—a giant, with a pair of calves to his shining legs like small beer-barrels—"luncheon to-day at half-past two.

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Is there anything special that it would please your Hibernian Highness to have?"

"Yes," I gravely replied.

"Name the delicacy."

"Crubeens and cabbage."

"*Crubeens!*" elevating her eyebrows.

"Pigs' feet."

"Are you serious?"

"Oh! no, he's not," laughed Nellie, as, offering the heiress my arm, we descended the wide, velvet-carpeted, bronze-and-hot-house-flower-lined staircase.

"More power, miss!" observed Billy Brierly, stepping forward, removing his hat, and literally scraping acquaintance. "Faix, ye needn't be wan bit ashamed o' yer stable. Sorra a betther set o' bastes ever tasted oats. It's over beyant at Dromroe th' ought for to be."

"My servant, Miss Wriothesly. He goes to Mexico with me," I explained in reply to her wondering, if not startled, look of inquiry.

"Faix, av he'll be sed be me, the dickins resave the sight o' Mexico he'll ever see, *barrin'*,"—this with an air of intense knowingness—"*barrin'* he goes wud another partner."

As we were about to ride away the heiress sent one of the grooms for the swell flunky, at whom Brierly stared as though he had been a wax-work.

"Take Mr. Nugent's servant to Perkins, and tell Perkins to let him have everything he wants," said Miss Wriothesly from the saddle.

"I'm thankful to ye, miss," cried Billy, "but I'm goin' for to folly yez, for I'd rather see Miss Nellie canther nor ate all th' vittles betune this an' Dunshaughlin."

Later on the heiress remarked:

"No English servant would lose an extra good luncheon on such a plea. Mr.—what's his name?"

"Brierly, Billy Brierly."

"William Brierly shall be invited to dinner in the housekeeper's room, and Mr. Perkins, the butler, shall be instructed to administer cakes and ale to thy trusty varlet."

How brightly that girl talked, always saying exactly what it pleased her to say, hitting out right and left, and bowling conventional hypocrisy at—to use a cricketer's phrase—every over!

"Now," she exclaimed as we entered the Row, "I'll proceed to make known to you some of the notabilities of the Liver

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Brigade, so named by Edmund Yates because nine persons out of every ten ride here for their livers by order of their trusted doctors. What else would set a plodding detachment of stout, grave men pounding away up and down on long-suffering steeds every morning at a given hour? The very bad cases—that is to say, the Liver Brigade proper—do their penances at seven, eight, and nine o'clock."

All the menkind this young girl saluted, all the womenkind she gaily nodded to. She pointed out so many notabilities to me that I became fairly bewildered. What envious glances some of the *caballeros* cast at me as I rode by the side of this gold-mine! How I longed that Trixy might ride up! I fancied her astonished expression; her inquiring gaze; I would raise my hat, bow coldly, and instantly turn smilingly and earnestly to my companion, so as to let Miss Butler see that I was on terms of dangerous intimacy with one who had peers of the realm at her feet instead of a trumpery dragoon captain.

"*C'est immense, c'est immense! Si Richelieu me voyait maintenant!*" I could scarcely refrain from exclaiming.

Members of the cabinet and legislature, high public functionaries, dukes and double duchesses, judges and M.P.'s, a whole bench of bishops, well-known *littérateurs* and sons of the brush, swells of the army and navy, batches of feminine beauty, merry children—some of the boys with a grip of the knees speaking of long practice and early training—financiers and honest citizens, galloped, cantered, trotted, and ambled past, many of them engaged in shaking their livers and worshipping at the shrine of health.

"We are out of season, you know, Mr. Nugent, yet we can always, as the Americans say, 'give you a good show in London,'" was Miss Wriothesly's observation as we slowed into Park Lane after our morning's ride. I should mention that Billy Brierly, at a jog-trot, kept on the pathway in the Row that borders the ride, and that whenever he caught my eye he would remove his hat and whirl it triumphantly over his head.

"Well, now, Masther Joe," he exclaimed when I subsequently encountered him, "there was the world an' all of grandeur beyant in that place to-day. There was lords an' ladies, a polissman—a nice, friendly man that, only he daren't stir off his bate, wud have thrated me to a pint—an' jooks, an' all soarts o' quollity in it. There was all soarts av bastes, some av thim not fit for to take an informer to the gallows, an' more aiqual to the Marquis o' Headfort's Brown Fan. But the natest sate an' the lightest hand

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was yer own, Masther Joe, an' the dawniest lady, afther Miss Nellie, was yer partner. More power, Masther Joe, troth but we're doin' well in this counthry—the Bank av England no less! 'Wow, ow, sez the fox.'" And Billy commenced to sing as he left me, for I had rebuked him sternly:

"I'm a lady of quality that lives in the sea;
Come down, Maurice Connor, an' be married to me;
Silver plates an' goold dishes you'll have, an' you'll be
The king of the fishes when you're married to me."

"I'm obliged to you, madam, for a goold dish and plate;
If a king, an' I had it, I'd dine in great state;
With your own father's daughther I'd be sure to agree,
But to drink the salt wather wudn't do so wud me."

"What is the matter, Nellie?" asked Mr. Bevan next morning at breakfast. "Your eyes are red. Ha! you've been burning my gas—take care of that plate, child; it is too near the edge of the table—yes, you have. I detest waste. I'd rather light this house from cellar to garret every night in the year than waste one cubic foot of gas. Do you know what gas costs per thousand cubic feet? Pumpsy, my dear, our gas-bills are out of all proportion. Mr. Joseph, if you break your egg that way my cloth will suffer. Mary, what do you mean by bringing me toast so burnt as this? Now I'll have to waste—yes, waste it by scraping. For heaven's sake! girl, don't fling about my cutlery in that way. What do you mean? Pumpsy, you should see to all this. What makes your eyes red, Nellie?"

Put into a corner, my sister replied somewhat pettishly: "Because I've been crying, Mr. Bevan."

"Crying, Nellie!" we all exclaimed in a breath.

"What has annoyed you, dear?" asked Mrs. Bevan.

"Anybody ill at Timolin?" I demanded.

"Broken anything?" was Mr. Bevan's inquiry in an anxious tone.

Nellie seemed inclined to blubber again.

"What is it?" I asked, now seriously alarmed.

"I—I had a—a letter from Trixy this morning, and—and—" she stopped.

"And what? Is aunt ill? Has the major been thrown?"

"N-no."

"Then what *is* the matter?"

"Cap-Cap-Captain Ballantyne ha-ha-has proposed for her." And here my sister fairly burst into a whirlwind of sobbing.

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Members of the cabinet and legislature, high pr tionaries, dukes and double duchesses, judges and M.P. bench of bishops, well-known *littérateurs* and sons of swells of the army and navy, batches of feminine bea children—some of the boys with a grip of the knees s long practice and early training—financiers and hone galloped, cantered, trotted, and ambled past, many of gaged in shaking their livers and worshipping at the health.

"We are out of season, you know, Mr. Nugent, yet ways, as the Americans say, 'give you a good show in I was Miss Wriothesly's observation as we slowed into P after our morning's ride. I should mention that Billy E a jog-trot, kept on the pathway in the Row that borders and that whenever he caught my eye he would remov and whirl it triumphantly over his head.

"Well, now, Masther Joe," he exclaimed when I subs encountered him, "there was the world an' all of gran [illegible] vant in t[illegible] to-day. There was lords an' ladies, a p [illegible]a ni[illegible] in that, only he daren't stir off his b [illegible]av [illegible] pint—an' jooks, an' all soarts o' quoll [illegible]T[illegible] s av bastes, some av thim not fit for [illegible] gallows, an' more aiqual to the Ma [illegible] Fan. But the natest sate an' the lighte

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was yer own, Masther Joe, an' the dawniest lady, afther Miss Nellie, was yer partner. More power, Masther Joe, troth but we're doin' well in this country—the Bank av England no less! 'Wow, ow, sez the fox.'" And Billy commenced to sing as he left me, for I had rebuked him sternly:

> "I'm a lady of quality that lives in the sea;
> Come down, Maurice Connor, an' be married to me;
> Silver plates an' goold dishes you'll have, an' you'll be
> The king of the fishes when you're married to me."
>
> "I'm obliged to you, madam, for a goold dish and plate;
> If a king, an' I had it, I'd dine in great state;
> With your own father's daughther I'd be sure to agree,
> But to drink the salt wather wudn't do so wad me."

"What is the matter, Nellie?" asked Mr. Bevan [illegible] ing at breakfast. "Your eyes are red. Ha! [illegible] ing my gas—take care of that plate, child; it is too [illegible] of the table—yes, you have. I detest waste. [illegible] house from cellar to garret every night in the [illegible] cubic foot of gas. Do you know what gas [illegible] cubic feet? Pumpsy, my dear, our gas-bills [illegible] tion. Mr. Joseph, if you break your egg [illegible] suffer. Mary, what do you mean by [illegible] as this? Now I'll have to waste—yes, [illegible] heaven's sake! girl, don't fling about [illegible] What do you mean? Pumpsy, you [illegible] makes your eyes red, Nellie?"

Put into a corner, my sister replied [illegible] cause I've been crying, Mr. Bevan."

"Crying, Nellie!" we all [illegible]

"What has annoyed you, dear?" [illegible]

"Anybody ill at Timolin?" [illegible]

"Broken anything?" was Mr. Bevan's [illegible] tone.

Nellie seemed inclined to [illegible]

"What is it?" I asked [illegible]

"I—I had a—a letter [illegible] she stopped.

"I-I' what? Is aunt [illegible]

she stots [illegible]

[illegible] it is the matter?"

[illegible] aptain [illegible]

she stots [illegible] ster fairly [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

had won her by his
s too bad. Should I
s none of my business.

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she heard from Nel-
What a sensation in
ne triumphs *the* tri-

we always kept this
many a race on the

heiress was too pre-
" That was quite

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My heart seemed to give one beat backward and then to leap into flame. I knew that I grew white, and then I felt the color flowing and glowing up in my very hair.

I had on a tightish boot, and, in order to force my sensations under and to manifest unconcern, I squeezed my foot against the leg of my chair until the counter torture was sweet agony.

I knew that Nellie was looking at *me*, and that the eyes of Mrs. Bevan were riveted upon me.

"I don't see any reason for crying over this, my dear child," exclaimed Mrs. Bevan.

"Nor for crumpling your napkin into a million creases," added her husband.

"A gay dragoon! Why, it's an offer half the girls in England are angling for."

"Miss Butler always doated on the military," I laughed. What a harsh, grating laugh that was!

"Mr. Joseph, you are slashing my table-cloth as if you were a dragoon," said Mr. Bevan in considerable concern. "Good heavens! Pumpsy, he has cut two holes in it already."

This was too true. I was not aware of the fact.

"I beg pardon," I stammered. "I'll get you another table-cloth to-day."

"That's all mighty fine, but you can't match the set."

"I'll do my best, sir."

"Do! *There*, now! I knew that pepper-caster would go over. Let me see if it's damaged. Yes, here is the commencement of a crack. Dear, dear, dear!"

This interlude brought me to myself. Why should Trixy not marry Captain Ballantyne? It was a good match, and if she liked him what more need there be said on the subject? Why should it affect *me* of all persons? How glad I was to think that I would be in Mexico when the wedding came off! I would write her an awfully jolly letter, full—yes, *full*—of fun, and congratulate her. What present would I make her? A splendid one. No matter what it might cost, I would give her a handsomer gift than anybody else would give her. We were old playmates and strong, good friends. She was my second sister. Yes, of course it was a brotherly love I had for her, and as her brother I felt hurt that she had not confided in me. She should have told me. It was mean and shabby in her to have withheld her confidence. I would *not* write to her. I was justly and righteously offended by her conduct, and I would show her that I felt it keenly. Ballantyne of all men! I had no objection to a dragoon, but this

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fellow, a cold, sneering, brainless idiot, who had won her by his laced jacket and his jingling spurs! It was too bad. Should I write to aunt? Why or wherefore? It was none of my business. *I* was not consulted. It was not *my* affair.

A thousand thoughts like these played hide-and-go-seek, and leap-frog, and blind-man's-buff, and fool-in-the-corner in the brief space of a few seconds in my heart, and I think I owe it to the ecstasy of my tight boots that I did not utter my ideas aloud.

"Is this a good offer for the girl?" demanded Mr. Bevan of Nellie.

"He is very rich."

"What do *you* call rich, Nellie? We have men in the city of London who call themselves poor on ten thousand a year."

"He has five thousand a year now, and will have three times that sum when his uncle dies."

"Is he a Catholic?" demanded Mrs. Bevan.

"Yes."

"And of good family?"

"He is one of the Lancashire Ballantynes, and they held the faith when everything else was lost."

"'Pon my word, I think your young friend has made a very good market," said Mr. Bevan. "Has *she* any money?"

"Oh! yes," I chimed in. "Miss Butler has five or six thousand pounds in her own right. Pierce, her brother, when he comes of age, will touch twenty thousand."

"You should have cut out this dragoon, Mr. Joseph," chuckled mine host.

"Joe has better work before him," cried mine hostess. "He has to go in and win the five-hundred-thousander."

"With all my heart!" laughed Bevan; "and if he can cut into her heart as he has cut into my table-cloth he'll handle the grammatins."

I must own that the idea of winning one of the greatest heiresses in England seemed at this particular moment very rose-hued. Imagine what Trixy would say when she heard from Nellie that I had achieved such a conquest! What a sensation in Dunshaughlin! After all, are not our home triumphs *the* triumphs?

"What will they say at home?" Ah! if we always kept this one thought before us would we not win many a race on the great field of life?

But the idea of my going in for the heiress was too preposterous. "Turnips!" "Mangel-wurzel!" That was quite

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enough. However, it would *sound* well, and I would get Nellie to mention casually that I was entered for the race.

"Does your friend say anything about the wedding?" asked Mrs. Bevan of my sister.

"What wedding?"

"What wedding! Why, the Ballantyne-Butler case."

"Who spoke of a wedding?" demanded Nellie.

"Why, you did, of course."

"Excuse me!"

"What!"

"I never spoke of a *wedding*."

"Oh! well, you spoke of a proposal, and one is the *avant courrier* of the other."

"Not always," said my sister, quietly glancing at me.

I do not know why I was on thorns, or, as Billy Brierly would have expressed it, "like a hen on a hot griddle."

"Speak out, you little Irish sphinx!" laughed Mrs. Bevan: "we don't want any conundrums."

Nellie drew forth Trixy's letter. I recognized the great, large characters, many of the words resembling print.

"Keep the back of that note for me, if it's blank!" exclaimed Mr. Bevan. "I never allow the back of a letter to be wasted. I make use of every one of 'em."

I pretended to be busily engaged in buttering a piece of dry toast.

"Mr. Joseph, please don't send the sparks from that toast into the salt-cellar."

I could have toasted him.

"I have no secrets here," said Nellie, with a little sob, "so I'll read what dearest, darling Trixy says."

How I scraped that toast!

"Before you commence, dear, just push that cup in a little, will you? No, the other one. And, Pumpsy, that egg might drop out of the stand on to the table."

Nellie commenced.

"The letter begins with you, Joe," she said, "and—"

"Ends with Captain Ballantyne, I presume," was my stiff rejoinder.

"Precisely."

"Pass *me* over, please, Nellie."

"And come to the captain," laughed Mrs. Bevan.

"Very well, I'll please you both," said my sister. "After telling me a lot of home news she goes on to say: 'I want to

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prepare you for a surprise, darling; or, as it didn't surprise mamma, perhaps it will not startle *you*. Captain Ballantyne—you have met him—has, as you are aware, been stopping here (Joe treated him dreadfully), and has been attentive to me after the *blasé* fashion of his cloth. He is a thoroughly well-bred man, and the *very best style*. He is handsome and rides not only like a dragoon but a whipper-in. Well, dear, I was alone with him in the conservatory yesterday; it was after breakfast, and I was doing my usual scissoring, cutting a bouquet for the altars of Our Lady at Derrycunnehy for Father Henry Moore, when Captain Ballantyne suddenly exclaimed—'"

"Pumpsy, that egg *will* fall," cried Mr. Bevan.

"Oh! bother you and the egg," retorted his wife.

"My dear, I—"

"Can't you hear Nellie out?"

Mr. Bevan having adjusted the egg to his satisfaction, my sister resumed:

"'Suddenly exclaimed, "Miss Butler"—but no, Nellie, it is only after long years that we tell these things, *n'est-ce pas?* I shall pass over what the words were, but he asked me to marry him. Now, are you surprised, dear? I suppose not, you are so awfully quiet and sensible!'"

"And Miss Butler fell into the captain's arms, crying, 'I am yours,' and if they don't live happily, that you and I may," I burst in.

"Really, Joe, this is excessively rude," exclaimed my sister in a pout.

I was silent, and Nellie proceeded with the reading of the letter:

"'Of course, dear, I said no—and—'"

"Who said no?" I interrupted.

"Trixy."

"Has Trixy refused Captain Ballantyne?"

"Yes."

Was it relief that I felt at this announcement, or what?

"'Of course I said "no," and really the poor fellow seemed as if somebody had struck him. He almost reeled. I respected his manly grief at this disappointment, but could not console him. After a few seconds, during which I tore poor Father Moore's bouquet into pieces, he gasped: "May I hope?" I said: "You may not"; and the hard words came from me like steel bolts, Nellie. Then he was silent, while he slowly pulled his moustache. "May I ask you a question, Miss Butler?" I did not imagine what was

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coming, so I assented. "You will not be annoyed at what may seem an impertinence?" I made no reply. "Miss Butler," he said, "has your love been given to another?" Nellie, I couldn't trifle with the man, for I saw that he was terribly in earnest, so I said the small word "yes." He pressed his hand over his eyes and forehead, and, like one that is blind, seemed to grope his way to the drawing-room. I went out on the lawn, and tying a handkerchief over my head, crossed the fields to Dromroe, where I saw Joe's hunter, who ate the roses out of Father Moore's wrecked bouquet. When I got back to Timolin Captain Ballantyne had taken his departure—a telegram from his colonel. I knew what that telegram meant, Nellie.'"

My sister paused.

"And so there is a real Simon Pure in the case," observed Mrs. Bevan.

"The girl was quite right to be candid," said Mr. Bevan, "but I blame her for wasting those flowers."

"I suppose Edgar Wilde is first favorite?" I suggested, bitterly resenting Trixy's preference for such a lisping idiot. He lived within four miles of Timolin and was always perfumed like a hairdresser's apprentice. He could speak of nothing but Paris, and was always giving us bits of French, well-pronounced enough, but, pah! who cared for them, except, perhaps, Miss Butler?

My sister flung a keen glance at me as I suggested this perfumed personage.

"I do not think so, Joe."

"Then it must be Sir Oscar O'Brien."

"I think not."

"These are the two favorites, anyhow, Nellie."

"I wouldn't back either."

"I have it!" and in my excitement I thumped the table. "It's George Wynne Harvey."

"He's old enough to be her father."

"Shows her sense," said Mr. Bevan; "and, Mr. Joseph, do not, for gracious' sake! bang the table that way again. I should so like to thump you!"

"Miss Wriothesly," announced Mary, the heiress following closely upon the heels of the *soubrette*.

"What people to feed you are!" cried Miss Wriothesly. "Don't stir, anybody. I've done my muffin-worrying two hours ago. What keeps *you* here to such an hour?" to Bevan. "Papa has made or—lost a million before this. Go away; I don't want your fuss!"

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"Don't lean against that table, dear; the bronze—"

"I'll knock it down just to make you caper. I want to show little Nell here South Kensington Museum this morning. I'll throw Turnips in."

"You will not throw Turnips in!" I angrily retorted.

"Ah! the Irish blood is boiling, is it? Don't you wish I was a man, and wouldn't you have me 'out' in the Phaynix, the Fifteen Acres, if I was?" And Miss Wriothesly laughed right musically at her own conceit.

"If you had been here five minutes ago you would have heard a very charming letter read," said Mrs. Bevan.

"From a mankind or a womankind?"

"From a woman about a man."

"Naturally."

"The romantic details of a proposal and a refusal."

"Can we not demand an encore? Who read it? *You*, Turnips?"

"My sister read it."

"Then your sister will read it again. Will you not, little Nell?"

"If you knew Trixy I'd—"

"But I mean to know her. She's Strawberries-and-Cream. Eh, Turnips?"

"Is it fair to—to speak of a gentleman's being refused?" queried my sister.

"Well, what a *villageoise* you are, to be sure! But keep your secret, dear; it's glad tidings of great joy to me to know there is one of my sex capable of saying no to any matrimonial offer.'

"A most eligible offer," added Bevan.

"And a gay dragoon to boot," exclaimed his wife.

"Does Trixy show good cause?"

"Nellie here considers it sufficient."

"If *she* endorses the refusal it must be a case of the heart. Trixy is spooney on another. Am I right?"

"Quite right, Miss Wriothesly."

"Then Trixy is right, Nellie is right, and the dragoon was wrong to have popped. Now, Nell, fling on that village bonnet and that country-town cloak, and come with *me*, my pretty maid."

"I'd have you to know," retorted my sister tartly, "that I get all my garments at Mrs. Manning's, of Grafton Street, Dublin, and that she is *modiste* to the lady-lieutenant."

While Nellie was putting on her things, and Mrs. Bevan seeing off her liege lord, the heiress suddenly confronted me with—

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"You're a pretty fellow, Turnips!"

I did not understand her.

"With your brogue, and your blarney and bothering ways, why don't you go back to Ireland and make it up with Strawberries-and-Cream?"

"I have no falling-out with Miss Butler."

"Yes, you have."

"Really, Miss Wriothesly, I—"

"The dignified don't become you, Home-Ruler. Don't put on side. There are very few men who laugh as heartily as you, whom the haw-haw suits, and you're not of the elect. Tell me!" and here she approached me very closely, fixing her eyes on mine, "is there anything between you and Miss Beatrice Butler?"

"Nothing."

"On honor?"

"Upon my honor."

"Has there been?"

"Never."

"Do you imagine that you have caused this man's rejection?"

"I?"

"Yes, *you!*"

"*I* had nothing to say to it."

Miss Wriothesly approached still closer as she asked:

"Is Miss Butler—" she suddenly stopped, and, turning on her heel, muttered:

"Les femmes ont toujours quelque arrière pensée."

What a strange idea this girl had taken up, that I—pshaw! this was too ridiculous. No, Trixy was spooney on George Wynne Harvey. He was a gentleman, anyhow, and one of the greatest swells in the county. If he were but ten years younger there could be no possible objection to him, especially as he was heir to an earldom. What a superb countess Trixy would make!

"Now we are all ready. Come, Turnips!" exclaimed Miss Wriothesly.

"I shall have the honor of escorting you to your carriage."

"To South Kensington Museum, you mean."

"You must excuse me."

"I never excuse an idle man."

"I happen to be a busy one to-day."

"Busy?"

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"I have letters to write."

"Of course you have: one to your steward to look after the cows and the sheep and the pigs—ten lines; one to your groom to see that your hunter doesn't eat his head off—five lines. One to your chum, whoever he may be, to say that you have met one of the queerest girls in the world—fifty lines. That's about the backbone of your business, unless you intend to congratulate Miss Strawberries-and-Cream on her pluck."

"I can't see much pluck in a girl refusing an idiotic dragoon."

We were descending the staircase.

"'Oh! beware, my lord, of jealousy;
It is the green-eyed monster which doth mock
The meat it feeds on.'"

"Where will you find that passage, Turnips?" laughed the heiress.

I felt very pleased in being able to name *Othello.*

"Do you know what Rochefoucauld says? Of course you don't. I'll tell you: 'La jalousie est le plus grand de tous les maux, et celui que fait le moins de pitié aux personnes qui le causent.'"

"I don't believe in jealousy," cried my sister.

"Not yet, *ma petite.* What do you think of my blood chestnuts?" added Miss Wriothesly, turning to me.

The animals in question, attended by two elegantly-appointed grooms, who stood like animated statues at their heads, were superbly matched, and worth, at the very lowest figure, £400 apiece. The light phaeton to which they were attached was also a gem in its way.

"Don't you think I've a pretty strong fist?" said Miss Wriothesly, doubling back her hand and displaying a tiny, blue-veined wrist peeping from between her cuff and her glove.

"You don't mean to say that *you* tooled these bloods?" I exclaimed.

"Alone I did it."

I suppose there was something in my glance, for she asked me in an arch tone:

"Do you admire me *now?*"

My honest affirmative seemed to afford her a childish pleasure.

"You'll come and see me handle the ribbons?"

"Really—"

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"Assist Nellie into the back seat. Williams! Henderson! you can go home. Now, Turnips, help me up, and then jump in beside me; for these horses, like all well-bred animals, are inclined to be saucy."

Why should I refuse an offer that half the swells in London would have sacrificed any and every engagement for? I had no engagement. In fact, I had nothing whatever to do but to stroll about the streets, gazing into the shop-windows; and yet a strange spirit of perverseness held me fast.

"Why won't you come, Joe?" asked my sister.

"The man who hesitates is lost," cried Miss Wriothesly. "Nellie, come round to me. Williams! Henderson! you'll take your seats behind. Now, then!" and without so much as deigning to bestow a further glance upon me, the heiress seized the reins, and, giving them a gentle shake, was almost out of sight ere I could return my lifted hat to my head.

"What a jackass!" I muttered.

"Troth, ye may well say that, Masther Joe," exclaimed Billy Brierly, who had unnoticed witnessed the whole scene. "Musha, but yer in a quare humor to-day, sir. Av they swore it on the buke, I wudn't believe ye'd let a sate behind sich bastes go beggin', an' beside sich a darlint av a leddy who's achin' wud love for ye, an'—"

"Billy, be ready to start in the morning," I interrupted.

"For where, sir?"

"Liverpool."

A look of incredulity appeared in my follower's face.

"Is it in airnest ye are, Masther Joe?"

"We'll do the morning train from St. Pancras."

"Are ye still thinkin' av goin' to Mexyco, Masther Joe?"

"Why, of course I am."

"An' av lavin' yer chances?'

"What chances, Billy?"

"The Bank av England, no less."

Billy's face wore such a melancholy expression that I burst into a fit of laughter.

"Troth, it's no laffin' matther, Masther Joe. It makes me heart ache for to think of yer bein' so onraysonable. Arrah! what's come over him at all, at all?" I heard him growl as I ascended the steps. "An' whips o' money, an' an illigant young faymale reddy for th' axin'—aye, or wudout it. Begor, av he only stayed he'd be saved that thrubble. She's reddy to lep at his biddin'."

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I encountered Mrs. Bevan in the hall.

"You here, Joe?" she exclaimed.

"Yes, Mrs. Bevan."

"Have the girls—has Miss Wriothesly left you in the lurch?"

"I have left myself in the lurch."

"You don't—mean—to—say—that you refused to go!"

"I do"; and I laughed.

"That you refused the box-seat? I heard her arrange the programme with Nellie."

"Such is the ungallant fact."

Mrs. Bevan stared at me for a second.

"Joe," she said, "you are the biggest fool I ever heard of. Do you know what you are doing?"

I laughed.

"Pshaw! Step in here a moment."

I followed her into Mr. Bevan's *sanctum.*

"Sit down."

She seated herself opposite me.

"Joe, if you play your cards properly you will win a very high stake. You will win £500,000, with a very charming girl. Don't interrupt me, please. She is struck with you. We cannot account for these things, but such is the fact. *I* know it. Nellie knows it. She is a girl who will marry the man of her own choosing. She refused the Marquis of Pombuly not a month ago—a young and handsome Guardsman—and her father lives, moves, and has his being in her. Now, Joe, don't be a fool and lose this chance, this certainty. You've done a very stupid thing just now, so make up for it in the best way you can. I'll propose an expedition for to-morrow."

"I have proposed one, Mrs. Bevan."

"That's good. The Crystal Palace?"

"Liverpool. I'm off in the morning."

"Are you mad? You shall *not* go to-morrow. I say this, and I *will* be obeyed."

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE REFORMED EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

SUCH is the title and designation of a new sect which appears destined to create confusion in the ranks of the bishops and clergy of all Protestant Episcopal societies, but especially in those of the Established Church of England. Based on the same principles as those of other Protestant sects, it claims to be a purified Church of England.

Its origin, so far as can be ascertained, dates back some seven or eight years. In the autumn of the year 1873 a gathering of Evangelical Christians of all lands and all denominations was held in the city of New York under the auspices of the Evangelical Alliance. The meeting was doubtless intended by its congeners as a counterpoise to the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican in 1869, which had created no small stir in Protestant circles, but the result, instead of being an illustration of unity, was further division and the birth of new sects.

During the sitting of this conference the present Dean of Canterbury (Dr. Payne Smith) and Bishop Cummins, an assistant bishop of the diocese of Kentucky, partook of the Lord's Supper in a Presbyterian meeting-house—an act which gave great offence to many English and American Episcopalians of the High-Church and ritualistic schools of thought. The authorities of the new sect inform us that the tempest raised proved to Bishop Cummins that all hope of true catholicity in the Protestant Episcopal Church of America was at an end, so he thought it necessary to resign his office. In his letter of resignation, dated November 10, 1873, Bishop Cummins gave three reasons for his withdrawal: 1st, the progress of ritualism, which he was powerless to stop; 2d, the conviction that the root of evil was in the Prayer-Book; 3d, the anti-Christian outcry against the united Communion. He concluded his letter in the following words:

"I therefore leave the church in which I have labored in the sacred ministry for twenty-eight years, and transfer my work and office to another sphere of labor. I have an earnest hope and confidence that a basis for the union of all Evangelical Christendom can be found in a communion which shall retain or restore a primitive episcopacy and a pure Scriptural liturgy."

Immediately after his secession he proceeded to organize the new communion which he had called into existence; a bishop was

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consecrated in the person of Dr. Cheney, and a new prayer-book was adopted from which all passages supposed to have a Puseyite tendency were eliminated, something after the mode of that which Lord Ebury and the Prayer-Book Revision Society have endeavored to introduce into England. Meanwhile the bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church, from which he had seceded, held a meeting and agreed that he should be formally deposed. By their canon law, however, they discovered they could do nothing in the matter for six months. The Reformed Episcopal Church was therefore well started before the bishops of the other church had time to degrade their seceding brother—a fact which gave great force to the movement.

It remains to be seen whether it is likely to continue to increase, but there can be no doubt that it has hitherto made great progress. We find from the official report (1879) that it extends from British Columbia and the remote Bermudas to England, that it has five bishops, nearly a hundred clergy, and numbers its communicants by thousands, and that it already possesses a university nobly endowed. It is stated that in England within the last three months the missionary chaplain has inaugurated four churches, and that its clergy are at work in nine dioceses.

A schism already appears to have broken out in its ranks, for in some announcements we are told that Bishop Sugden is the presiding bishop in England, and in others that Bishop Gregg is the primate. Various recriminating letters have also passed between the contending parties, who apparently are opposed to one another more on the question of jurisdiction than that of doctrine. Attention was drawn to the whole movement in the year 1878 by the charges of two Anglican bishops (Chichester and St. Albans), who in pompous language declared that intruders, under the guise of Anglican bishops and clergy, had appeared in their dioceses and performed services that could scarcely be distinguished from those of the Established Church of the country. The appointment and consecration of a bishop in the person of Dr. Toke, who had formally seceded from the Anglican communion after the Bennet judgment, gave rise to much criticism, especially from the fact that his consecrator, Bishop Gregg, had been formerly vicar of a well-known church near Birmingham and a distinguished member of the Evangelical party. This proceeding drew down strong denunciations from the Bishop of St. Albans, who solemnly warned the laity of his diocese of the snare that was laid for them. Bishop Toke had been, till within a few months of his consecration, rector of Knossington, a village near Oakham,

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in the Midland District, and was a member of the committee for the Old Testament revision. Both the bishops of Chichester and St. Albans, in attacking this new sect, assumed the Catholic argument—*i.e.*, they entered a protest against any one intruding into the diocese of a lawful bishop as *ipso facto* committing an act of schism, and in high-flown language warned the people against the want of jurisdiction on the part of the new sect. The Bishop of St. Albans went further, for he assumed the complete invalidity of Dr. Gregg's orders and denied that he had any right to officiate at all. The correspondence is amusing. Dr. Gregg writes thus:

"MY LORD: In your charge delivered on Tuesday you not only questioned the validity of my consecration as derived from a deposed bishop of the American Episcopal Church, but you failed to state the real reason for the formation of the Reformed Episcopal Church in this country—viz., the extreme sacerdotalism which almost everywhere prevails and will ruin the Church of England. The bishop through whom the historical succession reached me had his consecration directly through the Anglican communion, and had not been deposed when the succession was transmitted through him to the three bishops by whom I was validly and canonically consecrated. . . . That there is a real cause for the existence of the Reformed Episcopal Church in this country is witnessed by the fact that in the diocese of St. Albans alone we have hundreds, if not thousands, of active sympathizers, and those not entirely confined to the laity. The cries which reach me from oppressed churchmen in many places for an Evangelical ministry are indeed distressing, and convince me, much as we all love the dear old Church of England, that when she ceases to be Protestant she must cease to exist.

"I am, my Lord, etc.,

"HUSBAND GREGG, D.D. M.D., *Bishop*."

In reply the Bishop of St. Albans wrote as follows:

"REV. SIR: You assert that the bishop through whom the historical succession reached you had his consecration directly through the Anglican communion, and had not been deposed when the succession was transmitted. I presume that the bishop to whom you refer was Dr. Cummins. My statement was that this bishop, though not yet formally deposed, lay under prohibition from performing any episcopal act, which prohibition was publicly notified December 1, 1873, just a fortnight before he proceeded to consecrate that bishop through whom, as you say, you derived the historical succession. I have authority to state that none of the American bishops have ever recognized as valid the act of pretended consecration performed by Dr. Cummins, or any act growing out of it.

"I am, etc.,

"T. L., St. Albans."

It is curious that the Bishop of St. Albans should fail to see

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that according to his line of argument the Reformation of the sixteenth century was wrong. If it is wrong now (assuming, of course, that the present Protestant prelates were real bishops) for Dr. Gregg to start a new church in England because he considers that the existing one has fallen into grievous error, it must have been equally wrong for Henry VIII. or Dr. Cranmer to have done so; and yet the bishops of Chichester and St. Albans cannot justify their position without admitting that their ancestors attacked the existing church of their day. Again, if it is wrong for Bishop Gregg to intrude into their dioceses, on what grounds do they justify the conduct of the body to which they belong in France, Germany, Italy, and over the Continent of Europe? If they declare that the invalidity of Bishop Gregg's orders is sufficient to prevent their regarding him as a bishop, on what grounds can they object to Catholics for using a similar line of argument against themselves? In the debate on this subject by the bishops assembled in convocation, as reported in the *Guardian* of May 5, 1878, one of that body informed his brethren that Rome invariably ignored all churches but herself, and that, though Anglicans might object to her line of conduct in partitioning England into dioceses and ignoring the Establishment, she only acted according to precedent, but that such was not the case with any other episcopal communion. Some of the bishops not only objected to the action of the Reformed Episcopal communion, but even ignored the validity of the orders of its clergy. Others, like the Bishop of Winchester, admitted that there was episcopal ordination. The majority, whilst they repudiated the new sect, were of opinion that the excesses of the ritualistic party had brought it into life, and that as long as ritualism prevailed, so long would the Reformed Episcopal Church continue to develop and increase.

It is an acknowledged fact that a great change has within the last forty or fifty years come over the Established Church in England, and that extreme forms of ritualism have been practised by a large body of clergy which are offensive to many. It is therefore not surprising that a church professing to be a "Reformed Church of England" should by such persons have been deemed necessary. Low-Churchmen do not realize the guilt of schism as High-Churchmen do, nor do they hold the same notions as regards the apostolical succession. They prefer bishops to presbyters, as being more respectable and more convenient, but attach small importance as to the manner by which the bishops originally obtained their orders or jurisdiction. It is probable, therefore, that if ritualism should continue to increase there will be a large acces-

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sion to the new sect from the ranks of the Evangelicals. It is curious to observe the importance that is attached to the question of the validity of orders by Bishop Gregg. He is careful to point out that his consecration was lawfully and canonically derived from the same source as the existing prelates of the Protestant Episcopal Church in America, and that he is therefore a valid bishop even in the eyes of the High-Church party.

The *Standard* considered the introduction of the new sect into England sufficiently serious to write a leading article upon it, and denounced in unmeasured terms all those who refused to admit the transcendent virtues of the Establishment. The *Standard* would probably have written in the same strain in the sixteenth century. According to it a church stands or falls by the amount of state support that it receives, and that anything more than nationality and respectability should be required is beyond its conception. And yet the Established Church of England differs solely from the Reformed Episcopal Church in the fact that it is *by law* established—*i.e.*, by an act of Parliament. On no other grounds can its bishops or clergy claim supremacy or jurisdiction to the exclusion of other bodies. Given independence of judgment in religion, there will necessarily be as many opinions as there are individuals. Hence the diversity of sentiment existing amongst all those who are outside the pale of the church as to what really constitutes the true notion of Christianity. In the eyes of most of the Anglican prelates the crown is all-powerful. The crown granted them whatever amount of jurisdiction they imagine they possess, and it is to the crown and acts of Parliament that all appeals against them must be referred. The dispute between the clergy of the Established Church and those of the new sect is simply a civil matter, which would of course be given in favor of the state-appointed clergy. The Church of England, after a hazardous reign of three hundred years, seems to be reaching a period of her existence beset with difficulties. In addition to the ever-increasing number of Nonconformists, she is internally torn with divisions, and externally attacked by a new sect exactly the same as herself, but freed from state control. The Catholic Church in England is also for her a prospective enemy which is likely enough some day to assume its rightful position, and dispossess its opponents of much that they had previously considered their own. The Anglican bishops are, in fact, confronted with a movement that they cannot control, and that cannot be put down by episcopal denunciations—a movement begun by a bishop who had seceded from the church in which

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he had been brought up, and conducted in a purely Anglican fashion.

Our Church Record, the official organ of this sect, published monthly, thus writes in the October number for 1879:

"Our church has already ruffled the Anglican episcopal bench: it has disturbed the drowsiness of Convocation; it has fluttered the church papers, and by God's blessing it will yet and before long awaken echoes in the representative chamber at Westminster." . . . "Our church is not intended to be either a proselytizing trap nor a cave of Adullam." . . . "The final result of the solemn meeting of Anglican prelates held in 1878 at Lambeth, with reference to the Reformed Episcopal Church, is that their lordships, having considered the subject of sufficient importance, thought it necessary to obtain special legal counsel in the matter. Their lordships were solemnly advised as to the need of grave caution, as otherwise they might become involved in serious ecclesiastical and legal difficulties, inasmuch as the orders of Bishop Gregg and Bishop Toke are most unquestionably as valid as those of their lordships. The legal advisers even went so far as to state to the Archbishop of Canterbury: '*The orders conferred by Bishops Gregg and Toke are as undoubtedly valid as any conferred by your grace.*' The result is of the utmost ecclesiastical importance, and fully accounts for the grave and fraternal silence recently so strictly observed by our bishops' episcopal brethren in the Establishment, and which has proved so enigmatical to the public in general and the church public in particular."

The heads of this sect declare that they have separated from the Church of England for exactly the same reasons that the Church of England separated from the Church of Rome—viz., the growth and rapid spread of Romish errors and practices. What the Church of England did at the Reformation, that, they say, the Reformed Episcopal Church has now done. Article XII. of its *Constitution* states that, except where otherwise canonically specified, or where contrary to Evangelical and Protestant principles, this Reformed Church conforms to the laws and customs of the Church of England, and is thus not a new but an old church. It has undoubtedly found a lodgment both in England and America, and is fast gaining adherents. It adheres to episcopacy but not prelacy (whatever this may mean); it accepts the Anglican Prayer-Book, minus all passages that it considers sacerdotal; it repudiates any doctrine approaching to a belief in the Real Presence, and is entirely opposed to confession, priestly authority, and regeneration in baptism. It asserts that the Anglican Church has lapsed into something closely allied to popery, and that Evangelicals have no remedy but a series of expensive and tedious lawsuits, which seldom produce results that are considered satisfactory. It professes not to desire to depart from the old historic

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line, and rejoices that its bishops and clergy can trace their descent from the see of Canterbury; but cherishes a fraternal spirit to men of other denominations, and permits its clergy to exchange pulpits with ministers of other persuasions. It professes to hold itself aloof from Anglicanism solely on the grounds of ritualism, and that, were the sacerdotalists expelled from the ranks, its members would gladly return to the Church of England; but that, on the contrary, should the sacerdotalists gain the day, it hopes to be a house of refuge and a rallying-point for the promotion of a Church of England truly and entirely evangelical, which shall go forth "fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible to the systems which oppose God's word as an army with banners." It seems certain that so long as a large body of the Anglican clergy persist in imitating the ceremonies of the Mass, whether of Roman or Sarum rite, hear confessions, and adorn their churches to such an extent that it is hard for an outsider to know whether it is a Catholic place of worship or not, so long will the members of this new sect have an argument to justify their conduct and the sympathy of a large number of Protestants. Bishop Gregg, in a charge delivered the 1st of July, 1879, uses the following remarkable language:

"Why do we as a church exist? The need for our existence arises from the spread of the doctrines and practices of Rome in the Established Church of this land. Under various terms—Catholic revival, etc.—we find a wide-spread effort to assimilate the doctrines and services of the Church of England to those of Rome. . . . Church restoration has come to be regarded in many cases as a restoration of Romanism. . . . Our mission is to complete the work of the Reformation. . . . We are one with the Church of England in all points in which the Church of England is one with the word of God. . . . We are tired of modern superstitions and mediæval absurdities. . . . Our mission is to give back to England, to her dominions and dependencies and colonies, the Church of England as she used to be. . . . We have no priests save the Lord Jesus Christ and all his spiritual people, no altar save Calvary, no atoning sacrifice save the Lamb of God, no real presence save that of Christ in the heart. . . . We love the old paths, and say that the old wine is better than the new."

The Anglican prelates who resent the intrusion of the Reformed bishops in England fail to see that, according to their own argument, they should discourage all attempts at proselytism on the Continent, and that it is grossly inconsistent for them to patronize elsewhere what they repudiate in Great Britain. With marvellous inconsistency they attack a man like Bishop Gregg for subverting apostolic order and decency in England, whilst they

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encourage M. Loyson and Bishop Reinkens for doing precisely the same thing in France and Germany.

In *Tait's Magazine* for January, 1851, written at the time of the so-called Papal Aggression, the following passage occurs, which, with reference to this new Reformed Episcopal Church, seems almost prophètic:

"The queen's prerogative, we had always simply imagined, was to appoint archbishops and bishops of the Established Church. Is it now meant that she has the prerogative of appointing the prelates of other churches too? No. If the *Times* and its multitudinous followers are to be taken as exponents, it means *there shall be no other bishops in England.* Now look where this leads. Quoth the *Times:* 'England has bishops and dioceses of her own, and no others can be appointed without insult to the crown and kingdom, and just liabilities on the part of the offenders.' We have here a hint of the circumstance which renders it a possibility to foist such fallacies on the public, as well as the consequences to which they point. To change the names, Scotland had synods and presbyteries of its own—those of the Established Church as appointed by legislative authority—yet the Scottish dissenters, happening to be Presbyterians, have over and over again made new synods and presbyteries without ever thinking that they had insulted the crown and kingdom and come under just liabilities. It has so happened, however, that none of the dissenters from the Church of England are Episcopalians, otherwise there would have been other bishops and dioceses long ago, and the fallacy in present use would never have been born, or at least could never have lived. But will there never be any dissenters in England save the Roman Catholics requiring bishops for their church government? Is there not an exceeding likelihood that ere long we shall see some coming out of the English Church, carrying their Episcopal principles with them? Lately it seemed as if this exodus were to be composed of the Evangelical party, and, if we are not mistaken, a sort of beginning or nucleus already existed in the person of Mr. Shore, of Exeter; and now it is more likely to be the Puseyites, beginning with Mr. Bennet. But nobody knows whose may be the first turn or whose the next; but any man may know who chooses to consider that if this doctrine of no bishops nor dioceses, save those of the Established Church, being permissible is to be held good, Episcopal dissenters are things prohibited."

What is here hinted at is that which has now actually come to pass: there has been a secession from the ranks of the Low-Church side, inaugurated by Bishop Cummins and styled the "Reformed Episcopal Church," and a secession from the High-Church ranks styled "Corporate Reunion," which at present possesses bishops (whose names are, however, withheld from the public on the plea of expediency). The English people in general, but the Anglican bishops and clergy in particular, fail to see that, on the principles of religious and civil liberty which are professedly those of the nation, it is illogical and absurd to complain

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of any proceedings such as those of this new sect. A Reformed Episcopal Church, based on the theory of the right of episcopacy, must necessarily have bishops; these bishops must of necessity have power, and therefore there must be territorial divisions. In this way it is inevitable that they should officiate in the dioceses of the Establishment if they are to exist at all. A country has political liberty when all its citizens are equally ruled under one free constitution, against which no man can be allowed to speak beyond certain limits without incurring the penalty of sedition; but a country has religious liberty, not when her citizens live under one church, however sound and liberal, but when every man chooses a church for himself and is at liberty, by all argument of mere speech, to maintain its claims, however absurd and arrogant. An Episcopal Church, therefore, is not tolerated if it is interfered with in its liberty of appointing bishops, determining their numbers and rank, and bestowing on them any title that does not infringe on existing rights.

The rise of this new sect, which seems to be on the increase in this country and England, should make all Protestants (but Anglicans especially) examine the origin of their various communions. They will find that, on the true Catholic theory—*i.e.*, the theory of the only true church (the Church of Rome)—every one of the numberless forms of Protestantism stands on the same foundation of revolt, and that they are agreed on the one single point of aversion to the Church Catholic.

They will find it impossible to urge against any sect that departs from amongst them the arguments brought forward by the bishops of St. Albans and Chichester, and that behind them, ever looming in the distance, stands a church which has lasted for eighteen centuries and which will last until the end of all things. The Anglican bishops spend their lives in a perpetual protest. They protest against the Church Catholic on the grounds that it has *intruded* into their domain, forgetful of the fact that they were themselves interlopers some three centuries ago. The Scottish bishops of the Protestant Episcopal communion protest against the action of any bishops in Scotland that do not recognize their authority (witness the disturbance caused by the appointment of Bishop Beckles, a London vicar, as overseer to the English Episcopal congregations in Scotland); and now the bishops collectively protest against the new *Reformed Church of England* and sneer at its prelates and clergy.

On the Catholic theory that the church is one and indivisible, it is perfectly consistent (however much Protestants may disap-

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prove of such a theory) for the Holy See to send bishops and prelates all over the world, and to treat existing arrangements such as were found in England in 1851 and in Scotland in 1878 as invalid; but for a body of men whose *raison d'être* is private judgment and whose most extreme ritualistic wing do not venture to assert more than that the Anglican communion is a branch of the Catholic Church, to uphold it is the height of absurdity.

Religious liberty in the present day in England includes not only the absence of persecution, but encouragement to discard every kind of religion and the power of adopting pagan or atheistic principles. Nevertheless, side by side with this apparent liberty, in no country are the opposing sects so intolerant of one another as in England, and numbers feel in duty bound to hate and persecute every one who disagrees with them. The Established Church has always taken the lead in acts of intolerance. She has persecuted Catholics and dissenters at various epochs with the utmost ferocity, and her recent attack on the Reformed Church of England affords indication of what she would yet be capable were the spirit of the times more favorable.

Hallam tells us that for more than one hundred and fifty years of her existence she continued to be the servile handmaid of monarchy and the steady enemy of public liberty; and even to this day, with all her professions of liberality and breadth of principle, we find her in constant antagonism to the whole body of Nonconformists.

The Reformed Episcopal Church, even if it should fail in its own task, will at least have exposed the fallacy of the claims of the clergy of the Established Church of England.

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SERENA'S VOW;

OR, THE LACE LEGEND.

FROM the time that St. Eloi, in the year of grace 606, built the little wooden church where now stands the cathedral of St. Salvator,* and dedicated it to Blessed Mary ever Virgin, the city of Bruges has always been renowned for its devotion to the Holy Mother of God.

This devotion is not only shown by the devout observation of her festivals, the magnificence of the processions in her honor, the placing of her statue over the chief entrance of public buildings, the door of the dwelling-house, or at the corner of the street—statues which, in spite of the *gueux* of former times and the revolutionists of eighty years ago, are still so numerous: it is not—or must we, alas! begin to say it *was* not?—only in the religious and domestic life of Bruges that the thought of our Mother and Queen was habitually interwoven, but more or less in the commercial life as well, and the invention of the most famous manufacture of the country was attributed to her maternal interposition, by the city which, centuries ago, acquired the name of *Mariastadt*, or the town of Mary.

Lace, as is generally known, and as its name in Italian, *Merletti de Fiandra*, testifies, was a Flemish invention;† but it is not generally known that it is Our Lady herself to whom the tradition of the country points as having taught the delicate art of lace-making to a maiden of this antique city, among whose rudely-paved and tortuous streets so many sweet old legends of her gracious interference linger.

There still exists in the *Rue Breydel*,‡ narrow as it is, a still narrower street, or rather alley, anciently the lane of the Garre, and now called Zeep Straet, or Soap Street—a remnant of the old-

* St. Sauveur (or St. Salvator) became the metropolitan church after the destruction of the ancient cathedral of St. Donatian. The present church of Our Lady, dating from 1225, owes its origin to a chapel built by St. Boniface, A.D. 744, on the bank of the Reye, and called *Onze Lieve Vrouwe ter Reyen* ("Our dear Lady of the Reye").

† The invention of *guipure* is said to have arisen from the circumstance of a Venetian sailor bringing home to his betrothed (who was a lace-maker) a branch of coral. She tried to imitate its curious ramifications with her needle, and succeeded in producing this variety of the fabric.

‡ Now usually called the *Rue Bride* (or Bridle Street), the change being a mistake; this street, like some others in Bruges, now misnamed in French, taking its name from that of a family.

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est part of Bruges. Until a few years ago this gray and gloomy lane opened, at its further end, upon one of the canals; but this outlet is now closed up, and the only visible trace it retains of the canal is, low down on the right hand, the arch of an ancient bridge, beneath which, when we lately explored this interesting but by no means inviting locality, the water could not be seen for the utter darkness in which it lay.

In one of the antique and sombre houses of this alley—houses which, by the way, are lofty as well as massive, and here and there adorned with niches, in which the saints are featureless and shapeless from the wear of time and the damp of many centuries—once lived an aged couple who, like Quasimodo in his cathedral, seemed part and parcel of their ancient dwelling. Their costume had undergone no change since the day when, a youthful pair, they had first taken up their abode in the lane of the Garre (to which they were to give their name) as venders of *Oile-kucken*,* the said delicacies being improved by a sprinkling of currants for purchasers able to lay out an extra liard for the additional luxury.

Beneath a vast chimney, the mantelpiece of which was adorned with a plate of wrought iron representing the Passion of Our Lord, hung a huge black pot which for sixty years had been kept full of boiling lamp-oil. Constantly replenished and never emptied, this unctuous bath, like the famous German vintages which are filled up as fast as taken from, always retained a portion of its original stock.

Conné and his wife—from whom, thanks to the general appreciation of their oil-cakes, the lane of the Garre soon took the name of the Garre von Conné—seated before their magic caldron, threw into it balls of paste, which, after a few turns in the oil, were taken out, with a long two-pronged fork, round, golden, and appetizing, while a group of expectant street-boys, whose tendency to haunt the precincts of a bun-shop is an acknowledged fact, *semper, ubique, et ab omnibus*, awaited the happy moment when they might scald their fingers and tongues in consuming them.

The furniture of the abode was in keeping with the toilette of its owners. It consisted of an old carved chest blackened with oily vapors; an iron lamp which emitted a dubious light, but made up for its deficiency as a luminary by its liberality in the way of smoke and odor; a pair of wooden candlesticks, a few heavy chairs, a table not so much spotted as soaked with grease, and a few earthenware jars more or less mutilated. It was said, however, that the old couple had further in the house—which, like al-

* A kind of bun fried in oil, and still extremely popular, especially on fasting-days.

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most all Belgian houses, went very far back—comfortable and well-furnished rooms, to which they retired after the ringing of the curfew; but as no one had been inside, this was little more than a conjecture of the neighbors, who sometimes saw a light in the small diamond-paned windows of the further front later in the night.

In this mysterious alley, which, as its name of Garre indicates, was a landing-place, lived the heroine of the legend.

To the historian, the archæologist, and the artist, Bruges, in spite of all it has undergone, from gueux of the sixteenth and French revolutionists of the eighteenth century, and from modern masons, plasterers, and painters, is full of interest. Every epoch is encrusted in its monuments, and stamped not only on its public edifices, but on the lowly *Godshuis** and the still humbler home beneath whose low-arched doorway passes the woman of the people, clothed in the long Spanish capuchin or hooded cloak. Zeep Straet belongs to the primitive Bruges of which the Burg† was the cradle, and which was originally occupied by malefactors, who, after committing their robberies or murders in the surrounding woods, assembled there to share the produce of their misdeeds.

But besides its streets, with their still painfully mediæval paving, Bruges has also what Pascal called its *chemins qui marchent*—its canals. We are not now speaking of the wide canals, navigable by vessels of heavy tonnage, but the smaller ones which wind around the oldest part of the city, and which have dwindled in size and number in proportion as its commercial prosperity has diminished. No longer are their waters furrowed by vessels laden with rich cargoes from the Levant. The quays, formerly encumbered with merchandise, are now gardens, which, by encroaching more and more upon the canals, have in many places narrowed them until they are no longer navigable except by boats and small craft.

Nothing can be more picturesque than an excursion on a summer evening along these capricious meanderings, which lead one

* Almshouses for the aged and infirm in each parish. These, usually one-storied dwellings, kept beautifully neat by their poor occupants, surround a small court, in which each has a strip of garden. In this court is the little chapel, which the old women delight in ornamenting to the best of their taste and ability. If the result is sometimes more remarkable than beautiful its intention is none the less edifying.

† An open space, partly planted with trees, especially on the site of the cathedral of St. Donatian. Around it are the Hôtel de Ville, the Palais de Justice, the Chapelle du Saint-Sang (originally St. Basil), the ancient Records Office, and a part of the Palais du Franc, etc.

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into the very heart of the fifteenth century. Here and there thick shrubberies and their over-topping trees are musical with nightingales; the long tresses of the weeping-willow lash our faces as we row along, or flowering shrubs, lilac or Guelder-rose, scatter their blossoms over us. The swallows, heedless of the splashing oars, swoop in graceful curves over the water, plentifully supping on our tormentors as they fly.* The reeds and flowering flags are thick, the cresses abundant, the white water-lilies float amid their broad leaves like souls at rest; and this dreamy voyage would be one of perfect calm, were it not for the irrepressible croaking of the countless frogs, which seem to mock with their vociferations the stately swans, loftily sailing through the myriads of the mud, or sleeping, like miniature fleets at anchor, lulled by the music of the evening Angelus or the resounding melodies flung from the wondrous chimes of the old belfry tower.

We pass under the bridges from which the city takes its name. Some of these low, deep arches are hung with climbing plants. On the ruinous flights of steps, or in the gardens from which they descend to the water, we may chance to see robust and fair-skinned maidens, who might have sat to Rubens, busily knitting as they chat together, a little apart from their more meditative elders, who, almost in silence, enjoy the coffee or tobacco whose mingled fumes and fragrance spoil or enhance the sweetness of the evening air. The old balconies in fine brick-work like the setting of jewelry, the graceful turrets and quaint gables with their interlaced mediæval patterns and ribbed mouldings, their arched windows and leaded casements, gleaming amid the enwreathing foliage of the vine, are there in all their primitive purity. For the modern *bourgeois*—who have, for the most part, swept away all these picturesque irregularities from the front looking into the street, and replaced them by a dead level, painted the color of fresh butter, and pierced with a row of rectangular windows, all alike in their featureless ugliness—have hitherto tolerated the mingled manipulations of nature and antique art on the water-front, where no one can see them but the few who know of these solitudes, and the still fewer who care to explore them.

It was during an excursion of this kind that we discovered the *Grunthuus*, the most curious and also the best-preserved ancient residence in Bruges, but whose land side is almost wholly masked by mean and modern constructions. The old tower and its

* The gnats of Bruges have the venom of mosquitoes.

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arched gateway have disappeared, but the main building, which is of the purest Gothic, is intact. The splendid dwelling * has fallen indeed from the days of its glory, when the noble ladies of past times, in gold brocade and vaporous veils from the looms of Cambrai, went to hear Mass in the oratory of the Church of Our Lady, with which it communicated by a gallery (now destroyed), and in which the carved oak tribune still remains. The chambers where Edward IV. of England received such royal hospitality were, until the last few weeks, spread with old rags; and the vestibules, whose marble floors had resounded with the steps of archers and the spurred heel of noble knights, re-echoed with the shrill voice of the auctioneer selling the unredeemed pledges of the unthrifty, the unfortunate, and the poor. The *Grunthuus* had been turned into a *mont-de-piété*, or pawn establishment. Its front on the canal, well-nigh unknown, except to the occupants of the small dwellings on the other side, seems for ever gazing mournfully into the sluggish waters which bathe its ancient foundations and mirror its slow and stately decay.

At the period to which our legend belongs the town, still surrounded by dense forests, was circumscribed within the limits of these interior canals.

Very long ago a poor woman named Barbara lived with her five children in the Garre von Conné. She was the widow of a brave sailor who was lost at sea, leaving nothing to his family but the somewhat sombre dwelling which sheltered them. Barbara was not old, but grief and poverty had bent her frame, enfeebled her sight, and so undermined her strength that a few turns of her spinning-wheel sufficed to fatigue her.

All the care of the house and household fell, therefore, upon Serena, the eldest girl. Tall, and too thin and grave for her years, with a dark circle round her large eyes, melancholy from premature anxiety and want, she only needed a little sunshine and fresh air, a little freedom from care, a little happiness, to make her a beautiful girl; but the poor child, who had only the earnings of her spinning-wheel to provide for all the wants of the family, was sinking beneath the task which she fulfilled with the devotedness which springs from an ardent faith and a firm adherence to duty.

Her home, being at the end of the Garre, opened on to a small garden, with a gate upon the quay. Several steps led down into

* This interesting building is now being restored; the rags are swept away, and the *mont-de-piété* transferred to other quarters.

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this garden, from the low stone door-way around which thick ivy clustered, the shelter of countless birds.

The room in which the family chiefly lived, and which overlooked the canal, was lighted by a casement filled with stained glass—a present to the sailor from a craftsman to whom he had rendered some service. In winter, when the wind shook the leaded panes, it seemed as if the antique dames and long-winged angels danced and trembled in the frame-work; but in summer the gladsome sunbeams pursued the forms of angels, ladies, birds, and dragons into the room, throwing them on the polished oak table, the clean sanded floor, or the fair hair of the children, and scattering rainbow-hues on the tiles of the chimney and the row of wooden trenchers on the shelf.

The winter had been long and a hard one for the poor, in spite of the charitable aid so freely given to those who would apply for it at the convent gates, and at the return of spring the poverty in the widow's house was extreme. Serena compelled herself to conceal from her mother her own sadness and fatigue; but daily, when the silvery bell of the chapel of St. Basil * rang the morning Angelus, the early dawn found her there, kneeling before the Mother of Sorrows, and there, one day, her trembling lips pronounced the following vow:

"Holy Virgin, if you will show me a way to provide for my mother and sisters, *I promise to stifle the joy and hope of my heart;* and, moreover, to none will I tell my vow, lest I be too sorely pressed to break it!"

This joy and this hope must have been very precious, for after her sacrifice Serena wept long and bitterly at Our Lady's feet.

On the opposite quay, facing Dame Barbara's house, lived a wood merchant, Master Van Oost, on whose landing-place barges, laden with timber from the Isles, often unloaded their cargoes. Serena's father had many a time moored the little vessel of which he was captain on his own side of the quay, and, being always ready to give a helping hand to his neighbor, friendly relations sprang up between the two families, which stood the test of misfortune.

The merchant would willingly have assisted Dame Barbara, had she not thrown over her poverty a certain austere dignity and reserve which made those to whom this poverty was no secret afraid to offer aid which might have wounded her some-

* Founded by Thierry of Alsace and Sibylle of Anjou. Consecrated in 1150.

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what proud nature, besides exposing those who offered it to an almost certain refusal.

It was between the children of the two families that the closest intimacy had been established. Their connecting link was the rowing-boat moored by the water-stairs of Master Van Oost, whose eldest son, Arnold, during an hour of leisure, would daily cross in it to the opposite quay, when the whole troop of young ones would jump in and row along the broad canals of what became, later on, the "Venice of the North."

Years passed. Arnold, who was a wood-carver's apprentice, intelligent and industrious, advanced from boyhood and youth to manhood. Serena, patient, grave, and toiling, though younger than he by several months, seemed older than her years.

The moment when the friendship of childhood and the affection of youth becomes transformed into a deeper and tenderer feeling can no more be pointed out than the exact spot can be shown where the streamlet becomes a river or the river an arm of the sea. The current grows more strong and rapid, and its irresistible force is only realized when it encounters an obstacle.

Serena no longer allowed herself to be rocked on the smooth waters of the canal, and carefully avoided being left alone with Arnold; but from his window he would watch her whenever, after a meal, she came out to throw to the swans the crumbs remaining from the poor repast; and in the evenings, when Master Van Oost went off to his favorite hostelry in Wool Street near the Steen-huus* (which even at that time was in existence), his son would cross over to Dame Barbara's, where, after throwing on the smouldering hearth a goodly bundle of waste wood with which he came provided, he would carve at an oak panel or bracket, or would relate some history or legend he had learnt at the school of the Benedictines, while Serena and her mother spun. At the ringing of the curfew the widow rose to retire, and Arnold, with a long look at Serena, took his departure until the morrow.

He had always been in the habit of accompanying the widow and her children in their walk between Mass and Vespers on Sundays, when they went outside the fortifications to the vast woods around the castles of Maele or St. Michel. While Dame Barbara rested and the children played Arnold would help Se-

* The Steen-huus, or Gast-huus (built a little before 1188), is the very large and ancient hospital close by the church of Notre Dame. A portion of the building is now a museum of paintings by Flemish masters. Here also is the marvellous shrine of St. Ursula, the work of Hans Memlinc.

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rena gather flowers, which they made into two large bunches, one for the altar of Our Lady in the chapel of St. Basil, and the other to place before her image in Serena's room; and it must be owned that, if Arnold had had his own way, the chapel of St. Basil would not always have had the best.

It was during one of these walks that the young couple had agreed that, when Arnold should be old enough and skilful enough to be elected a master in the Corporation of Sculptors, they would ask the consent of their parents for their marriage. It has been remarked that many eminent statuaries have been sons of potters or of bakers. Their talent revealed itself in childhood in moulding the clay or the dough. Arnold, as a child, when playing with bits of wood picked up in his father's shed, and shaping them with a clumsy knife, had first shown his taste for carving, and since his apprenticeship began his progress had been so great that, notwithstanding his youth, he had reason to hope that the Sculptors' Guild would receive him before the age at which it was their general rule to admit their members.

It was while Arnold was absorbed in the *chef-d'œuvre* he was preparing for the examination of the master-sculptors, happy in his work and in the fair dream it was to enable him to realize, that the distressing poverty in Serena's home impelled her to make her vow to "stifle the joy of her heart," if Our Blessed Lady would show her a way to maintain her family.

When she returned from the church of St. Basil her mother perceived her more than usual paleness, and asked if she were ill. Serena answered that she had not slept very well, but said no more.

On the morrow, which was Sunday, Arnold, as usual, joined the family in their country walk. It was a beautiful day near the end of the month of May. The delicate gossamers, called by the people *les fils de la Vierge*, believing them to be threads detached from Our Lady's distaff, floated in the air, giving sure sign of fine and settled weather. Serena, silent and pensive, was sitting on the grass in a flowery meadow near Engelendael, while Arnold, standing near, was tying up with rushes the flowers he had been gathering, and at the same time pondering as to what might be the secret cause of her sadness.

All at once the air above them was slightly obscured by a soft shadow falling over Serena, and in another moment her black apron was covered with an innumerable quantity of gossamer threads. She observed with amazement that their interlacing formed the most delicate and graceful figures imaginable—flow-

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ers, birds, and arabesques. With wondering attention she studied the marvellous arrangement of these threads, while she felt within herself—"This is Our Blessed Lady's answer to me! If a poor little field-spider can make, at her command, this beautiful and regular design, with a thread too fine to be felt, why should not I, an intelligent being, be able to do the same with the thread of my distaff?"

But how was the ethereal fabric to be taken home? Arnold solved the problem by making a light frame-work of small branches; the apron was laid upon it, and thus, with the utmost care and caution, safely conveyed to the house in the Garre von Conné.

That evening Serena prayed long and fervently, and all night long the miraculous web was interwoven with her dreams. Awaking at daybreak, she hastened to the chapel of St. Basil, and knelt before the statue of Our Blessed Lady.

"Holy Virgin!" she said, while the tears coursed down her cheeks, "you have accepted my vow. Help me to be as thankful as I ought. Help me to stifle my heart; and, Blessed Mother, comfort Arnold!"

Still she knelt until, calmed and fortified by prayer, she returned to her lowly home. On entering the house she kissed and embraced her mother with more than her usual warmth.

"Give me your blessing, mother," she said, "for I am going to undertake a difficult work."

"And what may that be, my child?" asked the widow, struck by the almost spiritual look of her daughter's pale and earnest face. "Methinks you are strangely solemn to-day."

"I would fain copy the pattern which yesterday fell upon my lap, as if from heaven."

"Nay, child!" said Barbara, "that were surely folly. While you were wasting precious time in attempting a work impossible for mortal fingers your spinning would be naught. Irma is slow, and Teresia unskilful save in entangling the thread: and you know full well that you must spin not fewer than ten skeins a week, if we are all to live."

"Mother, I ask for but one week. I will take my little gold cross to Matheas. He will give enough for it to keep us for those few days. And never fear! *Onze Lieve Vrouw* has not deceived me: I am certain to succeed!"

Dame Barbara made no further opposition. She even began to share her daughter's conviction.

"Do as you list, my child," she said, "and may the Blessed

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Virgin aid you! While you essay to copy this marvellous pattern I will pray for you."

Serena then set to work. Taking her finest thread, which she herself had spun, bleached, and twisted, she cut the ends, and made patient and repeated endeavors to imitate the model before her. But her threads every moment mingled and got entangled, obliging her to take fresh ones or undo what she had done.

Arnold came in, and, after watching her a few moments, perceived her difficulty. He then cut short lengths of wood and fastened one to each end of the thread, thus hindering them from ravelling. A great step had been made: the bobbin was invented. This was no small advance for the first day.

On the morrow, after the first Mass at St. Basil's (which from Easter to All-Saints was always at four o'clock), Serena resumed her work with fresh courage. A firm cushion had been given her by a nun of a neighboring convent, and on this she fixed her work. The pillow was invented. The cushion suggested pins. Some, indeed, were remaining upon this one, and Serena made use of them to keep her threads in place. In short, she worked so continually and to such good purpose that, on the following Saturday evening, she placed round the neck of Our Lady's statue in the church of St. Basil a fabric of which the design resembled that of her pattern.

It was not the evenly-made Valenciennes of our days, nor the fine *appliqué* of Brussels, nor the delicate point of Mechlin, but it contained the germ of each, and was the starting-point of all. It was something unknown, strange, and charming—the infancy of lace. Fresh attempts succeeded better and better, and, to make a variety, Arnold designed the patterns, which Serena copied in much finer thread.

The fame of the wonderful invention quickly spread abroad. All the noble ladies of the place, as well as the châtelaines of Maele, Wynandael, Tilleghem, and others around Bruges, came to see Serena at work, and gave orders for lappets for their coifs, for collars, or wristlets of the marvellous tissue. They paid largely, and competence and comfort were no longer strangers in the widow's home.

Arnold, for his part, did not remain inactive. The work which was to win him an entrance into the corporation was almost finished. In fact, it had been really so for some time, but the young sculptor, never satisfied with the result of his endeavors, daily added a few more touches, which yet never gave the perfection to which he aspired.

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The true artist never succeeds in the complete expression of the ideal which he conceives. In vain he hears it repeated that his work is beautiful; he always says in his heart, "I thought I should have done better."

It has been said that that which is greatest and noblest in the human heart can never fully express itself. Do what the artist may, he always remains behind and below his ideal; he awaits an inspiration, as a plant awaits a ray of sunshine to expand its buds into blossoms.

But the sunbeam Arnold waited for was the encouragement of a smile from Serena. One day, when he was quitting the house, she turned her calm, pure eyes upon him, and smiled, as she bade him "*Goeden dag!*" At once everything became *couleur de rose* to him. Leaping into the boat, he returned gaily home, and went to bestow a last scrutiny on his masterpiece. It was a massive oaken chest, with arched panels, richly carved with fruit, flowers, and scroll-work; and as it now reflected his own contentment, he was at last satisfied and pronounced it finished. Happy eyes are as lenient as morose and anxious ones are apt to be over-critical: the one, as the other, seeing all things in

"Hues of their own, fresh borrowed from the heart."

Arnold accordingly went at once to the dean of the Guild of Sculptors, and announced that his work was ready to be submitted to the judgment of the jury.

Fifteen days afterwards the young wood-carver, dressed in his best doublet and finest linen, as if he were going to a *Kermesse*,* eagerly unmoored the boat and rowed across the canal. Three bounds brought him into the widow's house. Bursting into the room where Dame Barbara was sitting, he knelt by her side, and said, as he seized both her hands: "Mother, I am elected a master-sculptor! Will you have me for your son?" "With all my heart; and may God bless you, my dear boy!" exclaimed the poor woman, as she bent to embrace him, and then looked up joyfully at Serena, who, in the deep window-recess, was busied with her lace.

She stood up, and the late autumn sunshine cast the rich hues of the pictured panes upon a face white and cold as marble. She tried to speak, but no sound escaped her ashy lips; and had not Arnold sprung forward and caught her in his arms she would have fallen. Laying her gently on a couch, he reproached him-

* Feast of the patron saint of the parish.

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self bitterly, in the belief that his too sudden request was the sole cause of the shock—a belief which was shared also by Dame Barbara, who doubted not that it was occasioned by excess of joy.

"*Spreek, mijn liefstes lief!*"—"Speak, dearest love!" he said as he knelt by her, as she lay white and unconscious, while her mother gently bathed her brow. "Why should my words seem sudden when you know how I love you, how I have always loved you—my own Serena!"

She seemed to hear the last words, for she uttered a faint moan.

"Think," he continued, "how happy we shall be together!"

"Never!" she whispered, with her eyes still closed. "Arnold, have pity! If you love me, leave me!"

That winter was the longest and, in spite of the increase of external comforts, the dreariest that Serena had ever known. Her strength was failing, and her only solace seemed to be in going alone to St. Basil's or to the cathedral of St. Donatian, which was almost equally near to her own home. But, besides teaching her beautiful art to her sisters, she worked at it as assiduously as ever herself; and, having now means to succor the indigent, many a poor family in or near the Garre von Conné had cause to bless the pale-faced girl who spoke so little but who did so much.

Arnold, beyond measure distressed and perplexed, knew not to what cause to attribute Serena's refusal, especially as her own suffering was evidently sapping not only her health and happiness, but her very life. Even Master Van Oost, seeing his son's despair, humbled himself to go and entreat the maiden not to reject a love so deep and true as Arnold's love for her, or at least to give some reason for disappointing an affection she had never forbidden.

Finding her impenetrable, although most sorrowful and gentle, Van Oost rose angrily, saying that he was a fool for demeaning himself to ask any girl to accept his son, who was as fine a young fellow as you would find between the Yser and the Maes; in fact, that there were plenty of rich burgesses who would give their ears to have him for a son-in-law; and as for their daughters, why, their heads were turned if he did but doff his cap to them after Mass on Sundays! "And now," he added, "I and my son will trouble you no longer. I shall counsel him to pay his court to a certain worthy damsel whose father has had a word with me on the matter; and, by Our Lady! the damsel, for her part, will not

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be the one to let him lack a hearty welcome, or to turn a deaf ear and a cold shoulder to so gallant a youth!"

So saying, Van Oost drew up his portly person to its full height and stalked out of the room. Turning, as he left the door, to give a parting scowl, he saw Serena standing, her hands clasped on her breast, her eyes closed, and her thin face contracted with such an expression of misery and woe that, angry as he was, his kindly heart was touched, and, more perplexed than ever, he pondered, as he returned to the boat, whether Serena might have been looked on by the Evil Eye, and be perchance the victim of some malignant spell. "Anyhow," he soliloquized, "her mother declares that she loves him, since, though she avoids him by day, she prays for him in her dreams by night. By St. Godelieve! there is some strange mystery in all this," he muttered, crossing himself before he handled the oars. "*Ab insidiis diaboli libera nos, Domine!*"

Van Oost told all his trouble to his son, and then suggested for his consideration the rich *échevin's* daughter of whom he had spoken to Serena, and who was, as he said, "a discreet maiden with a well-lined purse and a comely person."

"Father," answered Arnold, "I have never disobeyed you yet; do not force me to do so now. I will wait for Serena a year and a day, and if she will not then accept me I will go to the wars. But something in my heart tells me to hope. Father Placidus deems it a good sign, and bids me have patience, and, above all, great trust in God and confidence in Our Lady's intercession; and, as you know, men account the holy monk a seer. He would not bid me hope, if hope there were none."

Van Oost, after some demur, ended by promising to say nothing to the *échevin* about his daughter.

Arnold, however, in spite of his latent hope, was too anxious and unhappy to find it easy to work with the same assiduity as before his grievous disappointment, and spent many a quarter of an hour in watching for a glimpse of Serena, whose profile he could sometimes see as she sat at work by the open lattice, in her accustomed nook.

The long winter had passed away at last, melting before the softness of advancing spring. One Sunday morning, towards the end of May, Serena, after hearing Mass with the rest of her family, had let them return home without her, and remained to pray in the church of St. Basil. It was the anniversary of the miracle. The richly-decorated upper chapel, crowded with worshippers, seemed too bright for her sad heart, and she entered the

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archway of the lower one, where she believed herself alone. Kneeling on the floor before the ancient image of Our Lady of the Poor, she stretched out her arms as if saying the Prayers of the Cross, and said aloud: "Most Holy Virgin! you accepted my vow—my mother and my sisters are in plenty—but you have not helped me to stifle my heart, and you have not made Arnold happy. If he suffers as I suffer, sweet Mother, intercede for us that we may die!"

Behind the central pillar which supports the vaulted roof knelt Arnold, unseen and unsuspected by Serena. With a thrill of mingled joy and pain he had at once divined *whose* fragile form was enveloped in the long, black, hooded mantle, which almost concealed the thin features of the wearer. He watched her kneel with outstretched hands, and heard the tearful prayer which revealed the mysterious secret. And it was, then, *a vow!* Sick at heart and cold as death, he leant against the pillar, until at length Serena rose. Then he stood up also and joined her at the entrance.

In a low, deep voice, in which distress and reproach were mingled with affection, he asked, "*Why did you make that vow?*"

She started painfully on seeing him, and her pale cheeks flushed with a too bright crimson. He knew it, then! She herself had unwittingly let him know her secret, and now there was nothing to hinder her from telling him all. When she had done so she said: "And this was the day, a year ago, of the miracle. Teresia and Irma are going with me to the meadow near Engelendael, perhaps for the last time before I die."

"And I also will go," said Arnold. "You must not forbid me, Serena; you must not refuse the last request I will ever make you. To-morrow I will ask Father Placidus to let me make a retreat of fifteen days with the Benedictines; and after that I shall either go to the wars or else as a pilgrim to the Shrine of the Apostles. I must either fight or wander, for I have no heart to work at home without you, and I have no vocation for the cloister; neither have you, Serena. Would that of our two broken hearts God would make one whole one!"

Serena did not refuse his last request. After the mid-day meal Arnold, who had told his father what he had that morning learned, rowed the three girls to the drawbridge of the Poorte Sint Kruis, where they disembarked and took the road through the woods between Assebrouck and Engelendael until they came to the well-remembered meadow, fragrant and gay with its

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many flowers, among which the white butterflies frolicked and flickered like summer snowflakes.

Teresia and Irma ran hither and thither, picking orchids, vetch, and ox-eye daisies, while Arnold remained by Serena, who, glad to rest, sat down on the bank of a little stream. Sad as were the two latter, still both were in a certain sense relieved, the one by having unburdened her secret, the other by learning it, although it sealed his fate; but a courageous man prefers to know the worst, whatever that may be.

The weather was calm, and the soft air scarcely waved the rushes in the rivulet, as they whispered to the unheeding dragon-flies darting gaily by, or resting on the clustering forget-me-nots, which nestled beneath their tall stems and blade-like leaves like patches of blue sky and stars compounded into flowery constellations.

Gossamer threads flashed and floated here and there. And surely were they not becoming more and more numerous? Presently the graceful marvel of the previous year was repeated. A gleaming cloud of Our Lady's Threads again came softly down upon Serena's apron, which was of black silk bordered with blue. Silently, rapidly, thickly fell the silvery filaments, until their interlacing formed an exquisite bridal crown of orange-blossoms twined with roses.

Breathlessly Arnold and Serena watched the formation of the delicate design.

"Holy Virgin!" sighed Serena, fearing to misinterpret the meaning of what she saw before her, "is this the crown of a bride of Christ or the crown of martyrdom? There is no other crown for me!"

Scarcely had she spoken when it seemed as if an invisible hand guided the gleaming threads until they wove the following words in the centre of the crown:

"KIND VAN MIJ, IK LAT U OF UWE BELOFT."

(*My child, I release you from your vow.*)

Together the two uttered a cry of joy. Carefully holding her apron so as to preserve the precious design, the pledge and proof of heavenly dispensation, Serena knelt by her beloved on the flowery grass to thank the Mother of Mercy for her double act of clemency. The sunshine that bathed the youthful pair was not so bright as their gladness, or so fervid as their gratitude and love. Like a long-pent-up stream now suddenly set free, the

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torrent of affection and happiness was almost overwhelming. Teresia and Irma, seeing their sister and Arnold kneeling as if in ecstasy, hastened from their wanderings among the flowers to learn what wonderful event had happened. Great was their joy when Arnold, pointing to the gossamer crown, exclaimed: "See! Heaven has spoken. I am to be your brother!"

Then, eager to gladden the hearts of their parents, they returned home without delay.

They found Master Van Oost with Dame Barbara, whose tearful eyes told plainly that the subject of conversation had been her daughter's vow.

What was the amazement of both when they saw Serena enter, no longer the alabaster maiden who had left the house, as if for her own funeral, an hour or two before, but with an unwonted glow of health and happiness upon her radiant face, leaning on the arm of Arnold, whose frank and handsome countenance showed the joy of his honest heart.

Teresia and Irma followed, carrying the apron with the exquisite lace-work of Our Lady, which they laid before the wondering and delighted parents, while the young couple knelt to receive their blessing.

When, not three weeks after, Arnold and Serena were united in marriage by the good Father Placidus at the church of St. Basil, the bride wore a veil of beautiful lace, not from motives of vanity, but as an act of homage to her heavenly Benefactress, over whose statue she hung it as an offering after wearing it on this one important occasion. The happiness of Serena's married life more than compensated for all the sad and laborious months and years which had preceded it. No joy is ever half so sweet as that which has been earned by pain, and especially by suffering incurred from unselfish devotion and unflinching fulfilment of duty.*

Dame Barbara lived to a good old age, surrounded by her children and grandchildren. Serena, her sisters and daughters, enriched by the work of their hands, made presents of it also to many sanctuaries at home and abroad. Belgian lace was purchased by noble personages for royal presents, and by merchants, who made it known in Italy and the Levant, and even in Jerusalem and Damascus.

Serena and her family initiated many young girls of Bruges in

* In saying this we would not be understood to imply approval, under ordinary circumstances, of anything so dangerous as an unauthorized vow, which might, in many cases, be an act of as much presumption as devotion.

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the art of lace-making, and more especially religious, who again taught it in their schools. To help the children to learn the patterns they accustomed them to sing *tellingen*, or counting-songs, while at work, each verse counting a fresh number in the meshes of the lace. Anciently these *tellingen* were all of a sacred character,* so that, from its first beginning until now, a religious idea has been (almost literally) interwoven with its chief characteristic manufacture by the Catholic people of the antique Mariastadt.

THE *PRINCETON REVIEW* AND LEO XIII.

THE policy of Leo XIII. in recommending the study of the scholastic philosophy under the guidance of the Angelic Doctor is little understood and much criticised by men whose intellectual vision, amidst the fumes of material progress, has been more or less obscured. From their point of view no philosophy which is not Baconian or Cartesian is capable of satisfying the wants of modern aspirations and of modern science; whereas, to their amazement, the Pope—the infallible Pope—far from recommending such philosophies, ignores them altogether, and even endeavors to bring us back to what people consider a superannuated form of philosophical thought, in the fond hope that the study of the Thomistic doctrines will most effectually contribute to the cause of intellectual progress, and in the avowed belief that the scholastic method and the Thomistic principles will compare favorably with the modern methods and doctrines, both as instruments of knowledge and as weapons of Catholic polemics. This our modern thinkers cannot understand. They ask themselves: How can the Pope assume so coolly and so confidently that a transition can ever be made from the enlightened theories of our adult science to the childish and obsolete unsubstantialities of the dark ages? or that the modern errors of which he complains are likely to disappear before the semi-barbarous verbiage of a defunct school?

That such a manner of thinking should be very common

* We have before us one of these *tellingen*, called *Die Passie ons Heeren*, or "The Passion of Our Lord," consisting of fifteen stanzas, of which each line ends alternately with "Kyrie Eleison," "Ave Maria." Two more recent and secular *tellingen* are those called the *Minnebode* and the *Dood van Philippus den Schoone* (1509).

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among half-educated men is nothing but natural; for they are apt to undervalue that which transcends their narrow compass. That the same view should prevail also among evolutionists, pantheists, materialists, *et id genus omne*, we can even more easily explain, owing to the fact that the papal encyclical letter is confessedly directed against them, as it aims to secure their defeat by the aid of a new generation of philosophical athletes. But among those who have ventured to express a disparaging opinion of the Pope's wisdom in fostering the study of scholastic philosophy we are surprised to find a man whose keen intellect, we thought, should have fitted him, notwithstanding his Protestant prejudices, to grasp at once the true purport of the papal document, and to anticipate its beneficial results in the development of sound philosophical culture. We speak of Prof. Archibald Alexander, of Columbia College, who in the *Princeton Review* for March, in an article entitled "Thomas Aquinas and the Encyclical Letter," endeavors to show, among other things, that His Holiness Pope Leo XIII., in issuing this important document, did not act wisely at all; for, says he, "there are certain characteristics of scholastic thought, even of the scholastic thought of St. Thomas, that make it *useless* in modern times."

This wonderful assertion might be let pass unchallenged, as it can do very little harm, seeing the quarter from which it comes. For all the world knows that the Supreme Pontiff of the church needs not borrow wisdom of Columbia professors, that he may provide for the wants of Catholic philosophical education. Still, as Prof. Alexander has endeavored to substantiate his assertion, and as he may be glad to know what we can reply to his conclusions, we have thought it better to investigate the grounds of his conviction, and thereby to show once more how unfit Protestants are to discuss Catholic subjects.

It is the opinion of Prof. Alexander that Leo XIII. committed a blunder in advocating the cause of scholasticism. Scholasticism in general, and the scholasticism of St. Thomas in particular, according to the critic, deserves no recommendation. He even maintains that St. Thomas' arguments for the existence of God and the spirituality of the human soul are not convincing, and that St. Thomas' realism is utterly unsound and can be refuted with the greatest ease by modern philosophy. As we cannot take up all these subjects at once, and as, on the other hand, St. Thomas has no urgent need of being defended, we will in the present article limit ourselves to discussing the critic's view concerning the expediency of the Pope's encyclical letter.

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The professor believes that "in the six centuries that have elapsed since St. Thomas was born, the scholasticism of which he was the most perfect representative has passed away. It has gone as feudalism has gone." Now, this is not true. If the professor had been better acquainted with the teaching of our Catholic institutions he would have known that the Dominicans, the Jesuits, the Franciscans, and all our great ecclesiastical bodies have constantly followed, and still follow, though not with blind servility, the scholastic method both in philosophy and in theology; and that both in theology and in philosophy St. Thomas' doctrine has been, and is still, the most approved standard of their scholastic teaching.

Indeed, Descartes attempted to revolutionize philosophy, and his ephemeral success was, for a time, looked upon as a decisive victory over scholasticism. But the fact is that, although some of his views concerning physical questions found many admirers, most of his other views were soon exposed and refuted by eminent philosophers, and the old scholastic principles had the best of the struggle. The professor remarks that "revolution and reformation" have now taken the place of "the sombre forms of monastic reflection and scholastic learning." This may be true so far as the Protestant and infidel world is concerned; but we beg the critic to reflect that neither revolution nor reformation could have any bearing on scholastic learning. We do not think, for instance, that the guillotine of the French revolutionists has beheaded any metaphysical principle; nor do we believe that any Catholic dogma has been blown away by the frothy declamations, paralogisms, and lies of the so-called Reformers. That revolution and reformation have long been fighting against the church is only too true; but to say that they have fought *philosophically*, or that they have superseded the sombre (?) forms of scholastic learning, is to give them credit for more than they have achieved or can ever achieve.

The professor adds that with revolution and reformation have come "other powers." Instead of Arianism the Church encounters "atheism"; instead of Arabian heresies, "materialism." This statement is true, but it has no bearing on scholasticism. If atheism and materialism were *philosophic* powers, perhaps a new departure might become desirable in philosophical matters; but, since neither atheism nor materialism has the support of philosophy, as the professor well knows, why should the appearance of these errors be brought in as a reason for modifying philosophy? Does Mr. Alexander believe that the scholastic phi-

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losophy cannot cope with this twofold enemy as supported by modern thought? He should know that modern thought has done nothing but rehash the old objections of pagan and sceptical writers, and that those objections have been answered again and again by the schoolmen with such positive arguments as have never been met by anything like sense or reason. Indeed, it requires but little acquaintance with the history of philosophy to recognize that if these errors do not die out among us, it is not because they have not been exploded, but because their root is the wickedness of the human heart, against which argument is of no avail.

"Private judgment," adds the author, "must vindicate its claim to religious truth in considering the evidences of Christianity.". This means, we suppose, that private judgment claims a right to rebel against religious truth; for we know of no other claim that would need vindication. It is a well-known fact, though constantly ignored by the heterodox writers, that the church does not require men to accept religious truth without considering the evidences of Christianity. She never asks an adult person to embrace religious truth before being sufficiently instructed in, and convinced of, the evidences of Christianity. This, we affirm, is the fact. Nevertheless, children and the great majority of men are not philosophers, and hence their conviction must greatly depend on authority. Thus it happens that children and the great majority of adults act rationally when they submit their private judgment to competent authority; for they have no better claim to discuss the evidences of Christianity than a clown has to meddle with integral calculus. But as for those whose intellect is sufficiently developed critically to discuss religious matters, the church not only allows them to investigate the evidences of Christianity, but even invites them to do so; for she does not fear light, but ignorance. Of course the revealed mysteries are inaccessible to the criticism of reason, and therefore are not a subject on which private judgment can be exercised; but the evidences of Christianity are not mysteries; they are open historical facts, which reason can examine without temerity, and which show the divine origin of Christianity and, by implication, the truth of the mysteries of our faith. It is ridiculous, therefore, to speak of "claims to be vindicated" as against the church, with reference to the evidences of Christianity.

But our professor has also another pretension. He wishes the church to treat the evidences of Christianity by the light of modern thought. Hence he is scandalized that, in view of modern

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unbelief, the Roman Church "looks not forward to increasing light in science, but backward to her popes, her Fathers, and her saints. From the seat of authority in Rome the decree has been pronounced which indicates her proposed line of defence against the dangerous influences of to-day." From these words we learn that modern science, in the judgment of Prof. Alexander, should be consulted no less than the popes, the Fathers, and the saints. in order to effectually defend the church against the prevailing errors. We are not quite of the same opinion. Modern science contains much that is true, for it has inherited the discoveries of many centuries; but its new theories contain much that is illogical and visionary. Hence modern science, inasmuch as "modern," is weak, lame, capricious, inconsistent, and, to say it plainly, unphilosophical. For a time we thought that it was walking on stilts; but now even its friends have begun to acknowledge that it only walks on crutches, for such are, in fact, the tottering hypotheses by which it supplies its deficiency of principles. His Holiness, therefore, showed a great wisdom in looking backward to the popes, the Fathers, and the saints, rather than to the broken reed of "modern" science, for the universal restoration of Christian philosophy.

Yet from the fact that the Pope does not explicitly recommend the study of the natural sciences does it follow that he desires us to forsake them? This is, perhaps, what the professor wishes the reader to infer from his words. But, in the first place, every one will agree that what is already popular and fashionable needs not be specially recommended; and, in the second place, it is evident from some passages of the encyclical letter that one of the ends intended by the Pope in inculcating the study of the scholastic philosophy was (absurd as it may seem to our enlightened critic) the rational progress of natural science, whose perfection requires the knowledge not only of facts and laws, but also of the intrinsic principles on which the facts and laws ultimately depend. Scientists, therefore, if really anxious for the rational progress of science, should offer sincere thanks to the Pope for his encyclical letter. The doctrines which he seeks to promote not only do not interfere with the legitimate development of science, but furnish the scientists with positive means both for enlarging their views and for reaching the bottom of the scientific questions. We know that many modern scientists will be reluctant to believe that science can be benefited by the scholastic thought. But as their abhorrence of scholasticism is mainly derived from their ignorance of it, hence their opinion is no argument.

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The Pope says in his letter that, in order that philosophy may accomplish the desired end, "it must never deviate from the line traced of old by the holy Fathers and approved by the solemn vote of the Vatican Synod." On these words our professor remarks: "Every one who has looked impartially at the patristic writings knows well that they differ widely on many points, and that some of their better doctrines must be dug out from the midst of puerile speculations and useless discussions. Nothing could well be more unsatisfactory than to search for the foundations of faith in these remote authors." If this be the honest opinion of Prof. Alexander we cannot congratulate him on his power of penetration and discrimination. But we may charitably suppose that in the words just quoted he has only expressed a thought impressed on him by some of his heterodox friends. Indeed, we would wager that the professor has never read a single volume of a Greek or a Latin Father, and much less compared the teachings of one of them with those of another, in order to make the amusing discovery that "they differ widely on many points" of doctrine, or that they make "useless discussions," or that they indulge in "puerile speculations." No man of sane judgment has ever ventured to affirm, as he does, that "every one who has looked impartially at the patristic writings" has found in them what the professor alleges. Protestants may indeed find that some discussions of the Fathers are "useless" or "puerile" as contrasted with their fractional Christianity; but they must be reminded that the Fathers were not Protestants, and did not write for Protestants, and cannot be judged by men whose standard of truth is a jumble of inconsistencies. At any rate, the Catholic Church, which, even in the opinion of its enemies, stands foremost in the world as a competent judge of theological and philosophical matters, reveres its Fathers as the channels of the apostolic doctrine, and rightly so; for their uniformity in all that regards dogma cannot be accounted for otherwise than by the fact that they all inherited the same apostolic traditions. When, therefore, a Protestant writer sets up his wisdom against the wisdom of the church, its popes and its doctors, and finds that "nothing could well be more unsatisfactory than to search for the foundations of faith in these remote authors," he should be told to go and study the authors of whom he ventures to speak so recklessly in the face of the Christian world.

He has, however, the good taste to make an exception in favor of St. Augustine. "Men like Augustine, it is true, stand out from the long line of patristic writers with something like

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philosophical renown." We should have thought that men like Augustine, besides "something like" philosophical renown, have also some real philosophical merit. But let this pass. The Pope, however, could not, according to our professor, consider St. Augustine as a suitable authority in scholastic matters. "It would be inexpedient," says he, "to refer men to the works of Augustine. He was not distinctively a papal writer. His works have been an authority in many matters with Calvinists, Jansenists, and other notorious rebels." St. Augustine was not a thorough papal writer? Would that Prof. Alexander were just as papal as St. Augustine was!—we are sure that Leo XIII. would not require more from him. Did not St. Augustine declare to the world that he did not accept any part of the Bible as canonical unless because it had been accepted as such by the Roman Church? Did he not, after the decision of a famous controversy by the pope, utter these solemn and peremptory words: *Roma locuta est, causa finita est?* Does this sentence show that St. Augustine was not "distinctively papal"?

Nevertheless, St. Augustine's works are not a regular treatise of theology or of philosophy, but a multitude of distinct essays on disparate topics, and mostly a refutation of Pelagianism and of other heresies of the fifth century. And for this reason "it would have been inexpedient" to refer the students of these sciences to St. Augustine's works. Students of philosophy and of theology must know something more than they can find in this Father's works. They must ascertain what other Fathers, both Greek and Latin, have taught, and they have to learn how all such teachings logically conspire to form a body of solid and unimpeachable doctrine. And this they must learn not by the impracticable method of going through the innumerable works of the holy Fathers (for which the human life is too short), but by the study of those less voluminous works in which the teaching of the Fathers is faithfully collected, accurately analyzed, and discussed with scientific order. This is the reason why the Pope desires us to acquire a thorough knowledge of the scholastic writers; for these are the men who "undertook the mighty work of carefully gathering up the rich and abundant harvest scattered abroad in the works of the holy Fathers, into one place, as it were, for the use and convenience of posterity."

From this our writer may easily understand, we hope, that the reason why the Pope did not choose St. Augustine as a text-book of philosophy is not the one he has suggested. That the works of St. Augustine have been used by Calvinists, Jansenists, and

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other heretics as an authority in support of their errors can scarcely be a proof of the assertion that he was not sufficiently papal. Has not the Bible been exposed to the same misfortune? Even in the first century of Christianity, as St. Peter complains, there were men who twisted St. Paul's doctrines into heresies; and in our own time we see how obstinately all the Protestant sects strive to support by the Bible the most antagonistic and irreconcilable conceptions, though they are not ignorant that such a mass of contradictions cannot have its origin and sanction in the written word of God. Would, then, our professor conclude that the Bible is responsible for the bad logic of its interpreters? If not, then why should St. Augustine be responsible for the foul treatment he has met at the hands of Calvin, Baius, or Jansenius?

His Holiness would revive scholasticism in the Catholic universities; yet, says our critic, "it must be evident to every one that scholasticism is a very broad and indefinite term. Abelard was in his day the most powerful of the schoolmen, but he was imprisoned for grievous heresy. Roscellinus, the teacher of Abelard and the founder of Nominalism, was a schoolman, and, though he was a dignitary of the church, he was summoned before the Council of Soissons for heretical teaching. Erigena founded scholasticism, but he, too, was a heretic." By this cheap erudition the writer intends to show that heresy and scholasticism can walk together hand-in-hand to the great peril of orthodoxy. But as His Holiness specifies which schoolmen ought to be followed, it must be evident to every one that "scholasticism," with him, is not a broad and indefinite term. St. Bonaventura the Seraphic, and especially St. Thomas Aquinas, are set before us as the representatives of scholastic philosophy; hence neither Abelard, Roscellinus, Erigena, nor any other rationalistic or pantheistic follower of their views, has a claim to rehabilitation in virtue of the Pope's encyclical letter. Whether it be true that Roscellinus was the teacher of Abelard, or that Abelard himself was really imprisoned for heresy, we will not discuss; we may say, however, that in the opinion of most learned writers these facts are not established. Nor do we admit that Erigena was the founder of scholasticism. St. John of Damascus, who lived more than a century before Erigena, is considered the first scholastic writer in philosophy as well as in theology. But waiving all these questions, what is certain is that scholasticism does not make men impeccable, and that when men are puffed up with pride no one can wonder if they sometimes disgrace the profession of which they might be a lasting ornament.

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The professor remarks that, at first sight, it may seem a matter of but little significance that the thought of St. Thomas should be recommended from the papal throne, and that "it may seem somewhat idle for an infallible Pontiff to abdicate in matters of philosophy in favor of a Dominican friar." Nevertheless, "it cannot seem to be a fact of little meaning that the sovereign of a great hierarchy and the ruler of a powerful church should suggest the study of any specific author to the universities which own his sway. It can hardly be thought a matter of little interest that scholasticism, set aside by Bacon and Descartes, should now be revived. On examination it will be seen that the thought of St. Thomas cannot be recommended at Rome without affecting many interests and producing many results in the theological world." This last sentence is true; but we hardly believe that it can be reconciled with the opinion of the professor—viz., that the scholastic thought is nowadays altogether *useless*. For if such thought cannot fail to affect many interests and to produce many results, how can it be pronounced useless? Is it useless to revive the cultivation of those scientific, moral, and theological principles the abandonment of which has stopped the intellectual progress of our race in all branches of knowledge, one only excepted, and produced among Christians a pagan civilization that devours its children?

As to Bacon and Descartes, they may well be the idols of modern thinkers; but the Pope knows that these idols, and all the other idols of a more recent fabrication, have feet of clay, and he positively intimates that nothing but truth must be worshipped in the temple of philosophy. To attain this end he very appropriately reminds all Catholic teachers that St. Thomas' principles and St. Thomas' method are the best means at our command; and whoever has any familiarity with the works of the holy doctor will acknowledge that the Pope is right.

Does it follow that "the infallible Pontiff abdicates in matters of philosophy in favor of a Dominican friar"? This preposterous hit shows that the professor does not possess a superabundant stock of logic. Does he mean that the Pontiff, because he is infallible in his *ex-cathedra* definitions, should be debarred from acknowledging the philosophical and theological merits of a Dominican friar? Or does he mean that the Pontiff, by recommending St. Thomas' works, abdicates his official infallibility? Perhaps the professor thinks that the Pope, as being infallible, should have set himself to work and given to the Catholics an infallible course of philosophy! But, even in this ludicrous

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hypothesis, modern thought would have protested against reason being superseded by faith. We remember what a stir was created among modern thinkers by the famous *Syllabus* of Pius IX., in which, however, only a few errors have been condemned. If any new errors need to be condemned, we are sure that Leo XIII. will know how to bring his infallible authority to bear upon them. But as to an infallible philosophy, we sincerely believe that it is not needed, and not even possible. The Catholic Church has always recognized, and still recognizes, the value of reason. The church is not bent upon hampering the natural development and exercise of our intellectual faculties, as her enemies sometimes imagine, but leaves reason free to roam through the fields of the knowable, provided it does not overstep the boundaries of its kingdom by meddling with supernatural things. It is for this reason that Leo XIII., though recommending the study of St. Thomas' philosophy, does not descend to particular conclusions, but insists only on his principles, which are certain, and on his method, which is admirable. Our conclusions from those principles need not be imposed by authority: they must be worked out by our own reasoning faculty. It is in the nature of philosophy that it should be so.

The critic, in order to show that the philosophy of the middle ages can make no fortune in this scientific age of ours, confidently says: "It is certain that this period was unfruitful in scientific discovery. Even had Bacon been born to explain the method of induction to the contemporaries of Anselm, or Albert, or Thomas, no one would have been allowed to follow it. The method that begins with experience and experiment would have found little favor with ecclesiastical authorities." We would remind the professor that these silly calumnies have ceased to be fashionable. Why should a professor of philosophy endorse, without the possibility of proof, the idea that the contemporaries of Anselm, of Albert, and of Thomas did not know the inductive method, or were not allowed to follow it? Aristotle made a free use of induction, and so did his contemporaries and his followers. The schoolmen are no exception. In metaphysical questions the inductive method has, of course, no very large place; but did not the schoolmen, and signally Albert the Great, make innumerable experiments, and argue, when suitable, by induction? Prof. Alexander says, *No;* for "Bacon had not yet been born to explain the inductive method." But Bacon was not needed. The little he knew of sound philosophy he had himself drawn from scholastic sources, the method of induction as well as all the rest; he

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added nothing to the body of the scholastic doctrines; and had he never been born, science would have progressed no less rapidly and no less successfully than it has done. It is childish to believe that the mediæval philosophers needed Bacon to explain to them the method of inductive reasoning. Even children and savages have known in all ages the use of induction with no other teacher than their rational nature. The only unenviable distinction won by Bacon in this connection may be said to consist in his having considered induction as the antagonist of deduction; whereas induction, if properly understood, is nothing else than a common-sense deduction, of which the major premise is a universal principle, whilst the minor contains some matters of fact.

Is it true at least that the middle ages made "no scientific discovery"? Quite the reverse. It is to mediæval thought and experiment that we owe the first foundation and the first development of modern science and art. What would we do in science without optical instruments? Now, the principle of the construction of lenses, and their possible application to telescopic and microscopic observations, was discovered in the thirteenth century by the great Roger Bacon, a Franciscan, usually called Friar Bacon; and in the same century spectacles were made, for the first time, in Italy. When was algebra first introduced into Europe? In 1412, when scholasticism was supreme. The invention of clocks, wind-mills, water-mills, chimneys, steam-power, oil-painting, looking-glasses, musical notes and musical science, architectural engineering, and a great number of mechanical contrivances for domestic, warlike, or agricultural purposes, all originated in those ages so "unfruitful in scientific discovery"! What about the mariner's compass? What about the great invention of gunpowder? What about the art of paper-making and the art of printing? Are they not each and all mediæval discoveries? Let our critic consult some English or American cyclopædia, or Cantù's *Universal History*, or Humboldt's *Cosmos*, or any of the best works on the history of literature and science, as Hallam, Tiraboschi, Andres, Montucla, Lalande, etc., and he will see how earnestly and how skilfully the men of that period labored in the construction of that scientific building of which we are so proud.

But what about chemistry? Did the ecclesiastical authorities discountenance "the method which begins with experiment"? The first dawn of chemistry in Europe made its appearance in the thirteenth century with Friar Bacon—that is, with a schoolman educated by schoolmen. Then Raymond Lully, a disciple and a friend of Friar Bacon, and himself a Franciscan, developed

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the first germs of this science by his numerous works. The "ecclesiastical authorities" *did* allow him to make "experiments." He obtained nitric acid by distilling a mixture of nitre and green vitriol. He observed how this new product could act upon metals generally, and ascertained its power of dissolving gold when mixed with sal-ammoniac. Had he discovered nothing else this achievement alone would be a very sufficient reason for denying the scientific "unfruitfulness" of his period; but he did much more than that, as he discovered various other chemical compounds and pointed out the nature of their action upon each other. Albert the Great, whom our professor imagines to have been incapable of even understanding the experimental method, was a great experimenter, had his furnaces, and was well acquainted with chemical apparatus and with the methods of purifying the precious metals. The "ecclesiastical authorities" did not interfere with his experiments, nor did they condemn the chemical treatises by which he plainly and intelligibly expounded his experimental method. Basil Valentine, a Benedictine monk, was another shining light of mediæval times in the department of chemistry. He possessed a very considerable merit as a chemical experimenter, and was much occupied in the preparation of chemical medicines. He first introduced antimony into medicine, and he knew most of the preparations of it which at present exist in the pharmacopœias of Europe. It is in his works that we find the first accurate mention of the nitric, muriatic, and sulphuric acids, with intelligible directions for preparing them. He was already acquainted with a very considerable number of metallic salts and compounds. In his works he insists on the great necessity of experiments, and inveighs against those physicians who are unable to prepare their own medicines. Does all this show that the "ecclesiastical authorities," as we are told by our wise professor, did not allow the use of the experimental method? The truth is that the creators and founders of chemistry and the first scientific experimenters were monks and schoolmen. It is not to Lord Bacon, then, but to the Catholic friars and to the scholastic philosophers, that we are indebted for the early introduction of the experimental method.

Our critic, however, who looks at the middle ages only through the spectacles of modern prejudice, continues his imaginary description of the scientific condition of those times by saying: "The church or the Bible was the source of scientific truth, and non-ecclesiastical science was heresy. Men might reason about principles given on church authority, but might not advance to

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original investigation. Instead of facts and laws obtained by induction, they had facts and laws determined by authority. To these they applied the deductive method of Aristotle. As the syllogism gives nothing in the conclusion which is not contained in the premises, scholastic science came to a stand-still." The professor should have considered, before making these assertions, that in the middle ages no science worthy of the name could be learned except in ecclesiastical institutions or under ecclesiastical tuition. The lay element of society was incompetent to teach and not over-anxious to learn. It was, therefore, the duty and privilege of the church to direct the first steps of the faithful in the way of scientific culture. This is how the church naturally became the teacher and the judge of scientific truth.

Is it true that, in consequence of such a condition of things, "non-ecclesiastical science was heresy"? Certainly not. Chemistry was not an "ecclesiastical" science, yet its cultivators were not accounted heretics. What was heresy in the middle ages is heresy still; and yet the church, far from anathematizing secular science as heretical, recommends it as useful and praiseworthy. Of course there may be a "heretical" science, such as Büchner's, Darwin's, or Haeckel's; but in the middle ages the venerable name of science was not prostituted by such foul epithets as modern depravity has compelled us to attach to it. Science was science simply, and heresy was heresy.

As to the "facts and laws admitted on authority," we might remark that even in our enlightened century the authority of our men of science is considered by the less learned a very sufficient reason for admitting the modern theories. How, then, could it be wrong, or prejudicial to science, in times of incipient culture, to accept on the authority of the best informed the facts and the laws that one could not directly ascertain by personal research? Does the critic think that learned men are no authorities simply because they happen to be churchmen, or because they rely on the Bible for a number of facts which science alone could not easily verify or even detect?

Lastly, to call Aristotle's method the "deductive method" is to display a degree of ignorance which, if pardonable in others, is a great blemish in a professor of philosophy; for one can hardly read two pages of Aristotle without noticing that the Greek philosopher makes use of induction not less than of deduction. On the other hand, the assertion that "the syllogism gives nothing in the conclusion which is not contained in the premises," and that for this reason "the scholastic science came to a

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stand-still," is supremely unphilosophical. If the use of the syllogism causes science to come to a stand-still, we should conclude that induction, too, must do the same, for all legitimate induction is a virtual syllogism, and can be expressed in the syllogistic form. The error of our professor consists in assuming that there may be a form of reasoning by which conclusions can be drawn without premises, or not contained in some premises. It must be evident, however, that the truth affirmed in the conclusion of a syllogism is neither that which is affirmed in the major nor that which is affirmed in the minor. It is, therefore, a *new* truth, and therefore it is quite preposterous to affirm that the use of the syllogism must bring science to a stand-still. Every conclusion is contained in its premises, just as every effect is contained in its cause; now, every effect has its own being distinct from that of its cause, and the same is true of the conclusion with respect to its premises. Every conclusion arises from the combination of its two premises, as a chemical compound arises from its components. Take calcium and oxygen, and you can make lime. There is nothing in lime which was not contained in calcium and oxygen, and yet lime is a new substance having its own peculiar and specific properties. In a similar manner, there is nothing in the conclusion which is not contained in the premises; but the conclusion itself is evidently a new truth, which can be utilized for the construction of new arguments. To deny this is to attempt the destruction of science no less than of philosophy.

A few words more, and we come to an end. The professor thinks it improbable that the scholastic philosophy can have an enlightening influence in the realm of physical science, or can be of use in combating the dangers to the church that arise from scientific quarters. It is obvious, however, that the realm of physical science must be ruled not only by the facts observed, but also by logic and metaphysics. The logic of the schoolmen would not fail to acquaint the physicist with the art of analyzing his own reasonings, of detecting latent equivocations, of avoiding unlawful generalizations and other blunders which are now so common with advanced scientists. Were such a logic only to enable them to use a more accurate terminology, and to distrust that pompous indefiniteness under which error frequently hides, it would confer no small benefit on physical science. It is plain, also, that the metaphysics of the schoolmen would throw much light on scientific speculation. There are still many mysteries in science. What is magnetism? What is electricity? What is matter itself? No answer can be given to these and similar ques-

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tions without the help of metaphysics. Experiment reveals facts, induction discovers laws, metaphysics alone can point out the connection of facts and laws with the intimate constitution of things. But a thorough knowledge of metaphysics will bring with it other beneficial results. To mention one of them, the number of wild theories will diminish and nonsensical hypotheses will vanish before the light of metaphysical principles; and the time which now is wasted about fanciful, fallacious, or absurd speculations (of which not a small number has been given out in these latter years) will be more wisely employed in building up on the rock of established truth. These remarks may seem superfluous; and so they are; but we owed them to Professor Alexander, whom we had to remind of the *rôle* of philosophy in scientific matters. He believes, also, that the scholastic philosophy "cannot be of use in combating the dangers to the church that arise from scientific quarters." He may, of course, believe as he pleases; yet a little modesty would have suggested the thought that the Pope is probably more competent than a professor of Columbia College to form a just estimate of the case. But we are sorry to see that our professor goes still farther, and directly insults the majesty of the Pontiff in the following impertinent words: "Indeed, the paragraphs upon this subject in the encyclical letter make it evident that the writer was hardly familiar with the means and methods employed by the schoolmen for reaching scientific truth." We have no need of showing that a man who, like Leo XIII., has spent a long life in the study of scholastic philosophy must be sufficiently familiar with the means and methods employed by the schoolmen for reaching truth. We only wish to inform our critic that the schoolmen knew the right methods of investigating scientific truth infinitely better than most of our modern oracles; but, unfortunately, they did not possess that store of facts and those instruments of discovery which have been multiplied and accumulated in the course of centuries, and are now placed at our disposal. If the old schoolmen had possessed these modern appliances they would have made an excellent use of them, without the least need of abandoning or modifying their philosophical method. They would have applied to the facts and laws now known the same rational principles which they have applied to the scanty physical data of their time. And this is what Leo XIII. directs us to do. Scientific truth does not consist of facts alone. It is scientific then only when it accounts for facts by their causes, and it is philosophical when it accounts for them by their ultimate causes; which is done by metaphysical

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reasoning. And since nowhere but in the works of the schoolmen can we find real metaphysical wisdom, hence to their philosophy must we resort if we aim to improve scientific knowledge.

Prof. Alexander must, then, remain satisfied that the Pope knows perfectly well what he is about. The encyclical letter, though principally concerned with strictly philosophical matters which have a close connection with the interests of religion and morality, does not neglect the interests of science. The professor asks: If the scholastic method was so conducive to the progress of science, "why was the Baconian method such a revolution in philosophy"? Our answer is: It was a revolution, not because it introduced anything new, but because it suppressed the nobler half of philosophy, and thus lowered science to the level of empiricism. We are far from condemning the experimental method; but we say that science ought to rise higher than experiment, and ought to do so not by imagining fanciful theories, but by reasoning on truly philosophical grounds. These grounds are not to be found in Bacon's system, but they are found in St. Thomas' writings; and we are thankful to Leo XIII. for having raised his voice from the Vatican to exhort Catholic philosophers to study and follow the doctrine of the Angelic Doctor.

But we must end. We have reviewed hardly the first half of Mr. Alexander's article, and have omitted many points of minor importance mostly consisting of unproved charges against the old Catholic thought. The other half of the article is an amusing effort to destroy St. Thomas' philosophical and theological reputation—a ludicrous wrestling of a pigmy with a giant, of which we may hereafter draw a sketch for the entertainment of our readers.

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PRO PATRIA.

I.

DIM with the distance seem to us the deeds
Of old-world champions, dying for the faith.
As some far mountain, whose head towereth
All ruby-crowned amid the skies' blue meads,
Is lost below in drifting clouds that win
Through loving fancy forms fantastical—
Now dragons fierce that climb the mountain wall,
Writhing, to fall like smitten shapes of sin
Where steadfast gleams the clear height's sunlit spear—
So wreathe sweet legends round the saints' renown.
We see the shining of the martyr's crown,
His love's red glow, his faith unbroken, clear,
The heavenly peace that crowned his day's last strife
While love-wrought legends veil his lower life.

II.

But, as the changing clouds with dew are fraught,
Feeding the springs whose fruitfulness gives birth
To broad-waved rivers making rich the earth,
So is the legend keeper of some thought
Whose fruitful dew begetteth noble deeds.
Rich guerdoned are the streams of life so fed,
Happy the plain where their broad waters spread,
Givers of manna for life's lowliest needs.
Who thinketh on St. Margaret's maiden feet
Before whose steps the dragons drew aside
Where, pure of heart, she trod unterrified,
But findeth in his thought a solace sweet
When hard beset him dragon shapes of sin,
Struggles, soul's purity, alone, can win.

III.

As born too late, seems this our western land,
To clothe with legend's holy mystery
The uncrowned saints' unfaltering charity
Undimmed by distance, like our peaks that stand
Seen for long miles against our sunset skies.
Scarcely the Indian's camp-fire smoke is wrought
To legendary forms, in his fond thought
Of dark-robed priest his heart doth canonize.

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Too near the life, that led him unto God,
To clothe with any tale more strange than this—
That man, to win one soul eternal bliss,
Long leagues of wilderness, unwearying, trod,
Sought not himself, nor kingdom cared to win
Save that the pure alone can enter in.

IV.

More stately, mountains, with the distance, grow—
We lose their height who sit beneath their shade—
While, seen too far, in misty blue arrayed,
Lost are the varying lines we seek to know:
The glimmer of the streams that seek the plain,
The deep rock-crevice where the shadows rest
When sinks the golden sun far down the west;
The light, unveiling, morning brings again.
So, still undimmed by years' long distance, rise
The lives heroic man hath lived for man
Since this our new world's little life began;
And we, whose hour so near such honor lies,
Upon the hills love's daily labor trace
While scarce we know the heights that see God's face.

V.

Dear Mother-country, that so late dost claim
Thy place among the nations of the earth,
When men upbraid thee for thy lowly birth
Droop not thine eyes with an unworthy shame;
Fear not to lift thy broad, uncrownèd brow;
Anointing holiest of earth it bears.
God calls thee child: is prouder title theirs
On whom their fame the centuries bestow?
Heroes for love of thee to death aspired,
Queens sold their gems to see unveiled thy face,
Heirship is thine in Rome's undying grace;
The King of kings thy beauty hath desired,
His Mother, for thy shield, hath given thee,
Made thee, like her, the peoples' sanctuary.

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ASPECTS OF NATIONAL EDUCATION.

THE question of education is now universally admitted to be of the first importance, and false or narrow views on this subject are justly deprecated as hurtful to the highest interests of society. Education we may define to be the action of surroundings upon the development of human character. Whoever perceives that this is the real meaning of the word will at once understand that the school is but one of many educational agents, and not the most essential. Hence the shallowness and sophistry of the popular declamation that all that is necessary to form the mind and character of future generations is a good system of schools. Society, in fact, educates, and the school is but one of the instruments which it uses.

The first and the most important seat of education is the family. The physical, moral, and intellectual predispositions of the child depend upon the character of the father and mother; and their influence upon these original endowments is, as a rule, decisive, whether for good or for evil. A little self-examination will, in most cases, suffice to show that we have been made what we are more by our home-surroundings than by the schools which we have frequented. This may be affirmed even of those whose intellectual training is thorough, and it is, of course, more manifestly true of the masses of men.

Of ten children who have gone to public school, nine have carried nothing more away than some feeble ability to read and write; and this, we freely admit, may exert a determinative influence upon their lives; but what that influence will be will depend upon causes other than the school. The school has but given the child a key with which he may open the store-house of printed knowledge. Whether he will open it at all, or what he will pick out when he has opened it, is left undecided. He may sink back into primitive ignorance; or he may devour the sensational juvenile literature which abounds and be ruined as irretrievably as if he had taken to drinking alcohol; or he may be drawn to the obscene relations that are to be met with in almost every newspaper; or he may improve his mind by reading what is useful and refining. His reading, at all events, will be controlled much more by his home surroundings than by the school. And this is doubly true where the school has no moral or religious character. The family influence precedes and interpenetrates the process of school instruction, and if the example at home tends to

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immorality and degradation it were a mere idle fancy to imagine that this fatal blight may be cured by attendance at school. Another and a potent instrument of education is work and the workshop. The smith has strong arms and the farmer stiff knees; and their thinking and loving as well have been shaped by the kind of work they do. They have a knowledge of many things of which a doctor of the university is ignorant. And their superiority does not lie in mechanical skill alone; contact with the hard facts of life has taught them patience, forethought, and self-control, which are not learned in a school-room.

Then the whole spirit of the nation acts upon each individual and tends to educate him. The people whom we meet in the street, with whom we deal; the social, commercial, and political questions which occupy the public mind; the national enterprises of peace and war, together with the controversies thence arising; the administration of the government; constitutional liberty and opportunities of acquiring wealth and position, are all educational forces. The value, then, of school education depends greatly upon the home training by which it is preceded and accompanied, and not less upon the kind of national life into which the youth is plunged upon leaving the class-room. The elementary schools of Germany are good—far better, certainly, than those of the United States—and yet in enterprise, in energy, in progressiveness, in the quick perception of opportunities to rise in the world, the American is superior to the German, whose good qualities, such as patience, forethought, and thrift, he does not derive from the class-room. It is the fashion to attribute the successes of German arms during the last fifteen years to the school system of that country. Such shallow sophistry would not pass current a day except in an age which is idolatrous of mental instruction. There is a special training which makes good soldiers, and it is not necessary that the recruits should have passed through a school drill. Freedom and intellectual activity are not favorable to the military virtues. The Spartans were better soldiers than the Athenians, partly for the reason, no doubt, that they were less free and less quick-witted. Philip and Alexander led barbarians to battle, but they found little difficulty in overcoming the most gifted and most educated of ancient peoples. The Greeks were competent to be the schoolmasters of the Romans, but they were not able to contend successfully with them in warfare. And in battles which are fought with Krupp cannon and needle-guns a machine soldier is as serviceable as a hero.

The universal tendency is to exaggerate the value of what is

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popular, and all facts and arguments corroborate what public opinion sanctions. The school has now taken the place of the church, and the new believers hold that miracles shall cease to be wonderful when all men shall have learned to read and write. This faith in salvation through the newspaper will some day be accounted one of the most incomprehensible superstitions of any age. The garrulous, who are never silent, do not grow wise or good with much talking; and one who spends his life in reading the contradictory views and statements of fact which fill the newspapers will in the end, if any power of thought be left him, most likely incline to think that the unknowable is all in all. This knowing how to read means, for the multitude, the newspaper—only this and nothing more. And one might as well be forced each morning to walk through some Cloaca Maxima as to have his brain drenched with all the murders, suicides, robberies, and adulteries that defile the land. And this making a gibe and a jest of God and the soul, life and death, virtue and vice, coarsens man's spiritual nature like the use of whiskey. The cheap newspaper is a greater educational force than the school. Were it not for it a very large proportion of those who have been to school would cease to read, as they do in parts of Europe, where the schools are better than ours, but where the press is dull and lifeless. The newspaper and the numberless opportunities of wealth that exist here make the American smart and often odious. There is nothing that he does not know, because there is nothing that he may not read in his newspaper. He has no reverence for anything, visible or invisible, past, present, or to come, because for him the thoughts, and loves, and hopes, and aims of the noblest men and of countless generations percolate, like common sewerage, through the editorial quill, so that he sits in judgment upon the whole course of human affairs. For him no hero is possible, except some theatrical, Punch-and-Judy hero, to be hoisted up at election-time, or paraded through the street to make a holiday for the gaping crowd; for have not the newspapers told him that his great man is a drunkard, or a thief, or a liar, or an adulterer? The great man wears clothes to no purpose; for this American knows that he is bald, or knock-kneed, or spindle-shanked, or blind of an eye, or paralyzed.

Those who have never been to school are taught by the newspaper, for, if they cannot read, they can hear; and if they hear some things that are evil, they learn also much that is good and useful. The newspaper, as it exists with us, is an obstacle to intellectual culture, while its moral and religious influence is doubt-

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ful. That it tends to make thought and manners vulgar seems equally certain, but it is beyond question the vehicle of a vast amount of practical knowledge which could not in any other way be so readily and so widely diffused; and Americans probably more than any other people are indebted to it for the kind of intelligence which distinguishes them.

Another powerful instrument of education is our commercial and industrial life. The boy who is put at some business is receiving in all probability a better education than if he were kept at school. He is made to realize the value and need of punctuality and self-control, of prudence and economy, of judgment and decision, of truthfulness and honesty. He is made to comprehend that industry and perseverance, united with these qualities, mean success in life, mean wealth and position. The school-boy talk about knowledge being power is translated for him into practical wisdom. He sees now clearly to what use intelligence may be put, and the desire to rise in his business spurs him on to read and inquire. This is the school in which the typical American receives his training. He may be unable to speak or write his own language correctly; he may be profoundly ignorant of the best thoughts of the greatest minds, and so wholly lacking in culture; but he is a keen observer of men and things, quick to see an opportunity to make money, and with the nerve to seize it at the right moment. He is not a thorough business man, for he is thorough in nothing; but he is active, enterprising, and smart, and with such an amount of self-confidence that he will upon short notice amputate a leg or lead an army to battle. Political life, as it exists with us, has immense power to educate. Much has been written about restricting the right to vote to those who are able to read and write; but if this sort of ability were sufficient to insure the wise exercise of this privilege, the first thing to do would be to extend the suffrage to women; for in this country they have, as a rule, a better school education than men, and read more. In fact, they are the teachers of the vast number of those who learn to read and write. The newspaper is the Bible of politics, and for nine-tenths of the voters it is the country newspaper. It is impossible for us to think that any one who is acquainted with our country press can feel confident that it is a safe political guide for the sovereign American citizen. Men who know thoroughly any one branch of the science of government are driven to despair when they see it discussed in the columns of these journals.

Personal praise and abuse, with the ignorant and random use

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of commonplace and half truths, is generally the editor's stock in trade. The stump-speech, which is the great secondary source of political wisdom, has as its starting-point the *mundus vult decipi*, and proceeds on the principle that it is always safe to lie, because men are credulous. It is none the less true that American politics are a powerful mental stimulant. The very thought that one is the creator of presidents is inspiring, and to have the able and eloquent member of Congress come and shake us by the hand makes it impossible that we should ever again have a mean opinion of ourselves. And is not every American youth taught to cherish the pleasant delusion that there is no good reason why he should not be the president or thunder in the senate to startle princes from their easy slumbers? Lincoln was a rail-splitter, and some have risen from lower depths.

The having a voice in the great and momentous questions which concern the general welfare is at least suggestive of the propriety of trying to get at some sort of knowledge of political principles; and though it is impossible for us to believe in the infallible wisdom of the *vox populi*, or to hold that an absurd opinion is any tne less absurd for having a majority of a million voters in its favor, yet we cannot but admit that to think even falsely and ridiculously is a greater mental effort than not to think at all, and hence there is an educational efficacy in a society which, like ours, compels men to have views of some kind on a large number of important subjects. The Athenians were educated not by books but by their free and eager political life. The meanest citizen was held to be competent to pass judgment upon Socrates or to criticise an oration of Demosthenes; and though we have none of that fine perception, mental versatility, metaphysical intuition, or delicacy of taste which distinguished that gifted race, yet is the most uncouth voter among us not a whit the less ready to give an authoritative decision upon the highest and most far-reaching questions, stimulated to this ignorant audacity by being appealed to by impassioned orators as the tribunal of final resort.

The fact that almost every American either owns property or knows that he may acquire it with comparative ease is one of the greatest educational forces in our social life. Whatever may be the cause, we instinctively identify ourselves with what belongs to us, and our self-esteem grows with our possessions. The boy who for the first time becomes the master of a horse, or a watch, or a pair of boots, magnifies himself so indefinitely that he is richer than the poor hungry millionaire, who thinks only of what

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he has not. Whatever heightens self-respect increases the desire to appear well in the eyes of others, and consequently the desire to appear to be intelligent. The backwoods woman who is perfectly satisfied with herself so long as she lives in a cabin feels the want of education the moment her husband strikes oil or discovers a mine. The airs and makeshifts of these *nouveaux riches* form the most strikingly comical side of our society. It is the frequent and rapid passage from rags to silks and from huts to palaces that gives us a bad name and makes the European proverb, Americans are vulgar, seem not altogether libellous. For it is not vulgar to be ignorant, or uncouth, or even coarse; but it is vulgar to pretend to be what we are not, to ape manners which at best we can but caricature, and a man of taste would doubtless discover that our fine city people are often more essentially and irredeemably vulgar than our Western farmers. It is useless, however, to find fault with a state of things for which there is no remedy. A man will never resign himself to remain inferior to his house and his clothes, and when industry or good fortune has made these fine he will feel the need of striving to be worthy of them. Hence there is an intimate and necessary relation between education and property, between the general desire for greater intelligence and the general opportunities for bettering one's temporal condition. Study the public opinion of any American college, and unmistakable evidence will not be wanting that the preponderating thought is that knowledge is desirable chiefly because it is an efficacious means to temporal success, and, first of all, to money-making.

The influence of property upon education and character has been pointed out very clearly by several English writers, who understand thoroughly well that a population which is condemned to hopeless poverty will not care to learn how to read and write, and would derive little benefit from being able to read and write, unless its condition in other respects be changed. To translate the peasant from servile dependence to ownership of the soil has been found to be the most efficacious way of awakening in him the love of knowledge. "It is not to the intelligence alone," says Mill, "that the situation of a peasant proprietor is full of improving influences. It is no less propitious to the moral virtues of prudence, temperance, and self-control. The laborer who possesses property, whether he can read or write or not, has, as Mr. Laing remarks, 'an educated mind; he has forethought, caution, and reflection guiding every action; he knows the value of restraint and is in the constant and habitual exercise of it.'" Mill

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verifies the truth of this proposition by contrasting the virtues of the peasant proprietors of the Continent of Europe with the vices of the English laboring classes, who are shut out from all hope of becoming owners of the land.

"Let any one," says Dr. Rigg, "compare the homes of the peasant proprietors of Switzerland, of the Tyrol, or of the Norman Isles with the hovels of too many of our English peasantry, and he will see what nations and races not so fond of comfort as we English are reputed to be will do for themselves when they feel that they are building, enlarging, improving, beautifying their own homes. Here, then, would come in another grand educational influence, without the co-operation of which much of the instruction bestowed in schools must be in vain. The operation of all this upon the laborer's hopes and views for his family will be apparent. The peasant proprietors of Switzerland set a high value on education for their children; they know its worth. Let a man have a chance of rising a little way in the world, of leaving a place and a name behind for his family, and helping to set them a little higher than he has climbed himself—such a man will know how to prize school-training for his children. Let frugality, providence, and an honorable ambition once be developed in the character of the poor man, and he cannot but begin intelligently and far-sightedly to regard the future career of his offspring. How can the hopeless, reckless, from-hand-to-mouth laborer be expected to care for his child's education? . . . Assuredly, education in many cases will be to little purpose so long as our slums and courts and many-storied tenements in low neighborhoods remain as they are. *Their* education is undoing the Christian school education."*

Now, this education through property and the facility of acquiring property exists here in the United States under more favorable conditions than anywhere else in the wide world. All who practise sobriety and self-denial may better their condition here, and there is consequently a universal incentive to thrift and economy. Success in money-making means complete worldly success in a society which is not settled, but which is yet working and in ferment. The first families of the state are, in point of fact, those who have the most money. They live in the finest houses, they ride in the most showy equipages, they wear the most costly clothes, they give the most sumptuous entertainments. Those who are less wealthy, but of more aristocratic descent, will tell you of their horror of the vulgar manners and insufferable airs of these people, but they are none the less eager to ally themselves in marriage with these rich barbarians. The granddaughters of tailors, cobblers, and tanners are the queens of society, and there is but a generation between the kitchen-maid and her mistress.

* *National Education*, p. 76.

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"Proputty, proputty's ivrything 'ere; an', Sammy, I'm blest
If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, for them as 'as it's the best."

The career is open to all comers, and the machine belongs to him who can use it to best advantage. A premium is set upon smartness, and society offers the highest prizes to shrewdness and enterprise. The wide diffusion of intelligence among the masses of our people is attributable to these favoring social influences far more than to any excellence in our school-methods. In this fact is found the explanation of the educational contrast between the North and the South. In the slave States the poorer white population had little opportunity to acquire wealth or position, and consequently hardly any love of knowledge. Hence education was confined to the wealthy planters. In the North, where the peculiar institution did not exist to divide the people into distinct classes, the need of education was felt by the entire population.

The school, as it exists in the United States, is open to criticism on many sides. It is the fashion to praise what is called our Common School System; but, in point of fact, we have no school system. The only feature in the public schools which is common to them all is the manner of raising the money necessary for their maintenance. There is no general method of teaching, or discipline, or grading, or superintendence. Here the public school is good; there it is wretched. In the country, as a rule, it is very inferior, and in the town or city it is frequently but little better. Not only is there no national system of schools; there is not, in the strict sense of the word, even a State system. The principle of local control prevails almost universally, and the common schools are in the hands of boards, the members of which are generally ignorant or half-educated politicians. The great mass of the teachers have never had any professional training, and are therefore lacking in the most essential requirements of educators. In most cases politics, favoritism, kinship, or lower motives determine the appointment of the teacher, who generally seeks the position merely as a temporary expedient; and consequently, even when competent in other respects, he lacks the professional zeal and enthusiasm which in this high, not to say religious, ministry are of more value even than knowledge. An unlearned mother, inspired by love, is better able to form a true man than the most enlightened professor. Three-fourths of the teachers in the public schools are young girls—though the question of age should not be emphasized—who are merely waiting for an opportunity to marry. They may possibly be able to

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teach reading, writing, and arithmetic, but it is simply ridiculous to suppose that they are able to educate. There are no fixed standards of examination to determine the competency of the teachers, and only in exceptional cases are the schools graded. Text-books are introduced and changed upon the most frivolous pretexts, and publishing houses enter into rivalry, not to issue the best class-books, but to offer the greatest inducements to school boards. The attendance of the pupils is also most unsatisfactory; and in the greater number of schools the children are present only a few months in the year.

To affirm that Americans are the best-educated people in the world, and that our schools are the best, is worse than declamation. This ignorant self-conceit makes us simply ridiculous in the eyes of intelligent foreigners. We are quick-witted and enterprising; have built cities and railways, and developed the material resources of our country with great rapidity; but, as we have pointed out, other causes than the common school have contributed to these results. In scholarship we are greatly lacking, and our literature, which is at best feeble and without originality, seems to have passed into the hands of a race of men whose distinguishing characteristic is incurable mediocrity. When we speak of our writers we speak of the dead or of those who are standing upon the brink of the grave. Among the young or those in middle life we do not recall a single name that is written in such bold relief as to be recognized by all. In politics, it has often been remarked, the tendency is to the reign of the more vulgar sort of men. Where shall we look to-day to find men who have the culture that adds such charm and sweetness to the writings of Jefferson, of Hamilton and Quincy Adams? For our own part we cannot find a great character among all these leaders of rings and workers of the Machine. Nor is it possible for us to imagine Washington in the hands of his friends, to be paraded from town to town, and made a Punch-and-Judy hero of, for the purpose of begging a nomination. The sense of the noble, the decorous, and the truly great seems to have perished in us, and our hero is the man who has met with success. He may be a drunkard, or the companion of thieves and defaulters, without generous impulses, or lofty motives, or exalted aims—all this is unimportant. We are like the crowd of roughs around the boxers: our hero is the man who wins. There is little cause for surprise that men like Ernest Renan and Matthew Arnold should find that the mark of Americans is "intellectual mediocrity, vulgarity of manners, and lack of general intelligence," and that they should as-

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cribe these defects to our school system. But the failure to develop a higher culture is not the only or the most serious objection which is urged against our schools.

"The large majority of the schools of the States," says Dr. Rigg, one of the ablest writers on education, "so far as I have been able to obtain any evidence on the subject, appear to be wanting in almost every condition which should belong to a national system of primary instruction. . . . Nothing can be better established than the conclusion that, so far as the provision and quality of elementary schools is concerned, and so far as school attendance is concerned, the educational condition of the United States is much inferior to that of England." *

And yet England, as we all know, is in this respect far behind several of the Continental nations of Europe. The American press is filled with complaints of the deplorable lack, among public school pupils, of training for the productive employments of life. There is an increasing distaste for manual labor, a growing aversion to agriculture and mechanical trades, so that in the cities, it is frequently said, the children of the poor receive just enough education to unfit them for the only kind of work which they can hope to find. Their training is one-sided and insufficient. Their wits are sharpened, their vanity is stimulated, and, instead of settling down to honest toil, they look around for some more respectable way of gaining a livelihood. Their brains are crammed with book-learning when their hands should have been made instinct with intelligence. American civilization gives rise to no more pitiful product than the so-called "educated man," who knows everything and nothing, who can do everything and nothing, whose chief business is to discover how he may live by his wits when he ought to work with his hands.

The moral result of common-school education is altogether unsatisfactory. In certain places, where the public schools are most thoroughly organized, the criminal classes increase in a greater ratio than the total population. In California the younger convicts are almost universally able to read and write. Dishonesty and corruption prevail everywhere. The prisons are full. The newspaper is the daily chronicle of murder, drunkenness, theft, prostitution, suicide, and divorce. The theatre has sunk until it is only a school of licentiousness. Habits of luxury and extravagance have become inveterate, and the chief aim of life seems to be to put money in the purse. If our education fails to support morality it must necessarily tend to undermine reli-

* *National Education*, p. 110.

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gion which rests upon a moral basis. And, in fact, the disintegration of Protestantism in the United States is rapid and widespread. Indifference is universal. Dogmatic faith, without which a church is like a body without the framework of the bones, is hardly found any longer at all. Religion is not a rule of life, but a sentiment, to be expressed in rhetorical phrase. The preacher is not God's minister, but the servant of men. The church is a social club, and he is the French cook, hired for his skill to concoct pungent sauces for appetites that are neither religious nor intellectual. The masses of the people care as little for Protestantism as for Mormonism. The most blasphemous and the coarsest of scoffers is greeted by the most crowded and delighted audiences. Every effort which has been made to awaken the dying spirit of faith has proven ineffectual. Spasmodic revivals are merely the forerunners of deeper and more deadly lapses into hopeless indifference. If a popular lecturer starts up to refute the objections of the scientists, it is soon apparent that he is a theological mountebank, whose nostrums only the half-educated will swallow. And shortly the announcement is made that the course has been suspended for lack of financial support. Even God's truth cannot be spoken unless sacrifice is offered first to Mammon. A call to preach the Gospel means the offer of a good salary; and a higher call means a larger salary.

We have heard preachers and stump orators declare that the common schools would prove fatal to the Catholic Church. They did not perceive that a system of education which excludes religion is based upon the infidel assumption that it is non-essential, and that the necessary tendency of such training is to undermine the foundations of all religious faith. The belief and hope that these schools would destroy the Catholic religion in America blinded the Protestant leaders to their own danger. The Catholics are forewarned and are doing all that can well be done to shun the occasion of ruin; while the Protestant ministers of the United States are committed to the defence of a principle in education which is weakening the cause which they are bound to defend. That the minister of religion should applaud a system of education which ignores religion would be incredible if it were not a fact as wide as the nation. It is an anomaly in our social life that this question of education should not be open to free discussion. and that a man who refuses to shout with the crowd on this subject should be set down at once as a fool or an enemy. An enlightened people ought to desire and encourage the fullest expression of honest opinion in a matter which is of such vital im-

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portance to the individual and the nation, to the church and the state. What is known as the Catholic view of education is the view which has prevailed everywhere in the past and which still prevails in almost every country in Christendom. It is not the view of Catholics alone; it is the view hitherto received by all the Protestant churches of Europe and by the founders of the American common school, which, at first, was strictly a church school. Why is it, then, that good sense and calm judgment disappear the moment this controversy is broached? Instead of arguing the point with us, American Protestants fall into declamation or abuse, and denounce us as traitors and the enemies of liberty, because we insist that the citizens of a free country ought to have the right to send their children to schools organized in harmony with the education which is given to them in the family and in the church to which they belong. Our views on this subject are put to the vile use to which Republican politicians devote the "Bloody Shirt." The Protestant partisans do not seek to get at our real thought, but they catch up our objections to the purely secular character of the public schools, and proceed, without further ado, to denounce us as the foes of education; and this falsehood is inscribed on the red rag which they wave before the common herd until it fills the air with dust and loud bellowing. All this is out of place. In discussing this question no appeal should be made to the baser passions or to ignorant prejudice. The point at issue is not whether education shall be made universal and our free institutions perpetual. We Catholics desire this as ardently as our Protestant fellow-citizens; and in maintaining the principles of religious education we believe that we are serving our country not less than the church.

Our liberties rest upon a Christian basis, and it is difficult to understand how they are to be maintained and strengthened by eliminating religion from public life and education. The obstacles to the introduction of what is known as the denominational system of education are not imaginary, but neither are they so great as to be insuperable; and if the American people could be brought to look at this question in a calm and impartial temper, they could not fail to recognize that a purely secular school system is irreligious; and therefore at variance with the deepest instincts and the highest interests of man.

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LORD BEACONSFIELD.*

I.

AMONG the *Punch* "cartoons" of Lord Beaconsfield is one published in 1873, while Gladstone's administration was still in power, entitled "The Two Augurs." Gladstone and Disraeli, dressed as Roman augurs, are watching the omens in the smoke of a sacrifice offered on an altar entitled "Session 1873," and Disraeli, covering his lips with his hand, says with a sneer, "I always wonder, brother, how we chief augurs can meet on the opening day without laughing," to which Gladstone answers stiffly, "I have never felt any temptation to the hilarity you suggest, brother, and the remark savors of flippancy."

It is a remark, however, which supplies a key to Lord Beaconsfield's consistent political conduct throughout his life. The fact that principle seems to be absent from his policy has been brought forward less prominently than circumstances would justify. Forethought and strength undoubtedly distinguish him; vacillating he never is, garrulous never; he suffices to himself, he seeks no counsel and tolerates none except such as he provokes (or invites) for purposes of his own, as he did in 1867, when he passed the most comprehensive Reform Bill yet affecting the franchise question in England, by allowing the Liberals to cut down all its sham restrictions, which were only the dummies he himself had provided as targets for their activity. He is absolutely indifferent as to the weapons he uses; politics are a game in which the meanest piece on the board as well as the highest in value has its place and its worth; sympathies as well as principles are only "pieces," material ready to his hand; sentiments and prejudices he applies as skilfully as a painter does colors; in everything there is the power derived from the fullest knowledge of human nature wielded by an intellectual automaton. At least that is the impression which his conduct as a statesman, during the few years of his entire supremacy, suggests to an onlooker. It is impossible to believe that he has any end in view save success and personal leadership; impossible even to believe that he will regret losing his supremacy, since he could hardly have proceeded to higher honors than he has already reached. He has made the sovereign his willing and unconscious tool; he

* *Lord Beaconsfield*: a Study. By Georg Brandes. Translated from the German by Mrs. George Sturge. London and New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1880.

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has led a class peculiarly wedded to precedent and averse to change into the boldest innovations, which they enthusiastically deemed the outcome of their own principles; he has hoodwinked those who pride themselves on their alertness to detect an adventurer; he has conquered a position of unparalleled safety and assumed what is tantamount to dictatorship, in spite of a combination of circumstances such as has never before stood in the way of any political aspirant. Only his obvious want of principle prevents his from being true greatness; a career so triumphant, so steadily progressive is a marvel, but it is not an example. It is interesting as illustrating one of his favorite axioms, the influence of race, and he has added one more to the many notable instances of the extraordinary adaptability of the Hebrew race to the conditions of Aryan life and thought. But his success is a personal success; he has identified himself with no cause or principle, he is the champion or representative of nothing that appeals to a sense of admiration or sympathy. Except the "Empire," by which he means a very decided, very statesmanlike, very aggressive policy, at the same time appealing to the British love of brute power and sense of national pride, he has not even put forth a representative "cry" with which his policy can be broadly identified; he disdains everything which is not himself, most of all the clumsy forms of representative government, the awkward questions of inquisitive and irrepressible parliamentarians, the dogged, middle-class instincts of truth and honesty, the bluntness of the Anglo-Saxon character. Yet all these are weapons convenient at certain times, and, disdaining them, he nevertheless uses them, defers to the principles involved in their existence, courts the necessary co-operation of blind followers, whom he "educates" for his own purposes, and lives among his contemporaries a life analogous in motive and in means to that of the Egyptian priests, who controlled and used the ignorant tools called kings, soldiers, and people. The influence of a strong mind over weak ones has been said, by the favorite of a French queen, to be the only magic; Lord Beaconsfield has proved it once more. His own words, theatrically put into the mouth of an apparition in his novel *Tancred*, sum up his practice in this direction: "Fear not, faint not, falter not. Obey the impulse of thine own spirit, and find a ready instrument in every human being."

It is impossible, in dissecting his life as a politician, to overlook his origin and education. The former has made his career a protest and an effort—a protest against disabilities unjust in them-

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selves, and prejudices that amount almost to instincts, and which legislation, custom, and better knowledge of political principles are alike powerless to destroy in the mass of Englishmen; and an effort to conquer by personal influence a position which custom and nature bestowed upon most of his associates, without one-tenth of the latter being fitted for it, or even proud of it when they possessed it. His father, a free-thinking Jew, had been content to shine as a *littérateur*, a Mæcenas, an elegant and classical person, not inordinately rich, but of artistic tastes which he could afford to indulge. His grandfather, a more believing Jew, had eagerly grasped all the power that commerce gives, and wished to found a house such as Rothschild subsequently founded; his grandmother, a passionate, sensitive woman, revolted from the humiliations of her lot as one of the "accursed race," and, by a strange psychological twist, hated, not her oppressors, but her own despised people (it is thought that George Eliot has drawn her portrait as the Princess in *Daniel Deronda*). At school the young Disraeli first felt the personal sting of his race: boys are blunt and barbarous judges, as ignorant as they are pitiless, and no laughter in the House of Commons could have been so sharp a pain to the young politician as the taunts of his fellows were to the school-boy. Vain and sensitive, Disraeli naturally found revenge and ambition more and more attractive, and cynicism and secretiveness more and more convenient. His love of power, and especially secret power—for his mind was imaginative and unscientific—grew with his youth; he became what he designated himself, under the *alias* of one of his early heroes, Vivian Grey, a precocious boy. He defiantly outraged the English prejudices under which he smarted, and affected a dandyism exaggerated even in the days of Beau Brummel and Count d'Orsay, as well as a cosmopolitanism which ignored all the slow, physical, peculiarly English modes of development; though, in this, at twenty, he was consistent with his later self of forty, fifty, seventy, when he equally exaggerated a nationalism which out-Englished the most insular of his followers. All or nothing is the natural motto of ambition: at first he was "nothing," and made the most of it by an ostentatious display of his foreignness, which in secret he chafed under; now he is "all," and no quixotism of British self-assertion is too strained for him, the representative of the modern imperialism. His lack of university training went far to increase the fantastic tendencies of a mind essentially un-English; imagination as applied to politics became an axiom with him, not in the sense of its being the right

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motive, but the obvious means of government. He took his stand as an anti-Benthamite, not because he thought the Manchester school of political economy wrong, but because he disliked scientific methods of legislation, and revolted from the unpicturesqueness of the new political gospel. When defending his Reform Bill in 1867 he betrayed the same tendency that he consciously gave way to in youth, and declared that, change being inevitable, the point was "whether that change shall be carried out in deference to the manners, the customs, the laws, the traditions of the people, or whether it shall be carried in deference to abstract principles and arbitrary and general doctrines." He seemed unable to perceive that the first method—which was *only* a method, not an alternative—was a matter of form, while the latter involved the principle of right government. The very reverse of narrowminded, he had Jacobinical and Voltairian leanings which made him the apologist of the theoretical side of the French Revolution; a brilliant versatility of intellect made him akin to all that is commonly, for the sake of convenience, classed together as "revolutionary"; yet his personal imperiousness, his impatience of guidance or dictation, his tyrannical character, the inevitable outcome of undue repression, made him, what all clever social free-lances are, an autocrat. He was politically right when he deprecated middle-class influence as destructive of imperial policy: his supporters necessarily came from the extremes of society—the two poles, as it were. Dexterous manipulation of the masses suited his character as leader of the landed interest, while dazzling feats abroad and apparent remission of taxes at home were convenient baits for the people. Had he remained another year or two in office, and kept his late phalanx of voters in the House of Commons, it is not unlikely that he would have given an extended franchise to both England and Ireland (equalizing the two), and drawn up some startling measure for the apparent healing of the foremost causes of Irish discontent. That he has hitherto opposed such measures and given no sign of interest in Irish grievances is no reason why he may not have had popular schemes ready to offer. With him such things are matters of time and opportunity, and his judgment of the opportunity is usually different from that of others, but as no principle is involved it is easy to substitute one policy for the other at any moment. Generalship is more popular than conscience, that awkward possession for a politician. Beaconsfield may have made an error of judgment for once in overrating the importance of English as contrasted with Irish prejudice, and there-

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fore bidding for the former against the latter; but he is capable, if he sees his action in the light of an error, to cover his tracks skilfully enough to retrieve his position. He may not think this worth while, and it is well known that a dignified exit is an incident as important in the career of a statesman as any of the attitudes he has thought it convenient to maintain for a time. Lord Beaconsfield, the advocate of imagination as opposed to criticism, appeals to English passion and disregards Irish passion, to English sentiment and stigmatizes Irish sentiment, to English fancy and brands Irish fancy. He does *not* appeal to English principle, or logic, or simple love of fair play. The reason is that he is persuaded that Irish sentiment does not and will not pay. He wished to strike at the Liberal party through the Home-Rulers; the former saw his trap and avoided it; the latter are so incensed that they are content to oppose him without making terms with his other opponents. But as he went to Berlin ostensibly to humble Russia, and yet made a secret treaty with Russia, and another side-treaty with Turkey with Russia's consent and connivance, he is not incapable of doing what he says the Liberals will do—*i.e.*, pay any price for the Home-Rulers' vote. If he makes no advances in that direction his wisdom and tact are to be trusted; the step would have been useless, and he probably knew it by experience. Such experiences are, at any rate, justifiable from what we know of his past masterly proceedings. His own definition of a statesman as "the child of circumstances, . . . essentially a practical character," bound not to inquire "what his opinions might or might not have been on this or that subject," but "only to ascertain the needful, the beneficial, and the most feasible manner in which affairs are to be carried on," leads one to be astonished neither at his contemptuous reticence in face of the questions of opponents, nor at any startling or unprecedented device to retain a majority or to dress up a fact. In his younger days he was fond of similes drawn from the art of conjuring; in his older ones these similes seem to spring to the mind of the caricaturist as the readiest expression of the sober-minded nation's dismay at the dexterousness of the sardonic and self-restrained politician. His eloquence, once exuberant and fantastic, has now passed to the other extreme, and is based on the axiom that language was given us to conceal our thoughts, while it has also progressed in the direction of the art, as a speaker in the House of Lords said in the month of March, of making an adversary look ridiculous.

It is a strange coincidence that his first speech should have

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happened to be on an Irish subject, that his first patron should have been O'Connell, and his first political difference should have been the mutual disavowal of each other by these two remarkable men. The details of the latter rather vulgar altercation are pretty generally known, and are not creditable to either; O'Connell, it is true, spoke passionately because he acted on principle, while Disraeli had no such excuse, his change of front being caused by expediency; but none the less both used unjustifiable and low language, such as scarcely even the heat of electioneering could excuse in a man. Disraeli's maiden speech, on the "Spottiswoode Subscription"—an unpopular subject in Ireland, as it dealt with an unconstitutional attempt to help Protestant candidates, *as such*, against Catholic candidates by means of English subscriptions—is well worth notice as the formal beginning of a career so triumphantly ended. His self-possession during the ordeal of laughter, groans, hisses, and uncourteous interruptions of a still more unparliamentary nature, was an indication of his fitness for future rule; but it deserted him at the very last, when, after nearly an hour of good-humored and telling speaking, delivered by fits and starts as the laughter in the House permitted, he said, "Nothing is so easy as to laugh," and by and by, with an unusually loud and almost terrific voice, added, "I am not at all surprised, sir, at the reception I have met with (continued laughter). I have begun several times many things (laughter), and have often succeeded at last. ('Question!') Aye, sir, I will sit down now, but the time will come when you will hear me." He had employed some rhetorical forms in this speech, had allowed himself to be eloquent after the fashion of novelists and popular orators; but his failure taught him conciseness and accuracy, and when he spoke next, on matters of local importance with which he had made himself perfectly familiar according to the business-like English standard, he was listened to, and gradually compelled the respect and attention of the House. His first election was not the first occasion on which he spoke politically; four times in three years he offered himself as a candidate and was defeated, till in 1837, the year of Queen Victoria's accession, he succeeded in getting a seat for Maidstone in conjunction with Mr. Lewis, whose widow he afterwards married.

Having failed as an ultra-Radical, he took up his position as an ultra-Tory, with politico-poetical theories of the natural alliance of the aristocracy with the masses against the middle-classes—a theory which his political idol, Bolingbroke, in a work called *A Patriot King*, had broached before him. His German

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biographer, studying him as much through his works as through his actions, repeatedly impresses on the reader that "he was, by nature, half popular tribune, half courtier. His sympathies went with the poverty of the people and the splendor of the throne. A less bourgeois, or bourgeois-aristocratic, character can scarcely be conceived." Brandes sees in him also, in connection with this contempt for the bulk of the intellect and the principle of England, "a freedom from prejudice very rare in England," as "he has always pronounced those men to be great or eminent whose distinguished qualities the crowd, with their petty *bourgeois* moralizings, were disposed to overlook, on account of failings in their private life—as, for instance, Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Byron, and Count d'Orsay."* In one of his political pamphlets, entitled *What is He?* he again emphasizes his dislike of "this age of bustling mediocrity," and says concerning the "influence of individual character, too much underrated" by it: "Great spirits may yet arise to guide the groaning helm through the world of troubled waters—spirits whose proud destiny it may still be at the same time to maintain the glory of the empire and to secure the happiness of the people." The first time that he stood as a candidate in the Radical interest, in 1832, he made the most of what he called his plebeian origin: he was the "man of the people, for he had himself sprung from the people and had not a drop of the Plantagenets or Tudors in his veins"; but had his audience known what he meant they would have interpreted his declaration in the sense in which he spoke in *Tancred* years later, when he carelessly mentioned the ancestors of English gentlemen as being "tattooed savages" at the time the pure Sephardim of the Mediterranean were carrying on traditions of a learning and a civilization already two thousand years old. In contrast with this democratic affectation was his *Vindication of the English Constitution* three years later, a pamphlet offering the original theory that the House of Lords (including the bishops of the national church as lords spiritual) was as representative as the House of Commons, the bishops having often (?) risen from the lowest ranks of the people, and forming "the most democratic element among the many popular elements of the Upper House." Then he attempts to prove that the Lower House is as hereditary in practice as the Upper is in theory, and proceeds to denounce the oligarchical character of the Whig party, who were aiming at reducing the

* This conjunction strikes one as incongruous; the two former being unquestionably great men in the field of intellect, while the latter was only a *dilettante* and leader of fashion, a trivial-minded man.

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sovereign to the position of the doge in the Venetian republic. His own ideal from the beginning has been Cæsarism, as far as the English people can be brought to swallow it. An oligarchy he considers, as he says in his *Vindication*, "hostile to genius"—a term through which we recognize his allusion to himself; yet it was from the same elements of oligarchical mediocrity, though enlisted on the Tory side of the nobility, that he chose his stepping-stones to power. As Napoleon looked upon men as food for powder, so Disraeli considered them as raw material for any political schemes which a man above them in resource and dexterity could plan. The "stupid party," as the Tories have been called, proved the best for experimenting upon; the most malleable, once you deferred to two or three really insignificant prejudices of theirs deemed by themselves a *sine-quâ-non* of compromise with any one; and the party promising most satisfactory results when thoroughly tamed and "educated." Its marvellous docility within the last six years has proved his dictum, in the *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, his colleague and dummy during the first years of his leadership of the Tories in the House of Commons, that "an aristocracy hesitates before it yields its confidence, but it never does so grudgingly, . . . an aristocracy is rather apt to exaggerate the qualities and magnify the importance of a plebeian leader." Wielding power, whether by secret influence or by outwardly legitimate means, is always his goal; in his novels, Vivian Grey, Sidonia, and Fakredeen, in various degrees, are his most truly representative heroes. The former is a youth of energy and ambition who climbs to power through the influence he gains over an aristocratic clique which he leads while they fancy him their mouthpiece; Sidonia is a mature and well-balanced mind, uniting unerring political discernment to the carelessness of perfect good-breeding; and Fakredeen is a brilliant visionary with Asiatic dreams of a resuscitated empire, combined of England and India, with a tributary Syria. Sidonia is probably the author's favorite impersonation of his own aspirations and ideal; here is part of the description of this character: "He could please; he could do more—he could astonish. He could throw out a careless observation which would make the oldest diplomatist start—a winged word that gained him the consideration, sometimes the confidence, of sovereigns. When he had fathomed the intelligence which governs Europe, and which can only be done by personal acquaintance, he returned to this country"* (England). Sidonia, says Brandes, commenting on Disraeli's con-

* *Coningsby.*

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ception, "does not trouble himself much about political forms. He regards the political constitution as a machine, the motive power of which is the national character; . . . nationality is to him only an intermediate idea; nationality is based upon race, for without the impress of race nationality is inconceivable and meaningless. . . . His faith in race concurs with his conviction of the overwhelming influence of individual character, for it is only as a personification of the race that the individual appears to him to be great. 'Man is made to adore and to obey' is one of his favorite axioms. . . ." Convenient theories so long as you happen to be of the superior race and are the individual to be adored and obeyed.

The first step towards definite leadership that Lord Beaconsfield took identified him with the political branch of the Tractarian party—a knot of enthusiasts, poets, reformers, romanticists, who aimed at a semi-mediæval social revival, in which the church and the state should form a new Utopia, Catholics and Anglicans become one, monasteries, as the asylum of the poor, be restored, chivalry be resuscitated, trade abolished, or at least restrained from political power, the ancient class of yeomen flourish once more, every one in every class do his duty, and progress or development never more vex or disturb the public mind. The knot of men who held these views were, on the whole, very young, from eighteen to twenty-three, but even among them there were two parties, one of which was more liberal than the other, Sydney Smythe, Lord Strangford's son, being its representative, while Lord John Manners (son of the then Duke of Rutland) represented the more strictly mediæval party. That the "Young England" set, as they called themselves, were sincere and generous in their belief there is no doubt; the enthusiasm spread among older men and women; the Catholic tendencies of many were spurred on by it; Puseyism coalesced with it; it thought itself the herald of a national regeneration, and it only collapsed because it had failed to take into account the necessities of existence and the bent of the plodding but never retrograde English mind. Disraeli, through an emotional and not unreal sympathy with this idealism, was able to guide it skilfully to his own ends by making himself, at forty, the leader of the new crusade. The youths believed they had found their prophet, and henceforth deferred to their providentially appointed leader. Disraeli's best novels were written after this, and expressed, through a good deal of mystical and sometimes sarcastic jargon, the leading ideas of the new Christian socialism.

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Both the old political parties laughed at this new gospel, and it is impossible that its self-constituted head should have believed in it except as an instrument; but it served his purpose admirably, as it gave him a following and exhibited his powers as a moderator, thereby vanquishing the prejudice even of the old Tory fathers of his impetuous poetical reformers, so that the former reluctantly came to acknowledge his influence as a rational check on their sons' quixotism. The party, as a party, soon melted away, but the best novels Disraeli wrote were the outcome of his connection with it. *Coningsby*, *Sybil*, and *Tancred* —types *par excellence* of the political novel, a species said to have been created by this author—all turn more or less on the union of some of his friends' utopian theories and his own ideal of a Tory-Radical socialism. Brandes says that *Sybil* contains passages that remind one of Lassalle, and a recent magazine article in England has clearly put forth the theory of identification of the Tory policy with a modified socialism; but Disraeli's cynical observation of his fellows compels him to admit, with a shrug as it were, that the masses understand the monarchical form of government more readily than the republican, still less the constitutional. "They follow the family affairs of a royal house with far greater interest," comments Brandes, "than an abstract political event"; and quoting Walter Bagehot, that sagacious forerunner of his time, he adds: "The women—one-half the human race at least—care fifty times more for a marriage than a ministry" (*The English Constitution*). It requires either enormous selfishness or great strength of mind to escape becoming a pessimist after the steady contemplation of this hopeless childishness of most nations. The lack of intellectual aspirations among a people whose ideal was summed up in domestic comfort warranted Disraeli's sarcastic description of the Conservative party as those whose ideas of politics consisted in £1,200 a year, paid quarterly. "To receive £1,200 a year is government; to try to receive £1,200 a year is opposition; to wish to receive £1,200 a year is ambition." The contrast between the acquiescence in received ideas, the slavery to precedent and custom, which distinguished all classes, and the principles they believe themselves religiously to hold, is brought out with droll but veiled insistence in these three novels. *Sybil*, whose heroine is a workman's daughter and a Catholic, is a plea for Chartism—that is, the only violent form in which English socialism ever broke forth. Calling it socialism, however, hardly describes this movement accurately, as it attacked neither religion nor property, but was a premature at-

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tempt to extend the franchise and to abolish the state church. Its hero, the younger brother of a traditional "wicked lord," is a mouthpiece of "Young England," and ends by marrying Sybil (romantic marriages, flying in the face of English prejudices, are favorite incidents with Lord Beaconsfield); but at the close his theories undergo the change that experience and contact with unpleasant truths and disillusions generally work on any but born visionaries, and Egremont rescues Sybil (whose father turns out to be the real heir of a vast property), only to relapse into the ordinary habits of an English gentleman. *Coningsby* is less dramatic, less artistic, more evidently a political pamphlet in disguise, but is full of good sketches drawn from life, the general self-complacency of those who hold the "loaves and fishes" being incisively portrayed. *Tancred*, the most interesting but most cynical of the three, opens with the description of a British couple in superlative degrees irreproachable, respectable, conventional, mediocre, and blue-blooded, and their only child, Tancred, who puzzles and alarms them by his idealism. His London adventures and his tour in the East—where he meets and marries a lovely and enthusiastic Jewess, and falls in with a Hebrew Bedouin tribe, after an equally strange introduction to a beautiful heathen queen, the impersonation of Aryanism—are the occasion for a good deal of clever description of types, and political prophecies of the Asiatic mission of England, but the conclusion points to the final triumph of circumstances over theories, and to the inevitable British tendency to "let things alone." Brandes calls *Tancred*, in its relation to its author's Eastern politics, "a veritable palimpsest; beneath a layer of poetical and grotesque fantasies the book concealed for thirty years the serious programme of his policy, and not until time has by degrees during the last four years corroded the surface were other critics enabled to decipher the concealed and instructive original writing." In a future paper we shall glance at other features of Lord Beaconsfield's life and writings.

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THE OUTCOME OF THE CHANNING CENTENNIAL.

WHAT has the Channing centennial to tell us? Has it no new truth to offer the world? If it has some fresh thought struggling for utterance, what more fitting occasion for its deliverance than the celebration of the centennial of the birth of its leading champion? But if one can judge from what has been put in print on this memorable event—and not a little of this sort has been done—two generations of men, more or less, have sufficed to exhaust the Unitarian movement of its vitality. Unitarianism, from Channing to its latest representative, apart from its utterances against Protestantism, and especially against that form of Protestantism given by John Calvin, has no intellectual or moral significance or worth, and all its movements as a body, in spite of the boundless aspirations and sublime purposes of its members, have ended in nothing.

But the Unitarian movement was one of negation, and owes its existence to its horror of Calvinism. Is it not, therefore, ironical to ask: What has it new or original to offer the world? But could there be a denial of the false unless on the basis of a supposition, implicitly or explicitly, of the true? Every thought involves some truth.

Precisely; Unitarianism was the recognition of the primary truths of the natural order as over against the exaggeration of the truths of the supernatural order by Calvinism. Unitarianism, therefore, confined within its limits, was not a denial of Christianity, but a denial and repudiation of Calvinism.

But Unitarians made the mistake of confounding Calvinism with Christianity, and, with all their boasted intelligence, persist in this egregious blunder. Hence as Calvinism represented the truths of the supernatural order in such a shape as to contradict the truths of the natural order, so Unitarianism, in opposition, represented the truths of the natural order in such a shape as to contradict the truths of the supernatural order. Perhaps this was the best method of extinguishing the errors of both, on the maxim of therapeutics, that *contraria contrariis curantur.*

Be this as it may, the result has been that the Calvinists for the most part have quietly dropped their ultra tenets and adopted others more in accordance with the truths of natural reason, or subsided into unbelief; and the Unitarians, finding nothing of

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much account to protest against, have grown tired of reiterating their exhausted formulas, and are also for the most part on the road to extinction. The two combatants have succeeded in vanquishing each other. Neither of the original parties, as such, continues to exist, and their descendants now meet on the same platform, shake hands together, and exchange congratulations. Their occupation is gone.

Some few of the younger Unitarian ministers affirm with unwonted emphasis the primary truths of reason and the first principles of philosophy before their conferences, as though these truths were recent discoveries of their own! They seem not to be awakened to the recognition of the fact that they were combating Calvinism with truths fully accepted and maintained by all past generations, and defended by pagan as well as Catholic philosophers. Hence it is easier for an Unitarian to become a Catholic than a Calvinist; for the truths of the supernatural order are in perfect consonance with those of the natural order. Whereas a Calvinist in becoming a Catholic has not only to embrace the truths of the natural order, but also to correct the errors which he holds of the supernatural order, from which difficult task the Unitarian is exempt. This truth, that the knowledge and certitude of the truths of the natural order are preliminary to the belief of the truths of the supernatural order, and that the former serve the latter as their necessary basis, seems never for a moment to have entered the minds of the Unitarians, and we fear it would require a surgical operation to lodge it into their brains. The synthesis of the truths of both the natural and supernatural order constitutes Christianity, and this is the meaning of Catholicity.

But "the era of destruction," we are told, "is ended." What now will the Unitarians do? "A desire for an affiliation and a longing to organize" have come to birth. "Organization and construction" is now in season. But organize what? Construct —but upon what? There's the rub.

From Channing down to the present time their principal mission consisted in protesting. No one up to this date has brought forth any "new principle or basis" for reconstruction which has stood the test of one generation, not even a decade of years. Their *forte* consists in pulling down. Scarcely one Unitarian of prominence, we venture to say, could have been found in the recent gathering at Newport who would accept the task of defending the Unitarianism of Dr. Channing. These Unitarians are the logical offspring of Dr. Martin Luther, terrible as sappers

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and miners; but the less said of their organizing and constructive abilities the better. They excel in the way of demolition. The early Unitarians refuted Calvinism, and their sons have buried its remains; and their grandsons, the free-religionists, have in turn refuted Unitarianism, and its place of burial is already prepared. But what now?

That reason, the greatest gift of the Creator to man, is insufficient for itself is a truth recognized by the voice of all the sages of the past, and confirmed by the testimony of the whole human race of all ages. Even one who has preached up self-reliance *à l'outrance* is compelled to acknowledge:

> "We cannot learn the cipher
> That's writ upon our cell;
> Stars help us by a mystery
> Which we could never spell."*

This confession is conspicuously sincere, and above all true, since the light of Christianity has stimulated man's reason to aspire and seek after what is infinitely far beyond his reach. As for Unitarians, they can accept in no modified shape Protestantism, for Calvinism is its only logical basis, and have they not shown clearly that on all characteristic points Calvinism is in flagrant contradiction with the plain dictates of reason? Some few weak-kneed brethren have put up with Episcopalianism because it has no dogmatic basis. It is so broad that one is left to believe whatever he likes and deny whatever he dislikes. It answers remarkably well as a temporary shelter for the emotional and social instincts of one who is willing to let his reason and conscience slide in religion, and it affords a respectable stopping-place to let him down quietly into the gulf of unbelief. But intelligent men who respect themselves cannot put up with a sham, even though its dimensions be ever so broad. They are restless to know what is the fate of the man-child, and are inquisitive as to the meaning of man. They are tormented with an eternal "Why?"

Dr. Channing thought to build on the idea that Christ was a being above man and below God. Few if any Unitarians of to-day sympathize with this indefinable notion of their leader. At best such a superangelic being was only a creation of fancy, and had been better left in oblivion with its originator, Arius.

Theodore Parker changed this idea by subtracting from its divine side and adding some defects on the human. Jesus was to Parker a remarkable Jewish peasant, one unusually but not alto-

* Emerson.

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gether free from the weakness of his race and the limitations of his surroundings. Parker, as an exponent of religion, felt called upon to affirm the eternal elements in all religions, and to emphasize the immanence of God in all creation, especially in man. He dreamed of this divine immanence until he died, and died with the idea—not, perhaps, a very clear one—that he might be a special incarnation of this divine immanence himself. Had he lived New England might have had the honor of giving birth to a modern Buddha, a Babu Keshub Chunder Sen; but he died, and likewise his works.

Dr. Bellows, of this city, but of New England origin, struck off in an opposite direction, and, with his accustomed dash, startled many of his friends. To all appearances, in his Cambridge address he made a rush for historical, organic Christianity, in order to escape from a lifeless rationalism and stark unbelief. It was a remarkable production, but his friends had no need of feeling alarmed, for he came suddenly to a halt, resumed his usual course, recovering his balance by asserting that the belief in the divinity of Christ "is only the latest and least offensive remnant of idolatry," and that "we may still hear Christ saying of his idolaters what he said of his crucifiers: 'Father, forgive them, they know not what they do.'" * And when he reached Cairo in his Eastern trip he did not hesitate to express a greater sympathy with Islamism than Christianity—a sentiment which reminds one of the great Reformer himself, one worthy of his descendant, and full of reassurance to his friends of the Unitarian persuasion. Had he been younger, who knows, he might have been tempted to follow the example of one of the most brilliant and gifted of the early Unitarian ministers of Boston, who went to Turkey, turned Mohammedan, and became a Moslem preacher.

The Rev. O. B. Frothingham pushes straight forward on the extreme left, and starts Free-Religionism. "Emerson," he tells us, "preached individualism. So did Parker. So did all men of that school. It was the logical outcome of their faith." But individualism has done its best, and has "become rough and rude and contumacious; vagaries and whims and notions calling themselves inspired, and a coarse kind of self-assertion, take possession of the holy place, and utter their diatribe in the name of prophecy." † This is the language of Mr. Frothingham in his farewell sermon. This is all very true of individualism, and was equally true a generation ago, or two generations ago, yea, and

* *Restatements of Christian Doctrine*, p. 34.
† *Liberal Christian*, April 11, 1868.

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never more true than it was three centuries ago, and is, though he does not appear to see it, a thorough and complete condemnation of the logical premise of Protestantism. Still he has an occasional glimpse of its truth, for he says in the same sermon: "Protestantism is only three hundred years old. It is a schism, a departure from the old church, and it owes the savor of its piety, its nobleness, its grandeur, its sincerity, to the ages that lay behind it in the old church from which it came."

But by what species of intellectual sleight of hand will Mr. Frothingham escape individualism, the false premise of Protestantism? That is a curious as well as an interesting question. Listen! This is how it is done: "We are," so he says, "on the eve now of organization, of construction on a new basis, under the guidance and direction and impulse of a new principle." But can he tell the world what is this "new basis" or "new principle" which is to give this guidance and direction? That is *the* question. "I am not," he says, "prepared to say what this shall be"; again: "I am not conceited enough to think that I can set anything right that is wrong, that I can answer any questions or throw any light upon any unsolved problems." O blind leader of the blind! why have you not the sincerity to retire into solitude after the example of Ralph Waldo Emerson, and honestly acknowledge, as he does:

"Alas! the sprite that haunts us
Deceives our rash desire;
It whispers of the glorious gods,
And leaves us in the mire.
We cannot learn the cipher
That's writ upon our cell;
Stars help us by a mystery
Which we could never spell.

"If but one hero knew it,
The world would blush in flame;
The sage, till he hit the secret,
Would hang his head for shame.
But our brothers have not read it,
Not one has found the key;
And henceforth we are comforted—
We are but such as they." *

Though Mr. Frothingham has not "hit the secret," unlike the "sage" he hangs not his head, but stands unabashed looking upward and forward to—what shall we call it? A new sect. No,

* Emerson.

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that is not euphonious. What, then? Why, to what he describes as an "organization of something like a denomination, with certain pretty well understood articles upon which earnest, faithful, intelligent people can agree, can co-operate, . . . to do something good for the world—to address itself hopefully to vital problems."

The late president of the free-religionists may well despair of enkindling the enthusiasm or awakening the hopes in our day which a similar experiment excited among the Unitarians of Boston a generation ago under the leadership of Rev. George Ripley. The best minds and the best hearts of that day were in sympathy with this new departure promising a fresh era for humanity. The Brook-Farmers were animated with the greatest confidence, and actuated by genuine enthusiasm united with a sincere spirit of self-sacrifice. So far as the building up of an organization is the test of truth, their strength was wasted, their hopes blasted, and as an experiment it issued into an utter failure. Brook Farm stood not alone in the early days of Unitarianism, when its young men and maidens saw visions and its old men dreamt dreams. Fruitlands, under the esoteric Bronson Alcott, was to have transfigured human life by the divinest inspirations: poetry, painting, architecture, and all the economies—yea, even the drudgeries of human existence, were to be recast into loftier forms of beauty. Why should not Pythagorases, Socrateses, Platos, Aspasias appear again upon earth in the shape of the youths and maidens of New England? Why should not inspired men and Sibyls utter their prophecy and tread the hills of Massachusetts and the streets of Boston as well as the hills of Palestine and the streets of Jerusalem? Nay, more, had they not all the knowledge and experience of the past at their backs, and were they not its heirs, and why should they not surpass the patriarchs and prophets—yea, and even Christ himself? They were fired with an ambition beyond the reach of all past mortals. Did not their own poet sing:

> "I am owner of the spheres,
> Of the seven stars, and the solar years,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspere's strain"?*

Wilder dreams and more extravagant anticipations never entered into the brain of man or woman, or were entertained in the fancy of boy or maiden outside of Bedlam, than were rife among

* Emerson.

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the "Newnessites," as these come-outers were then called. Fruitlands took a far loftier flight than Brook Farm, and counted for all its soaring, alas! only an earlier tomb. Will our free-religionists read their lesson? Do they fancy they can ever compete with their predecessors? Mr. Frothingham and his followers may have the enthusiasm to make the attempt; if so, it will be found only another example of "a substitution of impulse for judgment." The truth is, his promised undertaking is the same as that which O. A. Brownson organized in 1836, "The Society for Christian Union Progress," but which he took pains to prevent its growing into a sect.

Francis Ellingwood Abbot, a co-operator of Mr. Frothingham in the free-religion movement, is a reformer of still another stamp. Were his intelligence and knowledge equal to his confidence in his own abilities and his lively fancy, he might make an effective leader. He is not the man to entertain doubts about his faculty to set anything right that is wrong, or to answer any question, or of throwing the needed light on any unsolved problem. He impeaches in a lofty tone Christianity, solves with a profound insight the problem of Christ, and with a patronizing air promises "mankind will rank his religion high among the other great religions of the world." Bounteous thanks, O lama of free religion! for your extreme condescension. We have not the space to follow the line of his argument on each one of these points, but select as a specimen that concerning Christ.

With his accustomed assurance Mr. Abbot imagines that he has "found the key" and "hit the secret," and gives it publicity. After attempting to show how Jesus was educated by his environment, his fanciful analysis of the mystery of Christ is as follows:

> "Repelled though he was by the vulgar conception of the Christ as a mere warlike prince, the idea of spiritual supremacy through religious reformation of his people struck a responsive chord in his soul. His deep nature was thrilled and kindled by his country's hope, and with intense earnestness must he have asked himself: 'Can I fulfil it? Am I the Called, the Anointed of God?' The consciousness of his wonderful religious genius, fertilized and developed by the spirit of his age, fanned the wish into a prayer, and the prayer into a conviction, and the conviction into an enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm into a calm and omnipotent faith that he was indeed the Messias, singled out from all eternity by the will of God, foretold by prophets and kings, and awaited for weary centuries by humanity in tears."*

* A Lecture entitled *The Genius of Christianity and Free Religion.*

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Thus the mystery of Christ is explained! But how did Mr. Abbot find this all out? Such a question is impertinent. F. E. Abbot knows, you know, and that's enough. Having divulged his pet idea, it is now incumbent upon him to repudiate all other explanations and defend it against all attacks. This is the way he pays his compliments, over the left, to his French confrère, Renan:

"To him, however, who, in the face of sincerity like that of Jesus, ventures to whisper the word *imposture*, I will not do insult to my own reverence for human greatness by addressing any defence of Jesus from such a charge. It should blister the mouth that makes it. Enough for me that in the privacy of his own self-communings Jesus believed he heard the summons to a work of unparalleled sublimity; that he valued not his blood in comparison with obedience; that he claimed the Messianic diadem with death for its Koh-i-noor. Surely the suspicion of duplicity as the root of such vast historic influence betrays in the suspecter a disgraceful faith in the power of knavery."*

It is not difficult to imagine what would be Renan's retort to Abbot. "In my opinion," he would say, "Jesus knew what he was about, and therefore his intellect was not deceived. I give him at least credit for intelligence. In your opinion he gave himself up to a delusion and became the dupe of his imagination. My view saved his intellectual character, while yours sacrifices that with his moral. For a voluntary delusion involves the intellect with the moral nature, and damages both! Again, you object to the word *imposture;* well, suppose we take your word instead, and call it a *delusion.* 'A grand delusion,' then, was the root of such a vast historic influence, was it? Well, perhaps so! That there is a difference between a knave and a dupe I admit. The former is one who practises fraud, and the latter is one on whom the fraud is practised; but the productive cause in both is the same, and if my mouth should be blistered for crying *knave*, I see no reason why yours, in crying *dupe*, should escape the same treatment. Frankly, Abbot, don't you think that our theories have been, spider-like, evolved out of our own inner consciousness, and, instead of exhibiting the secret of Christ's life, we have only betrayed to the world the character of our own?" The application is patent.

Now, as to the practical side, we must forbear entering upon the history of "The Liberal League" of which Mr. Abbot was the originator, and of placing before our readers, if his own description is correct, the flock of nasty birds which it gathered.

*Ibid.

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Suffice it to say that this, like former experiments, has ended in a failure, but, unlike former ones, its end has been ignominious.

When will the Unitarians learn that the refutation of Calvinism was not the end of their providential mission, but only an episode in their true history? When will they raise their minds above the idea of the production of another religious sect only to repeat old errors or to waste their strength in vain experiments? Will it require an evolution of a new generation of Unitarians before they can understand that Christianity is the only religion which can reasonably claim the attention of all mankind and satisfy man's deep religious necessities; and that their true mission was to purify human nature from Protestant errors and all alien mixture subversive of its dignity, and, thus prepared, Christianity might take hold of its universal convictions, elevate man to his divine manhood, and realize upon earth those inspirations which have their origin in heaven?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

F. R. COUDERT. LE DIVORCE. Réponse à M. Dumas. New York: A La Librairie du *Courrier des Etats Unis*, Barclay Street. 1880.

As a novelty in our literature, we have here a *brochure* in French, from the pen of a well-known New York lawyer, which a Parisian need not be ashamed of. It is, as the title indicates, a reply to M. Dumas' defence of the infamous project of a law of divorce proposed by M. Naquet. M. Coudert exposes, in a trenchant and logical manner worthy of his legal knowledge and ability, the gross ignorance and misrepresentations of M. Dumas, in respect to the ideas and terms belonging to the subject, and in respect to historical facts, and the legislation of various countries and times. He points out the distinction between civil laws dating from heathen times and which yielded but slowly to the authority of the church proclaiming the Christian law, and the laws always enforced by the spiritual authority of the church, and in due time incorporated into the civil code. Also, the difference between a declaration of the nullity of a matrimonial contract invalid from the beginning, and, moreover, of a legal separation *a mensa et thoro*, from a divorce, or dissolution of a valid contract of marriage. He shows that in theory the law of England after the Reformation was based on the same principle with the law of the church, that divorce was never legalized in any state which was governed by Catholic law; and in other Christian countries only for one cause, and that with many restrictions, until a recent

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date. All these things were thrown into confusion by M. Dumas. Whatever the French novelist has to say of the good moral effects of an easy and general law of divorce is refuted in a very telling manner, and the evidence of Roman authors and of Gibbon brought forward to prove the disastrous consequences of such a law among the ancient Romans.

Besides its argumentative conclusiveness and point, the *brochure* is a very pretty specimen of intellectual sword-play with the keen weapons of wit, ridicule, and sarcasm. It is all alive with a fine irony, and is quite as amusing as it is solid and instructive. We like this way of treating such a subject and such a writer. Immoral sophistry is best attacked by ridicule, when the wit plays and flashes upon the point of argument. The following is a specimen:

"Je viens de lire votre livre sur le divorce. Je ne prétendrai pas qu'en entreprenant la lecture de cet ouvrage, j'aie été attiré par le titre, ni que le sujet possédât pour moi un attrait particulier; c'est simplement parceque ces pages étaient signées de vous et que depuis bien des années j'ai contracté l'habitude de vous lire. Je ne m'en fais pas gloire, tant s'en faut, et vos francs aveux de la part qu'a eu le Diable dans la production de vos œuvres me fait soupçonner que j'aurais peut-être mieux employé mon temps à autre chose. Mais vous avez une façon à vous d'éblouir les gens et quand votre 'diable' parait en scène, ce qui par parenthèse n'est pas rare, il est mis avec tant de goût, il est si joli garçon, si parfumé, il s'exprime avec tant d'élégance, que l'on ne voit plus ses doigts crochus ni ses pieds fourchus: l'odeur de soufre que tout diable qui se respecte doit exhaler, est deguisée d'une façon dont vous possédez seul le secret. Pourquoi donc êtes-vous venu avec une franchise quelque peu brutale, nous ravir nos illusions, *en nous le montrant sans ce joli appareil qui lui seyait si bien?*"

The deadly stroke of this last sentence could not be surpassed by Louis Veuillot. Poor Dumas in M. Coudert's hands fares like a wretched cat in the power of a terrier. And, at the close, the author rises to a tone of indignant sarcasm and true eloquence, in the vindication of France, worthy of his generous blood and of his faith as a Christian gentleman. We advise every one who can read French to peruse this pamphlet, if only for the sake of its literary merit.

LIVES OF THE CATHOLIC HEROES AND HEROINES OF AMERICA. By John O'Kane Murray, B.S., author of the *Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, etc., etc. New York: James Sheehy. 1880.

The heroes and heroines selected by Mr. Murray for his brief and comprehensive biographies are Christopher Columbus, Alonzo de Ojeda, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, Hernando Cortez, St. Rose of Lima, Samuel de Champlain, Father Isaac Jogues, Father de Brébœuf, Father Andrew White, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Miss Jane Monce, Father Marquette, Robert Cavelier de la Salle, Venerable Margaret Bourgeois, Montcalm, Commodore Barry, Archbishop Carroll, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Mother Seton, Bishop Bruté, Father Gallitzin, Bishop England, Archbishop Hughes, and Father de Smet. These names cover a very great and important portion of the history of the New World. All possess peculiar attractions for the Catholic, and particularly the American reader. A know-

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ledge of the lives and works of these illustrious men and women is necessary for any one who would study American history. Mr. Murray has scarcely thrown much new light on these lives, but he has done well to group them together, and his narrative is rapid, graphic, and popular in its style and tone. The volume is a very handsome octavo of 878 pages, with numerous illustrations, and printed on toned paper in beautifully clear type.

THREE ROSES OF THE ELECT. By Mgr. de Ségur. Twelfth edition. Translated from the French by a Priest of the Ancient Order of Mount Carmel, Whitefriar Street, Dublin. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

Another excellent little work from the tireless pen of that venerable champion of the church, Monsignor Ségur. The *Three Roses of the Elect* are loyalty to the Pope, devotion to Mary, and love of the Adorable Sacrament of the altar. These the learned and pious author explains in his usual clear, simple, and attractive manner. This little book is at the same time entertaining and instructive and conducive of the cherished devotions mentioned.

HIS MAJESTY MYSELF. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

The scope of this novel, one of the "No-Name Series," is indicated by the quotation from Coleridge on the title-page: "I once knew a man who had advanced to such a pitch of self-esteem that he never mentioned himself without taking off his hat." It is a cleverly yet somewhat crudely written story, of what might be called the psychological school. It introduces to us quite a number of strongly marked and contrasted characters, and the author is constantly taking a dive into their souls with a view of fishing up something very wonderful. It is not the most exhilarating kind of reading; but of its kind *His Majesty Myself* is by no means a bad specimen. The main interest of the story centres about a couple of college youths who are being educated for the ministry, their loves, and what becomes of them. There is an over-flavor of parson about it for the general reader, and the lives of the students as depicted at Old Orange seem cheerless enough. The mistake of the author is in a strained effort to startle. Readers do not sit down to a novel as to an electric bath or to a sermon. We like to take our dose of horrors easily as we stretch our legs and yawn in the sun. It is well to ease off once in a while and not rack a man's bosom through all your two hundred and ninety-nine pages. The author is evidently very much in earnest and writes with a purpose. He writes well though unevenly, at times with remarkable ability. Some of the scenes are most forcibly depicted, and the characters are all more or less picturesque, while some of them are very interesting. One reads the book through; and it only needed a little quiet rounding and finish to make it an exceptionally popular story.

THREE LECTURES, delivered in Chicago, St. Patrick's Day, 1880, by Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, D.D., Bishop of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. John Joseph Hogan, D.D., Bishop of St. Joseph; Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, by Request of the Irish-American Council of Chicago, in aid of the Irish Relief Fund. P. T. Sherlock, publisher, Chicago. 1880.

In the presence of the extreme suffering in Ireland, the customary

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parades on St. Patrick's Day were, with natural good taste and feeling, abandoned this year. In Chicago, where, it seems, there is an Irish-American Council representing the Irish societies of that city, the excellent plan was adopted of substituting for the parade a lecture in each of the three divisions of the city. The lecturers were the distinguished prelates whose names are given above. The proceeds were devoted to the relief of the distress in Ireland. Bishop Hennessy spoke on "The Ever-Faithful Ireland," Bishop Hogan on "Ireland's Sorrows," and Bishop Spalding on "England's Crime." The three lectures as here reprinted form a valuable contribution to Irish history, quite apart from the eloquence and oratorical power displayed in each.

THE CATHOLIC BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled by a Lady. London: Burns & Oates.

This volume may be described as a very pretty little pious diary. On one side is printed the day of the month (three days going to a page), with appropriate verse or quotation from some saint or pious writer and a suggestion for pious practice; on the other side is a blank page for writing. Why it is called "a birthday book" is hard to see, inasmuch as one can hardly have three hundred and sixty-five birthdays in a year. It makes a pretty present.

THE HOVELS OF IRELAND. By Fanny Parnell. New York: Thomas Kelly.

Miss Parnell is a bright and entertaining writer. The title of the pamphlet sufficiently expresses its scope and object. The pictures therein presented, as taken from testimony given in open court under oath, are heart-rending. The proceeds from the sale of the pamphlet will be sent to the Irish Land League for relief.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE. By W. Stewart Trench. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

This is a republication of Mr. Trench's interesting and to an extent valuable work. It is well to read both sides of a story. Mr. Trench wrote his book from the landlord's side, and as such it stands to-day.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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IRELAND AND THE LAND QUESTION.

THE word *Fatherland* is suggestive of two root ideas in the development of nations. Kinship was the tie that first held communities together in primitive times. Passing from the household, it bound family to family, tribe to tribe, and held all in obedience to a recognized head; we see this illustrated in the Biblical sketch of Lot and Abram. Nay, more, it influenced men naturally or artificially of kin to each other to look upon others as inferiors, if not foes. The Jew so regarded the Gentile; in such estimation was the outside world held by the Greek; and not to be a Roman was to be a barbarian. In progress of time, when nomad habits had yielded to a settled style of living, and those subject to a common head had increased in number, the land, where it did not supplant, became blent with, kinship as an element of association. Rock and grove, hill and stream, were hallowed by lay of the minstrel; the harp was tuned in praise of river and valley; the Druid priest sought the shade of the oak as the shrine of his devotions; prince and peasant, soldier and sailor, were animated alike by *the sweet love of country.*

But of all nations that have fostered this love or been led on by this instinct, few, if any, have surpassed the Irish. Isolated from the rest of Europe, they have spent on their island home a wealth of affection and heroism that has evoked the wonder of the world. Though darkened by sorrow and blighted by the rule of the stranger, their native land remained still, for the Irish, their darling ideal, fairer than the fairest or most favored on earth. For them the emerald gem never lost its lustre, and its ocean setting was a joy for ever.

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"Freedom may be acquired, but cannot be recovered," says Rousseau; yet, though the angel of liberty took wing from the soil, the Irish kept the lamp of the temple still burning. Stricken down to the earth, they always rose with fresh strength for the combat, and from the death-throes of each expiring generation another was borne aflame with the quenchless love of liberty and of country. This love was the spring of unceasing effort, of truceless war, of peaceless rest in that indomitable people.

The form of government in Ireland at the time of its invasion by the English, 1169, was monarchical, each of the provincial kings acknowledging obedience to the *Ard-Righ*, then Ruaridh O'Connor, King of Connaught. This form of polity had moulded the manners and habits of the people for more than a decade of centuries; remodelled after the introduction of Christianity, it was altered in detail, from time to time, to meet the wants of the people; and now providing, as far as human foresight could, for every contingency likely to arise in such a country, it was loved, honored, and obeyed by all. But no law sanctioned by the veneration of ages, no usage dating back to the dawn of their civilization, no tradition of honor or principle of Christianity, might shield the Irish from the hunger of conquest that devoured the warlike invaders on the coast. If they had not burnt their ships, "J'y suis, j'y reste" flamed from every mast in the fleet.

Then the houses of the Irish were made of wood and wicker-work, the residences of chiefs and kings being emblazoned with bronze and gold, the roofs trellised with wings of birds of rare plumage. After a hundred years of rest from invasion the island blossomed with beauty and joy, smiled with peace and plenty. All the air was glad with the hum of industry; the spinning-wheel whirred under the deft hand of the blue-eyed maiden singing at her work; the oats were ground at the mill; at dusk, on his homeward path from the fields, the clansman laughed as he thought of his wife cooing their babe in its crib; the tinkling bell called the flocks to the fold, and the newly-emancipated slave drove in the oxen from the hills. The people enjoyed Arcadian happiness: they were social toward one another, hospitable to strangers, and faithful to God. They could not brook a breach of the marriage laws even in a king. This king, Diarmid MacMurrough, had to fly from his dominions, exiled by the moral sentiment of his own kith and kin; and it was to reinstate the adulterous monarch on his throne that the English first profaned the holy soil of Ireland. A king by whose orders a saint was slain, but one year before, at the foot of the altar in Canterbury came to Ireland in

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the name of religion to stifle its first precepts, in the name of peace to let slip the sleuth-hounds of war, in the livery of heaven to do the work of hell.

It would be a subject of curious, if not profitable, speculation to inquire what would have been the outcome of Irish institutions if left to their own proper development. Forming a confederacy not unlike that of the United States before the adoption of our Constitution, in the march of events, and under the impulse of enlarged knowledge acquired by the art of printing and other discoveries, would they, in time, have ripened into a republic and spread the seeds of liberty in Northern Europe? Or, again, would the nominal supremacy accorded to the *Ard-Righ* have given way to a real supremacy gained by some native king of overshadowing strategy and statecraft? And would such a ruler, seizing a favorable moment, and aided by his kinsmen the Scots, have crossed the Channel and carved his way to royal success by an Irish battle of Hastings? He could hardly accomplish this unaided, for the population was about one to three, and this proportion, as far as we can ascertain, held good for centuries. But such a line of investigation would lead us too far from the matter in hand.

Henry II. was poor after the wars in France, and it was just at that time that hired troops were first organized, instead of the feudal retainers. He found Ireland rich in flocks and herds, with a fertile soil and abundance of gold. Henry at the outset professed the kindliest feelings for the people; he claimed simply an honorary leadership or suzerainty over them. Soon, however, the mask was thrown off, but his profession was not yet regarded as the transparent sham that it was. Strongbow, who married Eva, daughter of MacMurrough, claimed Leinster as his share of the spoil. It was surrendered to Henry and reconveyed to the earl. Meath, then forming a distinct principality and containing eight hundred thousand acres, he granted to De Lacy. Ulster was assigned to De Courcy, Connaught to De Bürgh (or De Burgo), and the larger part of Munster to Fitzstephen and De Cogan. The remainder of the land was subdivided among four other of the ten principal knights and barons who had preceded or accompanied the king. It need hardly be said that this transfer was in conflict with every law, human and divine. No wonder, therefore, that the English had to fight inch by inch for the soil; that those who had been in possession for centuries, whose rights and privileges were carefully defined by their Brehon code, would not, save at the cost of their lives, give up

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that possession, surrender those privileges, or submit to so flagrant a usurpation. The Irish lost the advantage gained by disparity of numbers, owing to civil dissensions and the nature of their weapons of defence. Men whose mettle was tried on many a bloody field marched in full armor against them. Those knights and esquires from abroad were the pink and flower of heroism: they had taken part in tilt and tourney before the polished courts of Europe; some had seen the Christian banners wave over Antioch, Ascalon, and Jerusalem. In 1159, at the siege of Toulouse, Henry had given the accolade to thirty such knights. Clad in chain-armor, they were impervious to the archers and bowmen of the chiefs; but no steel, how well tempered soever, was proof against the pikemen and spearmen of Ireland, and many barons and knights who had passed unscathed through Saracen hosts bit the dust before the onset of Irish chivalry. *Inter arma silent leges;* yet love, which is a law unto itself, was heard in the hush of the strife. The winsome Irish ladies cast the spell of their witchery over the braveries of war—no mail was proof against *their* arrows—and within a generation the courtliest and bravest of the foe had intermarried with daughters of the native chiefs. From this stock sprang many of the families pre-eminent in later Irish annals. Some retained their love for England through almost all vicissitudes; others, again, adopted the manners, habits, and language of the Irish, and in after years, more Irish than the Irish themselves, leaped to the van or led the forlorn hope in every uprising. When King John landed, in 1210, it was less to war against the Irish than to humble his own too powerful barons. While as a matter of policy or statesmanship this system of intermarriage might be regarded of doubtful expediency, if not positively injurious to English interests—and subsequent statutes against it are numerous—it is nevertheless true that the long domination of the one country over the other is measurably owing to this intermarriage and its results, for crises have occurred when, were it not for such a tie, English power would have been broken, and English supremacy would have perished for ever, in Ireland.

The masses of the people winced under the foreign yoke, all the more that those who held the land were forcibly expelled to make room for English tenants. This was in direct defiance of the Brehon law. According to this code, the land was held in the name of the chief as the representative of the tribe, and no alienation could take place without the consent of the tribe. Periodically there was a redistribution of the land, and hereditary judges

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decided on all points of controversy. Holdings were tilled on shares by men not members of the tribe; but so jealous were the people of personal freedom that few cared to receive a large quantity of stock for tillage, lest it should trench on their sense of independence. This might appear strange or incredible, if we did not bear in mind that it was only a few years before that slavery had been abolished in Ireland, bishops and priests being the radical abolitionists. Before that time the English were in the habit of selling their children and relatives as slaves to the Irish; and we know, from recent experience, that the most intense love of liberty may be nourished side by side with the existence of slavery.

An Irish contingent fought under Bruce at Bannockburn. Soon after a conference of the Irish chiefs was held, and it was determined to invite Edward Bruce, brother of the conqueror, to the throne of Ireland. He arrived with the nucleus of an army, was joined by the Irish and by some of the Anglo-Irish chiefs, fought and won several battles, and was duly inaugurated and recognized as king near Dundalk, 1316. In the end he was worsted and slain; emancipation was defeated by the Anglo-Irish and their followers. In 1342 a parliament was convened at Dublin to confiscate the estates of those who had become *Hiberniores Hibernis ipsis.* Their estates were declared forfeited, but were reconveyed in a few years. In 1360 Lionel, son of Edward III., came to represent his father, and in right of his wife, a Lady de Burgh, to lay claim to Connaught. He fought some battles with doubtful results, but assumed the title of Clarence from his alleged victories in Clare. In 1367 he summoned a parliament at Kilkenny, and this body began the first of a series of most odious laws. The line of demarcation between both races was sharply defined. Trading with the Irish, the use of Irish names, apparel, or language, was punished as treason. Irish instincts of justice rebelled against such palpable wrong; they resisted the enforcement of such legislation, and its scope was confined to the gradually narrowing area of the territory known as the Pale. All outside its limits were reputed and declared to be the Irish enemy.

Richard II., in all the pomp and circumstance of war, landed in Ireland in 1394. His dreams of a triumphant and awe-inspiring progress through the country were rudely broken in upon by the sleepless vigilance and bravery of the gallant Art MacMurrough, who, if aided by his natural allies, would have consummated his work by destroying English supremacy. But again the foreign thrall was preserved by the Anglo-Irish senti-

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ment. Richard visited Ireland a second time in the first years of the fifteenth century, but, without effecting anything of moment, was recalled by the distant mutterings of war at home. Then began a century of bloodshed, a carnival of crime, in England, searing men's hearts to all the tender emotions and inflaming their minds with the most ferocious passions. From Ireland thousands sailed to take part in the struggle, and whole tracts of country became depopulated. Thereupon the ancient proprietors took possession of the vacated land. This was not regarded with favor in England, and in the reign of Henry VI. the county of Kildare was held forth as a prize to English settlers, with the privilege of holding it for six years exempt from tax. The underlying roots of English policy had already cropped out in the growing upas-tree of extermination; it did not reach the vigor of maturity at once, but it grew, waxed strong, and was cherished by every succeeding administration.

How great soever our sympathy for their sufferings, we are forced to admit that the Irish were guilty of one pregnant crime, the spring of unnumbered woes—they never joined in love while others joined in hate; and yet if Ostmen, Normans, and Celts could have been fused into one homogeneous body by any earthly influence, this would have been accomplished towards the end of the sixteenth century by Hugh O'Neil. In the reign of Philip and Mary the land of the O'Tooles, the O'Byrnes, and the O'Moores, confiscated in the previous reign, became King's County and Queen's County. Antrim and Down, the territory of Shane O'Neil, were confiscated in 1569. And in 1583 the estates of the Earl of Desmond, 583,000 acres, comprising a large part of Munster, were declared forfeited and bestowed on English subjects. The author of the *Faerie Queene* was one of the beneficiaries, receiving three thousand acres and the castle of Kilcolman, by the banks of the Mulla. This confiscation of the estates of the Earl of Desmond was preceded by a war which, though not remarkable for the number of men engaged or for the extent of territory overrun, was yet as black with woe and big with ruin as any of which we have record. The pleasant downs and sunny reaches of Cork and Kerry were littered with emblems of mourning; the waters of the Mulla and the Lee were dyed with the blood of the slain. Outside the cities and towns not a human being was to be seen for sixscore miles, save when from out the woods and glens men crept forth to look for food; "looking like anatomies of death, they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves." Neither sex nor age was spared; old men and women were hustled into barns and burned

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to death; infants were tossed on the spear-points of the soldiers, and found hanging from trees, strangled with their mothers' hair. Thirty thousand died from starvation. At last Elizabeth was informed that she had nothing left to rule over but carcasses and ashes; then peace was proclaimed—"they made a desert and called it peace." The estates were divided up among English undertakers, the chief condition being that no Irish should be among the tenantry. One of those undertakers, writing in 1589, says that, present at a session of the court where the Brehon Code was administered, he saw twenty cases disposed of at one sitting, and such a spirit of equity prevailed in the decisions that plaintiff and defendant were for the most part satisfied. He writes, too, of the Irish: "Although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheer their country yieldeth for two or three days, and take not anything therefor." And again: "They are obedient to the laws, so that you may travel through all the land without any danger or injury offered of the very worst Irish, and be greatly relieved of the best." Soon after this was written a war blazed out against the English power; the Ulster and Connaught forces were united; the campaigns were mapped out with consummate skill, the battles fought with matchless bravery; the genius of O'Neil, the daring of O'Donnell, the dash of Tyrconnel, the intrepidity of their brother chiefs and clansmen, all gave promise of bursting the shackles for ever. But again the Anglo-Irish colony saved Ireland to the English. O'Neil made a gallant effort to consolidate all the Irish in one invincible phalanx; he appealed, he coaxed, he threatened, but Lord Barrymore and men of his ilk maintained that their first allegiance was due to England. England concentrated the flower of her troops in Ireland; time after time the English flag went down in defeat before the heroism of the Irish; but at last, and when the film of death had fallen on the eyes of Elizabeth, O'Neil surrendered. In ten years Ireland had cost the queen three million four hundred thousand pounds. But O'Neil did not lay down his arms until the sky was overcast with the gloom of despair. Of his allies, some had sailed to Spain; others, with face to the foe, met death on the battlefield. Nor "corn nor horn" was left by the enemy; the ghastliest scenes of Desmond's war were re-enacted; thousands of corpses were unburied, and famine threw its tentacles over the perishing remnant of the people.

Sir John Davies, English attorney-general, writing about this time, says: "There is no nation or people under the sun that doth love equal or indifferent justice better than the Irish."

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O'Neil knew the English, root and branch, and felt that he might as well try to draw water from an empty well as to get any measure of justice from their government. But one alternative remained, and he tearfully embraced it. Loving his country with a passion that passeth understanding, he sailed away from her shores, never to see them more. After a stormy voyage the vessel reached France, where he and his companions were treated with royal hospitality by the king, who regarded O'Neil as third in rank of the great military captains of the age. From France they travelled to Belgium, where they were received with the highest distinction. Soon after they reached Rome, and were treated in a manner befitting alike their sad fortunes, exalted station and services, and the generous sympathy and princely munificence of the august head of the church, Paul V. The verdict returned against them by the pro-English jury was that a consciousness of guilt and a fear of losing their heads had made them leave the country.

In the Parliament of 1614 a bill of attainder was brought in against O'Neil and his fellow-exiles, confiscating their estates, which covered six counties and comprised two millions of acres. London companies were solicited to colonize those lands. With characteristic shrewdness they sent over a delegation to report on the prospect. Such a glowing account of the fertility of the soil and kindred advantages was rendered that they invested at once twenty thousand pounds. The land was distributed in sections of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 acres, and transferred to companies and undertakers. Some provision, it is true, was made for the native holders, but the foreigners, like a brood of harpies, deprived their lands and homes of all that made them dear to the natives. The Adventurers were for the most part, says Reid, historian of Presbyterianism, "such as either poverty, scandalous lives, or, at the best, adventurous seeking of better accommodation had brought thither." Such men had no scruples in cheating the native proprietors. England had employed spies to dog the footsteps of the exiles; through them she heard of the attentions paid to them, the pensions they received, the hopes they cherished of once again raising the flag of freedom on their own green hills. She still felt insecure of her sway in Ireland, and hired spies to pick out flaws in the titles of property-owners. In Connaught they had surrendered their estates.

The thirteenth of James I. legalized the surrenders, and the estates were reconveyed under the great seal of England. Three thousand pounds were paid for the enrolment; but, by some negligence of the officials, the enrolment was not made and the

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titles were declared invalid. In the reign of Charles I. the Connaught proprietors offered £120,000, to be paid in three annual instalments, for securing what was called the Three Graces. Two of these had to do with the land question; one was that possession for sixty years should bar all claims of the crown, the other that enrolment should be a sufficient muniment of title. The king promised the concessions demanded, received the money, and then shamelessly refused to carry out his promise. His representative, Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, feeling that the people looked upon this as a swindle, would fain give some color of law to the royal claim of ownership, and for this purpose had juries empanelled in the various counties, and all but forced them to bring in verdicts for the king. Jury-packing was not altogether successful; in Galway the jury, alive to a spirit of fair play and with a patriotism worthy of their sires, rebelled against the mockery of justice, and refused to bring in the verdict required. They were carried off to Dublin; each juryman was fined £4,000, and sentenced to be imprisoned till it was paid. The Parliament convened in 1640 passed some acts beneficial to Ireland; but Strafford was recalled by the civil war in England, and the plantation of Connaught did not yet take place.

At this time Europe reeled before the shock of a war that arrayed nation against nation, and made the earth tremble beneath the tread of their armies. Religion was the watchword of the combatants. Echoes of the strife in England and on the Continent had been wafted to Ireland, and her sons, smarting under colossal injustice, for the third time within half a century buckled on their armor, holding aloft the cross as the symbol of their faith and nationality. Since Desmond's war Irish soldiers were in the habit of enlisting in Spain, and these men saved from their daily pay in the Netherlands a certain amount to equip an expedition for Ireland. Delegates passed to and fro between the courts of France and Spain and the Irish leaders. The Vatican, too, promised co-operation. Preparations were diligently made; the uprising took place October 23, 1641, and was eminently successful at the outset. The story of a massacre by the Irish was an afterthought of the chief-justices, Parsons and Borlase, to inflame the zealotry and fanaticism of the Puritans. Mr. Lecky gives an admirable résumé of the authorities on the subject. For the first time since the invasion the Anglo-Irish made common cause with the native inhabitants. It was a neck-and-neck race for supremacy, one side fighting for faith and fatherland, the other side for the extirpation of the one and the transfer to themselves of the

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that is not euphonious. What, then? Why, to what he describes as an "organization of something like a denomination, with certain pretty well understood articles upon which earnest, faithful, intelligent people can agree, can co-operate, . . . to do something good for the world—to address itself hopefully to vital problems."

The late president of the free-religionists may well despair of enkindling the enthusiasm or awakening the hopes in our day which a similar experiment excited among the Unitarians of Boston a generation ago under the leadership of Rev. George Ripley. The best minds and the best hearts of that day were in sympathy with this new departure promising a fresh era for humanity. The Brook-Farmers were animated with the greatest confidence, and actuated by genuine enthusiasm united with a sincere spirit of self-sacrifice. So far as the building up of an organization is the test of truth, their strength was wasted, their hopes blasted, and as an experiment it issued into an utter failure. Brook Farm stood not alone in the early days of Unitarianism, when its young men and maidens saw visions and its old men dreamt dreams. Fruitlands, under the esoteric Bronson Alcott, was to have transfigured human life by the divinest inspirations: poetry, painting, architecture, and all the economies—yea, even the drudgeries of human existence, were to be recast into loftier forms of beauty. Why should not Pythagorases, Socrateses, Platos, Aspasias appear again upon earth in the shape of the youths and maidens of New England? Why should not inspired men and Sibyls utter their prophecy and tread the hills of Massachusetts and the streets of Boston as well as the hills of Palestine and the streets of Jerusalem? Nay, more, had they not all the knowledge and experience of the past at their backs, and were they not its heirs, and why should they not surpass the patriarchs and prophets—yea, and even Christ himself? They were fired with an ambition beyond the reach of all past mortals. Did not their own poet sing:

> "I am owner of the spheres,
> Of the seven stars, and the solar years,
> Of Cæsar's hand and Plato's brain,
> Of Lord Christ's heart and Shakspere's strain"?*

Wilder dreams and more extravagant anticipations never entered into the brain of man or woman, or were entertained in the fancy of boy or maiden outside of Bedlam, than were rife among

* Emerson.

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the "Newnessites," as these come-outers were then called. Fruitlands took a far loftier flight than Brook Farm, and counted for all its soaring, alas! only an earlier tomb. Will our free-religionists read their lesson? Do they fancy they can ever compete with their predecessors? Mr. Frothingham and his followers may have the enthusiasm to make the attempt; if so, it will be found only another example of "a substitution of impulse for judgment." The truth is, his promised undertaking is the same as that which O. A. Brownson organized in 1836, "The Society for Christian Union Progress," but which he took pains to prevent its growing into a sect.

Francis Ellingwood Abbot, a co-operator of Mr. Frothingham in the free-religion movement, is a reformer of still another stamp. Were his intelligence and knowledge equal to his confidence in his own abilities and his lively fancy, he might make an effective leader. He is not the man to entertain doubts about his faculty to set anything right that is wrong, or to answer any question, or of throwing the needed light on any unsolved problem. He impeaches in a lofty tone Christianity, solves with a profound insight the problem of Christ, and with a patronizing air promises "mankind will rank his religion high among the other great religions of the world." Bounteous thanks, O lama of free religion! for your extreme condescension. We have not the space to follow the line of his argument on each one of these points, but select as a specimen that concerning Christ.

With his accustomed assurance Mr. Abbot imagines that he has "found the key" and "hit the secret," and gives it publicity. After attempting to show how Jesus was educated by his environment, his fanciful analysis of the mystery of Christ is as follows:

> "Repelled though he was by the vulgar conception of the Christ as a mere warlike prince, the idea of spiritual supremacy through religious reformation of his people struck a responsive chord in his soul. His deep nature was thrilled and kindled by his country's hope, and with intense earnestness must he have asked himself: 'Can I fulfil it? Am I the Called, the Anointed of God?' The consciousness of his wonderful religious genius, fertilized and developed by the spirit of his age, fanned the wish into a prayer, and the prayer into a conviction, and the conviction into an enthusiasm, and the enthusiasm into a calm and omnipotent faith that he was indeed the Messias, singled out from all eternity by the will of God, foretold by prophets and kings, and awaited for weary centuries by humanity in tears."*

* A Lecture entitled *The Genius of Christianity and Free Religion.*

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Thus the mystery of Christ is explained! But how did Mr. Abbot find this all out? Such a question is impertinent. F. E. Abbot knows, you know, and that's enough. Having divulged his pet idea, it is now incumbent upon him to repudiate all other explanations and defend it against all attacks. This is the way he pays his compliments, over the left, to his French confrère, Renan:

"To him, however, who, in the face of sincerity like that of Jesus, ventures to whisper the word *imposture*, I will not do insult to my own reverence for human greatness by addressing any defence of Jesus from such a charge. It should blister the mouth that makes it. Enough for me that in the privacy of his own self-communings Jesus believed he heard the summons to a work of unparalleled sublimity; that he valued not his blood in comparison with obedience; that he claimed the Messianic diadem with death for its Koh-i-noor. Surely the suspicion of duplicity as the root of such vast historic influence betrays in the suspecter a disgraceful faith in the power of knavery."*

It is not difficult to imagine what would be Renan's retort to Abbot. "In my opinion," he would say, "Jesus knew what he was about, and therefore his intellect was not deceived. I give him at least credit for intelligence. In your opinion he gave himself up to a delusion and became the dupe of his imagination. My view saved his intellectual character, while yours sacrifices that with his moral. For a voluntary delusion involves the intellect with the moral nature, and damages both! Again, you object to the word *imposture;* well, suppose we take your word instead, and call it a *delusion.* 'A grand delusion,' then, was the root of such a vast historic influence, was it? Well, perhaps so! That there is a difference between a knave and a dupe I admit. The former is one who practises fraud, and the latter is one on whom the fraud is practised; but the productive cause in both is the same, and if my mouth should be blistered for crying *knave*, I see no reason why yours, in crying *dupe*, should escape the same treatment. Frankly, Abbot, don't you think that our theories have been, spider-like, evolved out of our own inner consciousness, and, instead of exhibiting the secret of Christ's life, we have only betrayed to the world the character of our own?" The application is patent.

Now, as to the practical side, we must forbear entering upon the history of "The Liberal League" of which Mr. Abbot was the originator, and of placing before our readers, if his own description is correct, the flock of nasty birds which it gathered.

* Ibid.

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Suffice it to say that this, like former experiments, has ended in a failure, but, unlike former ones, its end has been ignominious.

When will the Unitarians learn that the refutation of Calvinism was not the end of their providential mission, but only an episode in their true history? When will they raise their minds above the idea of the production of another religious sect only to repeat old errors or to waste their strength in vain experiments? Will it require an evolution of a new generation of Unitarians before they can understand that Christianity is the only religion which can reasonably claim the attention of all mankind and satisfy man's deep religious necessities; and that their true mission was to purify human nature from Protestant errors and all alien mixture subversive of its dignity, and, thus prepared, Christianity might take hold of its universal convictions, elevate man to his divine manhood, and realize upon earth those inspirations which have their origin in heaven?

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

F. R. COUDERT. LE DIVORCE. Réponse à M. Dumas. New York: A La Librairie du *Courrier des Etats Unis*, Barclay Street. 1880.

As a novelty in our literature, we have here a *brochure* in French, from the pen of a well-known New York lawyer, which a Parisian need not be ashamed of. It is, as the title indicates, a reply to M. Dumas' defence of the infamous project of a law of divorce proposed by M. Naquet. M. Coudert exposes, in a trenchant and logical manner worthy of his legal knowledge and ability, the gross ignorance and misrepresentations of M. Dumas, in respect to the ideas and terms belonging to the subject, and in respect to historical facts, and the legislation of various countries and times. He points out the distinction between civil laws dating from heathen times and which yielded but slowly to the authority of the church proclaiming the Christian law, and the laws always enforced by the spiritual authority of the church, and in due time incorporated into the civil code. Also, the difference between a declaration of the nullity of a matrimonial contract invalid from the beginning, and, moreover, of a legal separation *a mensa et thoro*, from a divorce, or dissolution of a valid contract of marriage. He shows that in theory the law of England after the Reformation was based on the same principle with the law of the church, that divorce was never legalized in any state which was governed by Catholic law; and in other Christian countries only for one cause, and that with many restrictions, until a recent

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date. All these things were thrown into confusion by M. Dumas. Whatever the French novelist has to say of the good moral effects of an easy and general law of divorce is refuted in a very telling manner, and the evidence of Roman authors and of Gibbon brought forward to prove the disastrous consequences of such a law among the ancient Romans.

Besides its argumentative conclusiveness and point, the *brochure* is a very pretty specimen of intellectual sword-play with the keen weapons of wit, ridicule, and sarcasm. It is all alive with a fine irony, and is quite as amusing as it is solid and instructive. We like this way of treating such a subject and such a writer. Immoral sophistry is best attacked by ridicule, when the wit plays and flashes upon the point of argument. The following is a specimen:

"Je viens de lire votre livre sur le divorce. Je ne prétendrai pas qu'en entreprenant la lecture de cet ouvrage, j'aie été attiré par le titre, ni que le sujet possédât pour moi un attrait particulier; c'est simplement parceque ces pages étaient signées de vous et que depuis bien des années j'ai contracté l'habitude de vous lire. Je ne m'en fais pas gloire, tant s'en faut, et vos francs aveux de la part qu'a eu le Diable dans la production de vos œuvres me fait soupçonner que j'aurais peut-être mieux employé mon temps à autre chose. Mais vous avez une façon à vous d'éblouir les gens et quand votre 'diable' parait en scène, ce qui par parenthèse n'est pas rare, il est mis avec tant de goût, il est si joli garçon, si parfumé, il s'exprime avec tant d'élégance, que l'on ne voit plus ses doigts crochus ni ses pieds fourchus: l'odeur de soufre que tout diable qui se respecte doit exhaler, est deguisée d'une façon dont vous possédez seul le secret. Pourquoi donc êtes-vous venu avec une franchise quelque peu brutale, nous ravir nos illusions, *en nous le montrant sans ce joli appareil qui lui seyait si bien?*"

The deadly stroke of this last sentence could not be surpassed by Louis Veuillot. Poor Dumas in M. Coudert's hands fares like a wretched cat in the power of a terrier. And, at the close, the author rises to a tone of indignant sarcasm and true eloquence, in the vindication of France, worthy of his generous blood and of his faith as a Christian gentleman. We advise every one who can read French to peruse this pamphlet, if only for the sake of its literary merit.

LIVES OF THE CATHOLIC HEROES AND HEROINES OF AMERICA. By John O'Kane Murray, B.S., author of the *Popular History of the Catholic Church in the United States*, etc., etc. New York: James Sheehy. 1880.

The heroes and heroines selected by Mr. Murray for his brief and comprehensive biographies are Christopher Columbus, Alonzo de Ojeda, Vasco Nuñez de Balboa, Hernando Cortez, St. Rose of Lima, Samuel de Champlain, Father Isaac Jogues, Father de Brébœuf, Father Andrew White, Mother Mary of the Incarnation, Miss Jane Monce, Father Marquette, Robert Cavelier de la Salle, Venerable Margaret Bourgeois, Montcalm, Commodore Barry, Archbishop Carroll, Charles Carroll of Carrollton, Mother Seton, Bishop Bruté, Father Gallitzin, Bishop England, Archbishop Hughes, and Father de Smet. These names cover a very great and important portion of the history of the New World. All possess peculiar attractions for the Catholic, and particularly the American reader. A know-

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ledge of the lives and works of these illustrious men and women is necessary for any one who would study American history. Mr. Murray has scarcely thrown much new light on these lives, but he has done well to group them together, and his narrative is rapid, graphic, and popular in its style and tone. The volume is a very handsome octavo of 878 pages, with numerous illustrations, and printed on toned paper in beautifully clear type.

THREE ROSES OF THE ELECT. By Mgr. de Ségur. Twelfth edition. Translated from the French by a Priest of the Ancient Order of Mount Carmel, Whitefriar Street, Dublin. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880.

Another excellent little work from the tireless pen of that venerable champion of the church, Monsignor Ségur. The *Three Roses of the Elect* are loyalty to the Pope, devotion to Mary, and love of the Adorable Sacrament of the altar. These the learned and pious author explains in his usual clear, simple, and attractive manner. This little book is at the same time entertaining and instructive and conducive of the cherished devotions mentioned.

HIS MAJESTY MYSELF. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

The scope of this novel, one of the "No-Name Series," is indicated by the quotation from Coleridge on the title-page: "I once knew a man who had advanced to such a pitch of self-esteem that he never mentioned himself without taking off his hat." It is a cleverly yet somewhat crudely written story, of what might be called the psychological school. It introduces to us quite a number of strongly marked and contrasted characters, and the author is constantly taking a dive into their souls with a view of fishing up something very wonderful. It is not the most exhilarating kind of reading; but of its kind *His Majesty Myself* is by no means a bad specimen. The main interest of the story centres about a couple of college youths who are being educated for the ministry, their loves, and what becomes of them. There is an over-flavor of parson about it for the general reader, and the lives of the students as depicted at Old Orange seem cheerless enough. The mistake of the author is in a strained effort to startle. Readers do not sit down to a novel as to an electric bath or to a sermon. We like to take our dose of horrors easily as we stretch our legs and yawn in the sun. It is well to ease off once in a while and not rack a man's bosom through all your two hundred and ninety-nine pages. The author is evidently very much in earnest and writes with a purpose. He writes well though unevenly, at times with remarkable ability. Some of the scenes are most forcibly depicted, and the characters are all more or less picturesque, while some of them are very interesting. One reads the book through; and it only needed a little quiet rounding and finish to make it an exceptionally popular story.

THREE LECTURES, delivered in Chicago, St. Patrick's Day, 1880, by Rt. Rev. John Hennessy, D.D., Bishop of Dubuque; Rt. Rev. John Joseph Hogan, D.D., Bishop of St. Joseph; Rt. Rev. John Lancaster Spalding, D.D., Bishop of Peoria, by Request of the Irish-American Council of Chicago, in aid of the Irish Relief Fund. P. T. Sherlock, publisher, Chicago. 1880.

In the presence of the extreme suffering in Ireland, the customary

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parades on St. Patrick's Day were, with natural good taste and feeling, abandoned this year. In Chicago, where, it seems, there is an Irish-American Council representing the Irish societies of that city, the excellent plan was adopted of substituting for the parade a lecture in each of the three divisions of the city. The lecturers were the distinguished prelates whose names are given above. The proceeds were devoted to the relief of the distress in Ireland. Bishop Hennessy spoke on "The Ever-Faithful Ireland," Bishop Hogan on "Ireland's Sorrows," and Bishop Spalding on "England's Crime." The three lectures as here reprinted form a valuable contribution to Irish history, quite apart from the eloquence and oratorical power displayed in each.

THE CATHOLIC BIRTHDAY BOOK. Compiled by a Lady. London: Burns & Oates.

This volume may be described as a very pretty little pious diary. On one side is printed the day of the month (three days going to a page), with appropriate verse or quotation from some saint or pious writer and a suggestion for pious practice; on the other side is a blank page for writing. Why it is called "a birthday book" is hard to see, inasmuch as one can hardly have three hundred and sixty-five birthdays in a year. It makes a pretty present.

THE HOVELS OF IRELAND. By Fanny Parnell. New York: Thomas Kelly

Miss Parnell is a bright and entertaining writer. The title of the pamphlet sufficiently expresses its scope and object. The pictures therein presented, as taken from testimony given in open court under oath, are heart-rending. The proceeds from the sale of the pamphlet will be sent to the Irish Land League for relief.

REALITIES OF IRISH LIFE. By W. Stewart Trench. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1880.

This is a republication of Mr. Trench's interesting and to an extent valuable work. It is well to read both sides of a story. Mr. Trench wrote his book from the landlord's side, and as such it stands to-day.

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THE

CATHOLIC WORLD.

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IRELAND AND THE LAND QUESTION.

THE word *Fatherland* is suggestive of two root ideas in the development of nations. Kinship was the tie that first held communities together in primitive times. Passing from the household, it bound family to family, tribe to tribe, and held all in obedience to a recognized head; we see this illustrated in the Biblical sketch of Lot and Abram. Nay, more, it influenced men naturally or artificially of kin to each other to look upon others as inferiors, if not foes. The Jew so regarded the Gentile; in such estimation was the outside world held by the Greek; and not to be a Roman was to be a barbarian. In progress of time, when nomad habits had yielded to a settled style of living, and those subject to a common head had increased in number, the land, where it did not supplant, became blent with, kinship as an element of association. Rock and grove, hill and stream, were hallowed by lay of the minstrel; the harp was tuned in praise of river and valley; the Druid priest sought the shade of the oak as the shrine of his devotions; prince and peasant, soldier and sailor, were animated alike by *the sweet love of country.*

But of all nations that have fostered this love or been led on by this instinct, few, if any, have surpassed the Irish. Isolated from the rest of Europe, they have spent on their island home a wealth of affection and heroism that has evoked the wonder of the world. Though darkened by sorrow and blighted by the rule of the stranger, their native land remained still, for the Irish, their darling ideal, fairer than the fairest or most favored on earth. For them the emerald gem never lost its lustre, and its ocean setting was a joy for ever.

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"Freedom may be acquired, but cannot be recovered," says Rousseau; yet, though the angel of liberty took wing from the soil, the Irish kept the lamp of the temple still burning. Stricken down to the earth, they always rose with fresh strength for the combat, and from the death-throes of each expiring generation another was borne aflame with the quenchless love of liberty and of country. This love was the spring of unceasing effort, of truceless war, of peaceless rest in that indomitable people.

The form of government in Ireland at the time of its invasion by the English, 1169, was monarchical, each of the provincial kings acknowledging obedience to the *Ard-Righ*, then Ruaridh O'Connor, King of Connaught. This form of polity had moulded the manners and habits of the people for more than a decade of centuries; remodelled after the introduction of Christianity, it was altered in detail, from time to time, to meet the wants of the people; and now providing, as far as human foresight could, for every contingency likely to arise in such a country, it was loved, honored, and obeyed by all. But no law sanctioned by the veneration of ages, no usage dating back to the dawn of their civilization, no tradition of honor or principle of Christianity, might shield the Irish from the hunger of conquest that devoured the warlike invaders on the coast. If they had not burnt their ships, "J'y suis, j'y reste" flamed from every mast in the fleet.

Then the houses of the Irish were made of wood and wicker-work, the residences of chiefs and kings being emblazoned with bronze and gold, the roofs trellised with wings of birds of rare plumage. After a hundred years of rest from invasion the island blossomed with beauty and joy, smiled with peace and plenty. All the air was glad with the hum of industry; the spinning-wheel whirred under the deft hand of the blue-eyed maiden singing at her work; the oats were ground at the mill; at dusk, on his homeward path from the fields, the clansman laughed as he thought of his wife cooing their babe in its crib; the tinkling bell called the flocks to the fold, and the newly-emancipated slave drove in the oxen from the hills. The people enjoyed Arcadian happiness: they were social toward one another, hospitable to strangers, and faithful to God. They could not brook a breach of the marriage laws even in a king. This king, Diarmid MacMurrough, had to fly from his dominions, exiled by the moral sentiment of his own kith and kin; and it was to reinstate the adulterous monarch on his throne that the English first profaned the holy soil of Ireland. A king by whose orders a saint was slain, but one year before, at the foot of the altar in Canterbury came to Ireland in

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the name of religion to stifle its first precepts, in the name of peace to let slip the sleuth-hounds of war, in the livery of heaven to do the work of hell.

It would be a subject of curious, if not profitable, speculation to inquire what would have been the outcome of Irish institutions if left to their own proper development. Forming a confederacy not unlike that of the United States before the adoption of our Constitution, in the march of events, and under the impulse of enlarged knowledge acquired by the art of printing and other discoveries, would they, in time, have ripened into a republic and spread the seeds of liberty in Northern Europe? Or, again, would the nominal supremacy accorded to the *Ard-Righ* have given way to a real supremacy gained by some native king of overshadowing strategy and statecraft? And would such a ruler, seizing a favorable moment, and aided by his kinsmen the Scots, have crossed the Channel and carved his way to royal success by an Irish battle of Hastings? He could hardly accomplish this unaided, for the population was about one to three, and this proportion, as far as we can ascertain, held good for centuries. But such a line of investigation would lead us too far from the matter in hand.

Henry II. was poor after the wars in France, and it was just at that time that hired troops were first organized, instead of the feudal retainers. He found Ireland rich in flocks and herds, with a fertile soil and abundance of gold. Henry at the outset professed the kindliest feelings for the people; he claimed simply an honorary leadership or suzerainty over them. Soon, however, the mask was thrown off, but his profession was not yet regarded as the transparent sham that it was. Strongbow, who married Eva, daughter of MacMurrough, claimed Leinster as his share of the spoil. It was surrendered to Henry and reconveyed to the earl. Meath, then forming a distinct principality and containing eight hundred thousand acres, he granted to De Lacy. Ulster was assigned to De Courcy, Connaught to De Bürgh (or De Burgo), and the larger part of Munster to Fitzstephen and De Cogan. The remainder of the land was subdivided among four other of the ten principal knights and barons who had preceded or accompanied the king. It need hardly be said that this transfer was in conflict with every law, human and divine. No wonder, therefore, that the English had to fight inch by inch for the soil; that those who had been in possession for centuries, whose rights and privileges were carefully defined by their Brehon code, would not, save at the cost of their lives, give up

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that possession, surrender those privileges, or submit to so flagrant a usurpation. The Irish lost the advantage gained by disparity of numbers, owing to civil dissensions and the nature of their weapons of defence. Men whose mettle was tried on many a bloody field marched in full armor against them. Those knights and esquires from abroad were the pink and flower of heroism; they had taken part in tilt and tourney before the polished courts of Europe; some had seen the Christian banners wave over Antioch, Ascalon, and Jerusalem. In 1159, at the siege of Toulouse, Henry had given the accolade to thirty such knights. Clad in chain-armor, they were impervious to the archers and bowmen of the chiefs; but no steel, how well tempered soever, was proof against the pikemen and spearmen of Ireland, and many barons and knights who had passed unscathed through Saracen hosts bit the dust before the onset of Irish chivalry. *Inter arma silent leges;* yet love, which is a law unto itself, was heard in the hush of the strife. The winsome Irish ladies cast the spell of their witchery over the braveries of war—no mail was proof against *their* arrows—and within a generation the courtliest and bravest of the foe had intermarried with daughters of the native chiefs. From this stock sprang many of the families pre-eminent in later Irish annals. Some retained their love for England through almost all vicissitudes; others, again, adopted the manners, habits, and language of the Irish, and in after years, more Irish than the Irish themselves, leaped to the van or led the forlorn hope in every uprising. When King John landed, in 1210, it was less to war against the Irish than to humble his own too powerful barons. While as a matter of policy or statesmanship this system of intermarriage might be regarded of doubtful expediency, if not positively injurious to English interests—and subsequent statutes against it are numerous—it is nevertheless true that the long domination of the one country over the other is measurably owing to this intermarriage and its results, for crises have occurred when, were it not for such a tie, English power would have been broken, and English supremacy would have perished for ever, in Ireland.

The masses of the people winced under the foreign yoke, all the more that those who held the land were forcibly expelled to make room for English tenants. This was in direct defiance of the Brehon law. According to this code, the land was held in the name of the chief as the representative of the tribe, and no alienation could take place without the consent of the tribe. Periodically there was a redistribution of the land, and hereditary judges

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decided on all points of controversy. Holdings were tilled on shares by men not members of the tribe; but so jealous were the people of personal freedom that few cared to receive a large quantity of stock for tillage, lest it should trench on their sense of independence. This might appear strange or incredible, if we did not bear in mind that it was only a few years before that slavery had been abolished in Ireland, bishops and priests being the radical abolitionists. Before that time the English were in the habit of selling their children and relatives as slaves to the Irish; and we know, from recent experience, that the most intense love of liberty may be nourished side by side with the existence of slavery.

An Irish contingent fought under Bruce at Bannockburn. Soon after a conference of the Irish chiefs was held, and it was determined to invite Edward Bruce, brother of the conqueror, to the throne of Ireland. He arrived with the nucleus of an army, was joined by the Irish and by some of the Anglo-Irish chiefs, fought and won several battles, and was duly inaugurated and recognized as king near Dundalk, 1316. In the end he was worsted and slain; emancipation was defeated by the Anglo-Irish and their followers. In 1342 a parliament was convened at Dublin to confiscate the estates of those who had become *Hiberniores Hibernis ipsis.* Their estates were declared forfeited, but were reconveyed in a few years. In 1360 Lionel, son of Edward III., came to represent his father, and in right of his wife, a Lady de Burgh, to lay claim to Connaught. He fought some battles with doubtful results, but assumed the title of Clarence from his alleged victories in Clare. In 1367 he summoned a parliament at Kilkenny, and this body began the first of a series of most odious laws. The line of demarcation between both races was sharply defined. Trading with the Irish, the use of Irish names, apparel, or language, was punished as treason. Irish instincts of justice rebelled against such palpable wrong; they resisted the enforcement of such legislation, and its scope was confined to the gradually narrowing area of the territory known as the Pale. All outside its limits were reputed and declared to be the Irish enemy.

Richard II., in all the pomp and circumstance of war, landed in Ireland in 1394. His dreams of a triumphant and awe-inspiring progress through the country were rudely broken in upon by the sleepless vigilance and bravery of the gallant Art MacMurrough, who, if aided by his natural allies, would have consummated his work by destroying English supremacy. But again the foreign thrall was preserved by the Anglo-Irish senti-

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ment. Richard visited Ireland a second time in the first years of the fifteenth century, but, without effecting anything of moment, was recalled by the distant mutterings of war at home. Then began a century of bloodshed, a carnival of crime, in England, searing men's hearts to all the tender emotions and inflaming their minds with the most ferocious passions. From Ireland thousands sailed to take part in the struggle, and whole tracts of country became depopulated. Thereupon the ancient proprietors took possession of the vacated land. This was not regarded with favor in England, and in the reign of Henry VI. the county of Kildare was held forth as a prize to English settlers, with the privilege of holding it for six years exempt from tax. The underlying roots of English policy had already cropped out in the growing upas-tree of extermination; it did not reach the vigor of maturity at once, but it grew, waxed strong, and was cherished by every succeeding administration.

How great soever our sympathy for their sufferings, we are forced to admit that the Irish were guilty of one pregnant crime, the spring of unnumbered woes—they never joined in love while others joined in hate; and yet if Ostmen, Normans, and Celts could have been fused into one homogeneous body by any earthly influence, this would have been accomplished towards the end of the sixteenth century by Hugh O'Neil. In the reign of Philip and Mary the land of the O'Tooles, the O'Byrnes, and the O'Moores, confiscated in the previous reign, became King's County and Queen's County. Antrim and Down, the territory of Shane O'Neil, were confiscated in 1569. And in 1583 the estates of the Earl of Desmond, 583,000 acres, comprising a large part of Munster, were declared forfeited and bestowed on English subjects. The author of the *Faerie Queene* was one of the beneficiaries, receiving three thousand acres and the castle of Kilcolman, by the banks of the Mulla. This confiscation of the estates of the Earl of Desmond was preceded by a war which, though not remarkable for the number of men engaged or for the extent of territory overrun, was yet as black with woe and big with ruin as any of which we have record. The pleasant downs and sunny reaches of Cork and Kerry were littered with emblems of mourning; the waters of the Mulla and the Lee were dyed with the blood of the slain. Outside the cities and towns not a human being was to be seen for sixscore miles, save when from out the woods and glens men crept forth to look for food; "looking like anatomies of death, they spoke like ghosts crying out of their graves." Neither sex nor age was spared; old men and women were hustled into barns and burned

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to death; infants were tossed on the spear-points of the soldiers, and found hanging from trees, strangled with their mothers' hair. Thirty thousand died from starvation. At last Elizabeth was informed that she had nothing left to rule over but carcasses and ashes; then peace was proclaimed—"they made a desert and called it peace." The estates were divided up among English undertakers, the chief condition being that no Irish should be among the tenantry. One of those undertakers, writing in 1589, says that, present at a session of the court where the Brehon Code was administered, he saw twenty cases disposed of at one sitting, and such a spirit of equity prevailed in the decisions that plaintiff and defendant were for the most part satisfied. He writes, too, of the Irish: "Although they did never see you before, they will make you the best cheer their country yieldeth for two or three days, and take not anything therefor." And again: "They are obedient to the laws, so that you may travel through all the land without any danger or injury offered of the very worst Irish, and be greatly relieved of the best." Soon after this was written a war blazed out against the English power; the Ulster and Connaught forces were united; the campaigns were mapped out with consummate skill, the battles fought with matchless bravery; the genius of O'Neil, the daring of O'Donnell, the dash of Tyrconnel, the intrepidity of their brother chiefs and clansmen, all gave promise of bursting the shackles for ever. But again the Anglo-Irish colony saved Ireland to the English. O'Neil made a gallant effort to consolidate all the Irish in one invincible phalanx; he appealed, he coaxed, he threatened, but Lord Barrymore and men of his ilk maintained that their first allegiance was due to England. England concentrated the flower of her troops in Ireland; time after time the English flag went down in defeat before the heroism of the Irish; but at last, and when the film of death had fallen on the eyes of Elizabeth, O'Neil surrendered. In ten years Ireland had cost the queen three million four hundred thousand pounds. But O'Neil did not lay down his arms until the sky was overcast with the gloom of despair. Of his allies, some had sailed to Spain; others, with face to the foe, met death on the battlefield. Nor "corn nor horn" was left by the enemy; the ghastliest scenes of Desmond's war were re-enacted; thousands of corpses were unburied, and famine threw its tentacles over the perishing remnant of the people.

Sir John Davies, English attorney-general, writing about this time, says: "There is no nation or people under the sun that doth love equal or indifferent justice better than the Irish."

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O'Neil knew the English, root and branch, and felt that he might as well try to draw water from an empty well as to get any measure of justice from their government. But one alternative remained, and he tearfully embraced it. Loving his country with a passion that passeth understanding, he sailed away from her shores, never to see them more. After a stormy voyage the vessel reached France, where he and his companions were treated with royal hospitality by the king, who regarded O'Neil as third in rank of the great military captains of the age. From France they travelled to Belgium, where they were received with the highest distinction. Soon after they reached Rome, and were treated in a manner befitting alike their sad fortunes, exalted station and services, and the generous sympathy and princely munificence of the august head of the church, Paul V. The verdict returned against them by the pro-English jury was that a consciousness of guilt and a fear of losing their heads had made them leave the country.

In the Parliament of 1614 a bill of attainder was brought in against O'Neil and his fellow-exiles, confiscating their estates, which covered six counties and comprised two millions of acres. London companies were solicited to colonize those lands. With characteristic shrewdness they sent over a delegation to report on the prospect. Such a glowing account of the fertility of the soil and kindred advantages was rendered that they invested at once twenty thousand pounds. The land was distributed in sections of 2,000, 1,500, and 1,000 acres, and transferred to companies and undertakers. Some provision, it is true, was made for the native holders, but the foreigners, like a brood of harpies, deprived their lands and homes of all that made them dear to the natives. The Adventurers were for the most part, says Reid, historian of Presbyterianism, "such as either poverty, scandalous lives, or, at the best, adventurous seeking of better accommodation had brought thither." Such men had no scruples in cheating the native proprietors. England had employed spies to dog the footsteps of the exiles; through them she heard of the attentions paid to them, the pensions they received, the hopes they cherished of once again raising the flag of freedom on their own green hills. She still felt insecure of her sway in Ireland, and hired spies to pick out flaws in the titles of property-owners. In Connaught they had surrendered their estates.

The thirteenth of James I. legalized the surrenders, and the estates were reconveyed under the great seal of England. Three thousand pounds were paid for the enrolment; but, by some negligence of the officials, the enrolment was not made and the

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titles were declared invalid. In the reign of Charles I. the Connaught proprietors offered £120,000, to be paid in three annual instalments, for securing what was called the Three Graces. Two of these had to do with the land question; one was that possession for sixty years should bar all claims of the crown, the other that enrolment should be a sufficient muniment of title. The king promised the concessions demanded, received the money, and then shamelessly refused to carry out his promise. His representative, Wentworth, afterwards Lord Strafford, feeling that the people looked upon this as a swindle, would fain give some color of law to the royal claim of ownership, and for this purpose had juries empanelled in the various counties, and all but forced them to bring in verdicts for the king. Jury-packing was not altogether successful; in Galway the jury, alive to a spirit of fair play and with a patriotism worthy of their sires, rebelled against the mockery of justice, and refused to bring in the verdict required. They were carried off to Dublin; each juryman was fined £4,000, and sentenced to be imprisoned till it was paid. The Parliament convened in 1640 passed some acts beneficial to Ireland; but Strafford was recalled by the civil war in England, and the plantation of Connaught did not yet take place.

At this time Europe reeled before the shock of a war that arrayed nation against nation, and made the earth tremble beneath the tread of their armies. Religion was the watchword of the combatants. Echoes of the strife in England and on the Continent had been wafted to Ireland, and her sons, smarting under colossal injustice, for the third time within half a century buckled on their armor, holding aloft the cross as the symbol of their faith and nationality. Since Desmond's war Irish soldiers were in the habit of enlisting in Spain, and these men saved from their daily pay in the Netherlands a certain amount to equip an expedition for Ireland. Delegates passed to and fro between the courts of France and Spain and the Irish leaders. The Vatican, too, promised co-operation. Preparations were diligently made; the uprising took place October 23, 1641, and was eminently successful at the outset. The story of a massacre by the Irish was an afterthought of the chief-justices, Parsons and Borlase, to inflame the zealotry and fanaticism of the Puritans. Mr. Lecky gives an admirable résumé of the authorities on the subject. For the first time since the invasion the Anglo-Irish made common cause with the native inhabitants. It was a neck-and-neck race for supremacy, one side fighting for faith and fatherland, the other side for the extirpation of the one and the transfer to themselves of the

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other; it was a momentous struggle, carried on by the Puritans with all the rancor and malignity that hate could devise or a love of plunder inspire, and by the Irish with all the passion and enthusiasm that could be aroused by what was most sacred on their altars, most endearing in their homes. The Parliament confiscated in advance two million five hundred thousand acres of land as security for those who would lend money to equip an army against the Irish. The Adventurers subscribed in all £360,000. But the army organized was needed in England. The tide of victory set now in one direction, anon in another. Sir Phelim O'Neil was taken prisoner; he was offered his freedom and the restoration of his estates, if he would admit that he had received a commission from Charles; but the old man had rather meet death proudly on the scaffold, and lose his possessions, than sully his honor or stain his name by a lie. On the 24th of October, 1642, the Confederate Catholics met at Kilkenny; they adopted the provisions of Magna Charta, and of the common and statute law of England in all points not contrary to the Catholic religion or inconsistent with the liberty of Ireland. They had two houses, Lords and Commons, as a legislative body, and other departments were established to perform all the functions of government. A council of twelve was appointed to try cases in each county; from them lay an appeal to the Provincial Council, which met four times each year, and from this body an appeal might be taken to the Supreme Council of the Confederate Catholics of Ireland. This was made up of twenty-four members chosen by the General Convention. The framework of government was unexceptionable, but clashing interests hampered the action of the executive. Ormond, in command of the royalist troops, played fast and loose with all sides. Lord Glamorgan came over as special envoy from the king, promising in his name to grant all they demanded to the Confederate Catholics. Ormond had the envoy arrested for treason; he was released under a bond furnished by two Irish noblemen, and afterwards assigned to a command in Munster. Meanwhile "Don Eugenius" O'Neil, who had been a brilliant officer in the Spanish service, had arrived, and soon gave proof of the traditional heroism of the family. In 1645 the *San Pietro* cast anchor in Kenmare Bay, having on board His Eminence Cardinal Rinuccini, who brought with him money, arms, and ammunition. His route was a royal ovation. Soon after reaching Kilkenny, and making himself master of the situation by intimate knowledge of the manœuvres and calibre of Generals Preston, Mountcashel, and O'Neil, he tendered the munitions of war to the last-named, the

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great Eoghain Ruadh. The cardinal having espoused and championed an aggressive policy, O'Neil prepared to strike a blow in its defence. General Monroe led the British troops in the north, and, having heard of the designs of O'Neil, marched forth to give him battle. It was the prettiest piece of fighting during the war; the utmost skill in strategy was displayed by both, but at the close of the day Monroe was a fugitive, and O'Neil had won the glorious victory of Benburb.

In August, 1649, like a whirlwind of wrath, Cromwell and his Ironsides swept through the country. Scorched already by the lava-streams of battle, it now quivered beneath a harvest of slaughter. For five days the streets of Drogheda ran red with the blood of men, women, and children; and Cromwell called this "a mercy of the Lord." Wexford underwent a like fate; the bold chieftain who would have checked the demon force of butchery did not live to see the desolation.

> "Sheep without a shepherd when the snow shut out the sky—
> Oh! why did you leave us, Eochain? Why did you die?"

Lest any should escape from the sword, Cromwell used famine as a machine to kill off the Irish. Scythes and reaping-hooks were imported to cut down the growing corn; and such became the dearth of food that cattle had to be exported from Wales to Ireland. The English soldiers were clamoring for pay, and the undertakers to be reimbursed for the outlay made. The land of the Irish was the imperial exchequer by which and out of which the payments should come. Two and a half millions of acres were not sufficient for this purpose. Three millions of pounds sterling were due the soldiers for pay and supplies, and it was at last resolved that the whole Catholic people should be transplanted to Connaught, the old English of the Pale as well as the native blood. All royalist commissioned officers who owned over ten pounds were banished and sentenced to forfeit two-thirds of their lands, the remaining third, or its equivalent in Connaught, to go in support of their wives and children; those who "showed a constant and good affection" to the Parliament, and had not been in arms during the war, forfeited one-third of their estates, and received an equivalent for the remainder in Connaught. Protestants, however, had the privilege of compounding the forfeiture by paying one-fifth the value of their estates, or two years' rent, the fee-simple being estimated at the valuation of ten years' purchase. In March, 1655, after various extensions had been made, the last day was fixed for the transplanting to be

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effected. Those who were delinquent were liable to be court-martialled and hanged. The love of home, of early associations, ever a characteristic of the Irish, made them linger near the scenes of their childhood. True, but a few leagues spanned the distance, yet was it a tearing up by the roots of all that had sweetened life. Those who remained were arrested. Several trials took place at St. Patrick's Cathedral, Dublin, the accused were sentenced, and front and back on the lifeless remains was a placard with the words, "For not transplanting."

The insolent soldiery were quartered in the best mansions of the natives, who felt an added reluctance to go from the knowledge that their brothers in affliction would suffer from their presence in some way as they had suffered from that of the soldiery. It was forbidden them, also, to reside within two miles of the Shannon or four miles of the sea, while sections of Connaught were mere stretches of barren heath or moor. Of Clare, then forming part of Connaught, it was written, with playful exaggeration, "that it did not contain wood enough to hang a man, water enough to drown him, or earth enough to bury him." More than eight and a half millions of acres were confiscated and allocated to the English soldiers and undertakers. The contest had raged with more or less violence for thirteen years, during which time six hundred thousand Irish and Anglo-Irish troops were slain. Their valor was known of all men; delegates from France, Spain, and Poland had come to enlist the surviving remnant in the armies of their respective countries. Some forty thousand sailed away on this service. English merchants came over at this crisis to glut their craving for gold by kidnapping men, women, and children into slavery. Thousands were captured, and sent as slaves to the sugar-plantations in the West Indies, Barbadoes, and Jamaica. Over five hundred were shipped as slaves to New England, and some of the Plymouth colony went on invitation to Ireland, and received estates in the lands that had been confiscated. No wonder Lord Clarendon has written that the sufferings of Ireland from beginning to end of this Cromwellian war were greater than any of which history bears record since the destruction of Jerusalem by Titus. After the Restoration tyranny relaxed its vise-like grip on the people. Charles II. was disposed to be generous, but public sentiment was too bigoted to sympathize with his feelings. In 1662 the Act of Settlement was passed; this was supplemented by the act of explanation, rendered necessary by the insufficient supply of land for those declared innocent, and to adjust clashing interests.

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When James II. succeeded to the throne he unbarred the dungeons of persecution and kindled hopes too soon to be quenched in gloom. James himself was a Catholic, and the simple justice that he did in appointing men of his own religious belief to offices of trust and honor, in recognizing their equality before the law, gave umbrage to the Protestants, reawakened the slumbering spirit of bigotry, and James had to fly from England. On the 12th of March, 1689, he landed in Ireland from France with thirteen hundred men. The Irish flocked to his standard and fought for him with courage and heroism. In 1690 he summoned a parliament to convene at Dublin. The members of this parliament were largely children of those whose lands were confiscated by Cromwell. The Act of Settlement was repealed, and a bill of attainder brought in against those who were known or supposed to be hostile to the king. Meanwhile Schomberg had landed with ten thousand men, and William of Orange, son-in-law of James, landed at Carrickfergus with a much larger number. The North supported William, and at the battle of the Boyne he won a dearly-bought victory. The Irish, when the day was lost, respecting military genius even in an enemy, voiced their thoughts in the phrase, "Change commanders, and we'll fight the battle over again." At Athlone they performed prodigies of valor. General Douglas was repulsed, and William himself met with the same fate at Limerick. Towards the end of 1690 he reembarked for England, appointing General Ginckel to the command. On the 25th of August, 1691, he laid siege to Limerick. The story of its defence is too well known to need any notice, and it would overpass the limits of this paper to enter into an analysis of the articles of capitulation. They granted the free exercise of religion, security of person and property, the use of arms, the right of suffrage, the practice of the trades and professions, and other concessions to the Catholics. But the ink with which they were written was scarcely dry when, with worse than Punic faith, the most solemn stipulations were violated. The Penal laws came into play—a diabolical machine ingeniously contrived for the complete debasement and degradation of the people.

Whether Plantagenet, Tudor, Stuart, or Brunswick—"a plague on all their houses!"—the end in view was the same, the trail of the serpent was over them all: the aggrandizement of England was to be reached, be the method of doing it never so repugnant to the dictates of justice and humanity. One million, sixty thousand, seven hundred and ninety-two acres of land were

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confiscated. Catholics, the great majority of the population, were disqualified by law from voting, from sitting in parliament, from carrying arms, from serving on juries, from the bench, the bar, and the university, from acting as school-teachers, and from going abroad to receive an education which they could not get at home unless they were brought up as Protestants. They could neither buy nor inherit land, nor receive it as a gift, nor lease it for a longer time than thirty-one years, and then only on condition of paying two-thirds its value. If the profits exceeded a third an informer who made the discovery at once entered into possession. The few Catholics who owned land were deprived of the testamentary rights accorded to others. When the owner died his land did not descend to the eldest son; it was divided equally among all the children (as the old Irish code had it). But if the eldest son became an apostate the estate reverted to him, and the father lost all power of disposition over it. If the wife of a Catholic became a pervert she was free from his control, and entitled at once to a fixed share in his property. If a young Catholic child apostatized it was taken away from its parents, and the chancellor provided for its present and prospective wants from its parents' estate. These are but samples of laws "written in blood and that should be registered in hell."

Property begets a sense of independence and confers a certain rank in social life; therefore the law robbed the Irish of the right to acquire property, and for more than a hundred years they were half buried in the grave of social ostracism and serfdom. Knowledge imbues the mind with breadth of vision, enables man by word and pen to point out and lead the way to civil and political well-being; therefore, for the same period, the Irish, by English laws, were plunged in the night of ignorance, merged in the flood of political annihilation. Religion builds a ladder to the heavens, and angels ascend and descend to comfort man in the stress of his grief, to bear on high the incense of his prayers and aspirations; therefore the law banned the religion of the Irish, that not a green thing might bloom in the desert of their lives. Domestic love sweetens the bitterest lot, and invests with a halo of joy the most woe-begone surroundings; therefore the law gave a prize to filial ingratitude, and did all it could to rend in twain the holiest affections of married life. Truly a "mater dolorosa," a veritable mother of sorrows, was the island queen, mother Erin. But perhaps there is one avenue—the avenue of trade—left open for her progress. Even here she is weighted in the race. The woollen trade was a thriving branch of industry in Ireland, therefore en-

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actments were carried to suppress it. The linen trade was next encouraged and gave promise of great prosperity; but the evil eye of English selfishness withered its budding hopes, for "if Ireland should fall into the making of fine linen it would affect the trade of England." In 1785 a petition against the Irish linen trade, signed by 117,000 persons, was presented from Manchester. Since the reign of William III., however, this branch of industry has flourished. The exportation of beef, of mutton, of hides, all were in turn prohibited, or such a tariff imposed as was equivalent to prohibition. The "Navigation Laws" affected Ireland as they did the other countries of Europe, rendering all subordinate to English supremacy on the ocean. She was not allowed to draw wealth from the soil, neither could she win it by the enterprise of her sons on the sea, by manufactures, nor by their traffic with foreign powers; and, therefore, she remained a commercial cipher. But the Argus-eyes sometimes slept, and the twenty-five hundred miles of coast-line were utilized by the smuggler. And thus Ireland remained, with a short respite of independence, until the dawn of the present century. Yet is she dotted with land-locked bays, and the tonnage of the world might find anchorage in her harbors. Before the "curse of Cromwell" fell upon it like the breath of the plague, Galway was, next to London, the greatest emporium of trade in the three kingdoms. After that its marble mansions and warehouses crumbled to ruin, barks and sloops rotted in the docks, and grass grew in the streets. Its importance was blasted, its prosperity withered, by the famine-breeding laws of England. Like desolation visited the other ports. The laws bore down with the weight of mountain upon mountain of iniquity on the strength, the energies, the enterprise of the Irish. Compared with English law in Ireland, the Draconian code is not unworthy of Justinian, of Alfred, or St. Louis of France. But in spite of it all, with exuberant life and unconquerable vitality, the old land has outlived the seven hundred years of war and legislation, and, though wearied by the strain, weakened by the loss of the young and the brave of successive generations, she stands forth to-day, begrimed with the dust of the conflict, wearing the print of the chains, it is true, yet radiant with the consciousness of work well done, and likely to bear the palm of success in the near future.

The famine-wail that rings out through the earth calls forth the echoes of charity to the stricken cabin-homes, and various remedies are suggested to prevent the recurrence of so appalling a visitation. This same cry was heard more than once in the last

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century. In the famine of 1741 greater loss of life took place than during the war a hundred years before. In 1846–7 famine smote its tens of thousands, typhoid decimating those whom it had spared; and rightly did coroners' juries bring in verdicts of wilful murder against Lord John Russell and his cabinet. If not a chronic, famine can hardly be called an exceptional, product of English law in Ireland. Driven to one employment, with nothing to stimulate increased industry, nothing to discountenance increased idleness, the mass of the Irish tilled the battle-vexed soil, and out of the fruits of their toil came the fund to pay the owner of the fee-simple estate, to pay the four or five middlemen who at times came between the owner and the tenant, to pay the draper, the grocer, the lawyer, the doctor, and to provide for the wants of a multiplying offspring. Improvements made by the tenant served but to raise the rent for the landlord. And when an unpropitious season came, when a blight fell on the staple crop, at once the fund vanished, eviction or famine supervened.

Having proscribed commerce and manufactures in Ireland, English law forced its people to agriculture. Even in this one pursuit they were constrained to work under manifold disadvantages. The old school of landowners, rich in acres and with but little hard cash, adopted something of a *laissez-faire* policy. When the harvest was abundant rents were promptly paid; when it was otherwise "the master" did not push the tenant to the wall. But with the sales made under the Encumbered Estates Act—and these in a few years amounted to more than a hundred millions of dollars—a new set of proprietors came into possession. Five-sixths of the purchase-money was Irish capital, and the purchases were made with a single eye to a large percentage on the amount invested. Little if any allowance was thereafter made for defective crops. The law gave the owner of the soil arbitrary power over the fate and fortunes of the hapless tenant. No matter what the nature or expense of improvements made, they were confiscated to the use of the landlord if the late "gale" was in arrear. In the province of Ulster, indeed, the tenant had a prescriptive right to a fair market price for his improvements; yet in the other provinces he was liable to be dispossessed without compensation, and this whether the rent was paid or unpaid. In such a condition of insecurity has he remained, and this precarious state is an anachronism in the nineteenth century. Many well-meaning men suggest a wholesale emigration as a panacea for the ills of Ireland. But it would be a crime against civilization, a sin against God, to depopulate a land that has done so

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much for progress and advancement, to wipe out a race that has battled for the right against tremendous odds, that never once as a people did an act which should bring the blush of shame to their cheeks. Be it with the pick-axe, the ploughshare, the sword, or the cross, they have given proof in every field of a magnificent manhood; never false to the trust reposed in them, never recreant to the word that was pledged, or false to the apostolate for which they were ordained.

How long shall England remain in her pride of place? Shall the sceptre slip from her grasp when the chalice she made other nations drink of is at last presented to her own lips? When that hour comes will it be a death-draught or a healing potion? With Ireland it may rest to give the answer. Now, if she is so minded, England may make partial atonement for the unparalleled wrong she has done, for the hecatombs her fury has butchered. Never again can she with impunity subject to another ordeal of vivisection a nation of soldiers that time and again has beaten her to her knees at home, yet won half her battles abroad. The land question is the key of the future. It is a problem that challenges the highest intelligence and statesmanship, and imperiously demands a fitting solution. In other lands a peasant proprietary has been established with the best results for the governed and governing; with a due regard for vested interests, why may not a similar experiment be tried in Ireland? Such a measure would be fraught with incalculable good for both countries, alike the fore-gleam of commercial splendor for England and the dawn of a golden era of prosperity for Ireland.

DIGNITIES.

As a pillar of light on the wave of a brook is reflected,
Its gilded border is flaming as if by its own proper lustre,
But the stream bears the wave on its course, and another
Flows into the track of the light, itself disappearing;
So dignities cast their splendor on men who are mortal,
They are not glorious, only their brilliant position.

—*Schiller.*

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PURGATORIO.

CANTO NINETEENTH.

In that hour's chillness when the heat of day
Tempers the coldness of the moon no more,
Vanquished by Earth, or oft by Saturn's sway;
When geomancers in the East, before
The dawn's white light, subduing soon the gray,
Read of their Major Fortune the bright score,
There came, in dream, a woman to my sight,
Stammering, cross-eyed, maimed in both hands, each one
Of her feet clubbed, with countenance dead-white.
I looked on her, and even as the sun
Comforts the cold limbs all benumbed by night,
So gave my gaze a glibness to her tongue;
Her shape grew straight, and love's lost coloring ran
Back through her cheeks, as love would have them, young.

Then, with her speech thus loosened, she began
To sing so! not to listen had been pain:
'I'm the sweet Siren, I am she who can
Misguide the mariners in the middle main;
So full of pleasaunce is my voice to hear!
I turned Ulysses with the notes I pour
From his vague wanderings; and whoso gives ear,
To grow familiar, seldom giveth o'er
Delight in following one so wholly dear:
Who learns to love me, leaves me nevermore.'
Scarce was her mouth shut when a lady came
Up close beside me, rapid in her tread,
Whose holy mien that other put to shame.
'O Virgil, Virgil!' angrily she said;
'What wretch is this?' and while my Master bent
His steps toward her, fixed by her innocent face,
She seized that other, and her garment rent
Before her bosom, and disrobed the place
That broke my slumber with its noisome scent.

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I turned mine eyes, good Virgil saying: 'At least
Thrice have I called thee: rise, and let us find
The pass where we may enter.' Ere he ceased
I had sprung up: the new-born sun behind
Spread o'er the circles and the day increased,
Till all the sacred hill in glory shined.
I, following, bore my forehead in a ridge,
Like one whose front is bent by thought severe,
Who makes himself the half-arch of a bridge,
When these words caught me: 'Come! the pass is here,'
Benignly uttered, in so sweet a tone
As ne'er was heard upon this mortal strand.
With open wings, that seemed as of a swan,
The angel waved us upward with his hand
Between the two walls of the flinty stone,
Then moved those pinions and our faces fanned,
Affirming: 'Blessed are the souls that mourn!
They shall be comforted.' And while he stood
A little over us, my Guide in turn
Began to say to me: 'What means thy mood?
What bends thy look so to the earth below?'
'A recent vision that was mine,' said I,
'Makes me thus faltering, doubtful as I go,
For from the thought of it I cannot fly.'
'That ancient sorceress hast beheld,' said he,
'To whom the spirits up higher their misery owe?
Didst mark how man from her foul spell gets free?
Enough! with haughty heel smite fast the ground,
And fix thine eye where heaven's eternal King
Lures thee with His great spheres' perpetual round.'
Even as the falcon, ere he makes his spring,
Looks at his foot, then turns him at the cry
To snatch the food that he is tempted toward
Through greediness thereof,— the same was I;
And where the cloven rock did way afford
To one in climbing, I went up as high
As the next cornice round the mountain scored.

Loosed into this fifth circle freely forth,
I saw a people weeping all around
With down-turned faces prostrate on the earth.
'*Adhæsit pavimento,—to the ground*

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My soul did cleave,' I heard; but in their birth
These words were almost choked with sighs profound.
'O souls elect of God! whose sufferings
Justice and Hope temper to lesser pain,
Direct us where the lofty stairway springs.'
'Free from our penance if ye come, and fain
Would find the way more quickly, ever bear
Towards the right hand, keeping the hill inside.'
So prayed the Poet, and some spirit there,
A little way before us, thus replied.
Which the hid speaker was, the sound betrayed:
Mine own eyes met the looking of my Lord;
Whence of assent a cheerful sign he made
To what he saw my dumb desire implored.
And when I felt that he meant, yes,—you can,
Straight I moved on that grovelling creature toward
(Whose words had made me note him), and began:
'Spirit! whose grief that penitence matures
Without which God receiveth back no man,
Suspend awhile that chief concern of yours.
Tell who thou wast; and wherefore prone ye lie?
And wouldst thou that I help thee with my prayer?
For I am living in the world on high.'
And he: 'Thou *shalt* know for what sin we bear
Our backs turned heavenward; but know first that I
Was a successor once to Peter's chair.

OTTOBONO DE' FIESCHI.

'Between Chiaveri and Sestri flows
Down a fair streamlet, from the name whereof
The title of my blood and family rose.
One month and little more was mine to prove
How the great mantle weighs on him that fain
Would keep it spotless: every load would seem
Feathers to that. Late penitence,—how vain!
But when Rome's pastor I was made, the dream
Broke, and the falsehood of my life was plain.
That lofty seat I could not climb above,
Yet there I found the heart was not at rest,
Whence of this life awoke in me the love.

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Up to that point I was a wretch whose breast
With avarice rank against my Maker strove.
Now here behold me to this doom depressed!
What avarice bringeth, now is rendered clear,
In the purgation of these penitent souls,
Nor has this mount a penance more severe.
Even as our vision, fixed on earthly goals,
Never looked upward, Justice sinks it here
Earthward long ages. And as avarice killed
Our zeal for good (so love's effect was lost!),
Bound hand and foot, till Justice be fulfilled,
Must we lie here to learn what Avarice cost,
Stretched moveless, long as the just Lord hath willed.'

I had kneeled down to him, and would have spoken,
But at my first word, listening, he perceived
By my near voice the reverential token,
And said: 'Why stoop?' I answered: 'It relieved
Mine upright conscience not to stand before
Such dignity as thine.' Then he, as grieved:
'Straighten thy limbs, my brother—err no more—
I am the fellow-servant (bend thee not!)
Of these and thee to one supernal power.
If thou hast read, nor hast His voice forgot,
Where in the Holy Gospel he doth say
These words: *They neither marry*—thou wilt know
Why I speak thus. Now I beseech thee, stay
No longer with me: I would have thee go:
Thy tarrying stops the tears which thou didst say
Mature the penitence wherefrom they flow.
I have, on earth, a kinswoman by name
Alagia—innocent unless our line
Corrupt by bad example bring her blame—
And she is all remains that once was mine.'

END OF THE CANTO.

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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER III.—CONTINUED.

THE words of Mrs. Bevan startled, bewildered me. Could it be possible that this girl—pshaw! And I felt myself crimsoning at the idea of winning "hands down" against the field—such a field! where every horse hailed from a crack stable.

Five hundred thousand pounds meant twenty-five thousand a year. It meant a palace in Park Lane, a villa at Nice or Como, a shooting-box in the Highlands, a seat in Parliament, a title in prospective, a superb stud of horses, a steam-yacht to go around the world in; it meant power, position, influence—everything. What would they say at Timolin, if they heard of it? And I imagined Aunt Butler reading aloud my marriage, solemnized at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, by His Eminence the Cardinal, while Trixy—but would they not all come over to the wedding?

I was not in love with Miss Wriothesly. I admired her, and was more or less awed by the heiress, while the gas of my vanity, owing to the revelations of Mrs. Bevan and the broad statements of Billy Brierly, was gradually inflating my heart.

"Miss Wriothesly was really angry with you to-day, Joe." exclaimed my sister when I returned to Bevan's after a day's sight-seeing.

"Was she?"

"What did you mean by refusing to come with us?"

"I wasn't 'on,' Nellie, that's all."

"Your refusal was not only impolite, Joe, but absolutely savored of rudeness."

"In what way?"

"Why, she got up the drive expressly for you, and sent an apology to the Countess of Fife, who had engaged her for a *déjeuner* visit to hear a promised operatic *débutante* sing. You should apologize, Joe. *Indeed* you should."

"I shall have no opportunity, Nellie."

"To-night at the opera. She has offered you and me and Mrs. Bevan seats."

"Well, I'll go on my marrow-bones. We'll part good friends, anyhow. I start by the morning express for Liverpool."

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"Oh! I'm so glad. I mean, that is, because you wish to go, Joe."

My sister did not press me to prolong my stay. If there had been anything in what Mrs. Bevan had said Nellie would have urged me to stop. This came to me actually in the form of a relief.

"I should like to thump you two for taking out my wife and horses to-night," exclaimed Mr. Bevan; "but I suppose this little affair demands sacrifices all round. Be very careful in letting up or down the windows of the brougham, Joe; and if you sit on the box take care not to scratch the panels in any way."

"I would much prefer that you would take my place, sir."

"Tell that to the marines, Joe."

"Really, Mr. Bevan—"

"Don't knot the cord of the blind"—this was before dinner, in the drawing-room. "See that, now; it's all out of gear. O dear, dear, dear! I wish people would keep their hands quiet. Please not to lean on the back of that chair; you see the rubbing of the coat or the friction of the hot hands removes the gilding."

"Can I do anything for you in Liverpool to-morrow, Mr. Bevan?" I asked.

"Liverpool! Why, Mrs. B. told me that you had given up all idea of this wild-goose trip."

"Not exactly."

"Pumpsy!" to his wife, who rustled into the room, looking ever so handsome in amber satin and lots of drooping lace, "Joe is off, dear."

"Off what?"

"To Liverpool in the morning."

Mrs. Bevan turned a pair of eyes upon me that distinctly asked, "Can this be possible?"

"I want to catch the *City of Brussels*."

"Don't decide on anything, Joe. You know not what to-night may bring forth. That's the dinner-bell. Your arm, *caballero?*"

Miss Wriothesly's box was on the grand tier, and when we arrived we found her, with her father and a vacant-faced, aristocratic man, in possession.

Mrs. Bevan and Nellie were posted in front, the banker behind Mrs. B., while the vacant-faced man, Lord Selmington, and myself occupied the back of the box with the heiress.

Miss Wriothesly's reception of me was of the coolest.

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"I'm awfully sorry to have missed the drive to-day, Miss Wriothesly."

"You can do it any day."

"It would be trespass—"

"In a hansom for five shillings."

This was a facer.

"I fear that I acted rather rudely in—"

"Please let me hear this *scena*." And she leaned forward.

I felt exceedingly sorry at being in the box at all, at being the recipient of any favor from her, however small.

"You were saying something, Mr. Nugent"—this when Albani had concluded amid a whirlwind of applause.

"I was saying that—"

"You should not lose this. She's going to sing again."

The prima-donna, in obedience to an imperative *encore*, went through the *scena*.

"Is this your first opera?"

This to me, who came regularly to Dublin in September for a week's opera at the old Royal!

"I have heard this particular opera at least half a dozen times, Miss Wriothesly."

"Indeed! In Baireuth?"

"No, in Dublin."

"What are you talking about, Joe?" exclaimed my sister, who had overheard the conversation. "This is *Lohengrin*, and its *second* representation in London."

I had not consulted the programme, and imagined that I was listening to the *Huguenots!* I know a lot of fellows who would have come out of this with flying colors; as for me, I stuck fast, and, muttering something miserably facetious about the music of the future, dropped back and sulked, while Miss Wriothesly devoted herself with considerable animation to the idiotic-looking Lord Selmington.

At the conclusion of the opera the heiress suddenly turned to me.

"Has that fit of temper blown over yet, Turnips? Don't look so fearfully dignified. Take me down to the carriage. So you regret having refused my offer to-day? Yes, you do. I'll give you another chance. Let me see—the day after to-morrow."

"I shall be on the Atlantic."

She raised her eyes and gazed at me intently. "Are you really bent upon going?" she asked after a pause, in a low tone, as we descended the staircase.

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"To-morrow morning."

"Don't go."

"It is written."

"Don't go—at least until—at least for some days."

I handed her into the carriage.

"You won't go?" were her last words as the superb equipage drove off.

"Well," exclaimed Mrs. Bevan, as we got settled in the brougham, "is it to be a six or a ten o'clock breakfast, Joe?"

"Six o'clock, if you please."

"Really and truly?"

"Why, certainly."

She was silent for a second.

"This is too stupid of you, Joe. Don't speak to me! I am horribly disappointed."

As we stood on the platform at St. Pancras Station upon the following morning my sister asked:

"Any message to Trixy?"

"Not particularly."

"You'll send your love?"

"My fraternal regards, Nellie. That's the whistle. God bless you! Write to Mexico."

CHAPTER IV.

ACTIVE AND ENTERPRISING PEOPLE.

THE details of an ocean voyage are dreary enough at best, and I for one shall not attempt to depict them here. I lost sight of Billy Brierly when two hours out of the Mersey, nor did I again behold him until we were off the Hook. I suffered from sea-sickness the entire voyage, and didn't dare or care to leave my berth, while Billy Brierly was, as he expressed it himself, "laid out an' fit to be waked." The passage was a "vicious" one throughout and without a break. If the good ship wasn't pitching she was rolling, and when she was not engaged in rolling she was pitching. The first thing I tasted after six days was some chicken-soup; then came beef-tea, and then convalescence.

"Glory be to God there's anything left av me! Sorra a worse maulin' I ever got. I'm black an' blue inside, an' I'm tore to pieces. An' only for to think, Masther Joe, that whin I was raichin' and sthrainin' for the bare life it's passin' Queenstown we wor'

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an' it's me stomick that kep me from gettin' a last luk at ould Ireland. Wirra, wirra! Masther Joe, let us go home, avic, be dhry land," was Billy's greeting after our enforced separation.

The sky was blue as boasted Italy's, and the sun shone out with a brightness that almost dazzled, as we entered the Narrows. The wooded slopes on Staten Island, from out of which coyly peeped château and villa; the grim twin forts of Wadsworth and Hamilton; the glistening white buildings on Coney Island; the harbor-shaped Upper Bay with its regal coronet of two cities; the lordly North River, bounded by the haze-capped Palisades; the low-lying shores of New Jersey, backed by the misty Orange Mountains; the giant ocean steamers, the monster excursion-boats, and the teeming craft of every sort, shape, size, and description, painted a picture on the canvas of my memory, vivid, luminous, and destined to fade but with the canvas itself.

"Faix it's no wondher the Malowneys refused for to lave it, av it's all like that, Masther Joe," observed Billy, who, like myself, was all eyes. "They tell me that that's Bruklin, where Mary Donnelly is livin'. I wudn't wondher av wan av thim houses was hers, Masther Joe. She was always fond o' the wather. Why, now, isn't New York a sight av a place! It's bigger, they tell me, nor Dublin, an' that it's full o' naygurs. There's a very dacent man that was bad wud me below comin' out; there he is standin' beside the faymale wud the two childher in her arms. Lord help her! she's goin' to some place in the woods to her husband, who only sint over her passage-money; but faix we med a collection, an' it's like a prencess she'll thravel now. Well, Masther Joe, that man there knows me cousin Phil Gavin, an' he says he's a warm man. He gev me his addhress, an' here it is. I'll go billet on him, sir, an' keep down th' expinses. He's me second cousin be me mother's side. She was a Gavin—God rest her sowl, amin!—a daughther of Ned Gavin av Ballymaccrooly; an' me father—the heavens be his bed!—got five heifers wud her an' twinty pound fortune. I'll go bail Phil will be rale glad for to see me. *Musha!* did ye ever see the like o' thim steamboats, Masther Joe?" pointing to a snow-white leviathan crowded with passengers. "It's Noah's Arks they all are, no less. The steward tould me they were pleasure-boats, every wan, an' that some av the big wans hould three thousand people—a whole barony. Only to think av the whole barony av Slaughdhafauddagh aboord av wan vessel! Father Tom himself wudn't believe it. Murdher! but the people here must be cruel fond av divarshin an' have whips o' money. Arrah, Masther Joe, luk at thim little tug-boats; an't

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they as bould as brass, and sit the wather for all the world like dooks? That high steeple there the steward, a very knowledgeable man, tould me is belongin' to Thrinity Church, or the Telegraph—I don't know which, sir. Och, thin, I'll thank ye for ferry-boats. Luk at that wan, sir, carryin' carts an' horses as well as the people. An' murdher! is it?—yis, it is—be me sowkins, there's wan wud a whole railway thrain on boord, bad cess to the lie in it! An' the docks—there's life; why, the place is as lively as a bee-hive at swarmin'-time. Wow, wow! but it's no wondher the Malowneys refused for to lave it. I don't see any wild Injuns, Masther Joe," added Billy in a disappointed tone; "but I suppose they're out beyant the town a little ways, or up in thim woods we seen as we come up."

The gentleman who shared my state-room was a Mr. Flink, residing on Fifth Avenue, New York. He proved to be a nineteenth-century Samaritan, and his kindness to me during the torture-laden eight days and nine nights I can never forget.

As the *City of Brussels* was being warped into her dock Mr. Flink came to me and said:

"Mr. Nugent"—we had exchanged cards; in fact, I told him all about myself—"you *must* go on to-morrow, if you want to catch the boat that leaves New Orleans on Friday. Now, it is not worth your while to expose yourself to the inconveniences of hotel life—although we go very near perfection in our hotels here—by unlimbering at any of those places. I have a very large house and a very small family. Put up with me, and—ha! ha!—*I'll* put up with you. I have—at least I had when I left in August—four pretty good horses, and I can show you the sights (the elephant we call it), if the brutes haven't eaten their own heads off. Do not refuse me; if I didn't mean it I wouldn't ask you. You'll find us Americans very square people in our social relations, at all events," he laughed.

I thanked him most sincerely, and was about to refuse politely but firmly when he interrupted:

"That's my adopted daughter. See the darling, how she waves her handkerchief! I guess she'd know me at the Narrows." And as he spoke Mr. Flink sprang upon the bulwarks to whirl his soft felt wide-awake to a girl with great, large black eyes, heavily-marked brows, and very red lips, whose exquisite attire seemed to become her to perfection.

Did the apparition of this young lady influence me in my acceptance of Mr. Flink's invitation? I am afraid that it had something to do with it.

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Did the apparition of this young lady influence me in my acceptance of Mr. Flink's invitation? I am afraid that it had something to do with it.

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"Be the mortial, but this bangs Banagher, Masther Joe," exclaimed Billy. "Faix it's yerself that knows how for to put yer comether on the natives. We cud thravel free intirely an' intirely, av it wasn't for the steam-boats an' railroads, bad scran to thim!"

By grace especial my luggage was passed by a most courteous Custom-house official with a wave of the hand and a dab of chalk, and I found myself seated in a dashing carriage, Billy Brierly occupying the box-seat with the colored driver, at whom he was staring as though he would glue his eyes to the "naygur."

Mr. Flink had so many questions to ask his fair *protégée* that I remained silent, occupying myself in gazing out of the window. We passed through a very dingy part of the city, frame and red brick dwellings mingling and leaning against each other in the most fraternal manner. Every second house seemed devoted to lager-beer, and opposite every door stood an ash-barrel. Frame houses were new to me, so was lager, and so were ash-barrels. My heart throbbed with pleasure as I recognized in many of the clean, well-dressed, comfortable-looking people who thronged the sidewalks or stood upon the door-steps the unmistakable lineaments of the people of my country, while sounds of the rich, racy brogue greeted my ear over the din, and noise, and roar of the great city.

The number of street-cars astonished me. They seemed to be coming from all quarters and in countless numbers. A few days before I had ridden in a tram-car in Dublin from the Stephen's Green Club to the General Post-Office. This car did not appear for fifteen minutes, and, were I to miss it, I should be detained at least twenty. Here were cars coming one after the other in apparently endless succession, and converging from all quarters! In Dublin the car stopped and waited for a solitary passenger; here the people jumped on and off like acrobats. A violent rapping at the window caused me to turn my head, and I saw that Billy Brierly was eagerly drawing my attention to something in the air.

I followed the direction of his finger, and beheld a train travelling at lightning speed right over our heads upon a cobweb-structure of spindle-shanked iron supports.

"Did ye ever see the like o' that, Masther Joe?" he bawled. "It's a thrain; there's people in it. The naygur here sez it runs for six mile. Glory! but this is a quare place."

We crossed Ninth Avenue, and got into the region of brown-stone fronts. I did not admire them. The brown stone, to my

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mind, presented a dirty and melancholy appearance. The advertising dodges interested me highly, as did also a buggy, which drew forth a yell of wonder from my retainer. The well-made-up linen of men working at the meanest labor struck me, as also the cigar in the mouths of all, *vice* the pipe. The long tails to the horses also attracted me.

"Now," exclaimed Mr. Flink, as the carriage spun into a magnificent thoroughfare literally blocked with vehicles and crammed with foot-passengers, "you are on Broadway, one of *the* streets of the world."

The height of the buildings, the magnificence of many, the dinginess of others, the life, bustle, and animation of this great artery, deeply impressed me. I longed to alight from the carriage, and, plunging into the tide, swim with the busy, earnest, anxious, electric crowd.

"This is Union Square," observed Miss Flink. "That is Tiffany's, the largest jewelry store in the world. I'll take you through it by and by. That is Sarony's, where you *must* be photographed. Now we are on Broadway again! That is Arnold & Constable's. You will imagine yourself in a Parisian store, if you go in there. Now we are approaching Madison Square. That is the Fifth Avenue Hotel. A pretty little square, is it not? *Now* we are on Fifth Avenue. You will travel miles between the most splendid mansions in the world."

"Conchita thinks there is no place like New York," laughed Mr. Flink.

"Except one, papa."

"Ah! I forgot—the city of Mexico."

"Is Miss Flink a Mexican?" I asked.

"Did I not tell you? Why, of course she is. Conchita," he added, addressing the girl, "Mr. Nugent leaves for Mexico tomorrow."

Conchita opened her great black eyes.

"To Mexico?"

"Yes." And in a few words I briefly explained the purport of my travel.

"*Ay de mi.* I wish I was going too."

"I wish from the bottom of my heart that you were!" I impetuously exclaimed.

I suppose the warmth with which I uttered these words produced effect, for the rich red blood leaped into Conchita's cheeks, appearing like a veiled glow beneath her swarthy but transparent skin.

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"Some day." And with a sigh she turned her head away.

The carriage pulled up at an enormous brown-stone mansion. The massive steps and balustrades; the elaborate carving, both on the entrance and on the magnificent double doors; the marble mosaic of the vestibule pavement; the frescoed panels in the vestibule itself; the splendid sheets of plate-glass, and the exquisite lace blinds and curtains, riveted my attention, eliciting an involuntary outburst of admiration. I merely mention these things in order to narrate my first impressions, doubtless the impressions of hundreds of thousands; but these features were so new that they instantly asserted themselves.

Again, I was struck by the height of the rooms, of the doors, of the windows, and above all by the sumptuous elegance and æsthetic taste of the furniture and decorations, the sensuous display of the wonders that the hand of man can create for yellow gold.

The servants disappointed me—the colored coachman, who wore a beard, an ill-fitting hat with a two-inch velvet band confined by a gigantic buckle, a coat that had never been built for *him*, yellow trousers, and buttoned boots; the man who opened the door decorated with a moustache and enshrined in nondescript garments, partly sporting, partly clerical!

I missed the liveries! I fancied that magnificent avenue thronged with equipages, as when I first beheld it, the servants in red, yellow, white, pink, and purple plushes; the burly coachmen, in full-bottomed flaxen wigs, and enormous bouquets in their button-holes, sitting on their boxes like kings, and surrounded by their coat-of-armed hammercloths as by imperial mantles; then the gorgeous raiment of those superb beings whom Thackeray was so down upon, from their patent-leather pumps and silk stockings to their golden-braided hats and powdered hair. I *did* miss the flunkies; and when I beheld the darkies with velvet bands round their hats I felt as if some calamity had fallen upon flunkydom, and that it had gone into mourning, skin and all. I candidly spoke my sentiments to Mr. Flink subsequently.

"We have some English turn-outs here, Mr. Nugent, and worthy of Hyde Park."

"Oh! dear, yes; but, unhappily, while the horses are superb, the carriages poems on wheels, and the *entourages* simply perfect, the hats of the servants generally spoil the whole thing, and what the hats miss the coat-collars finish off. Just you observe it when next you ride in Central Park or on this magnificent avenue."

Miss Flink could talk of nothing but Mexico, its flowers, its

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fruits, its climate, its scenery. She gushed over it in a sort of rapture. She showed me a lot of birds on cards, made by the Indians and constructed of feathers. They were very beautiful, the miniature peacock being simply wonderful. She also showed me a number of figures in wax, representing water-carriers, muleteers, charcoal-burners, and other crafts. She set great store by a bull-fight in wax, the figures one inch high; anything more perfect than the modelling of the horses and bulls I never saw.

"You must bring home a number of these models. You'll get them at Puebla. It's the Philadelphia of Mexico. They are ridiculously cheap. Be very careful about the packing. Of course you'll bring back a full suit of *charro*."

I inquired what *charro* meant.

"*Sombreros, zarape, chaqueta, chaparreras, espuelas, silla, reata.* And she ran off a number of terms on her fingers. "You know what a *sombrero* means?"

"A hat."

"A hat, and sunshade, and umbrella in one. You must get a gray felt or a pure white laced and braided with gold. It will cost you sixty dollars. Your *zarape*, a mantle which you fling across your shoulders—I'll teach you how to fold it when you come back—must have the Mexican national colors, green, red, and white. Your *chaqueta*, or jacket, should be of buff leather, the shoulders encrusted with gold or silver embroidery and buttons, the cuffs also; a *faja*, or blood-red sash, and the *chaparreras*, or leggings, open from the knee to show wide, flaring white linen, and a stripe of gold or silver embroidery down the sides, with as many rows of buttons as possible. Your *espuelas*, or spurs, must be of silver gilt or silver, with rowels so long"—the length of her little finger—"and your *silla*, or saddle, señor—if you buy one—must be peaked in front and back, mounted in ivory, and tipped with gold or silver. Your *chivarras*, or saddle-bags, must be of leopard-skin, your *poncho* of bear-skin, both embroidered in gold or silver, and the holsters for your pistols must be encrusted with embroidery; so must your box-stirrups and the loop for your *reata*, or lasso. However, you needn't mind the saddle; it will cost you any amount of money. A *caballero* with whom I was acquainted paid five thousand dollars for his. All you will require will be the dress, and won't you be an acquisition at a fancy-ball!"

"The dress or the man, Miss Flink?"

"The *charro*," she laughed.

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After luncheon we went for a carriage-ride in the Central Park, the "we" consisting of Mrs. Flink, Miss Flink, and myself. Firstly, though, we drove to a telegraph office, where I "cabled" my sister.

Mrs. Flink was as chatty a little dame as ever I encountered; fat, fair, forty-five, and dressed in the highest art of the prevailing mode—namely, a pale lavender silk with tight sleeves, a pointed bodice, flowing skirt very short in front, displaying open-worked stockings and embroidered shoes. A skimpy-looking scarf was drawn tightly across her shoulders, and she carried a reticule in a hand encased in black mittens, the old-girlish effect of which was ludicrous to behold.

This chatty little dame rattled away like a sewing-machine on all subjects, from grave to gay, from lively to severe.

"What a pity you did not get here while we were at Newport, Mr. Nugent! We shut up our cottage—we call it a cottage, although it has thirty rooms; the reception-rooms are much more commodious than those on Fifth Avenue, and it has three stories. Newport *is* quite too lovely. It's a mixture of Passy, that delightful little place near Paris, and Twickenham, that delightful little place near London; and I tell you, sir, that these two make, as my husband says of cocktails, a good mix. I've been around all the best watering-places in England, Ireland, France, and Spain, and there's nothing like Newport. San Sebastian pushes it closely, cradled in the Pyrenees, with such a surf rolling into *such* an inlet from the Bay of Biscay, with *such* pleasant people, all the swells from Madrid and Seville, and such a band on the Passeo every evening—military, my dear sir, seventy pieces! O my! but it makes one feel real good to sit at the Café San Marino, and sip *granazao* and listen to the music. Have you ever been to Spain?"

"I regret to say no."

"O my! I was there when the empire was in full swing and Eugénie in full bloom. I've seen poor Napoleon bathing, and O my! wasn't he quite dreadful—a pudgy, fat little man with closed eyes, and waxed moustaches hanging down as limp as the tail of a frightened puppy-dog. Eugénie was coquettish even in the water, and used to wear such a duck of a bathing costume!—Spanish red and yellow in bars. The ladies of the court dare not imitate it; but I did, and got laughed at for my pains, as the stuff that was in mine wasn't a fast color, or, rather, so fast that while I was bathing the sea was dyed red and yellow as if the sun was setting on it." And she laughed till she became purple in the

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face, and let her merriment off in a cough. "*Apropos* of watering-places, you should see Martha's Vineyard; that's a queer little place. It's down Cape Cod way. I never saw such a place. Little houses—watch-boxes—all open in front like dog-kennels, stuck in the midst of stunted oaks, and the people trying to get indoors sideways, as a tree is stuck right in front of each door. The residents all seem half-asleep, and I do believe it must have been in this wood that the Sleeping Princess was awakened with a kiss. Such houses! O my! they look as if they had been sown there in order to grow and then to be transplanted. Fancy! I brought my carriage and servants, and there was no place to drive when I got there," she rattled on.

"That's where the Astors live, and there's Vanderbilt's home; he's the great railway king, and so rich he doesn't know all the money he has. That's the cathedral; it will be a magnificent affair when it is finished. Stop!" This to the coachman, calling a halt in order that I should examine the details of the glorious *façade* at leisure.

Mrs. Flink had a nod for everybody.

"O my! You should have been here in the season. When will you return? You can't say? If you give us a show about February we'll give *you* a show. Everybody is out of town. Newport is still full; so are Long Branch and Cape May. People are at their country-houses on the Hudson. Oh! that's a river, there's scenery for you; and now that the leaves are on the turn it is as pretty as a chromo. Have you tasted our oysters yet? You must taste them. We have the best oysters in the world. My husband lives on them. He actually counts the hours between May and September till he can have them. He goes to Cape May every summer to eat them, as there's no law against dredging them there; they are the Virginia oysters, but he doesn't think them real nice. He's crazy on Blue-Points. You shall have Blue-Points to-day; Conchita, don't forget. This is the Scholars' Gate. I'm sure I don't know why it's called so. Did you see that young lady on horseback? That's one of our great catches. She's a Miss Van Boomgee, an old Knickerbocker family; the grandfather was a pirate, but that's no matter. She has two millions—only think of it!—and that young fellow that's riding with her hasn't five cents for a schooner of lager; she keeps him in pocket-money. That fat old woman who passed in the landau is Mrs. Black Greensleeves. Her first husband deserted her, and she quietly married another. Number One turned up rich, and she dismissed Number Two; Number One died, and she

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recalled Number Two. She's a horrid old monster, and yet she's asked everywhere. This is Mount St. Vincent. It was formerly a convent, but the sisters sold it, and O my! haven't they a lovely place on the Hudson near Yonkers. That's the reservoir for the Croton water."

Mrs. Flink never ceased for one half-second. Conchita lay languidly back in the carriage, seemingly occupied by her own thoughts. As her gaze was averted I could look at her without being impertinent. Hers was a remarkable face, rich and warm in coloring as a Tuscan sunset. The dark eyes were large and full of a caressing expression such as is credited to the heavy-lidded orbs of Juno; and her scarlet mouth, mobile, restless, vivid, parted over the most beautifully perfect teeth I had ever beheld. The face was full of sentiment rather than beauty, though the blue-black hair brushed carelessly back was of a tint to charm an artist. There was a wistful pathos in the eyes that made me long to hear the history of her adoption; for somehow or other I conceived the notion that she was unhappy, and that the luxury by which she was now surrounded was at best for her but a gilded cage.

We were alone, before dinner, in the drawing-room.

"Is there any commission I could execute for you in Mexico, Miss Flink?" I asked, little guessing that I was about to spring a mine.

"Yes," eagerly; "that is—no—thanks," a mournful cadence in the last words, which almost died on her lips.

"Let me have the benefit of the doubt."

"What doubt?"

"You began with yes. Give me the chance of being useful."

She leaned her forehead against the window-pane very tightly, and did not reply for a moment; then, "You are English?"

"No; Irish."

"Are Irishmen as sincere as Englishmen?"

"Try *one* of them."

"Perhaps! What time do you leave to-morrow?"

"By the two-thirty train."

Still with her forehead hard pressed against the glass she asked: "Would you undertake a task that might involve—trouble?"

"For *you* most cheerfully."

"Danger?"

"More agreeable still."

"You laugh at danger."

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"Certainly, in *your* service."

She turned almost fiercely upon me.

"Is this in jest, Mr. Nugent?"

She was excited, flushed, and looked a little wild.

"Miss Flink," I said, "if you honor me with a trust I shall endeavor to accomplish its purpose, whatever it may be. This is all I can say." And a lot of quixotic blood commenced to dance in my veins as I made this announcement.

She extended both hands. Her face was now pale and piteous.

"You are good and generous, but—"

At this moment Mr. Flink entered the hall, and Conchita, lifting a finger of warning to her lips, rapidly and noiselessly glided into the back drawing-room and disappeared.

"You need not unpack your baggage, friend Nugent. The ladies will dress for dinner; they have nothing else to do. You and I will take things as we are. How did you enjoy your ride? What are your impressions of New York?"

Miss Flink did not appear at dinner.

"O my! Conchita has a bad headache," exclaimed Mrs. Flink. "I went in to see the poor child, and she was lying on the bed undressed. Her hands were deadly cold, and her face as flushed as a poppy. She had a lot of letters on the bed, and I guess—"

"Do you consider it advisable to send for a doctor?" interposed Flink.

"O my! no. I asked her, but she implored of me not to think of such a thing. She asked to be left alone. We have some elegant doctors here, Mr. Nugent—the cleverest men, who live in such elegant houses and have such elegant wives. My doctor comes in to see me with a smile on his face that is as good as a glass of champagne. I'm not homœopathy; are you?"

It was quite evident, then, that Conchita's commission was *en chemin*, and that the agitation consequent upon my request was bearing bitter fruit. What did she mean by danger? The girl was young and innocent, and beyond the possible reach of the shadows of crimes that are the hot-beds of danger. Her idea of danger must be a woman's silly fears. Mexico was surely as safe as Texas, and how many good fellows of my acquaintance were now living their own lives out there with skins as whole as mine own! Danger! She did not mean from bright eyes, surely. I might travel from one end of the country to the other, and

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never meet eyes more full of slumbering fire than her own. Brigands? Possibly! This must be the clue to her trumpet-note of warning. Ever and anon came news of the stoppage of a diligence, even of a train; of brigands as polite as Claude Duval, of assassins bloodthirsty as Garcia Española. Travel in the interior was not absolutely without its spice of danger—just enough to make a trip thoroughly enjoyable.

"My dear girl," I thought, "I am absolutely your debtor for giving me such a chance of seeing life with a dash of color in it. Hitherto my existence has been pulseless; now I am on the border of the most romantic land under the sun, and about to taste the experiences of life in *terra incognita*." How hotly the heart beats at four-and-twenty, and how foolishly!

My kind host insisted upon taking me to a theatre.

"We are the most theatre-going people in the world," said Mrs. Flink. "We are fonder of the footlights than the French. We have the prettiest and most comfortable theatres. You have nothing on the other side to touch us. Marie Walton's little box on the Tottenham Court Road is the nearest thing I know of to a New York theatre. O my! we have over twenty theatres, not including I suppose as many more variety shows, for a million of people. Here's a sum for you, Mr. Flink! I'll take you to Wallack's to-night. It's the home of comedy, just as your Haymarket is, or, rather, was when the Buckstone company was in full bloom. O my! I like Madge Robertson's acting in 'New Men and Old Acres.' I saw it last spring. I went four times. I have it off by heart. You'll see Boucicault's new play to-night; it's taking the town by storm. The 'Shag-ran'—how do you pronounce it?"

"Shock-rawn."

"O my! is that Irish? It must be a very difficult language. I had a cook once who spoke Irish. It was quite too funny for anything to hear her abusing people. Have you the same trouble with servants in England as we have here? O my! what do you think a help said to me yesterday?" And the chatty little dame rattled at express pace into the much-vexed question of help, illustrating her theme by anecdotes, until the carriage was announced.

"Will Miss Flink be able to accompany us?" I asked.

"I guess not. I'll see her now, and ask her, anyhow."

Mrs. Flink bustled to the carriage, announcing that Conchita did not feel well enough to sit out the performance, and begged to be excused.

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When I repaired to my room after the theatre I found Billy Brierly lying in wait for me.

"Masther Joe, doesn't this bate all? Faix, it's farther we might go an' fare worse. This is the choicest billet I ever seen. Lashin's an' lavin's! Hapes av everything! Why, the servants aits mate three times a day, and an ould bosthune av a housemaid th' have, that wears goold ornamints in her ears and a false front av hair—th' ould faggot turned up her thumb-bottle nose bekase she wasn't proffered lamb wud mint sauce. I know the mint sauce she'd get below at Inniskeeran, where she comes from. Faix, it's Griffith's gruel she'd get a taste av. Shure yer not goin' for to lave sich a place, Masther Joe—a place where there's hapes an' divarshin' an' all soarts—for the quare counthry that's beyant? There's nothin' but sand an' rocks an' Injuns in it, Masther Joe, an' Yalla Jack—that's the fayvor, the Lord be good to us!—ketches every wan, an' it's only God's goodness that let's them get out av it wud their lives."

Seeing the smile on my face, Billy continued:

"Troth, it's aisy to laugh whin yer safe, Masther Joe, but whin yer life isn't worth a thraneen be raisin av lions an' tigers, an' wild Injuns, an' Yalla Jack, the Lord save us, laughin' is could comfort. Be sed be me, sir, an' take it quiet an' aisy here. There's an illigant young leddy, av it's coortin' ye want—though be me song, Masther Joe, th' Bank av England was a cruel miss—an' there's the best av lodgin' an' hapes o' dhrink, an'—arrah, Masther Joe, avic, take a good hait out av the place anyhow," this in a tone of persuasive blandishment.

"We're off at two-thirty to-morrow, Billy."

"Well, well, well, see that, now. Troth, yer an obstinate gintleman, an' so was yer father afore ye, the heavens be his bed this night! Ye'll folly yer own coorses, right or wrong. An' there's me cousin Phil Gavin, that I seen this day; an' mebbe he's not snug an' warm, Masther Joe, wud a shirt on him as white as snow, an' three blazin' jewels set in goold dazzlin' yer eyes in the middle av it, an' a ring on his finger as big as the bishop's, an' a black coat wud cloth in it as fine as Father James', an' illigant boots polished as bright as the chaney on Biddy Bofferty's dhrum, an' a silk pocket-hankercher. But, Masther Joe, ye shud see the shop he has. Faix, there's as much in it as wud feed a barony for a twelvemonth, an' arranged beautiful in dhrawers, an' counthers, an' glass cases, an' boxes. An' he has two boys helpin' him—not lumps av gossoons, but as nate as new pins, wud oil on their hair, an' shirt-collars like Misther Rafferty's, an' lovely

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cravats. But, Masther Joe, his back parlor is fit for a prence. A carpet that ye'd think ye were walkin' on a clover-field, it's that soft, an' lukkin'-glasses that covers the walls, an' picthers av Dan O'Connell, an' Smith O'Brien, and Gineral Meagher in goold frames foreninst the lukkin'-glasses; an' what warmed the cockles o' me heart, Masther Joe, was the fotygraf av Bornaleena, an' ould Gavin's cabin in it, an' an illigant pig. Bedad, I felt somethin' warm in the corner o' me eyes, Masther Joe, an' it's at home I was wishin' meself wanst more. And he is comin' for to pay his respects to ye, sir, an' to know av there's anything he cud do for to divart ye. He's reddy for to walk to Calyforny for any wan av the rale ould stock. Musha, but it's a quare thing that ye'd lave this illigant place as if the poliss was afther ye, Masther Joe!"

I was up pretty early upon the following morning, in order to write to my sister, and was astonished to find everybody else up and stirring. On looking out of my window I was still further astonished to find Fifth Avenue filled with elegantly-attired people, the men walking rapidly down-town; the ladies, purses in hand, going shopping; while nurses, many of them in Normandy caps, in charge of daintily-clad children, seemed as though they had been out for hours.

"O my! we are a very early people," exclaimed Mrs. Flink when I had made my comment. "We have no time to put into sleep. We sit up late and rise early. Mr. Flink breakfasts every morning at half-past seven. I know what you do in England: ten and half-past. Oh! you are a lazy, old-fashioned lot. We are a new, a busy, and a delightful people. We are Frenchy without being volatile—that's just what we are. We work hard, very hard, even at our pleasures. Pleasure is a duty of life; I have always held it to be so. It's the most wholesome medicine one can take. Of course too much quinine makes one giddy; so would too much pleasure. Conchita still suffers with her head, dear child!" This in reply to my inquiring glance at Miss Flink's vacant chair. "I insisted upon her remaining in her room. Jarvis," to the servant, "take Miss Flink up this strong cup of tea. Tell her, please, that I insist upon her drinking it. O my! what a general soother tea is. I often wonder what *would* become of us if the Chinese busted!"

Mr. Flink insisted upon my accompanying him down-town. I would willingly have remained indoors for the purpose of having an interview with Conchita; but my worthy host seemed so bent upon showing me Wall Street that there was nothing for it but to yield.

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Conchita's wondrous eyes and that last piteous expression seemed to haunt me. I could not succeed in shutting them out. I longed to help this girl in some way, longed for her confidence; and when I thought of her danger-laden commission my brain was astir and my blood aglow.

What a glorious morning that was as we stepped forth on *the* avenue! It was a morning to cause even the most prosaic to feel that life is lovely; a morning to compel the imaginative to look for something to happen before nightfall—the ship to come in, the prince to arrive, the shower of gold to fall. Mr. Flink showed me the Brunswick and Delmonico's—*he* took a cocktail at each; not I—and the hall at the Fifth Avenue Hotel. Then we entered a stage and were driven down Broadway, past the City Hall, and the *Tribune* tower, and the magnificent Post-Office not yet completed, and the Astor House, until we struck Wall Street, at the corner of which we stopped to admire old Trinity Church. Then we strolled down "the Street," every second man we met nodding to Flink. We stepped into bankers' offices, and exchange offices, and brokers' offices. He pointed out half a dozen financial swells whose nods meant millions. We went through the Custom-house, and lastly to Mr. Flink's office in South William Street—he was in the dried-fruit business—where I left him to read a pile of letters, bidding him *au revoir* and a thousand thanks for his gracious hospitality.

"You'll telegraph when you're coming back? You'll stop with us on your return, and, as everybody will be in town then, I guess we'll give you a good time."

It was close upon half-past one when I reached Fifth Avenue, where I found Mr. Philip Gavin waiting to greet me.

"I'm real sorry, sir, that you're goin' so soon, and so is my relative here; but you'll come back, Mr. Nugent, and—and"—here he grew very red and fidgeted considerably—"I've a great favor to ask of you, sir—that is, if—if you were in any way for to run short of money, I've a trifle here, Mr. Nugent, that's entirely at your disposal," lugging out a leather bag. "It's in gold, Mr. Nugent, as greenbacks are doubtful, I am told, in Mexico."

"If I should fall short, Mr. Gavin," I said, after thanking him from the bottom of my heart for his truly kind and generous offer, "I know where to find a banker."

"You do indeed, Mr. Nugent, and it does me heart good for to know that ye'd take it from me. I've got on wonderful well, sir. I began on the leavings of a wan-pound note I had when I landed twenty years ago. I done business for Philip Redmond,

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of Wexford Street, in Dublin, the corner of Protestant Lane, where there's more pigs nor Protestants; he's an alderman now, sir, and it's myself that's proud of it. He could be lord mayor, I'm told by them that knows, but he has more sense. He's wan of the most honest, independent, clear-headed men that's in the old country this minute. All an Irishman wants to get on here is sobriety, and, when he has made a few dollars, to keep out of politics. There's so much temptation for a young man to drink here, sir, that nine out of ten falls into bad ways. The summer is so hot that beer is like heaven to the man that has the drouth on him; the winter is so cold that spirits is equally deludin'; and between the two, Mr. Nugent, if a boy has a laynin' that way, he's fairly destroyed before he knows where he is. I would sicken you, sir, if I gave you a list of the fine, able, intelligent young fellows that have been sent out to me since I started for myself—aye, sicken you!—and all, *all* gone down through likker. If I was to have a boy sent out to me now that I cared for, I wouldn't let him do more nor set his foot in New York; I'd pack him out to Texas, out to a farm where he'd be free of saloons, and where, if he did take a sup, he'd have a chance of gettin' rid of it under God's open sky, instead of suckin' it in out of the very flowers and gilded walls of the decoy saloons that is rotting the heart's core of this country, sir."

There was a thorough and honest earnestness about Phil Gavin that revealed a secret of his success in life, and I was sorry to have to bid him good-by; but time was flying, I had yet to see Conchita, and it was almost two o'clock.

As I passed up-stairs I encountered Miss Flink standing almost within the folds of a heavy *portière* which shut off the extension. Her face was very pale, and the red lids told tales of a sleepless night.

"I was waiting to see you," she calmly said.

"Thanks," was all I could say.

"Are you still in the same frame of mind as last evening?"

"Indeed and indeed I am." I suppose I was very earnest, for a gleam came into her caressing eyes that bore the faintest *soupçon* of a smile.

"I *feel* that I can trust you, Mr. Nugent, and I purpose doing so; but—"

"Let there be no reservation," I pleaded.

"I do not intend that there shall be. Here," she added, drawing a small, carefully-sealed packet from her bodice, "is a letter which you will read, but not until you shall have reached the

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city of Mexico. It tells you all. Enclosed is another letter addressed to a certain person, which, if after reading your own letter you feel inclined to deliver, you will hand in person. If you decide not to deliver it, burn it. Now, Mr. Nugent," as she handed me the packet, "pledge your word of honor as a gentleman to keep secret all that has passed between us, all that may pass between you and—other parties. I have told you, and you will see for yourself when you come to read what I have written, that danger is—"

"I don't care what you have written, Miss Flink," I cried. "I'll read merely for instructions. Danger or no danger, I'll endeavor to carry out your wishes, and I pledge you my honor as a gentleman never to reveal what has or may come to pass in connection with this packet."

She gave me her hand. I lifted it to my lips, kissed it reverentially, and in a second the *portière* had shut her from out my sight.

Thrusting the packet into my breast-pocket, I darted upstairs, for I had not a second to lose. "Where was Billy Brierly?" I rang the bell.

"Mr. Brierly went out about ten o'clock, sir, and has not returned," was the reply of the servant who responded to my summons.

Was this a dodge of Billy's to gain another day in New York?—and a day meant a fortnight, as the steamers of the Alexandre Line only left New Orleans every two weeks. No; the man was true as sunlight. He must have gone sight-seeing and have lost his way. This was too provoking. I should be compelled to go without him. A fortnight, and the *vomito* would be in search of its prey.

"Mrs. Flink waits luncheon, sir."

Closing my dressing-bag with a hurried snap, I hastened downstairs.

"O my! this is a bad city for a stranger to go roving in. Have you read the *Herald* this morning? There are no less than three cases of people being inveigled into dens, drugged, and robbed—one of them murdered. Why did my servants let your man go out? I'll send a general alarm to all the police stations. I'm sure he has been dealt foully with. Had he any money, Mr. Nugent?" inquired Mrs. Flint all in a breath.

"About five pounds, I think."

"Twenty-five dollars. O my! they'd kill a man for a five-dollar bill. We must sound a general alarm."

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"I'll go and send it instantly," I cried, now thoroughly alarmed for poor Brierly.

As I plunged into the hall for my hat, to my great delight I recognized Billy's voice, in a sort of whine, on the basement stairs.

Such a plight as he was in when he came to the surface! His new coat—I bought the suit at Hyam's, in Dame Street, as we passed through Dublin—torn in a dozen places, his waistcoat buttonless, his trousers merely hanging to him, his cravat gone, his shirt torn down his breast, while one eye was completely bunged up and already proclaiming a rapidly-advancing mourning, the other partially closed and red as a bull-terrier's.

"Good heavens! Billy, what *has* happened?" I eagerly demanded.

"Masther Joe, I'm kilt an' murthered. There's not a bone in me that isn't bruck, an', savin' yer presence, there's not a spot on me body but's welted into a jelly. O murther! luk at me new clothes, that ye ped seven-pound-tin for in Dame Sthreet; they worn't much good anyway, they'd no houldin'-out in them, or some o' thim wud have kep whole, not runnin' into flitthers. O Masther Joe! this is a sore an' sorry day for me. *Wirra! wirra!* me illigant clothes wracked, me hat gone, me money gone, an' me body only fit for to be waked. What's to be done at all, at all?" And Billy commenced to rock himself backwards and forwards, uttering a low, running moan.

"What is it? What has happened?"

"What will they say at Dromroe? They'll say av all the gommochs that iver wint on the *shaughraun*, that I flog thim; an' Father Tom he'll laugh me out av the barony, and Biddy—"

"Confound you!" I cried, losing all patience, "what has happened? Speak, you blockhead!"

"See this, now. A poor boy meets wud misfortune, an' every wan turns a hand agin him. Here I am bet an' bruck, an' me clothes in flitthers, an' me hat—"

The carriage was at the door to convey me to the station. Time was up.

"Do you wish to be left in New York?" I fiercely asked.

"O Masther Joe! don't name that name to me, av ye plaze, sir. I'll tell ye what happened, bad luck to me foolishness! Av I ever had any consait in me it's knocked clane an' cleverly out o' me. I was walkin' along a sthrate, an' lukkin' into a windy at a picther o' Gineral Meagher in the dock at Clonmel facin' the judge as bould as a ram, whin a well-dhressed, respectable-lukkin'

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man comes up an' bids me the time o' day. We got into chat, whin what do ye think but he tould me, whin he heard I was from Dromroe, that he was from the same place.

"'Do you know Father James?' sez I.

"'I do well,' sez he.

"'An' Father Luke?'

"'As well as I know meself.'

"'An' Misther Moriarty, of Clonawelty?'

"'That same,' sez he.

"'An' Judy Callaghan, that keeps the public-house below at the cross-roads?' sez I.

"'Many's the golliogue I tuk there,' sez he.

"Well, Masther Joe, we got into conversation, an' he tould me that he come out here on a vinture, an' that he was in the hoighth av luck, an' that everything he done turned in goold; that he had a fine house, where I'd be welkim, an' a horse an' car, an' all to this, till he'd desave th' ould boy himself.

"'D'ye know,' sez he after a while, 'I'd rayther nor a ten-poun' note that I met ye a quarther av an' hour ago,' sez he.

"'How so?' sez I.

"'Well,' sez he, 'there was a cupple av spalpeens av Englishmen boastin' that the Irish that come out here is the poorest and maynest people on the face o' the earth; that they haven't a cint and they're all beggars. "Why," sez the Englishman, "there was a steamer come in yestherda, an' if you'll get me any wan av the steerage passengers wud a five-poun note I'll give ye this." An' he hauls out a Bank av England note for twenty poun'. Musha, but it's a pity I cudn't have made that English bragger ait his own words!' sez this man to me; 'an I cud, av I had met you,' sez he.

"'Bedad,' sez I, 'that's thrue for ye, for I've got five poun', fifteen shillin's, an' tuppence-halfpenny in me breeches-pocket this minnit.'

"'I'd give double that to make that bragger ait his words,' sez the man. 'I wundher if he's there still?'

"'Where?' sez I.

"'Over beyant in that saloon. Let us thry.'

"Well, Masther Joe, over we wint, an' shure enough there was me gintleman smokin' a cigar an' readin' a newpaper.

"'See here, misther,' sez *my* man, 'may the divvle'—I ax yer pardon, sir—'here's a man that kem over be the steamer yesterda.'

"'I don't believe it,' sez the other wudout raising his eyes.

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"'I tell ye it's truth I'm tellin' ye; an' what's more,' sez the man, 'he come steerage,' sez he, 'an' has over five poun' in his pocket,' sez he.

"'I don't believe it,' sez the other in a sneerin' way.

"Masther Joe, that set me as mad as Andy Rooney's bull.

"'D'ye believe this, me man?' sez I, pullin' out me money.

"'What?' sez he.

"'This,' sez I.

"'Ye ignoraymus,' sez I, 'it's a five-poun' Bank av Ireland note.'

"'Let me luk at it,' sez he.

"I gev it into his hand, Masther Joe; an' what do ye think, sir? I seen him slip it up his sleeve, an' wriggle another piece av paper out av the heel of his fist.'

"I med for him, Masther Joe, an' gev him a welt in the butt av the lug that flured him, but th' other man set upon me, an' a cupple av others that come in promiscuous like, an' while I was strugglin' wud thim the villyan that hed me money slipped away. I med for the doore, an' it was in me endayvor to get afther him that I was tore to flitthers. Masther Joe, avic, won't ye stop till I get satisfaction?—for have it I will, as shure as me name's Billy Brierly."

Hastily enveloping my retainer in an overcoat, and borrowing a hat for him, and thanking Mrs. Flink for all her kindness, I shoved Brierly down the steps, into the carriage, and arrived at the Grand Central Dépôt just to catch the train by the skin of my teeth.

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE TWO ROADS OF VIRTUE.

THERE are two roads before us leading up to Virtue;
If one is closed for you, the other must be open.
The happy gains the goal by work, the sufferer by patience.
Well is it with the one who on both roads can travel.

—*Schiller.*

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GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

IV.

WE are now about to examine those reasons alleged against the truth of the lofty and attractive Ideal of Catholicism which seem to us the most worthy of consideration. They are very like the reasons most commonly alleged at the present time against the truth of Christianity. The method of arguing is that which is supposed to be derived from the maxims of Lord Bacon's inductive philosophy, and which is the common method employed against all old and common principles, beliefs, doctrines, and institutions, by the negative, critical, sceptical disciples of the modern Porch, the school of methodic doubt. It deals with single facts and phenomena in detail, and proceeds chiefly in its contention against all primary philosophy and science of the universal by minute criticism of its molecular parts, by objections, the proposition of difficulties, the suggestion of doubts, and the general weakening and undermining of the whole foundation of certitude. Its attack upon all ancient wisdom is like that of an army of worms upon the venerable folios of a library, boring through the leaves, destroying the texture, and by the aid of damp and mould effacing all legible impress from the pages of these monuments of genius and learning.

The religion of divine revelation, and its inspired documents, from the earliest contained in the Book of Genesis to the latest book of the last of the apostles, have been subjected to this attack from the worms of negative criticism, who boast that they have riddled the whole Bible through and through. Anti-Christian writers pretend, also, that the damp and mould of age have destroyed the Christian religion together with all other religions of the past. Those who in a general sense may be classed under the title of Positivists fasten on the single facts of experience, the phenomena of matter, those of inner consciousness, and the phenomena of common, social, and political life, as the data and starting-points of all reasonable conclusions. They declare that these do not warrant belief in the truth of the old, lofty, and attractive Ideal of Christianity and Theism, and are even irreconcilable thereto.

It is evident that the cause of Christianity as well as that of

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Theistic Philosophy, which is now almost identified with it, imposes a work of great magnitude and extent on its advocates and defenders, for the reason that it is engaged to the positive maintenance of such a wide area of historical and doctrinal territory, embracing so large a number of objective points of assault which must be held and defended, each by itself, as indispensable to victory in the contention. The surrender of any one of these exposes the whole domain of religion to devastation. Unbelievers and sceptics, on the contrary, when they think they have established one fatal objection against the certainty of religion, congratulate themselves, like lawyers who have found one fatal flaw in a deed, that their cause is won. They can then fall back upon whatever view and rule of life they happen to fancy, and make as many theories and hypotheses as they choose, with perfect liberty.

The case of Catholicism is perfectly analogous, for it is nothing else than genuine and complete Christianity. Its essential universality in the order of ideas and in the order of facts gives it a long line of frontier, exposed to attack at every point and requiring everywhere defence. Those who, because they believe in a half-gospel, call themselves Evangelical Christians—in their contention with Catholics who believe in the whole gospel—are in the same attitude with those who reject the whole, in their contention with both parties. They take hold of single phenomena and single facts which they think are irreconcilable with the general truth of the Catholic Idea, and then do like those who were spoken of in the last paragraph.

We do not admit, for a moment, that any of them really follow the method of sound, inductive philosophy or are true disciples of the great Verulam. They are more like the colored preacher of Richmond, who most methodically doubted of all scientific truth, and made his own experience and his own interpretation of the Bible his sole criterion. He saw the sun, he said, just then, over the corner of the next house, and an hour before he had seen it in another place: "Therefore, the sun do move." Here was experience and observation of facts. Besides this, he had read the Bible twenty times, and every text which spoke of the sun described his rising and setting and change of place in the heavens with verbs of motion. Here was the private interpretation of Scripture. The good man, therefore, laughed to scorn all science, and was at rest in his faith.

His brethren in the ministry who hold a higher position in the society of the educated and polite world, place themselves quite on his level in a rational point of view. They have a certain pri-

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vate interpretation of the Scripture which they take for granted is the right one, although there is an overwhelming consent of past ages, of learned men, and of the Christian faithful in the present age, against them. They make their observations on the appearance of the Catholic Church in reference to their own narrow field of vision, and look at facts and phenomena in her history out of their own window, and quickly pronounce the grand Idea of Catholicism, which they cannot help admiring, an illusion. Possibly the illusion is in their own minds, and their whole View of Christianity, their estimate of historical facts, and their interpretation of the Scripture is an illusion, in so far as it is negative and partial, and in opposition to the Catholic Idea.

The real reason why the multitude of Evangelical Protestants believe in their half-gospel is, that the agglomeration of sects thrown off from the body of the church by the convulsion of the sixteenth century has taken the place and presents the appearance of concrete, real Christianity, for those who have been born and educated in countries where these sects are prevalent, and under the instruction of some one of the Protestant churches. A history, a tradition, a teaching authority, a vast system of institutions, rites and forms of worship, a literature, a moral atmosphere, have been evolved and consolidated by the intellectual, religious, and political forces of movement, during the past three centuries, which threw off these rings from the central mass of Christendom. If we can fancy a fragment of the earth carried away by a comet in an eccentric orbit around the sun, according to Jules Verne's ingenious *jeu d'esprit*, or an artificial moon, as Mr. Hale has pleasantly dreamed, projected into space from the earth, and furnishing a tolerable abode for the people carried away with it by accident, we may find an illustration of the condition of Protestants. Those who were born and brought up on the new asteroid, after the remembrance of the catastrophe which had started it on its revolution had become dim, would regard it as their world, and consider their separation from the earth as their natural and normal condition. It is the same with those who have been brought up in the Protestant churches. Not only ecclesiastical institutions, but universities, colleges, reigning dynasties, political constitutions, national wars, conquests, disasters, laws, habits, customs, all that makes the little world of distinct and particular peoples and communities, coalesce and crystallize, in the memory and imagination, into a composite whole. All the elements blend and unite to make their religion, their civilization, their intellectual, moral, and civil republic, their home,

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their country, their world. Their minds and hearts submit, obey, believe, and reverence, from a habit received in infancy and strengthened by general consent and agreement, according to the laws of human nature. Reflection, reasoning, inquiry, and study, in their legitimate operation, only increase and confirm the Christian belief and convictions derived from early instruction, in respect to everything which is really sustained by sufficient motives of credibility. So, also, with the upright, the conscientious, the pious, their inner life, their spiritual experience, their Christian consciousness, gives light and warmth within the soul, which it necessarily refers to the only source of light and life, to the Divine Spirit of God. The habit and power of association connect all that is true and good in the religion they have been taught with those exterior forms, with that society, with all that environment, to which they have been accustomed from childhood. The Lutheran Church, the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, the Church of the Puritans, the Methodist or Baptist or other religious society, is identified in the imagination with pure Christianity. The sects which differ from the one in which any individual has been brought up are generally estimated according to their resemblance to his own, and a common family likeness among them all makes it easy to fall into a way of looking upon that which they have in common as essential Christianity, and their differences as only non-essential variations. As soon as the Catholic Church becomes partially known in its real character, a similar estimate is formed of this society also. It becomes manifest to those who are not completely possessed by prejudice, that the Catholic religion contains everything which Protestants generally regard as essential to Christianity. It is a very easy and natural process of mind, by which, after the horizon of general knowledge has become enlarged and extended, a vague, confused idea of the church, as one, holy, catholic, and apostolic; in such a wide sense as to take in the Catholic, Greek, and Protestant churches; composing a sort of abstract totality, called the Christian Church, imperceptibly and gradually takes the place of the older and more exclusive view of Christianity. In the concrete, the church is, for each one, his own particular sect, though there may be alliances, interchange of courtesies, communion in religious observances with the members of other societies. There may be a willingness to attend even on Catholic services, to hear the sermons and read the books of Catholic clergymen, to participate in certain Catholic ceremonies and festivities. Protestant ministers have gone so far as to read Catho-

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lic sermons to their people from the pulpit, or even to invite priests to preach to their congregations. A great many would be delighted if the Catholic clergy would consent to come down upon some common platform with themselves, take what is called a liberal position, and join in a common alliance. The venerable and learned Dr. Woolsey, ex-President of Yale College, and President of the Evangelical Conference of 1873, in his closing address used these words:

"The remarkable communication from the 'Old Catholics' that was presented to us shows that there are those beyond the bounds of 'Protestantism' who, although widely differing from us, recognize the same common Saviour, and have a sympathy with us. Suppose, now, a member of the Church of Rome who preserved his connection with the Pope should come to us and say, 'I am indeed a Catholic; I cannot in conscience break away from the church of my fathers; but I believe in Christ, and I believe that you love Christ and the kingdom of Christ in the world; my heart is with you and I wish to express my sympathy with you,' would you not receive him? Would you not, when he said, 'I believe that through the grace of the Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved, even as you,' call him your brother? [Decided expressions of assent from the members of the conference.]"

It is the exclusiveness of the Roman Church, what Dr. Van Osterzee, in the paper read before this same Conference, calls her "unprecedented hardness of heart," in denying the right of every society, even that which is called "The Holy Eastern Church," to be called a part of the Universal Church, against which the principal contention is made. The real, positive motive for clinging to the half-gospel of Protestant orthodoxy is the conviction of its truth and the love of the good which it contains, mingled with the attachment springing from education and habit for everything which is associated with this object of belief and love.

In opposition to the claim of the Roman Church to be exclusively and completely the One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church, and to her invitation and command addressed in the name and authority of Jesus Christ to all the baptized to obey her teaching and ruling authority in order to be saved, a plea in bar of her right is put in, based on the assumption that the members of particular Protestant churches are already *ipso facto* in the communion of the Catholic Church and in the way of salvation. Those who attempt to construct a theory and frame arguments against the evidence of the right of the Roman Church to the exclusive possession of the four notes of divine origin and authority, proceed from this plea as their basis. They can always

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take it for granted when they are addressing Protestants. It is this which gives them the feeling of security and dispenses from the obligation of inquiring and studying diligently into the Catholic evidences as a matter of personal and momentous concern. The rise and progress of Catholicism may interest them, in the same way that they are interested in the history of the Jews, the history of the feudal system, of the temporal power of the Popes, of the various schools of philosophy and art. But it is not a momentous practical question, so long as it is taken for granted that in any Protestant church sufficient and essential communion is enjoyed with the Universal Christian Church. It is convenient to have some sort of theory, for the sake of argument, and to refute Catholic arguments for the divine origin of the authority of the episcopal body under its supreme head. But any plausible theory sustained by negative criticism will answer the purpose. It being presupposed that the half-gospel is the whole gospel, whatever is more than this must be regarded as human and accidental, however lofty and attractive its ideal form may be. When presented in an argumentative method, the plea for Protestantism becomes an indirect syllogism. It professes to refute the exclusive claim of the Catholic Church to the possession of the four notes of divine origin. These four notes are like the four transcendentals, being, unity, truth, and good, intrinsically one and the same thing under distinct notions. They contain each other, but one or more may be selected to represent the whole idea to the best advantage for certain purposes of argument. In the present instance, it is the note of Sanctity which is impugned and to be vindicated. And the purport of the objection is briefly this: The good which exists in Protestantism is a proof that sanctity is not the exclusive possession of the Catholic Church.

The gist of the argument seems to lie in the supposition, that if the Catholic doctrine be true, there can be no good which is the effect of divine grace in those who are outside of the visible fold of the church, and therefore no possibility of salvation for any one of them. The same objection extended to a wider sense is made against Christianity in general by unbelievers. It is taken for granted that a Christian must deny all goodness and virtue to those who do not believe in Christ. The evidences of virtue and goodness in those who are not Christians are then turned into an argument against the exclusive and divine truth of the Christian religion.

Whatever has been said by Christians or even by Catholics, which can justify the assumption on which the foregoing objec-

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tion, taken either in a narrower or in a wider sense, is based, is merely the private, personal opinion of individuals, who have exaggerated the Catholic doctrine. The genuine doctrine of the church as defined by authority, and the doctrinal exposition of the best theologians whose works are in common use as text-books, do not contain any such exaggerations. Much less is there any similarity between the Catholic doctrine and the monstrous opinions of Calvinists, which have been condemned as heretical or more or less approaching to heresy. Catholic theology does not teach the essential and total depravity of human nature. Therefore, all there is of natural goodness and virtue in the entire multitude of men who are outside of the communion of the church can be cheerfully acknowledged, and receive due honor, from the strictest and most orthodox Catholic. There is no exact test and criterion by which to discern with unerring certainty natural from supernatural goodness and virtue in individuals. It is difficult for one to know even in himself what springs from nature, and what comes from grace. There is a natural religion and piety as well as a supernatural. We willingly admit, therefore, all the goodness which gives evidence of its existence in those who are separated from the communion of the Catholic Church. How much of this goodness springs from an inherent sanctification by the Holy Spirit we do not pretend to determine. But we are not obliged by our Catholic belief to deny that it does sometimes spring from sanctifying grace. All those who are baptized, if they have not the use of reason, are made children of God by the sanctifying grace of the Holy Spirit; and all who have the use of reason, if they have the necessary dispositions, viz., faith, hope, sorrow for every actual grievous sin, and a firm purpose to sin no more. All infants who are baptized, no matter who may administer the baptism, are made passively members of the body of the Catholic Church. This passive union with the body of the church is all that any person is capable of acquiring, without the exercise of his own rational and voluntary acts. All baptized children are therefore perfectly equal in this respect, and there is no difference between the children of Catholic and those of non-Catholic parents. The sanctifying grace infused by regeneration cannot be lost except by grievous sin. Therefore, whoever preserves baptismal grace by keeping the commandments remains the child of God, and dying in that state is certainly saved. A person becomes an active member of the body of the church by the personal act of faith and submission to the authority of the lawful pastors of the church which he makes when he comes to

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years of discretion. If he fails to make that act he remains in passive union with the body of the church by virtue of the indelible character of baptism, but he does not enter into active communion with the society of the faithful. If he is not to blame for his failure to profess the entire Catholic Faith, to obey the lawful pastors of the church, and to fulfil the duties required of its members, he incurs no guilt or punishment, and does not lose the benefit of the grace already received in baptism. Neither is he shut out from all means of grace and salvation. Whatever the sects preserve of the treasures they carry away with them from the Catholic Church, can be used by those who are born and brought up within their bounds. They may have the whole or a large portion of the Bible, many traditions, some or even all of the sacraments, a part of the faith, if it is a sect merely schismatical and not heretical the whole faith; they have prayer, and that grace of God which is refused to none, and especially to none who have a good will and sincerely endeavor to follow what light they have, and to obey the dictates of their conscience. Even the unbaptized, Jews, Mahometans, or Pagans, if they are faithful to the light which is given to them, and make diligent use of the grace which they receive, can have faith, hope, and charity, and obtain eternal salvation, without an explicit knowledge of Christ or any kind of union with the body of the church, if their ignorance is altogether involuntary and invincible. This is in nowise inconsistent with the Catholic doctrine that there is no salvation out of the church. It is necessary to know what is the complete definition of the church, in order to understand what is meant by being in the church or out of it. Bonal gives this definition in terms which are both terse and adequate.

"The church is a certain moral unit composed of men; but man may be considered under a twofold respect, namely, either as corporeal, that is, in those relations which fall under sensible observation; or as spiritual, that is, in those relations which are impervious to the senses; and therefore the church, since, by the hypothesis, it coalesces from men who are dwelling on the earth, is said to have a body or a soul, accordingly as it is regarded under the exterior or the interior respect.

"That is to say, the body of the church is a collection of men, who are outwardly united together into the One, Apostolic, Catholic, and Holy Church by the teaching and ruling authority of the successors of the apostles, under their supreme head the successor of Peter.

"The soul of the church, however, is a collection of men who are interiorly united into one spiritual church, by the spiritual and internal bond of faith and love." *

* *Instit. Theol.*, vol. i. p. 388.

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All those, and only those, who are thus inwardly united to the soul of the church are in the state of sanctifying grace, and those who die in the state of grace are saved. The outward and visible body of the church is the ordinary and appointed medium of union with the invisible and spiritual soul of the church. Passive union with the body suffices to effect the union with the soul for those who have not the use of reason. For those who are made free and responsible agents, actual faith and love are necessary, faith for the inchoate and imperfect union which is not sufficient for salvation, love for that perfect union which alone suffices. Active union with the body of the church is the ordinary medium of the union of the intellect to the object of faith, and of the will to the object of love. And it is necessary, by a necessity of precept, for all those who know the will and commandment of God. Those who wilfully and culpably fail to obey this precept cannot have the love of God, and those who refuse the assent of faith to all which the church proposes, the article of "One, Holy, Catholic, and Apostolic Church" included, when the church and her creed are sufficiently proposed to their minds, cannot have faith. The true sense of the doctrine that out of the church there is no salvation is therefore plain. Out of the soul of the church there is absolutely no salvation for any human being. And as no one can be united with the soul of the church who is by his own grievous fault out of the passive and active union with the body of the church, there is no salvation out of the visible body and society of the faithful for such persons, and no other appointed and ordinary way of salvation except the Catholic Church alone.

This is beautifully expressed by St. Augustine:

"I have said, my brethren, that what the Lord hath set before us, in eating of his Flesh and drinking of his Blood, is that we should dwell in him and he in us. We dwell in him when we are his members, and he dwelleth in us when we are his temple. But the bond whereby we are made his members is oneness; and what is the cause of oneness but love? And love of God, whence is it? Ask the apostle. 'The love of God,' saith he, 'is shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost which is given unto us' (Rom. v. 5). So 'it is the spirit that quickeneth.' It is the spirit that maketh lively the limbs; nor is the quickening power of the spirit shed through any limbs but such as remain in union with the body whose the spirit is. The spirit that thou hast in thee, O man, and whereby thou art a man, doth that spirit shed life through any limb cut off from thy flesh? By 'spirit' I mean soul. The soul quickeneth no limbs but such as remain attached to the body. Cut one off, and the soul quickeneth it no more, for it is separate from the oneness of thy body. These things I say, that we may love oneness and dread division. In sooth, there is nothing which a Christian ought so much to dread, as to be cut off from the Body of Christ; he is no longer a

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member of Christ, and the Spirit of Christ no longer quickeneth him. 'Now, if any man,' saith the apostle, 'have not the Spirit of Christ, he is none of his'" (Rom. viii. 9).*

The likeness of the church with its body and soul to man as composed of soul and body is only analogical, inasmuch as the church is a moral and not a physical being. Hence, the union with the visible church is not absolutely necessary to spiritual life. The ordinary medium by which the knowledge of revealed truth is communicated and grace infused, is not the only one which God has provided, nor does he need to use any medium whatever, if he chooses to work miraculously. In whatever way knowledge of God and his truth sufficient for an act of faith is communicated, that act can be elicited by the aid of interior grace, and when faith exists in the soul, hope and love can follow from it by the aid of the same grace. Faith in God as the supreme good, together with the will to seek this good in preference to all inferior good, is the only necessary disposition for receiving sanctifying grace. God, who wills the salvation of all men and has given his Son for all, cannot fail to infuse sanctifying grace into a soul thus disposed, even though it is incapable of making use of the ordinary means. Those who have never even heard of the Bible or of Christ can, therefore, be sanctified by the Holy Spirit and obtain salvation. If they have faith in God, they implicitly believe all that God has revealed, though they have no explicit knowledge of anything except the one primary truth on which their faith terminates. If they love God, they have the implicit will to obey all those commandments which are unknown to them. They are implicit and inchoate Catholic Christians, and if one had evidence that thousands or millions of such persons have lived and died holily, their holiness would not furnish the slightest objection to the exclusive claim of the Catholic Church to the note of sanctity.

The great multitude of the baptized, having an explicit belief in the principal articles of the Catholic faith, who have lived and died out of the exterior communion of the church, not having wilfully apostatized, have had far better means and opportunities of grace than those who have had no Christian instruction. Protestants have not, it is true, any sacraments except baptism and matrimony. But all those who have not abandoned the symbols of doctrine which were retained by the great Protestant sects, have the tradition and teaching of the Catholic Church and

* Twenty-seventh *Tract on John*. Lord Bute's Translation. Eng. Brev., Office of Sunday within the Octave of Corpus Christi.

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the true sense of the Bible brought into contact with their minds and hearts, sufficiently for eliciting explicit acts of faith in several of the principal mysteries contained in the Catholic Creed. Faith is the root of all justification and Christian righteousness. No matter how obscurely the object of faith may be presented to the intellect, if it is really presented and a real act of divine faith is elicited, this act contains virtually in its essence the principle which gives form and quality to the clearest and most explicit acts terminated on the object presented in the clearest and most explicit manner. Though the knowledge of the truth actually revealed by God may be very imperfect, yet all the unknown truth is implicitly believed as virtually contained in the known truth, and in the intention of believing on the veracity of God whatever he has revealed as soon as it is made known. Wherever sanctifying grace subsists, the habit of faith subsists as contained in it, and this habit is not lost except by an act directly and wilfully contrary to the act of faith. So far as faith is concerned, therefore, there is no difficulty in supposing that persons who are out of the communion of the church may have it, if they have once received the infused gift of faith, and are invincibly ignorant of their obligation to obey the teaching authority of the Catholic Church. As baptism makes all who have been baptized passive members of the body of the church, faith makes all believers imperfect participators in her interior life, even though they may be in the state of sin. But if they are free from sin by virtue of perseverance in the state of baptismal innocence, or by virtue of perfect contrition for their actual sins, they have then the *fides formata* or faith made lively and perfect by love, which unites them perfectly with the soul of the church.

When we consider, therefore, the question how far the moral goodness and virtue, the religious zeal and piety, and all the good works, whose existence among Protestants is manifest and undeniable, proceed from the supernatural grace of the Holy Spirit, it turns exclusively upon this one point: What is the probability that they are in good faith, having a sincere love of the truth and faithfully obeying the dictates of conscience?

In times and countries where the Catholic Church is not "as a city set on a hill," in the face and eyes of all men, it is manifestly impossible that she should be known except through laborious study and research. This is possible only to a few, and in how many cases those who have had learning and leisure enough to be able to make this research have been bound in conscience to make it, it is impossible to determine. It is reasonable, therefore,

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to conclude, that under such circumstances, as a general rule, those who have professed to hold and to put in practise the religious doctrines and precepts which they have been taught, have been sincere and in good faith. In proportion to the general diffusion of knowledge respecting the Catholic Church, and to the extension of her visible being within the horizon of actual observation, the difficulty of recognizing her just claims, and the facility of perceiving the evidence of her divine character, are respectively diminished and increased. But, for measuring the interior obstacles which may prevent minds from perceiving the evidence of Catholic truth when the exterior obstacles are removed, we can have no exact criterion. How far even intelligent and educated persons may be intellectually blinded by inherited prejudice, by misapprehensions, by an unconscious influence of old habits of thought, of associations, affections, natural interests, and all the accidents which affect the intellect directly or through the heart, so as to persist in error without grievous wilful fault, we will not attempt even to conjecture. That all who love God are the children of God, and will be saved, if they persevere, is certain. It is equally certain, that those who knowingly and wilfully shut out the light of divine truth from their minds, or refuse to follow the light when it shines upon them, do not love God. The question as to how many Protestants have been or are in good faith, or in the state of grace, has no bearing on the practical matter of the duty of submission to the Catholic Church. No one can evade obedience to the precept of the Lord commanding all to hear the teaching word of the Catholic and Apostolic episcopate commissioned by himself, under the pretext that faith, accompanied by love, in whatever way it is acquired, suffices for justification and salvation. For faith, if genuine, implicitly contains belief in the church and all the church proposes, and love cannot exist without the purpose of keeping all the commandments. Even though a person who has been up to a certain time in invincible ignorance or doubt respecting a part of the Catholic Faith, may be actually justified and holy, as soon as his ignorance becomes vincible he is bound to overcome it, as soon as his doubt becomes no longer prudent and reasonable, he is bound to put it aside by an act of firm assent to the truth sufficiently proposed, and he is bound to act accordingly, by professing the faith and receiving the sacraments of the Catholic Church. If he fails to obey, he loses the grace of justification, and if he fails to believe he loses the gift of faith.

The argument from the moral and supernatural goodness ex-

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isting apart from the visible communion of the church against her exclusive claims, is therefore worthless.

There is, moreover, a great responsibility resting upon the consciences of all those who by reason of their superiority in intelligence and education and their public profession of belief in the Gospel, are looked up to as guides and teachers in religion, especially if they have the official position of presidency in their ecclesiastical societies. Whatever may be proved in the abstract of the nullity of their reasons for dissent from the secure judgment of the universal church, they have practically a great weight of authority in the estimation of a multitude of persons. Their judgment passes for a judgment of men competent in the matters to which they have given thought and study. The common sense of the multitude teaches them that there ought to be consent and agreement of the competent in respect to things which are made certain by adequate motives of scientific or credible certitude. They naturally infer, therefore, that dissent and disagreement among professed teachers of Christianity is a sign of a want of sufficient grounds for a certain knowledge and understanding of Christianity which is an inherent defect in its very essence and nature. So, then, faith comes to be popularly regarded as subjective and sentimental. Doctrines are only probable opinions. The widest door is open to indifferentism and rationalism, to scepticism and infidelity. There can be no doubt that the persistent and incurable divisions and dissensions which are the necessary and logical result of the Protestant principle so far obscure the visible evidence of the notes of the church, as to weaken the power and influence of the Christian religion in the nominally Christian portion of the world, and to hinder the conversion of the rest of mankind.

There is, therefore, a double obligation resting on those who profess faith in Jesus Christ as the divine Redeemer and Saviour of the world, to submit to the authority of the one true church which he has established. There is the duty which each one owes to himself to secure his own salvation. There is the duty which each one owes to all his fellow-men, to give his individual co-operation to the only efficient and organized society in which are concentrated all the powers and means for universally diffusing the truth and grace of Christ. The tersely expressed maxim of Schiller entitled "Pflicht für Jeden," "Every man's duty," can be applied to this case: "Immer strebe zum Ganzen, und kannst du selber kein Ganzes werden, als dienendes Glied schliess an ein Ganzes dich an." "Always strive after the Whole,

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and if you cannot yourself become a Whole, join yourself as a serviceable member to a Whole." The more personal worth, moral and intellectual, the more collective energy, influence, and control of the means and instruments of doing good works there is, of which Protestants can boast, the greater is the evil of their separation, the more desirable is their return to the bosom of the mother church.

THE VAIN DEVICE OF DIVES IN HELL.

"Send Lazarus, that he may dip the tip of his finger in water, and cool my tongue."

"How shall I ease this worst of all hell's pain,
Denied the sight of God! Though it may seem in vain,
Yet will I have recourse to some device:
One drop of water I will beg from Paradise—
So small a boon, yet ah! how great to me,
Will not be missed from heaven's exhaustless treasury—
And, while it sparkles on the finger-tip
Of Lazarus, ere that it pass my thirsty lip,
Or that I plunge my tongue in its refreshing flood
And cool the flame-parched pulses of my blood,
For one brief moment full of bliss untold
Reflected in that tiny mirror's depths I will behold
An image erst imprinted by a ray
Of Light divine that shrined it there for aye—
The pictured image of God's Blessed Face,
Whose sight makes heaven heaven, its lack this woful place.
O happy thought! O wisely-planned device!
In that one drop mine eyes will see all Paradise.
Once seen, enough! the sight can ne'er be lost again.
Farewell, thou cursed realm of banishment and pain!"

Pain sharpens wit. Of pain, O Dives! thou hast sure no lack;
But Paradise once lost, no wit can ever win it back.

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LORD BEACONSFIELD.

II.

WHILE on the subject of his writings a few words on Disraeli's style and method as a novelist, as apart from his politics, may not be out of place. Brandes starts his study of the statesman by examination of the writer, and carries the comparison almost to exaggeration, as did many of Byron's critics when they insisted upon seeing in each of the poet's heroes a reflection of himself in one or other of his moods. But the German biographer is to be trusted in his judgment of the successive novels of his hero, as far as style and literary accessories are concerned. He fails to recognize in some of the earlier ones the tone of satire that keeps the reader always on the alert as to the meaning "between the lines," but never misses the delicate touches of wit, the sparkling bits of description, the caustic pen-portraits that appear amid a mass of inflated and pretentious—perhaps intentionally melodramatic—talk. "His pathos," however, says Brandes, "which had never been very simple (naturalness is the one thing no reader ever found in Disraeli), had considerably degenerated. It had always been getting more abstract, pompous, and affected, until in *Lothair*, where he allowed himself full scope, it fell into the absurdities which Bret Harte has so capitally parodied." The present generation of American readers know *Lothair* by heart, while the rest of Lord Beaconsfield's novels and other works are almost unknown to them; but the author is certainly not at his best in his last novel, which contains hardly any lesson or exhibits any motive. The style is Disraeli's, but an exaggeration of himself; the flow of fancy is less free, the mechanism more apparent and clumsy; the contrast of principles, always embodied in picturesque human representatives, and never soberly presented on their own merits, is essentially Disraeli-like; but the final triumph of British Philistinism is more conspicuous than usual, and a weary cynicism, the indifferentism of a thoroughly disillusioned man, seems to paraphrase the old Hebrew dictum, "Vanity of vanity, and all is vanity."

Brandes calls it a "more straightforward book" than the three before-mentioned novels, and the "most openly free-thinking work that Disraeli has written," giving as a reason for this

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outspokenness the fact that the author "stands at the summit of his wishes and has realized his schemes, so that he no longer needs to take various circumstances into consideration." In his earlier works, even in *Alroy*, there is hardly any sensuousness—not that he failed to appreciate its artistic value as an element of fiction, but because he had an aim in view with which sensuous description was incompatible: "He desires, above all things, to be read by the general public; to be a drawing-room author, recommended by a mother to her daughter." We think another reason was his leaning to the artificialities of civilized life, his keen relish of the ultra-refinements which made of him in his youth a dandy, a gastronome, and a fastidious social critic. Passion in its broader phases must be distasteful to such a nature, but that he had no sympathy with "bourgeois" prudery has been elsewhere demonstrated. His love-scenes are often stilted; the talk is such as in English sounds either pedantic or phrenetic; his fancy leads him to an Oriental effervescence of simile which to Western, especially English, readers is disagreeable because it seems theatrical: Englishmen in real life are curt and clumsy at love-making, and this blundering wooing is in itself a distinctive charm of their race. Aptness of metaphor or elegance of pleading are the last things to be expected of the mind of John Bull in love, but beneath this awkwardness there is true delicacy towards women and a sincere respect for them. Disraeli has never succeeded in representing a real English love-scene, while many novelists considered inferior to him have done so; this is, no doubt, an accident of race. Among other passions he is more at home; ambition especially is vividly portrayed in his novels, and in the *Young Duke* is an appallingly graphic gambling scene which Brandes singles out as masterly:

"Another morning came, and there they sat, ankle-deep in cards. No attempt at breakfast now, no affectation of making a toilet or airing the room. There they sat, in total, in positive forgetfulness of everything but the hot game they were hunting down. There was not a man in the room, except Tom Cogit, who could have told you the name of the town in which they were living. There they sat, almost breathless, watching every turn, with the fell look in their cannibal eyes which showed their total inability to sympathize with their fellow-beings. All forms of society had long been forgotten. There was no snuff-box handed about now for courtesy, admiration, or a pinch; no affectation of occasionally making a remark upon any other topic but the all-engrossing one. Lord Castlefort rested with his arms on the table. A false tooth had got unhinged; his lordship, who at any other time would have been most annoyed, coolly put it in his pocket. His cheeks had fallen, and he looked twenty years older. Lord Dice had torn off his cravat, and his hair hung down over his callous, bloodless

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cheeks, straight as silk. Temple Grace looked as if he were blighted by lightning, and his deep-blue eyes gleamed like a hyena's."

Some of Bulwer's heroes get into like situations, though a vein of light-heartedness foreign to Disraeli distinguishes Bulwer's sketches of fashionable dissipation. His *Parisians* is one of his best efforts in that line, and the gloomy cynicism of some of his early writings is as absent from that work as the mysticism of others. It is a temptation to compare the two writers, but it would be unjust to Disraeli to pursue the comparison too minutely. Kenelm Chillingly is a reformer as well as Tancred; but though he succumbs to the tyranny of custom, he has a deeper nature, more akin to humanity, and one feels that the man Kenelm, grown to middle age, will be wise and forbearing, while Tancred at the same age will be jaunty and self-satisfied. Disraeli's modern crusaders are always driven by feeling, impulse, imagination, while two of the reformers sketched by another novelist whose favorite problems are more social than political present a sharp contrast to them in their fidelity to principle and reason. These are Felix Holt and Daniel Deronda. The former has the more definite purpose and the greater strength of mind; the latter is somewhat superstitious and personally supine until the revelation he was waiting for rouses his energies, but it is conscience, not expediency, which alike urges and detains his action. Deronda leads one to the kindred subject of Disraeli's race affinities, and his worship of his nation, its history and its local associations. He travelled early in Palestine, Syria, and Egypt, and his love of the Biblical Jerusalem and belief in the destiny of the Hebrew people issued in the *Wondrous Tale of Alroy*, the hero being one of the princes of the Captivity who ruled as tributaries under the caliphate of Bagdad, and took advantage of a period of weakness and disorganization to set up an independent Hebrew commonwealth, which collapsed from the causes familiar to readers of Old Testament history—heathen alliances and idolatrous wives. Lord Beaconsfield's constant and, one cannot but believe, sincere love for his race is the redeeming trait of a character not morally great, and more than commonly soured at its source. This feeling was the deepest, truest, sweetest, and healthiest of his nature; it is the point which none can fail to admire and sympathize with; his noblest because his only disinterested emotion. It has served no political purpose, and the fact of his being a Jew is to this day thrown in his teeth as an opprobrium by ignorant men. He alone among the Tories has been the consistent advocate of political equality for the Jews,

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though, as a rule, the Jewish vote is mainly enlisted on the Liberal side. He was mindful of Jewish claims when the Berlin treaty was made, though he affected great wariness and lack of enthusiasm on the subject of the kindred claims of other faiths and races. He has been unswerving in his devotion to what he calls the Semitic idea, which to him is rather a matter of race than of revelation; and some of the contrasts in his political career, the contradictory advocacies to which he has committed himself, serenely finding explanations good enough for the questioners whom he despised, may be referred to the conflict of his fundamental theory of the necessary union of church and state for the purposes of authority and order, with his hardly-concealed conviction that "Christianity was Judaism for the multitude."* This tender reverence for a faith which, in its most vital and least formal sense, he regarded as still living was the highest feeling he possessed; it rose almost to the level of a principle, and certainly attained the dignity of a motive; yet it remained for Sir Moses Montefiore to become the champion of Jewish freedom and to identify himself with a project for the repopulation of Palestine by Jews.

The writer has had some slight personal knowledge of Lord Beaconsfield and his wife. He was acquainted with Catholics, both among the old English families and converts from Tractarianism; he was once familiar with the movement which led to these conspicuous conversions; he was on intimate terms with several Catholics of high principle, and he was a sensible and practical man in every-day life, and knew well that mediæval jugglery was out of fashion; yet he has deliberately attributed it to Catholic prelates in *Lothair*—a book oddly reminding one of the grotesque *Young Duke*, a tale of his earliest youth. Of course he did not believe in what he wrote, but it seems never to have occurred to English Catholics to be angry with him for the use of such devices to stir up antagonism against a church becoming socially powerful through a certain group of prominent converts, while they have bitterly denounced Gladstone's serious and outspoken attacks on "Vaticanism," the new substitute for the old Jesuit bugbear of England. Is it because they recognized the futility of one attack and the weight of the personality connected with the other?

Lord Beaconsfield's wife was not in any sense a remarkable woman, but she was receptive and sympathetic to a rare degree. Her husband was her idol, almost her fetich; it has interested the

* *Tancred.*

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writer more than once to hear her talk of him, which she would do in the most unaffected way, never restraining herself by the thought that every detail of his life could fail to be as absorbing to others as it was to her. She was simple-minded and unsuspicious, a woman to be esteemed and to a great extent imitated, but not a woman to influence or change the direction of a man's mind. She was touchingly devoted, as the famous story of her crushed finger proved (though most wives would have done the same for many less deserving husbands), and valued her position as minister to his home-comforts as highly and simply as a political "henchman" might his. It was her habit to sit up for him, whenever he was in "the House," to no matter what hour in the morning, and have some supper ready for him, which she attended to herself. At the time we speak of Lord Beaconsfield's policy was not so all-absorbing, and had not parted his countrymen into such violently emphasized camps, as within the last few years. It is almost impossible now for an Englishman to say with Brandes: "To me Disraeli is neither an object of admiration nor dislike, but simply a highly original and interesting character," nor to conclude that "when a critic tries to form a conception of and to delineate the character" of a man whose life, "like the lives of all great characters, began in mystic, heroic dreams and a youth of poetic emotion, ripening into a maturity fruitful of great deeds," he "had need to be upon his guard, for the subject is ever changing and demands an ever-changing method; mere literary criticism must become psychological, and psychology must embrace the emotions of the individual soul and the spirit of the age. For his biography by degrees becomes history, and his history expands at length into a portion of the history of the world."

The German author assumes throughout that Lord Beaconsfield's foreign policy has been as successful as he claims it to be, and is recognized as such by Continental powers, who were previously accustomed to leave the probable action of England out of their calculations. There is much color for this view, no doubt, and the influence of Lord Beaconsfield in European counsels has of late been conspicuous, but it is open to question whether that influence has been profound or compelling. To dictate and to endorse are two very different things, and it appears to us as if the latter were more specially the *rôle* achieved by the Tory government in European affairs. England has taken a prominent part in Continental politics, to the neglect of home legislation, although under the pretext of protection to British interests abroad; but she is weakened by internal dissensions and

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impatient of an ostentatious international interference which disregards possible disorganization at home. Notwithstanding her threats, Russia adroitly gained the endorsement of Europe for all the important particulars of the previous treaty of San Stefano, and has since held such a mysterious sword of Damocles over the head of England in Asia that the latter was hurried by apprehension into complications most difficult to explain, excuse, or retire from. At home the Conservatives declare—and probably with truth—that, had the general election issued in their favor, it was their intention to bring in various bills for the settlement of questions affecting land tenure, local government, extension and equalization of the franchise, the burial of Nonconformists, the marriage laws, etc. Lord Beaconsfield must have seen this necessity, and he is not a man to set himself against the current of public opinion when he finds its force growing irresistible. Whether or no he was keen-eyed about the ultimate issue of the Home-Rule agitation remains to be proved by events. That his party would, if it could, gain the support of the Home-Rulers seems to be assumed by the Liberals. If Lord Beaconsfield remained long enough in power it would not be a surprise to any close observer of his policy to see him give manhood-suffrage to the people and disestablish the Church of England. It counts as nothing that he has always been the champion of the latter, and has never been theoretically the advocate of universal suffrage. This political versatility, even where the cause lies in conviction, as England universally recognized it did in Sir Robert Peel's repeal of the Corn Laws, does not meet with the approval of the more conscientious Brandes, who says: "That a party leader under a Parliamentary constitution should be placed at the helm can only signify that the nation, particularly that portion of it which supports him, desires to afford him the opportunity of carrying out his principles into practice in legislation; if he finds it necessary, as head of the government, to change his principles, he is in duty bound to resign his office"; yet he goes on to say what seems to contradict this axiom: "For power should be the reward of political sagacity, forethought, and success, and he who possesses these qualifications should also taste the sweets of power." A view of English politics from a German stand-point has its interest. Brandes sees in Lord Beaconsfield's Indian and Eastern policy a carrying out of the programme of *Tancred*. He points to the creation of the official title, "Empress of India," to the Prince of Wales' Indian tour, to the employment of Indian troops in Europe, to the protectorate of Asia Minor, to the ac-

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quisition of Cyprus and the commercial control of the Suez Canal by the buying up of the stock, to the Afghan war, and "the strong inclination he (Lord Beaconsfield) has shown to make short work of both Chambers when he wanted, by decisive action, to steal a march on a powerful adversary who was under no obligation to announce his schemes to any popular assembly," as indications that England has realized Disraeli's prophecy of becoming "an Asiatic power." The German critic, convinced as he is of the weakness of the foreign policy that distinguished Gladstone's administration, judges that it was not so much this supineness, but the "daring and not always judicious internal reforms" of that government, which brought about its downfall. Perhaps there is some truth in this, because government on principle is often in advance of the times, and is apt to be precipitate in introducing reforms. The Liberals in 1872, much to the dismay and disgust of the Tories, passed the Ballot Bill—a measure for the working of which the recent election provided the first important occasion—and in 1873 went on to touch that political ark, the question of university education in Ireland. Englishmen, though they had allowed the Irish Church to go overboard, were not prepared for so large a measure of conciliation as was involved in the abolition of the theological (Protestant) faculty of Dublin University and of the chairs of history and philosophy. As to the latter proposition, Disraeli had a weapon ready to his hand: it was not needful to appeal to religious or national prejudice; he could crush the government by fastening on it the stigma of intellectual retrogression. He made a powerful speech, skilfully mingled of conventional appeals to time-honored precedents and of denunciations of the illiberal and ignorant attitude of the administration towards studies of the highest value. Again, it was fated that on an Irish question Lord Beaconsfield should array against himself the inflammable material in the House and across St. George's Channel, while, with a persistent parallelism, it was his own government which in 1879 solved the same question for a time by a surrender, nearly as complete, of privileges quite as dear to Irish and English Protestants. Brandes does not forget to mention the astounding vitality of this extraordinary statesman, by pointing to the fact that since his entrance into the Upper House, which every one thought meant honorable retirement, "the deeds of Lord Beaconsfield have thrown those of Benjamin Disraeli into the shade." He concludes by asking, Is he a great man? is he a representative Jew? and answers with discrimination:

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"He is above all a great example of the steady perseverance of genius. He understands the art of striving and waiting. . . . Perseverance is not a simple, indissoluble quality. It may combine many elements and have many sources. Lord Beaconsfield's perseverance may be assigned to his imaginative character; he has had, to a surprising extent, the faculty of foreseeing his destiny, and, because he foresaw it, he persevered. . . . He appeared at first to be a born satirist, . . . but he did not find his peculiar sphere until he created the form most natural to him, that of the political novel. It was not a generally recognized form of art, but it was that which gave the most flattering scope to his talents. . . . Can he truly be said to be a representative of the Semitic race? If the question be put in this direct form it must be decidedly answered in the negative. For the Jewish mind has revealed itself in far more affluent and nobler forms than in Disraeli's comparatively limited mental range; . . . he certainly cannot be looked upon as the personification of the many-sidedness of the Jewish race: he is wanting in its idealistic tendencies. But of the persistent energy, the industry, the perseverance, the practical instincts, the quickness and the wit, the love of pomp and the ambition of his race (why not add the faculty of moulding and using alien material?), he is the typical representative. . . . Is he a great man? Not if the word be taken in its precise and correct sense. . . . The statesmen . . . like Stein and Wilhelm von Humboldt (he might add Pitt and Gladstone) were great men because, . . . undaunted by discouragement, they . . . strove to raise their contemporaries to their own level. They were also thoroughly upright and honorable men, and no one could ever be in doubt what their opinions really were. Lord Beaconsfield is a man of a different stamp. Born during the period of reaction, he soon comprehended the age, accommodated himself to it, proclaimed its favorite doctrines in novel forms, and only to a certain extent bade defiance to the spirit of the age because he paid homage to still stronger and more universal prejudices. From the first he was wanting in the scientific spirit; . . . it is always to be regretted when a man who desires to rule his contemporaries talks like a parish clerk of the greatest scientific problems and ideas of his time. . . . Still, greatness is not an absolute quantity, and Lord Beaconsfield is, at any rate, a man of great talent and ability. He was always ambitious, and he whose first aim is to gain honor and power himself, and makes it only a secondary consideration to employ his talents and the power they have won for him in the service of humanity, will inevitably forfeit true greatness as he gains brilliance of position and renown. Like all others, he once, in his youthful days, came to a point where two ways met, the one leading to power and influence and high position, the other that followed by better men, who seek success only in the second place, and above all things remain true to their convictions. . . . When Lord Beaconsfield came to these cross-roads his ambition and love of power made choice for him. But scarcely was the choice made when all the love of truth and liberty which he possessed began a long and continued revolt against it."

And here the author makes a labored apology for his subject by comparing in detail the occasions when Disraeli shocked his colleagues by championing the Chartists, the Jews, the unenfranchised householder, all the elements deemed dangerous and

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revolutionary, with his theoretical strictness of Anglican orthodoxy and his uncompromising assertion of the natural headship of the aristocracy. Brandes calls him a great statesman according to the standard of the nineteenth century, or, if not, then at least "a man capable of controlling a great political situation"; and here he launches into an admiring review of the distinctive Eastern policy of the English prime minister, which he considers masterly, successful, and consistent. But is it honorable, straightforward, or just? Is it based on principle or on interest? Does the fact of such and such a thing being advantageous to England make that thing right? There is something beyond patriotism, and that is justice; and in their apprehension and interpretation of these two words lies the issue to be fought out between the two great political parties which the recent election has placed face to face with each other in England in such significant and important relations.

THE VISIT TO THE FORGE.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

A GOOD young page was Fridolin,
  Who Savern's countess served;
Against his God he feared to sin;
  Loyal, would not have swerved,
Though proud caprice had marked the sway
His lady held in gentle way
That won his heart, for he was willing
The Lord to serve, hard tasks fulfilling.

From earliest dawn of coming day
  Till tolled the Vesper hour,
Busy in serving her alway
  He toiled with all his power;
And if perchance his lady mild
Said, "Take it easier, my child,"
His moistened eye betrayed the feeling
That slightest rest, from work was stealing.

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'Mid all the obsequious vassal throng
The countess prized this boy,
Sounded his praises loud and long,
Observed his ways with joy
And tenderness, as though her son.
Such love the ready zeal had won
With which the page fulfilled his duty,
His winning mien and youthful beauty.

Now, in the huntsman Robert's breast
These honors to his comrade's worth
Woke jealousy, which gave no rest,
But into venomed spite broke forth.
A plan of malice dark he laid,
And to the count these words he said
As they from hunting were returning,
Which fired his soul with anger burning.

"How happy are you, noble sir,"
With cunning Robert spoke,
"Within whose breast no serpents stir.
Whose sleep no doubt has broke;
The wife who lives for you alone
Is girded by the spotless zone
Of chastity, all art repelling
Of love in lawless bosoms swelling."

The count with sudden anger frowned;
"What words are these, you knave!
I build upon more solid ground,
And not upon the wave
Of woman's faithfulness in love,
That flattery's breeze can lightly move.
I am myself my lady's warder
From every tempter's snares to guard her."

"Most justly thought," the other said,
"Contempt alone deserves
A servant born, by madness led,
The lady whom he serves

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To love in such audacious wise,
On her to gaze with longing eyes—"
'What!" said the count with look ferocious,
"Doth live and breathe that wretch atrocious?"

"Ah well! what every mouth doth fill
My lord hath never heard!
But if he choose to keep it still,
My mouth shall speak no word."
'Death on thee, villain!" spoke the count,
In anger stern; "thy tale recount.
Who dares to Cunegunda's beauty
His eyes to raise?" "The page on duty,

"The fair-complexioned, handsome page,"
The cunning villain said,
While hot and cold with feverish rage
The count attention paid.
Indeed, my lord! and can it be
By festal board you do not see
Yourself neglected, and your servant
Waiting on her so spry and fervent!

"See here the verses breathing love
The daring wretch hath written,
And from the countess asking love
Like one with madness smitten.
The gracious countess, sweet and mild,
From pity for the silly child,
Said nothing; I myself am sorry
My foolish talk has made you worry."

Then spurred in rage his charger fleet
The count to neighboring wood,
Where in its fierce and blazing heat
A smelting furnace stood.
Here day and night rose flaming red
The fires his busy vassals fed,
Which rocks might melt, and bellows blowing
Stirred sparks and flames like hell-fire glowing.

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Water and fire their force unite,
In strong conjunction bound;
The stream that leaps from rocky height
A mill-wheel whirls around;
The clattering works go day and night,
The hammer beats with measured might,
The iron, forced to bend and weaken,
Submits and into shape is stricken.

Two knaves who seemed to suit his end
He called, and gave their task:
"The messenger I first shall send
Who in my name shall ask,
Have you fulfilled the count's command?
You seize and with relentless hand
Fling down into yon hell-fire burning:
Let me not see his form returning."

Glad of the news that brutal pair
With hearts as iron hard,
Within their bosoms' savage lair
Soft feelings never stirred.
They in the fire fresh fuel threw,
The bellows with fierce joy they blew,
And, that their blood-thirst might be sated,
Impatient for their victim waited.

Then Robert with a smiling face
Spoke craftily this word:
"Get ready quick to run a race
On message of your lord."
To Fridolin the count said, "Go
Unto the forge, and be not slow;
The blacksmiths ask if quick and willing
My last command they are fulfilling."

The page replied, "It shall be done,"
At once prepares to start,
Yet pauses, thinking of that one
He loved with all his heart;
Runs to the countess to inquire
If on the way she might desire
Some task performed—"To serve thee, lady,
Thy duteous page is always ready."

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Whereon the Lady of Savern
Replied in gentle tone,
"To hear a Mass my heart doth burn,
Yet sickness of my son
Obliges me in my own place
To send you to the seat of grace.
Go then to Mass, with this condition:
For me you pray with true contrition."

Glad of this welcome charge, the boy,
Both orders to obey,
Runs through the village street with joy,
Nor loiters on the way,
When lo! the chime of clanging bells
From the church-tower its message tells
That to the altar, decked and lighted,
The Mass to hear all are invited.

"From the dear Lord run not away
Who meets thee on thy road,"
Thus spoke his heart and bade him stay
Within the house of God.
He did not hear the wonted noise
Of hurrying feet of altar-boys:
All worked at harvesting with fervor,
But never one to act as server.

Quickly the page made up his mind
The place of sacristan to take.
"'Tis not," he said, "to lag behind
When time is spent for heaven's sake."
So first he helps the priest to vest,
Gives cincture, stole, and all the rest
Prepares, the Holy Mass for saying,
The Credence with due care arraying.

And now, with all made quickly ready,
He serves as ministrant:
The priest precedes with movement steady,
The Missal on his breast aslant,
Kneels on the right and on the left,
Observes each sign alert and deft,
Three times with silver bell announcing
The priest Ter-Sanctus is pronouncing.

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Then, when the priest low genuflects
At time of consecration,
And with both hands the Host erects
To make the elevation,
The present God the boy makes known
With silver bell's clear, tinkling tone.
All worship Christ with still emotion
And strike their breasts with deep devotion.

Each holy rite, precise and fine
Doth Fridolin fulfil,
In all the offices divine
Of well-taught, practised skill,
With form erect and level head,
Till, Dominus Vobiscum said
And spoken Ite Missa est,
The faithful are dismissed and blessed.

He next puts by the holy things
With speedy hand and neat,
The sacristy in order brings,
Then runs, with hasty feet
And quiet conscience, to the place
Of blazing forge and swift mill-race,
And as he goes he keeps on praying,
His last twelve Paters softly saying.

When he draws near the thick black smoke
And vassals round the fire,
He asks if what the count had spoke
Were done to his desire.
The vassals with a savage grin
Point to the fire the forge within:
"He is provided for securely;
The count will praise his servants, surely."

He brought this word to Lord Savern,
Running with all his might,
Who, seeing Fridolin return,
Scarce trusted to his sight.
"Unhappy wight! where hast thou hied?"
"I come from forge." "Not so!" he cried;
"Upon the way thou wast delaying."
"Only so long as I was praying.

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"For, when from you on message sent,
Your pardon I demand,
To ask the countess first I went
If she might aught command.
To hear a Mass upon my way
She ordered; glad did I obey,
And, while I knelt in adoration,
Four chaplets said for your salvation."

The count grew faint in his dismay;
His soul was filled with fear.
"And, boy! what was the answer, say!
From forgemen you did hear?"
"My Lord! I could not understand;
They laughed and pointed with the hand:
'He is provided for securely,
The count will praise his servants, surely.'"

"But Robert!" spoke the count. "Oh! say,"
And then ran cold his blood,
"Did you not meet him by the way?
I sent him to the wood."
"Neither in wood nor open ground,
Of Robert slightest trace I found."
Aghast, the count exclaimed, "This token
Shows that the Judge on high hath spoken."

The count, with kindness never shown
Before, then grasped the hand
Of Fridolin within his own;
And when, in tears, the two did stand
Before the lady, "See," he cries,
While she looks on with wondering eyes,
"God's angels guard this boy so holy:
His ways are just, man's judgments folly!'

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THE FOREST OF ARDENNES.

THE forest of Ardennes is to every lover of Shakspere a second Arcadia where they "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." In the most ideal of his plays he has softened the gloom of this once terrible forest, and transformed it into the very realm of fancy and poetic loveliness. The shade of its melancholy boughs, its wild streams swollen needlessly with the tears marked by the pensive Jaques as giving "more to that which had too much," the banished duke holding his sylvan court beneath the green roof of trees, the tenderness and sportive gayety of Rosalind, whose wit "bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain," make up a picture the very ideal of all that is pastoral and romantic.

Boiardo, in his *Orlando Innamorato*, gives us another glimpse of this mysterious forest. It was here the beautiful Angelica found Rinaldo sleeping beneath a leafy bower among lilies and wild roses, beside a running stream whose enchanted waters disposed every one who tasted thereof to the gentle passion of love, while not far off was a fountain that turned love as surely into hate. A little later Orlando found her fallen asleep in the same place, exhausted with grief at Rinaldo's flight, the grass seeming to flower on all sides of her out of sheer joy at her presence, and the soft river murmuring, as it flowed along, its everlasting note of love.

The number of adventures told in ancient song and romance as having taken place in the forest of Ardennes, whether by the Four Sons of Aymon, for instance, or by Renaud when his good steed Baiart left the impression of its foot on one of the hard rocks, show how deeply its sombre majesty impressed the imagination of the middle ages. From remotest times, indeed, it exercised a strange fascination over the popular mind. The gloom of its sacred oaks covered with mistletoe; the menhirs and dolmens around which mysterious rites were performed; the vast caves like the Trou du Han, which none durst enter, and the exceptional character of the inhabitants, excited a general awe. In the time of Cæsar it was a place of refuge for exiles and criminals. Tacitus speaks of the "seven forests of Ardennes" that were an asylum for those under the ban of the law. In the middle ages, too, it afforded shelter for all sorts of political offenders and the

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outcasts of society, who banded together in the greenwood like Robin Hood and his followers, and lived by robbing and pillaging, or taking part in the feuds of the neighboring lords. Those more peacefully inclined became miners, smiths, or charcoal-burners, whose grim appearance and lurid fires but added to the sinister aspect of the place. Necromancers and sorcerers were supposed to carry on their unholy spells and incantations in its gloomiest recesses, and the table of the enchanter Maugis is to be seen at this day. In the romance of Parthenopeus of Blois, Ardennes is represented as an enchanted forest, many parts of which had never been trodden by man, and where he who was lost therein was likely to be devoured by lions, tigers, leopards, and all such animals as the poetic imagination of the people usually assigned as guards to the abode of magicians. In this region were the towers of Franchimont, sung by Scott, where fierce blood-hounds kept guard with a huntsman beside the iron chest which an aged necromancer for a hundred years had tried in vain to open by magic word and spell. Fairies, elves, and all kinds of fantastic beings not yet wholly extinct were believed to hold revels by moonlight around the springs and in the openings of the forest. There were ghostly regions, too, where phantoms were seen flitting to and fro.

The mediæval legends connected with the Ardennes greatly enhance their poetic character. M. Michelet says they generally turn upon the naïve image of the church's transforming the wild beasts of the forest into men and Christians. The wolf of Stavelot, for having devoured the bishop's ass, is compelled by the holy man to labor in its stead and carry stones for the church he is building. The cross of Christ appears to St. Hubert between the antlers of a stag, and he spends seven years on the spot, utterly weaned from the vanities of the world. The peasants still hear the peal of his horn as he hunts by night in the forest he once loved, and flock across the broad heaths from time to time to visit his church, believing his body still entire, and that his beard and nails continue to grow, like those of the Emperor Barbarossa.

In ancient times the forest of Ardennes was a hundred leagues in length, and extended from the Rhine to the Meuse, if not beyond. Now it occupies only a fourth of the department, and to the mere passer-by is by no means imposing. It is an undulating region of rather monotonous character, broken here and there by pastures and villages, and the trees are far from being worthy of their renown, at least in the eyes of those who have seen the primeval forests of America. But if you leave the beaten track

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for the cross-roads you find some beautiful woodland scenery with heathery hills and numerous streams. The valley of the Meuse—"the silver Meuse," as Wordsworth calls it—is especially romantic with its ruined castles and tall limestone cliffs

> "That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
> From the smooth meadow-ground serene and still."

Among the most striking castles in the Ardennes is that of Bouillon, which hangs over the Semoi, its dungeons hewn out of the cliff on which it stands. Not far from Spa is the interesting castle called by the people *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, once owned by William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes, so renowned in history and romance. The feudal hold of Mirwart on the Homme, in the very heart of the Ardennes, is of imposing aspect. Not far off is the picturesque village of Rochefort, overlooked by its castle, where Lafayette was taken prisoner by the Austrians in 1792. Here you can easily visit the old abbey of St. Hubert, for ages a centre of particular religious interest. St. Hubert was the great apostle of the Ardennes, and the gratitude of the people is shown by his continued popularity and the number of churches that tell the story of his conversion, on their walls or in their windows. As the patron of hunters, he is of all climes. His life, too, is of historic interest, for he not only Christianized the vast forest, which till his time was chiefly covered with the darkness of paganism, but he founded the thriving city of Liége.

St. Hubert was a native of Aquitaine, but sprang from the Merovingian race of kings. His grandfather, Charibert, the brother of Dagobert I., was crowned sovereign duke of Aquitaine in the year 628, and held his court at Toulouse. He married Giselle, the only daughter of Amandus, Duke of Gascony, whose wife was the sister of St. Amand, a saint popular to this day in southwestern France, and a man of such diffusive piety that he is described as *tout rayonnant* with light divine. His niece Giselle, who married the Duke of Aquitaine, left two sons, named Boggis and Bertrand. Bertrand married Phigeberte, and Boggis St. Ode, two sisters whose family is unknown. It was, however, from Austrasia. Bertrand's only son was St. Hubert, who was born about the year 656. St. Ode * became the mother of Eudes, or Eudon, famous as the duke of Aquitaine in the time of Charles Martel. She is said to have been the chief instructor of St. Hubert's boyhood. His education otherwise was chiefly

* St. Ode is honored October 23.

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military. It was in the vicinity of the Pyrenees, where hunting has always been a passion among the nobility, that he acquired that love for the chase for which he became so noted. Here were to be found the wolf, bear, wild boar, and the urus, which used to gather around the mountain chapels and howl while the nocturnal offices were sung. At twenty-four years of age Hubert went to Austrasia and became a member of the household of Pepin d'Héristal, his kinsman, who held his court at Jupille, on the Meuse. Pepin induced him to marry Floribanne, daughter of the Count of Louvain, in order to attach him permanently to his interests. The court of Pepin was by no means a school of virtue, and Hubert soon lost the early religious impressions made by the teachings of his saintly aunt. Old legends say that one Christmas, or, according to others, Good Friday, instead of attending the religious offices of the day, he yielded to his love for the chase and set out for the forest of Ardennes. Here he started a white stag of remarkable beauty, which suddenly turned towards him, displaying between its horns the image of the crucified Redeemer, from which a voice issued: "Hubert, Hubert, how long wilt thou pursue the wild beasts of the forest and neglect the salvation of thy soul? If thou returnest not to a better life thou wilt be cast into hell, out of which there is no redemption." Hubert was the more struck at this marvellous apparition because the image of Christ on the cross was very rare in the religious representations of that period. The cross was generally covered with ornaments, or had on it some emblem of the great Sacrifice, such as the paschal lamb. Hubert fell from his horse, his face to the ground. He remembered the wondrous legends of the stag that had been told him as he sat on the knees of St. Ode in his childhood, in several of which that typical animal had received the gift of speech. It was a white stag that led his ancestor Clovis to the ford at Vienne. It was another of unusual size, pursued by St. Julian, that suddenly turned to reproach him and predict he would one day slay his father and mother. And a stag with a crucifix between its horns led to the conversion of St. Eustace in the second century.

Several artists have depicted St. Hubert prostrate in the forest before the *cervus Christus*, as St. Eucher, the monk of Lérins, called the mystic stag two centuries before—a picturesque subject, portraying the feelings of grateful adoration called forth in the thoughtful sportsman when brought face to face with his own heart in presence of the marvels of creative love.

On leaving the forest Hubert placed himself under the direc-

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tion of St. Lambert, the third successor of St. Amand as bishop of Maestricht—a bishop of such religious fervor that he is said to have borne coals in the folds of his surplice to kindle the incense before the altar. He had been in exile seven years for his bold *non licet* to Pepin for his unlawful attachment to the beautiful Alpaïde, the mother of Charles Martel. St. Hubert was bound to the world by his marriage ties, but he now displayed the example of every Christian virtue at the court of Thierry III., where some say he held a high office. Floribanne died in 685 at the birth of St. Floribert. "Thus did death," says the old chronicle, "come to separate two hearts that had never been disunited by the least misunderstanding." He now resolved to abandon the world, and to this end returned his military belt (*militiæ cingula*) and collar to the king, and resigned all his dignities, whether at Jupille or at the court of Thierry. His father died about this time, and he renounced all claims to the sovereignty of Aquitaine in favor of his cousin Eudes, reserving, however, the rights of his son Floribert, whom he confided to Eudes at three years of age to be brought up. He then retired to a hermitage in the gloomy forest of Ardennes. Others seem to have followed his example. We read of St. Monon, of Scotland, who became a hermit here a little after, and was murdered in his cell by robbers. Not far from St. Hubert's hermitage was the monastery of Ambra, or an oratory surrounded by cells, built by St. Bérégise, the almoner of Pepin d'Héristal, out of the remains of a fortress ruined by the Huns in the fifth century.

After spending seven years in profound solitude St. Hubert resolved to visit the tomb of the apostles, as his great-uncle St. Amand had done before him, according to the pious custom of the middle ages, when pilgrimages were not confined to any age or condition, or to either sex.

St. Sergius occupied the papal chair at the time of Hubert's visit. The two saints met at the door of St. Peter's Church. An angel of the Lord had just revealed to the pope the recent murder of St. Lambert, and the arrival of one destined to succeed him as bishop of Maestricht. He led St. Hubert to the shrine of the apostles, where he made known to him in detail the martyrdom of St. Lambert. This fearless saint had refused to bless the cup of Alpaïde at a banquet to which he had been invited. She was doubly enraged at being frowned upon in the presence of all the court, and her brother Dodon pursued the bishop as far as the village of Leodium, where he pierced him to the heart with a javelin while he was praying at the altar of SS. Cosmas and Damian.

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St. Hubert's first act at his return home was to visit and weep over the tomb of his master, St. Lambert, who had been buried in the crypt of St. Peter's at Maestricht among his sainted predecessors. Dodon was alarmed when he heard of his arrival, and went to waylay him with a band of accomplices; but the saint overcame them with the potent sign of the cross and calmly continued his way. He had a new church built on the spot where St. Lambert was martyred, and in 708 solemnly transported his remains thither in presence of a throng of bishops, priests, and laymen from both sides of the Rhine. This church took the name of St. Lambert, and became so popular a place of pilgrimage that the offerings soon sufficed for a college of chaplains. St. Hubert owned a castle on Mt. Cornillon near by, and from the time of St. Lambert's removal he conceived such an attachment to Leodium that he called a council to confer on the expediency of making it his episcopal see. Perhaps, too, his sagacious eye saw the material advantages of the site. It now took the name of Legia from a modest stream that rises at the village of Ans and empties into the Meuse, whence the modern name of Liége. It soon acquired importance and speedily increased in size. St. Hubert surrounded it with a wall for defence, drew up civil laws and municipal regulations, and devised a system of weights and measures that are used more or less to this day. He made St. Lambert's his cathedral, and built a church in honor of St. Peter to commemorate the paternal kindness of Sergius at Rome.

St. Hubert now undertook to evangelize the forest of Ardennes. We can have no idea of the obstacles to Christian civilization in the forests of Gaul and Germany at this period. St. Amand, however, had successfully encountered them in his two missions to Gascony. St. Hubert emulated him in the Belgic forests, where the immense extent, the severity of the climate,* and the peculiar character of the people increased the difficulty. In spite of the efforts of St. Remacle and other bishops to Christianize them, there were still many who worshipped Isis, Belenus, Arduenna, etc.—the latter, the protecting divinity of forests and the chase, represented wearing a cuirass, a bow unbent in her hand, and a dog lying at her feet. Here and there in the clearings was a convent or an oratory around which had gathered a hamlet or village, but the greater part was a wilderness with

* "The icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind."
says the Duke in *As You Like it.*

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half-savage people who wandered in bands through the forest and uncultivated pastures. The men were skilled in the use of weapons, and were fond of the chase and all kinds of martial exercises. The heads of their victims in battle they nailed to their cabins among those of the wild beasts they had slain, and sometimes they used the skulls as cups at their banquets, and handed them down to their children as tokens of their prowess. Some of the women were a kind of priestesses, supposed to be admitted to a mysterious commerce with the supernatural world. The whole sex, in fact, have always taken a prominent and energetic part in public affairs in this region, particularly at Liége, that "purgatory of men," as it is called, doubtless because the women are so formidable. The forest of Ardennes was dear to St. Hubert's heart, and its people the most cherished portion of his flock. Perhaps it was by the very power of his love that he induced them to abandon their profane rites and accept the Christian religion.

St. Hubert received a warning of his death a year before it took place, and during the intervening time devoutly persevered in prayer, fasting, and alms-giving. One day he went to his church of St. Peter's at Liége, and after prolonged orisons turned to the wall, and, extending his arms, measured the place of his burial, saying: "Here prepare the place of my sepulture." He died soon after at Tervueren, near Brussels, where he owned land by right of his wife. St. Floribert, his son, had returned from Aquitaine, and was with him, and his bed was surrounded by clergy and people, weeping and praying. This was on the 30th of May, 727.

The body of St. Hubert was washed with holy respect and borne to Liége. When it drew near the city the people came out in a great multitude to meet it, the clergy in their robes, bearing the standard of the true cross, with many venerable relics of the saints, and torches and candles all lighted, with unguents and precious substances that gave out a sweet odor. With great grief did they place the remains of their glorious pastor and bishop in the chapel at St. Peter's, as he had ordained. He was buried in a stone coffin, which was found a few years since among the ruins of St. Peter's when the canal was dug from Liége to Maestricht. It is a plain sarcophagus of the form in use at the time of the Merovingians.

The nearest relatives left by St. Hubert were his son Floribert and his nephew Eudes. St. Floribert, like his father, renounced his rights in Aquitaine in favor of his cousin, and was made bishop of Liége.

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The general veneration for St. Hubert still later forced Floribert, now bishop, to enshrine his remains, which was done with imposing solemnities November 3, 743, in presence of Carloman, King of the Franks, and all his court. The tomb was opened, and St. Floribert, uncovering his father's face, bathed it with tears. It was wholly unchanged, though he had been buried sixteen years; the limbs were supple, there was no appearance of death, and a sweet odor, as of precious spices, issued from the tomb. The vestments he wore were likewise fresh and unstained. Carloman himself, aided by his lords, removed the body from the tomb and placed it in a new sarcophagus richly sculptured.

But to return to the forest of Ardennes. The old monastery of Ambra, founded by St. Bérégise in the heart of the forest, when enlarged in the ninth century, took the name of Andage from the neighboring stream, and was given to the Benedictines. They petitioned for the body of St. Hubert, and the bishops in council at Aix-la-Chapelle acceded to their request in presence of Louis le Débonnaire. Walcand, Bishop of Liége, opened the sarcophagus and found the remains in the same state of preservation as eighty-two years before. The emperor and a great number of prelates and nobles accompanied them to the banks of the Meuse, where they were received by the monks of Andage. On this occasion Louis presented the monastery with rich sacerdotal garments, sacred vessels, some of the writings of the Fathers, a Psalter written in letters of gold, and a copy of the holy Gospels adorned with gold and precious stones. St. Hubert's remains were placed in a *chapelle ardente* near the tomb of St. Bérégise, his friend and fellow-laborer in the forest of Ardennes.

Andage from this time became one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in the north, and to this day crowds of people come to the abbey church on the 3d of November, the anniversary of the translation of St. Hubert's relics, to have their foreheads touched by the miraculous stole, and receive small cakes of bread, blessed at his altar, which are given to the hounds as efficacious in averting madness. A town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants has grown up around the abbey, which has taken the name of St. Hubert's. The old abbots were the feudal lords of the surrounding district and the first peers of the duchy of Bouillon.

In former times there was an annual hunt on the 3d of November in honor of the great saint of the greenwood. The hunters and foresters used first to attend Mass with their hounds, and give a flourish on their hunting-horns at the Elevation. Tra-

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dition attributes its organization to the following occurrence: Two lords of the Ardennes in remote times, going to hunt in the forest for mere pleasure, found no game for a long time in spite of beating up the woods. At length they bethought themselves that St. Hubert was a mighty hunter before his conversion, and made a vow to offer him the first animal they slew. It was hardly made before their dogs came upon a wild boar

"As large as that in Erymanthean woods,"

which fled towards the abbey, and then stopped as if spent by fatigue. The chief huntsman, amazed at the size of the animal, at once resolved, in spite of his vow, to carry it home. As this thought was passing through his mind the wild boar, as if unwilling to be withheld from its sacred destination, rushed boldly through hunters and hounds, and disappeared in the forest, to the great discomfiture of his pursuers. From this time an annual hunt was organized by the noblemen of the vicinity, who invariably consecrated their first game to St. Hubert, and also gave him a tithe of what they took throughout the year.

The

"Dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,"

were a race of hounds of remarkable keenness of scent, bred by the abbots of Andage, and described as "mighty of body, with legs somewhat low and short," and said to be descended from the dog St. Hubert had with him the day of his conversion. The dukes of Burgundy considered them the best of hunters, and they are still in great request in Belgium and France. The old abbots used to send three brace of them every year to the king of France.

All people of the race of St. Hubert are said to have the power of curing hydrophobia by the imposition of hands, but we have never heard whether the dukes of Fezensac, who are of the lineage, exercise their prerogative or not. At Limé, not far from Soissons, there is a relic of the saint, and hydrophobia is said never to have been known in the place. The people assemble on his festival, and the following invocation is very popular:

"Saint Hubert glorieux,
Dieu me soit amoureux,
Trois choses me défend:
De la nuit du serpent,
Mauvais loup, mauvais chien;

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Mauvaises bêtes enragées
Ne puissent ni approcher,
Me voir, ni me toucher,
Non plus qu'étoile au ciel." *

The ancient bishops of Liége loved the solitude of St. Hubert's forest. Henry, one of them, wept on leaving the abbey, where he had been passing Lent, out of sorrow at exchanging this abode of peace for the tumult of the world. And what a touching, significant legend is the following, giving us one of those delightful glimpses into the old mediæval convents now and then afforded us: Lambert, a monk of St. Hubert's, proud of his noble birth, going to read the nocturns on the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, was passing before the abbot without the usual sign of reverence when he suddenly saw in his arms our Lord in a blaze of glory. He could hardly read for trembling, and on retiring made a most humble reverence to the abbot, and, to the surprise of all, burst into tears.

In the night of October 15, 1568, while the monks of St. Hubert's were devoutly chanting the divine office, the lord abbot had warning that a band of Huguenots was on the way to pillage and destroy the abbey. They had barely time to secrete the remains of St. Hubert, St. Bérégise, St. Ostie, St. Grate, and St. Aréapile, with a few other treasures, and then make their escape to the castle of Mirwart. The Huguenots pillaged the town, abbey, and hospice, then set fire to the abbey, leaving little more than the walls that still bear witness to this impiety. For a century the monks labored to repair this calamity. The silver shrine, adorned with gold and precious stones, in which St. Hubert's body had been kept, had to be sold, with other valuable objects they had saved, to relieve the actual distress into which they were plunged. But the precise spot in which the saint's body was so hastily buried has been forgotten. The hope of its discovery is not wholly lost, and it may come to light after centuries, like the body of St. Eutrope at Saintes.

The abbey was again laid desolate by the revolutionists of 1793. The church was redeemed from profanation in 1808, and appropriated to the use of the parish, but the monastery has been transformed into a penitentiary for young delinquents. The number of religious houses throughout Europe thus changed into prisons, asylums for idiots and the insane, military store-houses

* Glorious St. Hubert, may God be lovingly inclined to me. Three things defend me from: injury by serpent, evil wolf, or dog. Let no mad beast come nigh, look at, or touch me, more than the stars in heaven.

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etc., shows how sadly the scattered monks have been avenged by the vast increase of human woes. There is, however, a perfume of holy memories in such houses that always penetrates the heart in spite of the desecration.

King Leopold I. visited St. Hubert's in 1843, and placed the church on the list of historic monuments. This led to its restoration. The place is well worth a visit, not only from every admirer of the great sylvan saint, but from the mere tourist, on account of the fine proportions of the abbey, the sumptuous palace of the abbot, and the large church of the flamboyant style. On the façade of the church is an immense bas-relief of the apparition of the miraculous stag, and on the pinnacle is a colossal statue of St. Hubert, dressed in pontificals, with his hand raised to bless the town gathered at his feet. The porch with its bronze statues, the cruciform church with its four aisles separated by tall fluted columns, the nave paved with rich marbles, the choir to which you ascend by seven steps, and the graceful, flame-like tracery of the windows, are all striking. The old stalls of the monks have been preserved, sixty-four in number, the legend of St. Hubert elaborately carved on the panels of one side, and the life of St. Benedict represented with severe simplicity on the other. In one of the chapels that surround the apse like a glory is a cenotaph erected by King Leopold in 1848 in honor of St. Hubert, with a recumbent statue of the saint in Carrara marble on the top. It is a fine monument of the ogival style, sculptured by Geef, the celebrated Belgian artist. On the sides are eight bas-reliefs in which are sixty-six figures, depicting the life of the saint from his birth in Aquitaine to the enshrinement of his remains by Carloman. At the corners are the four apostles of the region—SS. Amand, Lambert, Bérégise, and Aubain of Namur.

M. Michelet says the two churches of St. Hubert with its pilgrimage and St. Lambert with its asylum were the true nuclei of the Ardennes. No votary of St. Hubert will fail to visit the city he founded. Liége, on its three rivers, in the midst of a plain surrounded by hills, with the black cloud from its forges and furnaces overhanging it, has a physiognomy apart. Its numerous manufactories, the steeples and towers of its splendid churches, its bridges, the beautiful Meuse with the gardens on its banks, all strike the eye, but, above all, the grand old palace of its sovereign bishops, flanked with towers, massive, imposing, and of feudal aspect. This palace was built by Erard de la Marck, one of the greatest bishops of Liége, and a lover of the arts. It was not finished when he died, but he left money enough to complete it,

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which was not till twenty years after its commencement. There are two interior courts—one surrounded by the bishop's apartments and chapel, the other by the lodgings of his guards. Around the exterior is a striking colonnade with blackened arches and curious pillars differently ornamented, the capitals covered with arabesques and coats of arms. Founded by a bishop on the tomb of a saint, Liége rightfully became a principality of which the sovereign was a bishop, and its electors priests. The latter were the canons of the chapter of St. Lambert's, who were sixty in number and all required to be of noble blood. When Pope Innocent II. came to preside at the council of Liége in 1131, he approached the city on a white horse, and the Emperor Lothaire went out to meet him with the empress and a multitude of bishops, abbots, lords, and commons, and escorted him to the palace. Alexander, the bishop of that time, was a son of the Count of Juliers, and the chapter of St. Lambert's had among its members two sons of the emperor, seven sons of kings, and about fifty sons of dukes, barons, and sovereign counts. The pope celebrated the office in the cathedral, surrounded by this brilliant throng, and then crowned Lothaire and his consort. But none of the princely clergy, not even the pope himself, excited so much interest in the crowd as St. Bernard, around whom they gathered so eagerly that he had to be borne above the assembly in a chair to save him from the pressure. The celebrated standard embroidered in silk and gold by Queen Adelicia of England (the fair maid of Brabant) had been captured two years before, and now hung in St. Lambert's as a trophy, and was only taken down to be borne through the streets in the processions of Rogation week. Besides other shrines, here was that of St. Lambert, covered with gold, silver, and precious stones, among which was an antique agate on which was cut the head of the Empress Faustina. In the treasury were St. Hubert's buskins, and, among other valuables, a St. George on horseback of solid gold, given by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, to testify his regret for cruelty to the city of Liége in 1468. This splendid cathedral, associated with so many venerable memories, built on the spot where St. Lambert was martyred for the eternal principles of justice, was utterly destroyed by the French revolutionists.

The church of St. Paul is now used as the cathedral—a church founded by Bishop Heraclius in the tenth century. This bishop made extraordinary efforts to promote learning in his diocese. All the old schools had been destroyed by the Normans, and in his zeal to repair the loss he not only established monastic schools

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throughout the province, but became a teacher himself in the cathedral school, giving lectures and patiently explaining and repeating to those dull of comprehension. When absent he encouraged the pupils by playful letters in verse. He always travelled with some of his scholars in attendance, and they took their books with them, beguiling the way by study and discussions. It must not be supposed these old parish schools were merely elementary. Mabillon has given us, in a citation, a picture of an episcopal school in the seventh century, showing that astronomy, meteorology, natural history, mathematics, etc., were all studied. St. Gregory of Tours relates that when Gontran, King of the Franks, went to Orleans he was addressed by the scholars of the cathedral school in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac, and poems in his honor were composed in these four languages.

The church left as a monument of Bishop Heraclius' piety was rebuilt in the thirteenth century in the Gothic style. A light garland of foliage, interspersed with birds, flowers, and other figures, picked out with gold, runs around the triforium, looking like the illuminations of some old manuscript. No one has ever been allowed to be buried in this church.

Under the generally paternal government of its bishops Liége became very wealthy and prosperous. But like Jeshurun, or, as the Vulgate hath it, *dilectus*, it waxed fat and kicked. The people with their riches acquired such a spirit of independence and love of liberty that the annals of the city are full of terrible insurrections. These, however, were often fomented by neighboring sovereigns, like Louis XI., for purposes of their own, though there is no doubt there were few cities in Europe so democratic as Liége under its bishops. Serfdom was early mitigated in the Ardennes, and the communes acquired unusual privileges. Those who sought justice repaired to the red door of the bishop's palace, and, lifting the ring-shaped knocker, knocked loudly thrice. The bishop was bound to appear and hear them instantly, says Michelet, and the jurisdiction of the ring was held in such awe for thirty leagues around that the haughtiest knight, were he even descended from one of the Four Sons of Aymon, trembled when summoned to the bronze pillar at Liége, at the foot of which all laws, acts, and judgments were enacted.

There is one bishop of Liége who has acquired special celebrity by Scott's novel of *Quentin Durward*. This was Louis de Bourbon, whose tragical end is so inaccurately described therein —a prelate of such noble qualities that he deserved a better fate: but placed unhappily over a turbulent city, with Louis XI. se-

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cretly undermining his authority on one hand, and Charles the Bold, his brother-in-law, almost as dangerous for his rash zeal, on the other, he had a difficult rôle to fill. The chronicles of the time represent him as a man of noble presence, pleasing manners, and excellent heart. Amelgard says: "Never was there a milder, more paternal sovereign, or a more indulgent, charitable bishop. If any reproach can be cast upon him by reasonable people it is for encouraging by his lenity the natural turbulence of his subjects." In the first part of his reign, however, he was reproached for a lack of gravity and love of pleasure; but it must be remembered he was only nineteen years of age when invested with the government, and had not received holy orders. At a later period he endeavored to repair his errors and led an exemplary life worthy of his sacred office.

It was not from the people of Liége that Louis de Bourbon's terrible expiation came. He did not die in his palace, the victim of his rebellious subjects, as Scott represents, but in trying to avert the danger that menaced his capital. Learning one day that William de la Marck, the fearful enemy he had never been able to overcome by force or benefits, who was not without reason called the Wild Boar of Ardennes, was approaching with twelve hundred horse and a large body of foot-soldiers, to avert the danger of such a band of lawless men pillaging the city he armed himself from top to toe, mounted a strong steed, and went forth at the head of his forces. It is said this noble animal, as if from a secret instinct of the danger that awaited his master, stood motionless, and for a time refused to go. Hardly had the bishop entered the defile near the Chartreuse before De la Marck suddenly sprang out of his ambuscade, and the bishop was unable to retreat on account of the narrowness of the passage, or receive aid from his men in the rear. His escort was soon overcome. He was not warlike by nature, and, seeing himself at the mercy of his mortal enemy, cried out: "Spare me, Seigneur d'Aremberg; I am your prisoner." One of the band gave him a blow in the face, at which the blood gushed out. He begged for his life with clasped hands, but the Wild Boar sprang upon him, stabbed him in the throat, and then coolly ordered his followers to despatch him. The bishop's body fell from his horse and rolled into a stream a few steps off, where they left it mangled and nearly stripped of its clothes, till the remonstrances of the clergy induced the ferocious *Sanglier* to allow it to be buried. The unfortunate prince was only forty-five years of age.*

* M. de Conde on the city of Liége.

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Liége remained under its theocratic government until the French Revolution. Its dynasty of ninety bishops lasted more than a thousand years, and on the whole they raised the city to an unusual degree of wealth and prosperity. The city stands on a coal-bed, and the mining is carried on beneath the very streets. An angel is said to have revealed its first discovery—the discovery of what has contributed so much to the prosperity of the place. Limbourg, out of its sense of a similar blessing, has called one of its coal-pits Hemelryck—the Kingdom of Heaven.

One remembrance peculiarly dear to the Catholic heart is associated with Liége—the institution of the festival of Corpus Christi, first celebrated in the church of St. Martin in 1247. It was on the mount once owned by St. Hubert the idea was conceived. Julienne, a holy Hospitaler nun of Mt. Cornillon, was inspired with the desire of having the many blasphemies against the Real Presence expiated by a special festival in honor of that miracle of divine love. She hesitated a long time, and then appealed to the canons of St. Lambert's, praying them to institute it and use the office she had composed. But they looked on her as visionary, and bluntly told her to betake herself to her distaff and spindle. She finally had recourse to the bishop, Robert de Torote, who, after consulting many theologians, ordered the solemnity to be instituted in his diocese on the Thursday after Trinity, and Julienne's office to be used on the occasion. But he died before his order could be executed, and no one was disposed to carry out his intentions. She now petitioned the papal legate at Liége, who seconded her devotion and induced the chapter of St. Martin's to celebrate the festival. This was in 1247. The pious legate himself officiated on the occasion and preached a sermon. But novelties, however holy, are always regarded as innovations, and as the other churches objected to the festival, and the legate had taken his departure, the chapter of St. Martin's refused to celebrate it the following year. But a holy ecclesiastic had attentively followed this movement and saw the finger of God therein, and when raised to the papacy in 1261 under the name of Urban IV. he remembered the wish of Julienne. The miracle of Bolsena, that has been commemorated by so many magnificent works of art, also occurred about this time. Urban entrusted the composition of the office to St. Thomas Aquinas, and ordered the day to be celebrated not only at Liége, but throughout the Christian world. Julienne did not witness the establishment of the feast she had so much at heart. She died in exile and her tomb is unknown.

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THE *PRINCETON REVIEW* AND ST. THOMAS.

PROF. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, in his article on "Thomas Aquinas and the Encyclical Letter," which appeared in the *Princeton Review* (March, 1880), and of which we have given the first part to our readers in our last issue, after maintaining the preposterous idea that the study of scholastic philosophy is calculated to hinder the progress of natural science, proceeds to discuss the merit of the Thomistic reasoning on philosophical and theological matters. To his mind, St. Thomas' argumentation may have been good enough for the middle ages, but it is now of no use in view of the rationalistic tendency of modern thought. To support this assertion the professor volunteers to show how some of the best arguments of the holy doctor can be disposed of by the men of our enlightened generation. It will be instructive to follow him for a while, and we intend to do so; but before we enter into the contest we think it useful to define our position with regard to St. Thomas' teachings.

No Catholic pretends that all the views of St. Thomas are unquestionable or that all his arguments are apodictic. It has always been lawful for us, and is still lawful after the encyclical letter of the Sovereign Pontiff, to controvert, abandon, and disprove many opinions of the holy doctor about which good authors are not agreed, and many also which rest on no other proximate or remote foundation than old physical and cosmological hypotheses now definitively discarded by science. Hence we can freely concede, consistently with our respect for St. Thomas, that some of his arguments have lost their power and must be set aside. Indeed, St. Thomas himself, if now alive, would be the first to proclaim the necessity of doing so. But while we admit this, we venture to add that even from those arguments and views of the holy doctor which we can no longer defend we can derive no small benefit; for it frequently happens that the very lines with which we may find fault on positive grounds of science contain such a wealth of principles and such a depth of analytical power as to make us doubt whether anything half as good can be found in the most renowned philosophical works of later times. Nor is this all; for we believe also that the metaphysical principles so accurately laid down and so uniformly insisted on by St. Thomas are the only possible test of all the theories of modern science, so far as these are amenable to

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rational treatment, and it is by them alone that we shall be enabled to pronounce an intelligent judgment about the philosophical value of many plausible conceptions of our time. We, then, look upon St. Thomas as the wisest and most reliable of Christian philosophers, and we hold, with the Pope, that in times like ours nothing less than a serious study of the works of St. Thomas can warrant the hope we entertain of a restoration of philosophy throughout the Christian world.

Now let us hear what the professor has to say concerning the value of the saint's arguments and views. "We are told by the Pope," says he, "that there is no part of philosophy that St. Thomas has not treated with acuteness and solidity. And here let me say that from a speculative and dogmatic point of view no one can fail to admire the teachings of St. Thomas. The question is, however, as to their value in view of the tendencies of this century." We might remark here that any teaching which is speculatively and dogmatically true remains true for ever, independently of the changing tendencies which may characterize different periods of time. The professor seems to think otherwise; for while he admires the teachings of St. Thomas "from a speculative and dogmatic point of view," he believes that such teachings have had their time and are of no further use to the present generation. How he can reconcile these two things we do not understand; but he endeavors to convince us that such is the fact, whatever we may say to the contrary; and in order to make a full demonstration of his assertion he proposes to scan "the views of the saint concerning God, the soul, and logical doctrine."

Having thus introduced the subject which he intends to investigate, the professor takes up directly the arguments by which St. Thomas, in his *Summa Theologica*, establishes the existence of God. It is our duty to follow him.

The first argument of the holy doctor for the existence of God is substantially as follows: Whatever is moved must be moved by some mover; which mover, if moved, is in its turn moved by another, and this latter again by some other. It is impossible, however, to go on in this way *in infinitum*, for in such a case there would be no first mover, and therefore no other movers; because these other movers are movers only inasmuch as they are moved by a first mover, just as the staff can move other things only inasmuch as it is itself moved by the hand. It is necessary, therefore, to admit a first mover unmoved. And this is what all call God.*

* Omne quod movetur, oportet ab alio moveri. Si ergo id a quo movetur, moveatur, oportet

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The professor thinks that this argument is hardly satisfactory when considered in relation to modern science. For "it may be disputed," he says, "whether we can arrive at an unmoved beginning of motion"; and he asks: "If a part of the essence of matter is motion, why should we be required to pass beyond it to the source of motion?" And lastly he affirms that the reasoning of the saint "rests on a vulgar view of motion," and is open to the objection of Kant against the cosmological argument.

If this be all that modern science can object to St. Thomas' reasoning we need not fear much for the holy doctor's cause. The objection assumes that the argument is drawn exclusively from the movements of matter; whereas it is well known that St. Thomas habitually uses the word *motion* in a much wider sense. Mechanical movements, of course, take place in material things only; but there are movements which affect the intellect, and movements which affect the will, and other kinds of movements, of every one of which it is true to say that they must be traced to a first mover unmoved. St. Thomas, indeed, seems to attach a special importance to those movements which can be perceived by our senses, for such movements are better known, and their explanation presents no difficulty to the popular mind; and we need hardly say that the holy doctor believed, with all his scientific and philosophic contemporaries, that the movements of natural things were subordinate to the movement of a *primum mobile* controlled by a first mover unmoved. This cosmical theory being now rejected, St. Thomas' argument, so far as it is connected with this theory, is of little avail. Yet the argument itself does not borrow its strength from such a theory; for, in the language of St. Thomas, as we have said, *to move* and *to be moved* have a very wide range, and apply to agents and patients of all kinds. Every mover, as such, is a being in act, whilst all that is moved is moved inasmuch as it is in potency. Accordingly, every mover which is moved consists of act and potency. But all act which is mixed with potency has an origin. Therefore every mover which is moved has an origin. And since this origin cannot be found in an infinite series, which has no origin, hence there must be a first mover, not comprised in the series of

et ipsum ab alio moveri, et illud ab alio. Hic autem non est procedere in infinitum; quia sic non esset aliquod primum movens, et per consequens nec aliquod aliud movens; quia moventia secunda non movent nisi per hoc quod sunt mota a primo movente; sicut baculus non movet, nisi per hoc quod est motus a manu. Ergo necesse est devenire ad aliquod primum movens, quod a nullo movetur: et hoc omnes intelligunt Deum.—*Summ. Theol.*, p. 1, q. 2, a. 3. This same argument is more fully developed by the holy doctor in his *Summa contra Gent.*, lib. i. cap. 13.

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things movable, which, being immovable, is a pure act free from potency. This is, we think, the gist of the argument, the sensible movements being only the dress in which it was clothed to make it more popular with the men of the thirteenth century.

We hold, then, that the argument of St. Thomas, or rather of Aristotle, from which St. Thomas borrowed it, is good and valid. On the other hand, we scarcely see how the objection of Prof. Alexander can be sustained. It is very easy to assume, but not so easy to show, that motion "is a part of the essence of matter." Philosophy, both old and modern, strongly protests against such an assumption. Motion is a mere accident of matter, and no accident is an essential part of its subject, as even Prof. Alexander's pupils will doubtless agree. Besides, motion is liable to change, whereas the essence of matter is always the same. How, then, could the former be a part of the latter? Had the professor objected that, according to modern science, two particles of matter can act on each other, and thus move and be moved without need of exterior agents, the objection would have been more plausible and would have deserved an answer. But to say that motion is "a part of the essence of matter" is merely to discharge a blank cartridge, which makes a report without harming your enemy.

The second argument of the holy doctor is drawn from the order of efficient causation. A series of ordinate causes—that is, of causes of which one depends on another—cannot extend to infinity, but must stop at a first and independent cause; for in the order of causality *primum est causa medii, et medium est causa ultimi.* Hence there must be a first efficient cause; in other terms, there must be a God. Such is the substance of the argument.

The professor naïvely remarks: "To show that the causes do not proceed *in infinitum* by assuming that there is a first of the series is a palpable *argumentum in circulo.*" But, unfortunately for the professor, this is not the case. St. Thomas argues from the order of the causes, which order evidently requires that the last cause be ranged under the intermediate ones, and the intermediate ones under a first one, which is the highest of them all. To show that this is not a mere assumption, it suffices to strike out the first cause and see what will be the result of its disappearance. What will become of the intermediate causes? Can they be "intermediate" without something above them? Clearly not. Now, as St. Thomas argues, to imagine an infinite ascending series of causes without a first cause is to imagine that there can be a multitude of terms which are all intermediate, ex

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cept the last. This being impossible, it follows that such an infinite series without a first cause is a palpable absurdity. We submit that this is not an *argumentum in circulo.*

Again, it is evident that in an infinite ascending series of causes every cause is also an effect, and is an effect *before* it can be a cause, as it cannot act before being produced. Accordingly in every one of these ascending causes the *ratio effectus* intrinsically precedes the *ratio causæ.* Now, reason does not allow us to give precedence to the *ratio effectus.* It is, therefore, necessary to put before it, and above it, something in which there is only the *ratio causæ.* And thus, even in the hypothesis of an infinite series of causes, we cannot dispense with a first cause.

This suffices to show that the Angelic Doctor did not simply *assume* that there was a first of the series, as he is charged with having done. On the other hand, were it true that he assumed the necessity of a first cause to account for a series of effects, not even then would he have made an *argumentum in circulo.* For whatever reason and common sense teach and sanction as self-evident can be freely assumed without violating the laws of dialectics, especially when dealing with adversaries who have themselves no standing ground but imaginary and worthless assumptions.

The third argument of the holy doctor, says the professor, "is derived from the accidental existence of all things. St. Thomas maintains that as the accidental cannot depend on the accidental, it must have its essence in the necessary. It is here assumed that the necessary being or beings are God. It is assumed that the necessary beings on which the accidental depends do not form a continuous series, but lead us at once to God."

We are sorry to say that this passage is a tissue of clumsy misrepresentations and inexcusable blunders. First, St. Thomas does not speak at all of *accidental,* but of *contingent,* existence; hence the substitution of the former for the latter word in the passage before us transforms the whole argument of St. Thomas into an unintelligible conundrum. Is the professor ignorant that in the language of philosophy the accidental and the contingent are not the same thing? or does he believe, as Spinoza did, that all substance is necessary, and nothing can be styled contingent but what is accidental? But, whatever may be the professor's ideas, this is evident: that the translation of the clear language of St. Thomas into such an unmeaning jargon is not a fair manner of propounding his views to the public.

Next comes the assertion that, according to St. Thomas, "the

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accidental cannot depend on the accidental." This is a second misrepresentation; for neither in the argument itself nor anywhere else has St. Thomas ever uttered such a sentence or anything equivalent to it. There are, according to his doctrine, a great many accidents which depend on other accidents, though they all *ultimately* depend on substances. Nor did he ever teach that the contingent cannot depend on the contingent; he says, on the contrary, in the very argument we are considering, that contingent things generate one another, and therefore depend on one another.

Then follows a third misrepresentation. St. Thomas maintains, in the words of our critic, that the accidental "must have its essence in the necessary." This, too, is a mere invention of the professor, as St. Thomas does not use at all the word *essence* in the whole argument. Is it true, at least, that the holy doctor assumes "that the necessary being or beings are God"? No. It is as false as all that has preceded. But perhaps St. Thomas assumes "that the necessary beings on which the accidental depends do not form a continuous series"? Alas! this, too, is a misrepresentation. St. Thomas merely says that those beings whose existence is conditionally necessary—that is, whose existence is the necessary result of extrinsic causation—cannot form an "infinite" ascending series; and this he does not gratuitously "assume," for he cites the place where he has given the demonstration of his assertion. When a writer needs to travesty an argument in such a shameful manner as the professor has done here, we cannot be much mistaken if we look upon such a course as a desperate attempt at concealing or perverting a distasteful truth. Let the reader judge for himself. We give the argument of the holy doctor:

"We see things in this world, in which there is the possibility of being and of not-being; for we see that many things are generated and corrupted; which conclusively shows the possibility of their being and not-being. Now, things of this kind cannot exist from eternity; for whatever has the possibility of being and not-being, at some time had no existence. If, then, all that exists had the possibility of being and of not-being, there would have been a time when nothing existed; and, if so, nothing would now exist; for what is not, cannot come into being except through something that is. If, then, nothing had existed, nothing could have come into being, and there would still be nothing; which clearly is not the case. Hence not all that exists is susceptible of being and not-being; and accordingly something exists which

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cannot but be. Now, this necessity of being may be conceived to arise either from extrinsic causes or from the nature of the being itself. But as the extrinsic causes, on which such a necessity of being may depend, cannot be assumed to form an infinite series, as we have already proved when treating of efficient causes, we are compelled to admit that there is a being whose necessity of existing does not depend on other causes, but is intrinsic to it, and which is the cause of all that is necessary. And such a being is God." *

The reader may now see how the professor has not only garbled but entirely disfigured this passage so as to make it wholly unrecognizable.

St. Thomas draws a fourth proof of the existence of God from the degrees of perfection that we find in different things. The argument is as follows: Things are more or less perfect according as they approach more or less a supreme standard of perfection, which is perfection itself. And, therefore, since there are things more or less perfect as to goodness, truth, beauty, and other qualities, there must be a supreme goodness, a supreme truth, a supreme beauty, or, in other words, a being absolutely perfect, from which all things less perfect derive. And such a being is God.

This argument, too, is rejected by the professor as wholly unsatisfactory. He says: "The fourth is a purely speculative argument that the imperfection of the universe implies a perfect Being. There are comparative degrees of qualities which imply a superlative degree. It is hardly necessary to point out the unwarrantable conclusion; it is sufficient to notice its uselessness in modern controversy."

First, then, the argument is "purely speculative." Of course it is; for how could it be otherwise? All arguments are speculative; and yet speculation, when based on facts, yields excellent results. Now, the perfections (the critic says the *imperfection*) of

* Invenimus in rebus quædam, quæ sunt possibilia esse et non esse; quum quædam inveniantur generari et corrumpi, et per consequens possibilia esse et non esse. Impossibile est autem, omnia quæ sunt talia, semper esse; quia quod possibile est non esse, quandoque non est. Si igitur omnia sunt possibilia non esse, aliquando nihil fuit in rebus. Sed si hoc est verum, etiam nunc nihil esset; quia quod non est non incipit esse, nisi per aliquid quod est. Si igitur nihil fuit ens, impossibile fuit quod aliquid inciperet esse; et sic modo nihil esset; quod patet esse falsum. Non ergo omnia entia sunt possibilia, sed oportet aliquid esse necessarium in rebus. Omne autem necessarium vel habet causam suæ necessitatis aliunde, vel non habet. Non est autem possibile quod procedatur in infinitum in necessariis quæ habent causam suæ necessitatis; sicut nec in causis efficientibus, ut probatum est in isto art. Ergo necesse est ponere aliquid quod sit per se necessarium, non habens causam necessitatis aliunde, sed quod est causa necessitatis aliis; quod omnes dicunt Deum.—*Summ. Theol.*, p. 1, q. 2, a. 3.

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throughout the province, but became a teacher himself in the cathedral school, giving lectures and patiently explaining and repeating to those dull of comprehension. When absent he encouraged the pupils by playful letters in verse. He always travelled with some of his scholars in attendance, and they took their books with them, beguiling the way by study and discussions. It must not be supposed these old parish schools were merely elementary. Mabillon has given us, in a citation, a picture of an episcopal school in the seventh century, showing that astronomy, meteorology, natural history, mathematics, etc., were all studied. St. Gregory of Tours relates that when Gontran, King of the Franks, went to Orleans he was addressed by the scholars of the cathedral school in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac, and poems in his honor were composed in these four languages.

The church left as a monument of Bishop Heraclius' piety was rebuilt in the thirteenth century in the Gothic style. A light garland of foliage, interspersed with birds, flowers, and other figures, picked out with gold, runs around the triforium, looking like the illuminations of some old manuscript. No one has ever been allowed to be buried in this church.

Under the generally paternal government of its bishops Liége became very wealthy and prosperous. But like Jeshurun, or, as the Vulgate hath it, *dilectus*, it waxed fat and kicked. The people with their riches acquired such a spirit of independence and love of liberty that the annals of the city are full of terrible insurrections. These, however, were often fomented by neighboring sovereigns, like Louis XI., for purposes of their own, though there is no doubt there were few cities in Europe so democratic as Liége under its bishops. Serfdom was early mitigated in the Ardennes, and the communes acquired unusual privileges. Those who sought justice repaired to the red door of the bishop's palace, and, lifting the ring-shaped knocker, knocked loudly thrice. The bishop was bound to appear and hear them instantly, says Michelet, and the jurisdiction of the ring was held in such awe for thirty leagues around that the haughtiest knight, were he even descended from one of the Four Sons of Aymon, trembled when summoned to the bronze pillar at Liége, at the foot of which all laws, acts, and judgments were enacted.

There is one bishop of Liége who has acquired special celebrity by Scott's novel of *Quentin Durward*. This was Louis de Bourbon, whose tragical end is so inaccurately described therein —a prelate of such noble qualities that he deserved a better fate; but placed unhappily over a turbulent city, with Louis XI. se-

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cretly undermining his authority on one hand, and Charles the Bold, his brother-in-law, almost as dangerous for his rash zeal, on the other, he had a difficult rôle to fill. The chronicles of the time represent him as a man of noble presence, pleasing manners, and excellent heart. Amelgard says: "Never was there a milder, more paternal sovereign, or a more indulgent, charitable bishop. If any reproach can be cast upon him by reasonable people it is for encouraging by his lenity the natural turbulence of his subjects." In the first part of his reign, however, he was reproached for a lack of gravity and love of pleasure; but it must be remembered he was only nineteen years of age when invested with the government, and had not received holy orders. At a later period he endeavored to repair his errors and led an exemplary life worthy of his sacred office.

It was not from the people of Liége that Louis de Bourbon's terrible expiation came. He did not die in his palace, the victim of his rebellious subjects, as Scott represents, but in trying to avert the danger that menaced his capital. Learning one day that William de la Marck, the fearful enemy he had never been able to overcome by force or benefits, who was not without reason called the Wild Boar of Ardennes, was approaching with twelve hundred horse and a large body of foot-soldiers, to avert the danger of such a band of lawless men pillaging the city he armed himself from top to toe, mounted a strong steed, and went forth at the head of his forces. It is said this noble animal, as if from a secret instinct of the danger that awaited his master, stood motionless, and for a time refused to go. Hardly had the bishop entered the defile near the Chartreuse before De la Marck suddenly sprang out of his ambuscade, and the bishop was unable to retreat on account of the narrowness of the passage, or receive aid from his men in the rear. His escort was soon overcome. He was not warlike by nature, and, seeing himself at the mercy of his mortal enemy, cried out: "Spare me, Seigneur d'Aremberg; I am your prisoner." One of the band gave him a blow in the face, at which the blood gushed out. He begged for his life with clasped hands, but the Wild Boar sprang upon him, stabbed him in the throat, and then coolly ordered his followers to despatch him. The bishop's body fell from his horse and rolled into a stream a few steps off, where they left it mangled and nearly stripped of its clothes, till the remonstrances of the clergy induced the ferocious *Sanglier* to allow it to be buried. The unfortunate prince was only forty-five years of age.*

* M. de Conde on the city of Liége.

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Then, when the priest low genuflects
At time of consecration,
And with both hands the Host erects
To make the elevation,
The present God the boy makes known
With silver bell's clear, tinkling tone.
All worship Christ with still emotion
And strike their breasts with deep devotion.

Each holy rite, precise and fine
Doth Fridolin fulfil,
In all the offices divine
Of well-taught, practised skill,
With form erect and level head,
Till, Dominus Vobiscum said
And spoken Ite Missa est,
The faithful are dismissed and blessed.

He next puts by the holy things
With speedy hand and neat,
The sacristy in order brings,
Then runs, with hasty feet
And quiet conscience, to the place
Of blazing forge and swift mill-race,
And as he goes he keeps on praying,
His last twelve Paters softly saying.

When he draws near the thick black smoke
And vassals round the fire,
He asks if what the count had spoke
Were done to his desire.
The vassals with a savage grin
Point to the fire the forge within:
"He is provided for securely;
The count will praise his servants, surely."

He brought this word to Lord Savern,
Running with all his might,
Who, seeing Fridolin return,
Scarce trusted to his sight.
"Unhappy wight! where hast thou hied?"
"I come from forge." "Not so!" he cried;
"Upon the way thou wast delaying."
"Only so long as I was praying.

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"For, when from you on message sent,
Your pardon I demand,
To ask the countess first I went
If she might aught command.
To hear a Mass upon my way
She ordered; glad did I obey,
And, while I knelt in adoration,
Four chaplets said for your salvation."

The count grew faint in his dismay;
His soul was filled with fear.
"And, boy! what was the answer, say!
From forgemen you did hear?"
"My Lord! I could not understand;
They laughed and pointed with the hand:
'He is provided for securely,
The count will praise his servants, surely.'"

"But Robert!" spoke the count. "Oh! say,"
And then ran cold his blood,
"Did you not meet him by the way?
I sent him to the wood."
"Neither in wood nor open ground,
Of Robert slightest trace I found."
Aghast, the count exclaimed, "This token
Shows that the Judge on high hath spoken."

The count, with kindness never shown
Before, then grasped the hand
Of Fridolin within his own;
And when, in tears, the two did stand
Before the lady, "See," he cries,
While she looks on with wondering eyes,
"God's angels guard this boy so holy:
His ways are just, man's judgments folly!'

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THE FOREST OF ARDENNES.

THE forest of Ardennes is to every lover of Shakspere a second Arcadia where they "fleet the time carelessly as they did in the golden world." In the most ideal of his plays he has softened the gloom of this once terrible forest, and transformed it into the very realm of fancy and poetic loveliness. The shade of its melancholy boughs, its wild streams swollen needlessly with the tears marked by the pensive Jaques as giving "more to that which had too much," the banished duke holding his sylvan court beneath the green roof of trees, the tenderness and sportive gayety of Rosalind, whose wit "bubbles up and sparkles like the living fountain," make up a picture the very ideal of all that is pastoral and romantic.

Boiardo, in his *Orlando Innamorato*, gives us another glimpse of this mysterious forest. It was here the beautiful Angelica found Rinaldo sleeping beneath a leafy bower among lilies and wild roses, beside a running stream whose enchanted waters disposed every one who tasted thereof to the gentle passion of love, while not far off was a fountain that turned love as surely into hate. A little later Orlando found her fallen asleep in the same place, exhausted with grief at Rinaldo's flight, the grass seeming to flower on all sides of her out of sheer joy at her presence, and the soft river murmuring, as it flowed along, its everlasting note of love.

The number of adventures told in ancient song and romance as having taken place in the forest of Ardennes, whether by the Four Sons of Aymon, for instance, or by Renaud when his good steed Baiart left the impression of its foot on one of the hard rocks, show how deeply its sombre majesty impressed the imagination of the middle ages. From remotest times, indeed, it exercised a strange fascination over the popular mind. The gloom of its sacred oaks covered with mistletoe; the menhirs and dolmens around which mysterious rites were performed; the vast caves like the Trou du Han, which none durst enter, and the exceptional character of the inhabitants, excited a general awe. In the time of Cæsar it was a place of refuge for exiles and criminals. Tacitus speaks of the "seven forests of Ardennes" that were an asylum for those under the ban of the law. In the middle ages, too, it afforded shelter for all sorts of political offenders and the

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outcasts of society, who banded together in the greenwood like Robin Hood and his followers, and lived by robbing and pillaging, or taking part in the feuds of the neighboring lords. Those more peacefully inclined became miners, smiths, or charcoal-burners, whose grim appearance and lurid fires but added to the sinister aspect of the place. Necromancers and sorcerers were supposed to carry on their unholy spells and incantations in its gloomiest recesses, and the table of the enchanter Maugis is to be seen at this day. In the romance of Parthenopeus of Blois, Ardennes is represented as an enchanted forest, many parts of which had never been trodden by man, and where he who was lost therein was likely to be devoured by lions, tigers, leopards, and all such animals as the poetic imagination of the people usually assigned as guards to the abode of magicians. In this region were the towers of Franchimont, sung by Scott, where fierce blood-hounds kept guard with a huntsman beside the iron chest which an aged necromancer for a hundred years had tried in vain to open by magic word and spell. Fairies, elves, and all kinds of fantastic beings not yet wholly extinct were believed to hold revels by moonlight around the springs and in the openings of the forest. There were ghostly regions, too, where phantoms were seen flitting to and fro.

The mediæval legends connected with the Ardennes greatly enhance their poetic character. M. Michelet says they generally turn upon the naïve image of the church's transforming the wild beasts of the forest into men and Christians. The wolf of Stavelot, for having devoured the bishop's ass, is compelled by the holy man to labor in its stead and carry stones for the church he is building. The cross of Christ appears to St. Hubert between the antlers of a stag, and he spends seven years on the spot, utterly weaned from the vanities of the world. The peasants still hear the peal of his horn as he hunts by night in the forest he once loved, and flock across the broad heaths from time to time to visit his church, believing his body still entire, and that his beard and nails continue to grow, like those of the Emperor Barbarossa.

In ancient times the forest of Ardennes was a hundred leagues in length, and extended from the Rhine to the Meuse, if not beyond. Now it occupies only a fourth of the department, and to the mere passer-by is by no means imposing. It is an undulating region of rather monotonous character, broken here and there by pastures and villages, and the trees are far from being worthy of their renown, at least in the eyes of those who have seen the primeval forests of America. But if you leave the beaten track

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for the cross-roads you find some beautiful woodland scenery with heathery hills and numerous streams. The valley of the Meuse—"the silver Meuse," as Wordsworth calls it—is especially romantic with its ruined castles and tall limestone cliffs

> "That, shaped like old monastic turrets, rise
> From the smooth meadow-ground serene and still."

Among the most striking castles in the Ardennes is that of Bouillon, which hangs over the Semoi, its dungeons hewn out of the cliff on which it stands. Not far from Spa is the interesting castle called by the people *Les Quatre Fils Aymon*, once owned by William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes, so renowned in history and romance. The feudal hold of Mirwart on the Homme, in the very heart of the Ardennes, is of imposing aspect. Not far off is the picturesque village of Rochefort, overlooked by its castle, where Lafayette was taken prisoner by the Austrians in 1792. Here you can easily visit the old abbey of St. Hubert, for ages a centre of particular religious interest. St. Hubert was the great apostle of the Ardennes, and the gratitude of the people is shown by his continued popularity and the number of churches that tell the story of his conversion, on their walls or in their windows. As the patron of hunters, he is of all climes. His life, too, is of historic interest, for he not only Christianized the vast forest, which till his time was chiefly covered with the darkness of paganism, but he founded the thriving city of Liége.

St. Hubert was a native of Aquitaine, but sprang from the Merovingian race of kings. His grandfather, Charibert, the brother of Dagobert I., was crowned sovereign duke of Aquitaine in the year 628, and held his court at Toulouse. He married Giselle, the only daughter of Amandus, Duke of Gascony, whose wife was the sister of St. Amand, a saint popular to this day in southwestern France, and a man of such diffusive piety that he is described as *tout rayonnant* with light divine. His niece Giselle, who married the Duke of Aquitaine, left two sons, named Boggis and Bertrand. Bertrand married Phigeberte, and Boggis St. Ode, two sisters whose family is unknown. It was, however, from Austrasia. Bertrand's only son was St. Hubert, who was born about the year 656. St. Ode * became the mother of Eudes, or Eudon, famous as the duke of Aquitaine in the time of Charles Martel. She is said to have been the chief instructor of St. Hubert's boyhood. His education otherwise was chiefly

* St. Ode is honored October 23.

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military. It was in the vicinity of the Pyrenees, where hunting has always been a passion among the nobility, that he acquired that love for the chase for which he became so noted. Here were to be found the wolf, bear, wild boar, and the urus, which used to gather around the mountain chapels and howl while the nocturnal offices were sung. At twenty-four years of age Hubert went to Austrasia and became a member of the household of Pepin d'Héristal, his kinsman, who held his court at Jupille, on the Meuse. Pepin induced him to marry Floribanne, daughter of the Count of Louvain, in order to attach him permanently to his interests. The court of Pepin was by no means a school of virtue, and Hubert soon lost the early religious impressions made by the teachings of his saintly aunt. Old legends say that one Christmas, or, according to others, Good Friday, instead of attending the religious offices of the day, he yielded to his love for the chase and set out for the forest of Ardennes. Here he started a white stag of remarkable beauty, which suddenly turned towards him, displaying between its horns the image of the crucified Redeemer, from which a voice issued: "Hubert, Hubert, how long wilt thou pursue the wild beasts of the forest and neglect the salvation of thy soul? If thou returnest not to a better life thou wilt be cast into hell, out of which there is no redemption." Hubert was the more struck at this marvellous apparition because the image of Christ on the cross was very rare in the religious representations of that period. The cross was generally covered with ornaments, or had on it some emblem of the great Sacrifice, such as the paschal lamb. Hubert fell from his horse, his face to the ground. He remembered the wondrous legends of the stag that had been told him as he sat on the knees of St. Ode in his childhood, in several of which that typical animal had received the gift of speech. It was a white stag that led his ancestor Clovis to the ford at Vienne. It was another of unusual size, pursued by St. Julian, that suddenly turned to reproach him and predict he would one day slay his father and mother. And a stag with a crucifix between its horns led to the conversion of St. Eustace in the second century.

Several artists have depicted St. Hubert prostrate in the forest before the *cervus Christus*, as St. Eucher, the monk of Lérins, called the mystic stag two centuries before—a picturesque subject, portraying the feelings of grateful adoration called forth in the thoughtful sportsman when brought face to face with his own heart in presence of the marvels of creative love.

On leaving the forest Hubert placed himself under the direc-

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tion of St. Lambert, the third successor of St. Amand as bishop of Maestricht—a bishop of such religious fervor that he is said to have borne coals in the folds of his surplice to kindle the incense before the altar. He had been in exile seven years for his bold *non licet* to Pepin for his unlawful attachment to the beautiful Alpaïde, the mother of Charles Martel. St. Hubert was bound to the world by his marriage ties, but he now displayed the example of every Christian virtue at the court of Thierry III., where some say he held a high office. Floribanne died in 685 at the birth of St. Floribert. "Thus did death," says the old chronicle, "come to separate two hearts that had never been disunited by the least misunderstanding." He now resolved to abandon the world, and to this end returned his military belt (*militiæ cingula*) and collar to the king, and resigned all his dignities, whether at Jupille or at the court of Thierry. His father died about this time, and he renounced all claims to the sovereignty of Aquitaine in favor of his cousin Eudes, reserving, however, the rights of his son Floribert, whom he confided to Eudes at three years of age to be brought up. He then retired to a hermitage in the gloomy forest of Ardennes. Others seem to have followed his example. We read of St. Monon, of Scotland, who became a hermit here a little after, and was murdered in his cell by robbers. Not far from St. Hubert's hermitage was the monastery of Ambra, or an oratory surrounded by cells, built by St. Bérégise, the almoner of Pepin d'Héristal, out of the remains of a fortress ruined by the Huns in the fifth century.

After spending seven years in profound solitude St. Hubert resolved to visit the tomb of the apostles, as his great-uncle St. Amand had done before him, according to the pious custom of the middle ages, when pilgrimages were not confined to any age or condition, or to either sex.

St. Sergius occupied the papal chair at the time of Hubert's visit. The two saints met at the door of St. Peter's Church. An angel of the Lord had just revealed to the pope the recent murder of St. Lambert, and the arrival of one destined to succeed him as bishop of Maestricht. He led St. Hubert to the shrine of the apostles, where he made known to him in detail the martyrdom of St. Lambert. This fearless saint had refused to bless the cup of Alpaïde at a banquet to which he had been invited. She was doubly enraged at being frowned upon in the presence of all the court, and her brother Dodon pursued the bishop as far as the village of Leodium, where he pierced him to the heart with a javelin while he was praying at the altar of SS. Cosmas and Damian.

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St. Hubert's first act at his return home was to visit and weep over the tomb of his master, St. Lambert, who had been buried in the crypt of St. Peter's at Maestricht among his sainted predecessors. Dodon was alarmed when he heard of his arrival, and went to waylay him with a band of accomplices; but the saint overcame them with the potent sign of the cross and calmly continued his way. He had a new church built on the spot where St. Lambert was martyred, and in 708 solemnly transported his remains thither in presence of a throng of bishops, priests, and laymen from both sides of the Rhine. This church took the name of St. Lambert, and became so popular a place of pilgrimage that the offerings soon sufficed for a college of chaplains. St. Hubert owned a castle on Mt. Cornillon near by, and from the time of St. Lambert's removal he conceived such an attachment to Leodium that he called a council to confer on the expediency of making it his episcopal see. Perhaps, too, his sagacious eye saw the material advantages of the site. It now took the name of Legia from a modest stream that rises at the village of Ans and empties into the Meuse, whence the modern name of Liége. It soon acquired importance and speedily increased in size. St. Hubert surrounded it with a wall for defence, drew up civil laws and municipal regulations, and devised a system of weights and measures that are used more or less to this day. He made St. Lambert's his cathedral, and built a church in honor of St. Peter to commemorate the paternal kindness of Sergius at Rome.

St. Hubert now undertook to evangelize the forest of Ardennes. We can have no idea of the obstacles to Christian civilization in the forests of Gaul and Germany at this period. St. Amand, however, had successfully encountered them in his two missions to Gascony. St. Hubert emulated him in the Belgic forests, where the immense extent, the severity of the climate,* and the peculiar character of the people increased the difficulty. In spite of the efforts of St. Remacle and other bishops to Christianize them, there were still many who worshipped Isis, Belenus, Arduenna, etc.—the latter, the protecting divinity of forests and the chase, represented wearing a cuirass, a bow unbent in her hand, and a dog lying at her feet. Here and there in the clearings was a convent or an oratory around which had gathered a hamlet or village, but the greater part was a wilderness with

* "The icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind."
says the Duke in *As You Like it*.

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half-savage people who wandered in bands through the forest and uncultivated pastures. The men were skilled in the use of weapons, and were fond of the chase and all kinds of martial exercises. The heads of their victims in battle they nailed to their cabins among those of the wild beasts they had slain, and sometimes they used the skulls as cups at their banquets, and handed them down to their children as tokens of their prowess. Some of the women were a kind of priestesses, supposed to be admitted to a mysterious commerce with the supernatural world. The whole sex, in fact, have always taken a prominent and energetic part in public affairs in this region, particularly at Liége, that "purgatory of men," as it is called, doubtless because the women are so formidable. The forest of Ardennes was dear to St. Hubert's heart, and its people the most cherished portion of his flock. Perhaps it was by the very power of his love that he induced them to abandon their profane rites and accept the Christian religion.

St. Hubert received a warning of his death a year before it took place, and during the intervening time devoutly persevered in prayer, fasting, and alms-giving. One day he went to his church of St. Peter's at Liége, and after prolonged orisons turned to the wall, and, extending his arms, measured the place of his burial, saying: "Here prepare the place of my sepulture." He died soon after at Tervueren, near Brussels, where he owned land by right of his wife. St. Floribert, his son, had returned from Aquitaine, and was with him, and his bed was surrounded by clergy and people, weeping and praying. This was on the 30th of May, 727.

The body of St. Hubert was washed with holy respect and borne to Liége. When it drew near the city the people came out in a great multitude to meet it, the clergy in their robes, bearing the standard of the true cross, with many venerable relics of the saints, and torches and candles all lighted, with unguents and precious substances that gave out a sweet odor. With great grief did they place the remains of their glorious pastor and bishop in the chapel at St. Peter's, as he had ordained. He was buried in a stone coffin, which was found a few years since among the ruins of St. Peter's when the canal was dug from Liége to Maestricht. It is a plain sarcophagus of the form in use at the time of the Merovingians.

The nearest relatives left by St. Hubert were his son Floribert and his nephew Eudes. St. Floribert, like his father, renounced his rights in Aquitaine in favor of his cousin, and was made bishop of Liége.

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The general veneration for St. Hubert still later forced Floribert, now bishop, to enshrine his remains, which was done with imposing solemnities November 3, 743, in presence of Carloman, King of the Franks, and all his court. The tomb was opened, and St. Floribert, uncovering his father's face, bathed it with tears. It was wholly unchanged, though he had been buried sixteen years; the limbs were supple, there was no appearance of death, and a sweet odor, as of precious spices, issued from the tomb. The vestments he wore were likewise fresh and unstained. Carloman himself, aided by his lords, removed the body from the tomb and placed it in a new sarcophagus richly sculptured.

But to return to the forest of Ardennes. The old monastery of Ambra, founded by St. Bérégise in the heart of the forest, when enlarged in the ninth century, took the name of Andage from the neighboring stream, and was given to the Benedictines. They petitioned for the body of St. Hubert, and the bishops in council at Aix-la-Chapelle acceded to their request in presence of Louis le Débonnaire. Walcand, Bishop of Liége, opened the sarcophagus and found the remains in the same state of preservation as eighty-two years before. The emperor and a great number of prelates and nobles accompanied them to the banks of the Meuse, where they were received by the monks of Andage. On this occasion Louis presented the monastery with rich sacerdotal garments, sacred vessels, some of the writings of the Fathers, a Psalter written in letters of gold, and a copy of the holy Gospels adorned with gold and precious stones. St. Hubert's remains were placed in a *chapelle ardente* near the tomb of St. Bérégise, his friend and fellow-laborer in the forest of Ardennes.

Andage from this time became one of the most famous places of pilgrimage in the north, and to this day crowds of people come to the abbey church on the 3d of November, the anniversary of the translation of St. Hubert's relics, to have their foreheads touched by the miraculous stole, and receive small cakes of bread, blessed at his altar, which are given to the hounds as efficacious in averting madness. A town of about twenty-five hundred inhabitants has grown up around the abbey, which has taken the name of St. Hubert's. The old abbots were the feudal lords of the surrounding district and the first peers of the duchy of Bouillon.

In former times there was an annual hunt on the 3d of November in honor of the great saint of the greenwood. The hunters and foresters used first to attend Mass with their hounds, and give a flourish on their hunting-horns at the Elevation. Tra-

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dition attributes its organization to the following occurrence: Two lords of the Ardennes in remote times, going to hunt in the forest for mere pleasure, found no game for a long time in spite of beating up the woods. At length they bethought themselves that St. Hubert was a mighty hunter before his conversion, and made a vow to offer him the first animal they slew. It was hardly made before their dogs came upon a wild boar

"As large as that in Erymanthean woods,"

which fled towards the abbey, and then stopped as if spent by fatigue. The chief huntsman, amazed at the size of the animal, at once resolved, in spite of his vow, to carry it home. As this thought was passing through his mind the wild boar, as if unwilling to be withheld from its sacred destination, rushed boldly through hunters and hounds, and disappeared in the forest, to the great discomfiture of his pursuers. From this time an annual hunt was organized by the noblemen of the vicinity, who invariably consecrated their first game to St. Hubert, and also gave him a tithe of what they took throughout the year.

The

"Dogs of black St. Hubert's breed,
Unmatched for courage, breath, and speed,"

were a race of hounds of remarkable keenness of scent, bred by the abbots of Andage, and described as "mighty of body, with legs somewhat low and short," and said to be descended from the dog St. Hubert had with him the day of his conversion. The dukes of Burgundy considered them the best of hunters, and they are still in great request in Belgium and France. The old abbots used to send three brace of them every year to the king of France.

All people of the race of St. Hubert are said to have the power of curing hydrophobia by the imposition of hands, but we have never heard whether the dukes of Fezensac, who are of the lineage, exercise their prerogative or not. At Limé, not far from Soissons, there is a relic of the saint, and hydrophobia is said never to have been known in the place. The people assemble on his festival, and the following invocation is very popular:

"Saint Hubert glorieux,
Dieu me soit amoureux,
Trois choses me défend:
De la nuit du serpent,
Mauvais loup, mauvais chien;

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Mauvaises bêtes enragées
Ne puissent ni approcher,
Me voir, ni me toucher,
Non plus qu'étoile au ciel." *

The ancient bishops of Liége loved the solitude of St. Hubert's forest. Henry, one of them, wept on leaving the abbey, where he had been passing Lent, out of sorrow at exchanging this abode of peace for the tumult of the world. And what a touching, significant legend is the following, giving us one of those delightful glimpses into the old mediæval convents now and then afforded us: Lambert, a monk of St. Hubert's, proud of his noble birth, going to read the nocturns on the festival of SS. Peter and Paul, was passing before the abbot without the usual sign of reverence when he suddenly saw in his arms our Lord in a blaze of glory. He could hardly read for trembling, and on retiring made a most humble reverence to the abbot, and, to the surprise of all, burst into tears.

In the night of October 15, 1568, while the monks of St. Hubert's were devoutly chanting the divine office, the lord abbot had warning that a band of Huguenots was on the way to pillage and destroy the abbey. They had barely time to secrete the remains of St. Hubert, St. Bérégise, St. Ostie, St. Grate, and St. Aréapile, with a few other treasures, and then make their escape to the castle of Mirwart. The Huguenots pillaged the town, abbey, and hospice, then set fire to the abbey, leaving little more than the walls that still bear witness to this impiety. For a century the monks labored to repair this calamity. The silver shrine, adorned with gold and precious stones, in which St. Hubert's body had been kept, had to be sold, with other valuable objects they had saved, to relieve the actual distress into which they were plunged. But the precise spot in which the saint's body was so hastily buried has been forgotten. The hope of its discovery is not wholly lost, and it may come to light after centuries, like the body of St. Eutrope at Saintes.

The abbey was again laid desolate by the revolutionists of 1793. The church was redeemed from profanation in 1808, and appropriated to the use of the parish, but the monastery has been transformed into a penitentiary for young delinquents. The number of religious houses throughout Europe thus changed into prisons, asylums for idiots and the insane, military store-houses

* Glorious St. Hubert, may God be lovingly inclined to me. Three things defend me from: injury by serpent, evil wolf, or dog. Let no mad beast come nigh, look at, or touch me, more than the stars in heaven.

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etc., shows how sadly the scattered monks have been avenged by the vast increase of human woes. There is, however, a perfume of holy memories in such houses that always penetrates the heart in spite of the desecration.

King Leopold I. visited St. Hubert's in 1843, and placed the church on the list of historic monuments. This led to its restoration. The place is well worth a visit, not only from every admirer of the great sylvan saint, but from the mere tourist, on account of the fine proportions of the abbey, the sumptuous palace of the abbot, and the large church of the flamboyant style. On the façade of the church is an immense bas-relief of the apparition of the miraculous stag, and on the pinnacle is a colossal statue of St. Hubert, dressed in pontificals, with his hand raised to bless the town gathered at his feet. The porch with its bronze statues, the cruciform church with its four aisles separated by tall fluted columns, the nave paved with rich marbles, the choir to which you ascend by seven steps, and the graceful, flame-like tracery of the windows, are all striking. The old stalls of the monks have been preserved, sixty-four in number, the legend of St. Hubert elaborately carved on the panels of one side, and the life of St. Benedict represented with severe simplicity on the other. In one of the chapels that surround the apse like a glory is a cenotaph erected by King Leopold in 1848 in honor of St. Hubert, with a recumbent statue of the saint in Carrara marble on the top. It is a fine monument of the ogival style, sculptured by Geef, the celebrated Belgian artist. On the sides are eight bas-reliefs in which are sixty-six figures, depicting the life of the saint from his birth in Aquitaine to the enshrinement of his remains by Carloman. At the corners are the four apostles of the region—SS. Amand, Lambert, Bérégise, and Aubain of Namur.

M. Michelet says the two churches of St. Hubert with its pilgrimage and St. Lambert with its asylum were the true nuclei of the Ardennes. No votary of St. Hubert will fail to visit the city he founded. Liége, on its three rivers, in the midst of a plain surrounded by hills, with the black cloud from its forges and furnaces overhanging it, has a physiognomy apart. Its numerous manufactories, the steeples and towers of its splendid churches, its bridges, the beautiful Meuse with the gardens on its banks, all strike the eye, but, above all, the grand old palace of its sovereign bishops, flanked with towers, massive, imposing, and of feudal aspect. This palace was built by Erard de la Marck, one of the greatest bishops of Liége, and a lover of the arts. It was not finished when he died, but he left money enough to complete it,

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which was not till twenty years after its commencement. There are two interior courts—one surrounded by the bishop's apartments and chapel, the other by the lodgings of his guards. Around the exterior is a striking colonnade with blackened arches and curious pillars differently ornamented, the capitals covered with arabesques and coats of arms. Founded by a bishop on the tomb of a saint, Liége rightfully became a principality of which the sovereign was a bishop, and its electors priests. The latter were the canons of the chapter of St. Lambert's, who were sixty in number and all required to be of noble blood. When Pope Innocent II. came to preside at the council of Liége in 1131, he approached the city on a white horse, and the Emperor Lothaire went out to meet him with the empress and a multitude of bishops, abbots, lords, and commons, and escorted him to the palace. Alexander, the bishop of that time, was a son of the Count of Juliers, and the chapter of St. Lambert's had among its members two sons of the emperor, seven sons of kings, and about fifty sons of dukes, barons, and sovereign counts. The pope celebrated the office in the cathedral, surrounded by this brilliant throng, and then crowned Lothaire and his consort. But none of the princely clergy, not even the pope himself, excited so much interest in the crowd as St. Bernard, around whom they gathered so eagerly that he had to be borne above the assembly in a chair to save him from the pressure. The celebrated standard embroidered in silk and gold by Queen Adelicia of England (the fair maid of Brabant) had been captured two years before, and now hung in St. Lambert's as a trophy, and was only taken down to be borne through the streets in the processions of Rogation week. Besides other shrines, here was that of St. Lambert, covered with gold, silver, and precious stones, among which was an antique agate on which was cut the head of the Empress Faustina. In the treasury were St. Hubert's buskins, and, among other valuables, a St. George on horseback of solid gold, given by Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, to testify his regret for cruelty to the city of Liége in 1468. This splendid cathedral, associated with so many venerable memories, built on the spot where St. Lambert was martyred for the eternal principles of justice, was utterly destroyed by the French revolutionists.

The church of St. Paul is now used as the cathedral—a church founded by Bishop Heraclius in the tenth century. This bishop made extraordinary efforts to promote learning in his diocese. All the old schools had been destroyed by the Normans, and in his zeal to repair the loss he not only established monastic schools

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throughout the province, but became a teacher himself in the cathedral school, giving lectures and patiently explaining and repeating to those dull of comprehension. When absent he encouraged the pupils by playful letters in verse. He always travelled with some of his scholars in attendance, and they took their books with them, beguiling the way by study and discussions. It must not be supposed these old parish schools were merely elementary. Mabillon has given us, in a citation, a picture of an episcopal school in the seventh century, showing that astronomy, meteorology, natural history, mathematics, etc., were all studied. St. Gregory of Tours relates that when Gontran, King of the Franks, went to Orleans he was addressed by the scholars of the cathedral school in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, and Syriac, and poems in his honor were composed in these four languages.

The church left as a monument of Bishop Heraclius' piety was rebuilt in the thirteenth century in the Gothic style. A light garland of foliage, interspersed with birds, flowers, and other figures, picked out with gold, runs around the triforium, looking like the illuminations of some old manuscript. No one has ever been allowed to be buried in this church.

Under the generally paternal government of its bishops Liége became very wealthy and prosperous. But like Jeshurun, or, as the Vulgate hath it, *dilectus*, it waxed fat and kicked. The people with their riches acquired such a spirit of independence and love of liberty that the annals of the city are full of terrible insurrections. These, however, were often fomented by neighboring sovereigns, like Louis XI., for purposes of their own, though there is no doubt there were few cities in Europe so democratic as Liége under its bishops. Serfdom was early mitigated in the Ardennes, and the communes acquired unusual privileges. Those who sought justice repaired to the red door of the bishop's palace, and, lifting the ring-shaped knocker, knocked loudly thrice. The bishop was bound to appear and hear them instantly, says Michelet, and the jurisdiction of the ring was held in such awe for thirty leagues around that the haughtiest knight, were he even descended from one of the Four Sons of Aymon, trembled when summoned to the bronze pillar at Liége, at the foot of which all laws, acts, and judgments were enacted.

There is one bishop of Liége who has acquired special celebrity by Scott's novel of *Quentin Durward*. This was Louis de Bourbon, whose tragical end is so inaccurately described therein —a prelate of such noble qualities that he deserved a better fate; but placed unhappily over a turbulent city, with Louis XI. se-

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cretly undermining his authority on one hand, and Charles the Bold, his brother-in-law, almost as dangerous for his rash zeal, on the other, he had a difficult rôle to fill. The chronicles of the time represent him as a man of noble presence, pleasing manners, and excellent heart. Amelgard says: "Never was there a milder, more paternal sovereign, or a more indulgent, charitable bishop. If any reproach can be cast upon him by reasonable people it is for encouraging by his lenity the natural turbulence of his subjects." In the first part of his reign, however, he was reproached for a lack of gravity and love of pleasure; but it must be remembered he was only nineteen years of age when invested with the government, and had not received holy orders. At a later period he endeavored to repair his errors and led an exemplary life worthy of his sacred office.

It was not from the people of Liége that Louis de Bourbon's terrible expiation came. He did not die in his palace, the victim of his rebellious subjects, as Scott represents, but in trying to avert the danger that menaced his capital. Learning one day that William de la Marck, the fearful enemy he had never been able to overcome by force or benefits, who was not without reason called the Wild Boar of Ardennes, was approaching with twelve hundred horse and a large body of foot-soldiers, to avert the danger of such a band of lawless men pillaging the city he armed himself from top to toe, mounted a strong steed, and went forth at the head of his forces. It is said this noble animal, as if from a secret instinct of the danger that awaited his master, stood motionless, and for a time refused to go. Hardly had the bishop entered the defile near the Chartreuse before De la Marck suddenly sprang out of his ambuscade, and the bishop was unable to retreat on account of the narrowness of the passage, or receive aid from his men in the rear. His escort was soon overcome. He was not warlike by nature, and, seeing himself at the mercy of his mortal enemy, cried out: "Spare me, Seigneur d'Aremberg; I am your prisoner." One of the band gave him a blow in the face, at which the blood gushed out. He begged for his life with clasped hands, but the Wild Boar sprang upon him, stabbed him in the throat, and then coolly ordered his followers to despatch him. The bishop's body fell from his horse and rolled into a stream a few steps off, where they left it mangled and nearly stripped of its clothes, till the remonstrances of the clergy induced the ferocious *Sanglier* to allow it to be buried. The unfortunate prince was only forty-five years of age.*

* M. de Conde on the city of Liége.

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Liége remained under its theocratic government until the French Revolution. Its dynasty of ninety bishops lasted more than a thousand years, and on the whole they raised the city to an unusual degree of wealth and prosperity. The city stands on a coal-bed, and the mining is carried on beneath the very streets. An angel is said to have revealed its first discovery—the discovery of what has contributed so much to the prosperity of the place. Limbourg, out of its sense of a similar blessing, has called one of its coal-pits Hemelryck—the Kingdom of Heaven.

One remembrance peculiarly dear to the Catholic heart is associated with Liége—the institution of the festival of Corpus Christi, first celebrated in the church of St. Martin in 1247. It was on the mount once owned by St. Hubert the idea was conceived. Julienne, a holy Hospitaler nun of Mt. Cornillon, was inspired with the desire of having the many blasphèmies against the Real Presence expiated by a special festival in honor of that miracle of divine love. She hesitated a long time, and then appealed to the canons of St. Lambert's, praying them to institute it and use the office she had composed. But they looked on her as visionary, and bluntly told her to betake herself to her distaff and spindle. She finally had recourse to the bishop, Robert de Torote, who, after consulting many theologians, ordered the solemnity to be instituted in his diocese on the Thursday after Trinity, and Julienne's office to be used on the occasion. But he died before his order could be executed, and no one was disposed to carry out his intentions. She now petitioned the papal legate at Liége, who seconded her devotion and induced the chapter of St. Martin's to celebrate the festival. This was in 1247. The pious legate himself officiated on the occasion and preached a sermon. But novelties, however holy, are always regarded as innovations, and as the other churches objected to the festival, and the legate had taken his departure, the chapter of St. Martin's refused to celebrate it the following year. But a holy ecclesiastic had attentively followed this movement and saw the finger of God therein, and when raised to the papacy in 1261 under the name of Urban IV. he remembered the wish of Julienne. The miracle of Bolsena, that has been commemorated by so many magnificent works of art, also occurred about this time. Urban entrusted the composition of the office to St. Thomas Aquinas, and ordered the day to be celebrated not only at Liége, but throughout the Christian world. Julienne did not witness the establishment of the feast she had so much at heart. She died in exile and her tomb is unknown.

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THE *PRINCETON REVIEW* AND ST. THOMAS.

PROF. ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER, in his article on "Thomas Aquinas and the Encyclical Letter," which appeared in the *Princeton Review* (March, 1880), and of which we have given the first part to our readers in our last issue, after maintaining the preposterous idea that the study of scholastic philosophy is calculated to hinder the progress of natural science, proceeds to discuss the merit of the Thomistic reasoning on philosophical and theological matters. To his mind, St. Thomas' argumentation may have been good enough for the middle ages, but it is now of no use in view of the rationalistic tendency of modern thought. To support this assertion the professor volunteers to show how some of the best arguments of the holy doctor can be disposed of by the men of our enlightened generation. It will be instructive to follow him for a while, and we intend to do so; but before we enter into the contest we think it useful to define our position with regard to St. Thomas' teachings.

No Catholic pretends that all the views of St. Thomas are unquestionable or that all his arguments are apodictic. It has always been lawful for us, and is still lawful after the encyclical letter of the Sovereign Pontiff, to controvert, abandon, and disprove many opinions of the holy doctor about which good authors are not agreed, and many also which rest on no other proximate or remote foundation than old physical and cosmological hypotheses now definitively discarded by science. Hence we can freely concede, consistently with our respect for St. Thomas, that some of his arguments have lost their power and must be set aside. Indeed, St. Thomas himself, if now alive, would be the first to proclaim the necessity of doing so. But while we admit this, we venture to add that even from those arguments and views of the holy doctor which we can no longer defend we can derive no small benefit; for it frequently happens that the very lines with which we may find fault on positive grounds of science contain such a wealth of principles and such a depth of analytical power as to make us doubt whether anything half as good can be found in the most renowned philosophical works of later times. Nor is this all; for we believe also that the metaphysical principles so accurately laid down and so uniformly insisted on by St. Thomas are the only possible test of all the theories of modern science, so far as these are amenable to

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rational treatment, and it is by them alone that we shall be enabled to pronounce an intelligent judgment about the philosophical value of many plausible conceptions of our time. We, then, look upon St. Thomas as the wisest and most reliable of Christian philosophers, and we hold, with the Pope, that in times like ours nothing less than a serious study of the works of St. Thomas can warrant the hope we entertain of a restoration of philosophy throughout the Christian world.

Now let us hear what the professor has to say concerning the value of the saint's arguments and views. "We are told by the Pope," says he, "that there is no part of philosophy that St. Thomas has not treated with acuteness and solidity. And here let me say that from a speculative and dogmatic point of view no one can fail to admire the teachings of St. Thomas. The question is, however, as to their value in view of the tendencies of this century." We might remark here that any teaching which is speculatively and dogmatically true remains true for ever, independently of the changing tendencies which may characterize different periods of time. The professor seems to think otherwise; for while he admires the teachings of St. Thomas "from a speculative and dogmatic point of view," he believes that such teachings have had their time and are of no further use to the present generation. How he can reconcile these two things we do not understand; but he endeavors to convince us that such is the fact, whatever we may say to the contrary; and in order to make a full demonstration of his assertion he proposes to scan "the views of the saint concerning God, the soul, and logical doctrine."

Having thus introduced the subject which he intends to investigate, the professor takes up directly the arguments by which St. Thomas, in his *Summa Theologica*, establishes the existence of God. It is our duty to follow him.

The first argument of the holy doctor for the existence of God is substantially as follows: Whatever is moved must be moved by some mover; which mover, if moved, is in its turn moved by another, and this latter again by some other. It is impossible, however, to go on in this way *in infinitum*, for in such a case there would be no first mover, and therefore no other movers; because these other movers are movers only inasmuch as they are moved by a first mover, just as the staff can move other things only inasmuch as it is itself moved by the hand. It is necessary, therefore, to admit a first mover unmoved. And this is what all call God.*

* Omne quod movetur, oportet ab alio moveri. Si ergo id a quo movetur, moveatur, oportet

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The professor thinks that this argument is hardly satisfactory when considered in relation to modern science. For "it may be disputed," he says, "whether we can arrive at an unmoved beginning of motion"; and he asks: "If a part of the essence of matter is motion, why should we be required to pass beyond it to the source of motion?" And lastly he affirms that the reasoning of the saint "rests on a vulgar view of motion," and is open to the objection of Kant against the cosmological argument.

If this be all that modern science can object to St. Thomas' reasoning we need not fear much for the holy doctor's cause. The objection assumes that the argument is drawn exclusively from the movements of matter; whereas it is well known that St. Thomas habitually uses the word *motion* in a much wider sense. Mechanical movements, of course, take place in material things only; but there are movements which affect the intellect, and movements which affect the will, and other kinds of movements, of every one of which it is true to say that they must be traced to a first mover unmoved. St. Thomas, indeed, seems to attach a special importance to those movements which can be perceived by our senses, for such movements are better known, and their explanation presents no difficulty to the popular mind; and we need hardly say that the holy doctor believed, with all his scientific and philosophic contemporaries, that the movements of natural things were subordinate to the movement of a *primum mobile* controlled by a first mover unmoved. This cosmical theory being now rejected, St. Thomas' argument, so far as it is connected with this theory, is of little avail. Yet the argument itself does not borrow its strength from such a theory; for, in the language of St. Thomas, as we have said, *to move* and *to be moved* have a very wide range, and apply to agents and patients of all kinds. Every mover, as such, is a being in act, whilst all that is moved is moved inasmuch as it is in potency. Accordingly, every mover which is moved consists of act and potency. But all act which is mixed with potency has an origin. Therefore every mover which is moved has an origin. And since this origin cannot be found in an infinite series, which has no origin, hence there must be a first mover, not comprised in the series of

et ipsum ab alio moveri, et illud ab alio. Hic autem non est procedere in infinitum; quia sic non esset aliquod primum movens, et per consequens nec aliquod aliud movens; quia moventia secunda non movent nisi per hoc quod sunt mota a primo movente; sicut baculus non movet, nisi per hoc quod est motus a manu. Ergo necesse est devenire ad aliquod primum movens, quod a nullo movetur: et hoc omnes intelligunt Deum.—*Summ. Theol.*, p. 1, q. 2, a. 3. This same argument is more fully developed by the holy doctor in his *Summa contra Gent.*, lib. i. cap. 13.

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things movable, which, being immovable, is a pure act free from potency. This is, we think, the gist of the argument, the sensible movements being only the dress in which it was clothed to make it more popular with the men of the thirteenth century.

We hold, then, that the argument of St. Thomas, or rather of Aristotle, from which St. Thomas borrowed it, is good and valid. On the other hand, we scarcely see how the objection of Prof. Alexander can be sustained. It is very easy to assume, but not so easy to show, that motion "is a part of the essence of matter." Philosophy, both old and modern, strongly protests against such an assumption. Motion is a mere accident of matter, and no accident is an essential part of its subject, as even Prof. Alexander's pupils will doubtless agree. Besides, motion is liable to change, whereas the essence of matter is always the same. How, then, could the former be a part of the latter? Had the professor objected that, according to modern science, two particles of matter can act on each other, and thus move and be moved without need of exterior agents, the objection would have been more plausible and would have deserved an answer. But to say that motion is "a part of the essence of matter" is merely to discharge a blank cartridge, which makes a report without harming your enemy.

The second argument of the holy doctor is drawn from the order of efficient causation. A series of ordinate causes—that is, of causes of which one depends on another—cannot extend to infinity, but must stop at a first and independent cause; for in the order of causality *primum est causa medii, et medium est causa ultimi.* Hence there must be a first efficient cause; in other terms, there must be a God. Such is the substance of the argument.

The professor naïvely remarks: "To show that the causes do not proceed *in infinitum* by assuming that there is a first of the series is a palpable *argumentum in circulo.*" But, unfortunately for the professor, this is not the case. St. Thomas argues from the order of the causes, which order evidently requires that the last cause be ranged under the intermediate ones, and the intermediate ones under a first one, which is the highest of them all. To show that this is not a mere assumption, it suffices to strike out the first cause and see what will be the result of its disappearance. What will become of the intermediate causes? Can they be "intermediate" without something above them? Clearly not. Now, as St. Thomas argues, to imagine an infinite ascending series of causes without a first cause is to imagine that there can be a multitude of terms which are all intermediate, ex

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cept the last. This being impossible, it follows that such an infinite series without a first cause is a palpable absurdity. We submit that this is not an *argumentum in circulo.*

Again, it is evident that in an infinite ascending series of causes every cause is also an effect, and is an effect *before* it can be a cause, as it cannot act before being produced. Accordingly in every one of these ascending causes the *ratio effectus* intrinsically precedes the *ratio causæ.* Now, reason does not allow us to give precedence to the *ratio effectus.* It is, therefore, necessary to put before it, and above it, something in which there is only the *ratio causæ.* And thus, even in the hypothesis of an infinite series of causes, we cannot dispense with a first cause.

This suffices to show that the Angelic Doctor did not simply *assume* that there was a first of the series, as he is charged with having done. On the other hand, were it true that he assumed the necessity of a first cause to account for a series of effects, not even then would he have made an *argumentum in circulo.* For whatever reason and common sense teach and sanction as self-evident can be freely assumed without violating the laws of dialectics, especially when dealing with adversaries who have themselves no standing ground but imaginary and worthless assumptions.

The third argument of the holy doctor, says the professor, "is derived from the accidental existence of all things. St. Thomas maintains that as the accidental cannot depend on the accidental, it must have its essence in the necessary. It is here assumed that the necessary being or beings are God. It is assumed that the necessary beings on which the accidental depends do not form a continuous series, but lead us at once to God."

We are sorry to say that this passage is a tissue of clumsy misrepresentations and inexcusable blunders. First, St. Thomas does not speak at all of *accidental,* but of *contingent,* existence; hence the substitution of the former for the latter word in the passage before us transforms the whole argument of St. Thomas into an unintelligible conundrum. Is the professor ignorant that in the language of philosophy the accidental and the contingent are not the same thing? or does he believe, as Spinoza did, that all substance is necessary, and nothing can be styled contingent but what is accidental? But, whatever may be the professor's ideas, this is evident: that the translation of the clear language of St. Thomas into such an unmeaning jargon is not a fair manner of propounding his views to the public.

Next comes the assertion that, according to St. Thomas, "the

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accidental cannot depend on the accidental." This is a second misrepresentation; for neither in the argument itself nor anywhere else has St. Thomas ever uttered such a sentence or anything equivalent to it. There are, according to his doctrine, a great many accidents which depend on other accidents, though they all *ultimately* depend on substances. Nor did he ever teach that the contingent cannot depend on the contingent; he says, on the contrary, in the very argument we are considering, that contingent things generate one another, and therefore depend on one another.

Then follows a third misrepresentation. St. Thomas maintains, in the words of our critic, that the accidental "must have its essence in the necessary." This, too, is a mere invention of the professor, as St. Thomas does not use at all the word *essence* in the whole argument. Is it true, at least, that the holy doctor assumes "that the necessary being or beings are God"? No. It is as false as all that has preceded. But perhaps St. Thomas assumes "that the necessary beings on which the accidental depends do not form a continuous series"? Alas! this, too, is a misrepresentation. St. Thomas merely says that those beings whose existence is conditionally necessary—that is, whose existence is the necessary result of extrinsic causation—cannot form an "infinite" ascending series; and this he does not gratuitously "assume," for he cites the place where he has given the demonstration of his assertion. When a writer needs to travesty an argument in such a shameful manner as the professor has done here, we cannot be much mistaken if we look upon such a course as a desperate attempt at concealing or perverting a distasteful truth. Let the reader judge for himself. We give the argument of the holy doctor:

"We see things in this world, in which there is the possibility of being and of not-being; for we see that many things are generated and corrupted; which conclusively shows the possibility of their being and not-being. Now, things of this kind cannot exist from eternity; for whatever has the possibility of being and not-being, at some time had no existence. If, then, all that exists had the possibility of being and of not-being, there would have been a time when nothing existed; and, if so, nothing would now exist; for what is not, cannot come into being except through something that is. If, then, nothing had existed, nothing could have come into being, and there would still be nothing; which clearly is not the case. Hence not all that exists is susceptible of being and not-being; and accordingly something exists which

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cannot but be. Now, this necessity of being may be conceived to arise either from extrinsic causes or from the nature of the being itself. But as the extrinsic causes, on which such a necessity of being may depend, cannot be assumed to form an infinite series, as we have already proved when treating of efficient causes, we are compelled to admit that there is a being whose necessity of existing does not depend on other causes, but is intrinsic to it, and which is the cause of all that is necessary. And such a being is God." *

The reader may now see how the professor has not only garbled but entirely disfigured this passage so as to make it wholly unrecognizable.

St. Thomas draws a fourth proof of the existence of God from the degrees of perfection that we find in different things. The argument is as follows: Things are more or less perfect according as they approach more or less a supreme standard of perfection, which is perfection itself. And, therefore, since there are things more or less perfect as to goodness, truth, beauty, and other qualities, there must be a supreme goodness, a supreme truth, a supreme beauty, or, in other words, a being absolutely perfect, from which all things less perfect derive. And such a being is God.

This argument, too, is rejected by the professor as wholly unsatisfactory. He says: "The fourth is a purely speculative argument that the imperfection of the universe implies a perfect Being. There are comparative degrees of qualities which imply a superlative degree. It is hardly necessary to point out the unwarrantable conclusion; it is sufficient to notice its uselessness in modern controversy."

First, then, the argument is "purely speculative." Of course it is; for how could it be otherwise? All arguments are speculative; and yet speculation, when based on facts, yields excellent results. Now, the perfections (the critic says the *imperfection*) of

* Invenimus in rebus quædam, quæ sunt possibilia esse et non esse; quum quædam inveniantur generari et corrumpi, et per consequens possibilia esse et non esse. Impossibile est autem, omnia quæ sunt talia, semper esse; quia quod possibile est non esse, quandoque non est. Si igitur omnia sunt possibilia non esse, aliquando nihil fuit in rebus. Sed si hoc est verum, etiam nunc nihil esset; quia quod non est non incipit esse, nisi per aliquid quod est. Si igitur nihil fuit ens, impossibile fuit quod aliquid inciperet esse; et sic modo nihil esset; quod patet esse falsum. Non ergo omnia entia sunt possibilia, sed oportet aliquid esse necessarium in rebus. Omne autem necessarium vel habet causam suæ necessitatis aliunde, vel non habet. Non est autem possibile quod procedatur in infinitum in necessariis quæ habent causam suæ necessitatis; sicut nec in causis efficientibus, ut probatum est in isto art. Ergo necesse est ponere aliquid quod sit per se necessarium, non habens causam necessitatis aliunde, sed quod est causa necessitatis aliis; quod omnes dicunt Deum.—*Summ. Theol.*, p. 1, q. 2, a. 3.

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things are a matter of fact, and the principle that the less perfect is to be traced to the most perfect is a sound philosophical principle—that is, another fact, though of the intellectual order. Hence the "purely speculative" argument is, after all, an argument of the good sort.

Next we are told that the conclusion is "unwarrantable." This bold assertion has no other ground than the false principle of the professor that an argument "purely speculative" cannot lead to a warrantable conclusion. It seems to us that it would have been more dignified for a philosopher to point out, if possible, some fallacy in the argument before venturing to deny its conclusion. But perhaps to affirm with the greatest assurance what one cannot prove is a method of modern criticism; and, if such be the case, we can easily admit the "uselessness" of arguments "in modern controversy." It is very desirable, however, that professors should not encourage such a method by their example.

The fifth and last argument of St. Thomas is drawn from the government of the world. "There are things," he says, "which are destitute of intellectual faculties, which, however, act for an end; for we see that they always or regularly follow the same mode of action in order to reach that which is best for them. It is evident, therefore, that it is not by chance, but by design, that they reach their end. But beings which have no knowledge cannot tend to an end, unless they be directed thereto by an intelligent mind; just as the arrow cannot tend to the butt, unless it be directed thereto by the archer. And therefore there is an intelligent being, by whom all natural things are directed to their end. And such a being is God." *

This argument, says Prof. Alexander, "is the only one deserving of attention." Nevertheless he immediately adds: "It is a lame statement of the teleological argument, and is set forth in a few lines." And this he confirms by further adding that "the form of the argument is so imperfect that it is in strong contrast with the ordinary demonstrations of the author of the *Summa*." Such is the professor's criticism of the argument before us.

We might thank the critic for condescending to admit that this last proof of the existence of God deserves his attention, were

* Videmus quod aliqua quæ cognitione carent, scilicet corpora naturalia, operantur propter finem, quod apparet ex hoc quod semper, aut frequentius, eodem modo operantur, ut consequantur id quod est optimum. Unde patet quod non a casu, sed ex intentione perveniunt ad finem. Ea autem, quæ non habent cognitionem, non tendunt in finem, nisi directa ab aliquo cognoscente et intelligente, sicut sagitta a sagittante. Ergo est aliquid intelligens, a quo omnes res naturales ordinantur ad finem; et hoc dicimus Deum.—*Summ. Theol.*, p. 1, q. 2, a. 3.

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it not that he makes this confession with such a bad grace, sneering at the "lameness" and "imperfect form" of the argument. Indeed, if a reasoning is lame which "is set forth in a few lines," all St. Thomas' reasonings must be accounted lame; for he never says in ten lines what he can condense in two. But the intelligent reader, to whom we give here the argument both in English and in the original Latin of St. Thomas, will be struck, we think, at the clearness, brevity, and naturalness of the language, no less than at the perfection of the form, used by the holy doctor. At all events, since the argument "is deserving of attention," let Prof. Alexander make an attempt at putting it in a better and stronger form, and let him, for our benefit, print it in the *Princeton Review* in its new form. The public will then compare the old form with the new, and decide which is the best. But we fear that the professor will not heed our suggestion; for he cannot beard St. Thomas with mere phrases and rhetoric, and he would probably succeed only in showing that a "lame and imperfect form of argument" is the characteristic of modern instead of scholastic reasoning, as the very article we are reviewing abundantly demonstrates. Hence we need not detain our readers any longer on this point.

After this cursory survey of the whole field of discussion concerning the proofs of the existence of God, it is not difficult to appreciate at its true value the final judgment passed by our professor on the merit of the arguments of the holy doctor. He is so good as to concede that, "considering the time at which these arguments were framed, they represent an extraordinary power, as compared to the atheism of that day." But after paying this scant compliment to the prince of the scholastics he immediately spoils it by adding: "But it must be borne in mind that mediæval atheism was but a shadow of atheism now. It is quite clear, at all events, that the reasoning of St. Thomas is not adapted to confront this great foe of the modern church."

On these words we will make only two remarks. The first is that mediæval atheism cannot be called "but a shadow of the atheism now." This assertion is false, not only because the present cannot project its shadow on the past, but also, and principally, because the atheism of to-day, though stronger as to numbers, is not a whit stronger as to reasoning than the atheism of all past centuries. The history of philosophy testifies that, as the atheistic thought of the middle ages, so also the atheism of to-day, is nothing but a rehash of the errors of Lucretius, which, though often presented in the garb of modern science, are still the same

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old, pitiful, worthless stuff, unimproved and unimprovable. Ask any modern atheist to prove that there is no God; you may be sure that he will hardly know what to say, unless he alleges that the existence of evil in the world is incompatible with the existence of a supreme and infinite Good. But this is but the old argument refuted a thousand times by Christian philosophers. No. Modern atheism is neither scientifically nor philosophically a formidable foe; it is neither the product of induction nor of deduction; it is only a poor and naked attendant of wickedness and moral imbecility.

Our second remark is that the professor, when he says that "St. Thomas' reasoning is not adapted to confront modern atheism," unwittingly proclaims a capital truth. Yes. Modern atheists are too frivolous to relish, and too ignorant to understand, St. Thomas' reasonings. Hence modern atheism cannot be confronted by such reasonings, unless they be divested of their metaphysical apparel. If even Prof. Alexander, though a philosopher, and, we trust, not an atheist, nearly lost his wits, as we have seen, upon a single page of the *Summa Theologica*, what hope is there that the sciolist and the undergraduate of Columbia College or of Princeton College will be more fortunate than the professor has been? But here let the critic remember that Leo XIII., when recommending the study of St. Thomas, was not addressing atheists. He addressed those learned men to whom the church has confided the mission of Christian philosophical and theological education. It will be the duty of the philosophers and theologians formed by such men to "adapt" the reasoning of St. Thomas to the limited capacity of the modern sciolist.

We would also beg the professor to reflect that the encyclical letter of the Pope, while eulogizing the Angelic Doctor and urging the adoption of his doctrine and method, does not forbid, suppress, proscribe, or discourage the study of modern authors. It is in these authors, and not in St. Thomas, that he wishes us to learn our physics, our chemistry, our optics, and our astronomy; from these, and not from St. Thomas, he expects us to derive the necessary knowledge of modern errors, their origin, their alleged grounds, and their refutation. The professor may be sure that the study of the Thomistic philosophy will not make us forget that we live in the nineteenth century, and have to deal, not with Averroës or Avicenna, but with Tom Paine, John Stuart Mill, Draper, Youmans, and Bob Ingersoll. Hence, when we meet a modern atheist we shall not have to depend on St. Thomas alone. We may draw our arguments from other sources also. We may

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prove the existence of God by the existence of time, and by the existence of place, and by the existence of morality, and by the possibility of things, and by the necessity of mathematical truth, and by the fulfilment of authentic prophecy, and by everything we see in this world, though it were only an infinitesimal speck of matter. These and such like proofs might be used to convince an atheist of good faith, if there be any such. But as experience and observation show that it is not in the intellect, but in the wicked heart of man, that atheism originates, we are almost sure that the argumentative method, whilst silencing the unbeliever for a while, will not suffice to secure his conversion. The best means for defeating atheism is practical, not speculative; but it demands—what an infirm society will be loath to do—a constant effort of the influential classes toward the abatement of intellectual pride, hypocrisy, and lust; for these are the real *factors* of atheism.

But Prof. Alexander, while ignoring altogether these moral causes of atheism, endeavors to make the Holy See responsible for all the evils that its spread may engender or develop in modern society. First, he assumes that the Holy See bids Catholic teachers to depend on the reasonings of St. Thomas alone. Then he points out that those reasonings "are not adapted" to confront modern atheism. The consequence is, that therefore the Holy See does not sufficiently provide against the spread of infidelity. This consequence we have completely refuted in the preceding pages.

The professor draws also, at least virtually, a second conclusion—viz., that the Holy See does not care to provide for the spiritual needs of those who are out of the church. This is what he insinuates very clearly in the following words: "Of course the Holy See may stand indifferent to infidelity without the church, may assert her authority to support faith in spite of argument, may not recognize the power and novel forms of modern scepticism. This is indeed the logical position of Rome, and, it may be said, her historical position." These odious insinuations show how completely modern thought and Protestant prejudice can stultify their adherents. We appeal to the professor himself. On what ground did he make the astounding assumption that the Holy See might stand indifferent to infidelity without the church? Has the Holy See ever given signs of such a pretended indifference? Is there any nation on earth where the Catholic Church does not earnestly labor, though amidst numberless difficulties, for the enlightenment and conversion of infidels? Do not the

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secret societies and the Protestant bigots even denounce the Catholic Church as an invader because it aims at snatching from their clutches, and from eternal perdition, the souls of men? It is, therefore, worse than childish to assume, in the face of such facts, that the church or the Holy See "stands indifferent" to the infidelity of outsiders.

Nor is the second insinuation less unworthy of a man of sense. He who assumes that the Pope "may assert his authority in support of faith in spite of argument" implies two things: first, that there are arguments against faith which still need a solution; secondly, that, in matters of faith, authority must be overruled by argument. We know full well that this manner of thinking is very common among sectaries of all denominations; for they can in no other manner defend their state of permanent rebellion against lawful authority. Still, is it wise to lay down the principle that argument (whatever this word may mean) has a right to supplant authority in matters of faith? The history of Protestantism shows that as soon as Martin Luther contrived to supersede the authority of the Pope by argument, Œcolampadius and Zwingli turned the same weapon against him in the matter of the Eucharist; and since that time the appeal to argument against authority has brought forth scandalous divisions, internecine wars, and religious scepticism, culminating at last in the Babelic confusion, which we now witness, of a hundred Protestant creeds conflicting with one another, yet boasting all alike of "argument" as their foundation. Jesus Christ did not found his religion on argument, but on faith; for supernatural truth transcends reason and argument, and must be believed, not discussed. This is why the Holy See must "assert her authority in support of faith," rather than listen to your pretended arguments.

This, however, does not mean that the Holy See takes no notice of the arguments raised against revealed truth. Prof. Alexander, who so clearly assumes the contrary, could hardly point out a single argument against faith which has not been studied, analyzed, and solved by Catholic writers. No heresy has ever been condemned before being refuted with rational and theological arguments. The very works of St. Thomas Aquinas, which the professor considers "useless in modern controversy," contain the rational refutation not only of the ancient heresies but of the modern as well; for there is scarcely anything in modern heresies which has not seen the light in earlier times, and which has not been repeatedly refuted by ecclesiastical writers. It is not easy to invent new errors in matters of faith after long cen-

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turies of religious strife. The modern infidel stands exactly on the same ground as the old pagan atheist and materialist, with this difference, however: that the pagan, born in darkness, may have trodden that ground with no wicked intent, whilst the Christian, born in the light of truth, is inexcusable in following blindly, and in spite of authorized warnings, the same wrong and discredited track. The professor may say that the old errors have appeared under new forms, and that atheism has changed its garb; but can he show that the new form and the new garb have lent any philosophical strength to the old fallacies? Where are the arguments of the new materialists, pantheists, atheists, sceptics, agnostics, free-religionists, positivists? From Voltaire to Comte, from Kant to Büchner and Moleschott, from Berkeley to Darwin and Herbert Spencer, no theory hostile to faith has been advanced whose base is not an old refuted error, or an irrational assumption, or a malicious distortion of historical or scientific truths, or a combination of the three together. Some of them were so utterly extravagant that they soon died out for want of followers; others enjoyed but a precarious life, thanks to the lawlessness of the times and the triumph of brutal force; others still survive, though in a hectic condition, by the aid of continuous shiftings and transformations, showing that they have no rational ground on which to rest. Now, let us ask, did the church remain "indifferent" to these efforts of infidelity? Did she "assert her authority" without taking notice of the pretended arguments? Great must be the ignorance or the bad faith of the man who would venture to maintain, with Prof. Alexander, that this is "the logical position of Rome, and, it may be said, her historical position." Why, our libraries teem with works of modern polemists who have analyzed and weighed every one of those pretended arguments and exposed their sophistry; while even now no form of error is brought before the public with which our Catholic dailies, weeklies, and monthlies do not readily grapple with superior energy and with undoubted success. No; the Catholic Church is not afraid of argument. She never has been and never will be. If there are persons or sects whose "logical and historical position" is to assert their views "in spite of argument," experience teaches us that they are just such men as Prof. A. Alexander shows himself to be, or such bodies as fight under the banner of modern thought.

The professor goes on to say that "in former days an Inquisition made argument dangerous as well as useless"—which is a threadbare lie; "but the present age demands liberty of

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thought"—which is absurd, as all ages have been free to think with their brains to their own satisfaction. What is true is that the unbelievers of the present age demand the liberty of nonsense and the impunity of blasphemy. He adds that, if Leo XIII. sees fit to notice the advance of infidelity, the dangers attending its progress, and is moved to suggest a remedy, "it is of little advantage for him to point to the writings of the thirteenth century." Here the critic forgets again that Leo XIII. requires us to learn a great deal more than can be found in the writings of the thirteenth century. "Roman Catholic dogma," continues the professor, "may perhaps have stood still, but is it not rather presumptuous to suppose that the unbelieving race has stood still, that infidelity has not changed its form and atheism its garb?" We answer that the Pope is far from supposing that the unbelieving race has stood still. He knows as well as the professor that infidelity has changed its form and that atheism has put on a scientific garb; but he knows also that the change of form is a sign of fickleness, and the new garb a cloak of hypocrisy. Infidelity, like a tempestuous sea, hurls its waves against the Rock of Peter; but these waves, however gigantic, soon disappear to make room for others, which in their turn will as surely disappear, whilst the Rock remains unmoved on its solid foundations. It is on the solidity of this rock that Pope Leo XIII. wishes us to rest the cause of truth; and it is for this object that he so earnestly invites us to study the works of the Angelic Doctor, than whom no one has been more acute, more orderly, and more thorough in expounding the principles by which every form of infidelity is to be crushed. But here again let the critic remember that, while studying St. Thomas, we are not forbidden to read Draper, and Darwin, and Herbert Spencer, and all the great charlatans of infidelity, and to draw from them whatever profit we can; for *Fas est et ab hoste doceri.*

And here we must come to an end. We have seen that the criticism passed by Prof. Alexander on the arguments of St. Thomas concerning the existence of God has no weight and is most irrational. It would be easy to show that his additional criticism of the views of the holy doctor regarding psychology and logic is quite as reckless and unphilosophical. But we have no room left for further discussion. We only remark that the attempt of the professor at demolishing the old arguments against atheism and materialism, without suggesting anything better which may be substituted in their place, tends to create a suspicion that his criticism aims at unsettling the minds of his

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readers and encouraging scepticism. To allay this suspicion Prof. Alexander ought to give to his readers a sample of the arguments which, in his philosophical system, prove God's existence and the spirituality of the human soul. When he shall have done this we shall be better able to ascertain by how much modern wisdom transcends the wisdom of St. Thomas.

POMPEY'S SECRET.

ON the left bank of the Roanoke River, in Northampton County, North Carolina, stands an abandoned, dilapidated mansion, which a century ago was the scene of many a revel and was known far and wide as the most hospitable spot in the colony. Here Tarleton and his Legion were sure of a hearty welcome, for Dougald McPherson was a stanch royalist and never wearied of drinking to "God save the King"; while, on the other hand, his bonny niece, Alice, born in America, dearly loved her native soil, and always gave Marion's hand a warm shake whenever he passed that way on any of his bold expeditions. Despite her uncle's frown, she was outspoken in her admiration of the daring trooper who, during the dark days of our Revolution, did more than anybody else to keep alive in the Carolinas the spirit of independence.

One autumn evening in the year 1781 Alice was seated by her bed-room window, gazing out upon a broad stretch of lonely pine forest, the western edge of which was gilded by the rays of the setting sun. A deep murmur was wafted from the forest—a solemn, lamenting voice it seemed, which accorded well with the tenor of her thoughts. For Alice, the merry, frolicsome girl, who had so seldom been known to weep, had tears in her eyes now.

Presently going to her harpsichord, she played a lively air to drive her sadness away; but she did not succeed. Then for the third time she read over a letter which lay on the window-sill. "He tells me that he is wounded," she sighed, "and that he is going to his hiding-place in the Dismal Swamp. I have often heard of this swamp. I must ask Pompey more about it." Scarcely had Alice breathed the name of this faithful domestic

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when there came a tap on the door, and in another moment the aged slave stood before her. His crisp hair was snow-white, and so was his beard. But there was nothing of the pensiveness of old age about him; his eyes twinkled as brightly, and there was as much fun lurking in the corners of his mouth—his huge mouth—as when he had first arrived from Africa long before Alice was born.

"Why, Miss Alice, did the letter I brought you awhile ago contain bad news?" said Pompey, who saw how red his young mistress' eyes were.

"Yes," replied Alice; "General Marion has been wounded at the battle of Eutaw Springs, and, pursued by Tarleton, he has been driven to his hiding-place in the Dismal Swamp. Now, Pompey, tell me about this swamp; how far is it from here?"

"Well, I reckon, miss, you might ride there on Black Betty in three or four hours; it is about thirty miles off."

"I did not say I was going there, did I?" said Alice. "I merely asked for—"

"For curiosity's sake," interrupted Pompey, with a low obeisance and an inward chuckle. "I understand, Miss Alice; I understand. You have ridden pretty nigh over the whole country, and up and down the river, for the good Lord knows how many miles, and now you just feel a little curiosity to visit the Dismal Swamp."

"Well, if I went there," continued Alice, "I might ride Black Betty, and yourself or 'Aunty' (the latter was Pompey's spouse) might accompany me on Dare-devil."

"To be sure," answered Pompey. "The mare would not mind going that distance in the least, for she is three-quarters bred; and wherever Black Betty goes, there her colt will follow. In fact, they cannot be kept apart. Dare-devil will leap over a seven-bar fence in order to get into the same field with his mother."

Within half a minute after Pompey had done speaking his humorous countenance fell, and, turning his ear to the door, he listened intently to a couple of voices out in the hall.

"I am delighted to have ye come back so soon. Pray consider my roof your home until spring-time," spoke Mr. McPherson.

"This spot, albeit somewhat remote, and in these warlike days a little dangerous to reach, hath a wonderful charm for me," returned the other voice.

Here Alice clasped her hands, and, looking at Pompey with an

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air of surprise and chagrin, "I declare, it is the dominie!" she exclaimed—"the solemn old dominie—back again to renew his courtship and to stay until spring. Good heavens!"

"Yes, miss, he is here again," said Pompey. "I was just going to tell you of his arrival when you commenced talking about the Dismal Swamp."

"Well, I wish I was there," pursued Alice. "Indeed I do! For now I shall not be able to dance for six months, nor sing anything except hymns, and on the Sabbath I shall have to keep ten times stiller than a mouse. O Pompey! I have a good mind to lie abed every Sabbath from now until the dominie returns to Richmond."

At these words Pompey's elastic mouth grew suddenly broader—it really stretched from ear to ear—and his droll expression made Alice, down-hearted as she was, burst into a laugh.

"Missie, how I love to see you laugh!" said Pompey; then, with the inimitable grin still on his face, he made a bow and withdrew.

Leaving Alice hastily arranging her toilette, let us say a few words about her history. She was an orphan. Her mother had died when she was a year old, and her father, a gallant naval officer, had lost his life in an engagement with the French. Happily, Alice had a rich uncle, who, being childless, was willing to adopt her; and although it is a common saying that stepmothers are unlovable to other children than their own, the good lady who now welcomed little Alice was ever gentle and loving to her. While her uncle's wife lived Alice was very happy. But since her death, which had happened a twelvemonth before our narrative begins, the girl's uncle had changed in his demeanor towards her. From being genial Mr. McPherson became morose, and was of late extremely bitter towards the rebels, as he called all who favored independence. Indeed, he sometimes spoke of returning to Scotland.

The reverend gentleman whose arrival Pompey had made known to Alice had been an old schoolmate of Mr. McPherson's in Edinburgh, and was now a Congregational clergyman settled in Richmond. He had first met the girl when she and her uncle were on a visit to that town shortly after Mrs. McPherson's death. Alice had then touched his somewhat unimpressionable heart. There were young ladies in his congregation doubtless handsomer than Alice; but they were too meek, too lamb-like—walking with demure step and downcast eyes. Such a carriage and demeanor might do to commend from the pulpit; but he

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wanted a wife with animation and spirit. So when, one spring day, the fresh, merry maiden from the banks of the Roanoke was introduced to him, looked him full in the face, and took his hand with a frank, hearty grasp, the reverend gentleman inwardly said: "I am a widower, and, although fifty-five, why not take to myself a second spouse?"

Mr. McPherson favored the suit, while Alice laughed in her sleeve. It is true that during the clergyman's first visit to the plantation, five months before, she had done her best to entertain him, and thus unwittingly had led him to believe that his love was requited. But this was a mistake; several obstacles stood in the way. The lightest of these was the good man's name, which was Magillicuddy. "No; I would sooner live and die a spinster than change my name to Magillicuddy," Alice said to herself. The second obstacle was Mr. Magillicuddy's nature: it was too austere. There was not sufficient warmth about him. Having passed a number of years in Massachusetts, Mr. Magillicuddy had imbibed not a little of the Puritan gloom; and, besides, Alice knew that he was a firm believer in witchcraft. "With such a husband I could never smile," she said.

They formed an interesting trio—the three who a half-hour later were seated at the supper-table. The dominie, though naturally cadaverous-looking, had, thanks to his long journey on horseback, a little color in his cheeks, and the brand-new wig, of the same hue as his shaggy eyebrows—a deep red—fitted him to perfection. The moment he concluded his tiresome grace Alice lifted her eyes, and Mr. Magillicuddy, as he gazed upon her, felt that it was well worth coming all the way from Virginia, over the roughest of roads and on the hardest of saddles, merely to look on so charming a creature. Alice had magnificent hair—she could almost hide herself in it—and, perhaps in order to tease her reverend admirer, she had allowed it for the nonce to fall loose down her shoulders; it was like a rippling stream of gold, with three or four wild roses and honeysuckles floating down the stream.

The conversation at table for a time turned on the respective merits of oatmeal and hominy—Alice maintaining that no nourishment was so wholesome as the latter; while her uncle and his guest declared oatmeal far superior to it.

"But ye cannot grow oats in this country any more than ye can produce song-birds," concluded Mr. Magillicuddy.

"Song-birds!" rejoined Alice. "Why, twice last week Pompey's son—One-eyed Cæsar—spent half the night trying to drive

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the mocking-birds away from the house; they kept up such a music that we could not sleep."

"Well, that is only one bird. Have ye any other?" said the dominie.

"To be sure. There is the whip-poor-will," answered Alice.

"And ye have the screech-owl," said Mr. Magillicuddy, triumphantly lifting up his heavy eyebrows.

At this a serious expression came over Alice's face, and, leaning back in her chair, she said to herself: "Is he really going to stay with us until spring?" Then, thrusting her hand into her pocket, she clasped Marion's letter, and wished with all her heart that she were beside her wounded lover.

The meal ended, they withdrew to the piazza, where Mr. Magillicuddy asked Alice if she had read Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible World.*

"No," said Alice. "I find so many objects to wonder at and admire in *this* beautiful world that I have never cared to read it. Is it interesting?"

"Very, Miss McPherson. It proves how we are surrounded by demons and other invisible beings, and—"

"And would scare the life out of me, if I should read a single line," interrupted Alice.

"I will send for the book," put in Mr. McPherson.

"I have brought a copy with me," said the dominie; "and I propose to read ye a chapter to-morrow, and every other Sabbath while I remain your guest."

Here Alice struck her forehead a pretty hard thump; then, burying her face in her hands, she seemed grieved at something; but in truth she was really giving vent to her joy at a happy thought which had suddenly flashed upon her. "Truly it is an inspiration," said Alice inwardly—"an inspiration." Then, seizing a favorable moment when her uncle quitted the piazza to give some orders to his overseer, she turned to Mr. Magillicuddy, and asked in a solemn tone whether he believed in presentiments.

"I do," responded the minister; and he narrated a number of instances, both in Scotland and in Massachusetts, where forebodings had come true.

"Well, dear sir, I have a feeling that some calamity is threatening me," said Alice, feigning alarm. "But pray do not tell my uncle, for it would cause him much anxiety."

The good Mr. Magillicuddy gazed at Alice in silence.

"You are less lively than usual this evening," said Mr. McPherson to his niece when he came back.

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"Be not cast down," whispered Mr. Magillicuddy in her ear; "and above all have recourse to prayer."

"I will retire and pray in the solitude of my chamber," answered Alice in an undertone. With this she rose and bade her uncle and his reverend guest good-night.

"Why, it is uncommonly early," said Mr. McPherson. "The whip-poor-wills have only just begun to sing."

But Alice, pressing her hand to her brow, went away, leaving Mr. Magillicuddy not a little disquieted by what she had confided to him.

The girl no sooner reached her bed-room than she called to One-eyed Cæsar out of the window, and bade him tell his father that she wished to see him.

In a few minutes obedient Pompey stood in her presence.

"Pompey," said Alice, "I have a plan for getting rid of Mr. Magillicuddy. It may not succeed; but listen, tell me what you think of it, and keep it a profound secret."

"Not a soul shall ever wring it off my tongue—nor Aunty, nor One-eyed Cæsar, nor massa," answered Pompey.

Alice now proceeded to reveal her plan; and when she finished speaking the old slave fell back against the wall in a paroxysm of laughter. Indeed, he quite forgot himself, and roared so loudly that Alice feared her uncle might come up-stairs to see what was the matter.

The morrow was the Sabbath, and Mr. Magillicuddy anticipated much agreeable and edifying discourse on pious topics with Alice. But she did not appear.

"Miss Alice has a headache, massa," said Pompey.

"A headache!" ejaculated Mr. McPherson. "Why, it is the first she has ever had in her life."

So saying, he mounted to his niece's apartment, and inquired from without what ailed her. In somewhat feeble accents Alice responded that by the morrow she would be quite herself again.

"By to-morrow! By to-morrow!" growled her uncle. "Are you to stay immured the whole of this blessed Sabbath?"

A couple of hot words followed on Mr. McPherson's part. But Alice heeded them not. She refused to unlock the door, nor did anybody lay eyes on her for the next twenty-four hours, save Aunty.

"I wish the lass were present to listen to you," spoke Mr. McPherson two hours later while the dominie was reading some wonderful and awe-inspiring facts recorded in the sixth book, seventh chapter, of Cotton Mather's *Wonders of the Invisible*

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World. Mr. Magillicuddy was fond of reading about satanical molestations and premonitions of approaching death, and in this sixth book there were enough to satisfy him.

"It might sober her a little," added Mr. McPherson. "My niece is altogether too flighty. Indeed, I hardly believe she has any faith in witches, demons, or anything that she cannot see and feel."

"Be not too severe on Miss Alice," returned the dominie. "She is an uncommonly fine young woman, and I pray the Lord that no evil may befall her. But I must inform ye, sir, that I had a very mournful dream about your niece the past night—a very mournful dream!"

"Did ye?" said Mr. McPherson.

The clergyman now told his dream, and Mr. McPherson laughed heartily, assuring him that Alice would outlive them both.

Early Monday morning—the sun was just above the horizon—Alice mounted on Black Betty, and aunty on Dare-devil, set out for a ride. The latter carried a big bag in front of her; but this nobody noticed, and when Magillicuddy heard Alice's voice passing beneath his window he peeped out, murmuring:

"May the Almighty watch over and preserve this precious being! May her dark foreboding of coming woe prove only a temptation of Satan!"

Half an hour later, while the reverend gentleman was adjusting his wig, the sound of many voices was wafted to him through the open window. What had happened? He heard a loud wail on the staircase, and, opening the door, he discovered Pompey swaying to and fro and wringing his hands, while a flood of tears flowed down his cheeks. So great was the old man's grief that he could not explain himself.

But presently his master appeared, looking much agitated, and he told how Black Betty and Dare-devil had galloped back to the stable a few minutes since without their riders, and that the horses had evidently been in the river.

"Alice," said Mr. McPherson, "was always a rash girl. I was often afraid she might be drowned while fording the Roanoke. Again and again I cautioned her, but in vain. And now, alas! the worst may have happened."

"Verily, the ways of the Lord are mysterious," said Mr. Magillicuddy, rolling up his eyes and calling to mind Alice's sad presentiment.

Needless to say that Mr. McPherson lost no time in institut-

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ing a search for the missing ones. Up and down the river and along both banks he and his slaves sought for traces of them; but none were found.

When the sun went down the shadows of night rested on a house of mourning. Every intemperate word which Mr. McPherson had spoken to Alice now came back upon his memory like a haunting ghost. Mr. Magillicuddy could not sleep any more than his host, while Pompey wandered in and out of the mansion, weeping and moaning; all the other slaves remained awake and lamenting, too, for old Aunty had been a kinswoman of very many of them, and Miss Alice a most kind and indulgent mistress.

Three mornings after the calamity Mr. Magillicuddy came down to breakfast looking paler than usual, and, questioned by Mr. McPherson if he felt ill, shook his head, and in a grave tone inquired of the other: "Did you rest well, sir, during the night?"

"Not over well," answered Mr. McPherson; "for, strange to relate, a screech-owl flew into my chamber and uttered its doleful cry."

"Well, I heard music, sir—aye music in the little room which dear, good Miss Alice used to occupy," pursued the dominie.

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. McPherson.

"Oh! my ears did not deceive me. It was her harpsichord I heard."

"Impossible!" repeated his host.

"But then we are surrounded by invisible beings—by angels, good and evil," went on Mr. Magillicuddy.

"Bah!" said Mr. McPherson; and this "Bah!" he repeated a score of times during the day to his reverend friend, who vainly recalled to his mind the many strange things told by Cotton Mather, inwardly hoping that Mr. McPherson's abode was not to be the scene of any satanical molestations.

The following night the inmates of the house rested a little better; but when they arose in the morning Pompey met them with an expression of awe, and informed them that an invisible hand had flung a huge pumpkin at him as he was lying abed trying to sleep; "and your favorite hound, massa, has disappeared."

"What! Rover? How can this have happened?" exclaimed Mr. McPherson.

"O massa!" went on Pompey, shaking his head, "I begin to fear—I—I—do indeed—"

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"Well, well, you begin to fear what? Speak out!" said Mr. McPherson sharply. But Pompey did not complete the sentence; whereupon his master laughed, and again said, "Bah!" to something which Mr. Magillicuddy whispered in his ear.

Within the ten days following Alice's death Mr. Magillicuddy heard the sound of her harpsichord four times about the hour of midnight, and he became so convinced that the house was haunted that he made up his mind to leave it; but, out of regard for his host, he would stay yet another week, unpleasant as it was to tarry under such a roof.

The twelfth day was noted by the disappearance of the best cow on the plantation—an imported cow, which had been a great pet of Alice's. "And ye say you again heard music coming from my dead niece's room?" said Mr. McPherson.

"I did; and the melancholy tune still rings in my ears," responded Mr. Magillicuddy.

"Well, sir, there were three screech-owls flitting about my bed last night—aye, three screech-owls," went on Mr. McPherson. "But how in the world they got there is a mystery, for now I take the precaution to close my window."

"We are surrounded by mysteries," put in Pompey, with a shudder; "and, massa, I must tell you that Black Betty has vanished during the night."

"What! has the mare gone too?" cried Mr. McPherson; then, thumping the table with his fist, "Well, Satan must be at the bottom of this business; he really must."

"Ah! now you are coming nigh till the truth," spoke Mr. Magillicuddy.

"I was going to say," rejoined Mr. McPherson, "that to-night, to-morrow night, and every night this week I'll keep watch by Alice's chamber with my blunderbuss."

"Dat's it, massa," spoke Pompey; "and let me put two bullets in the blunderbuss."

"I will load it myself," said Mr. McPherson.

That night, true to his promise, Mr. McPherson loaded his ancient weapon with a double quantity of lead, put in a fresh flint, and, seating himself by the door of the chamber where the ghostly music had been heard, waited with vigilant ear for the hour of midnight.

The dominie in the meanwhile paced his room, too excited to sleep; the negroes outside were grouped in front of their cabins, on the lookout, while Pompey, the Nestor of them all, remained at the bottom of the main stairway, with his sharp eyes fixed up-

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on his master; for the full-moon was shining brightly, and he could see his master as plainly as if it were day.

The hours went by. Ten o'clock struck, then eleven. Finally the old family time-piece sounded midnight. Mr. McPherson instantly cocked his gun; but to his disappointment not a note of music was heard. "Well, I'll watch yet awhile longer," he said to himself—"at least another hour."

Accordingly he resumed his seat, all his senses wide awake, while Mr. Magillicuddy, who had been listening at the keyhole of his door, began again to pray. But ere twenty minutes had elapsed Mr. McPherson's head began to nod. Immediately Pompey's face beamed with delight. Five minutes later his master snored.

In his bare feet Pompey stole up the stairs; he mounted as noiselessly as a cat. He quaked like one with the ague when he stooped to pick up the blunderbuss, which lay by his master's feet; then with trembling hand he drew forth the two balls. As soon as Pompey got back to his post he gave a tremendous sneeze; and while the echoes of his sneeze were dying away sounds were heard from Alice's harpsichord! Touched by spirit-fingers, how weirdly it sounded to Mr. Magillicuddy, who wiped the perspiration from his brow! On the instant a loud report shook the building, followed by the rattling of a quantity of plaster about his ears.

Pompey rushed upstairs, overtaking Mr. McPherson before he got to the middle of the haunted apartment.

"Who is here?" cried the latter in an angry voice.

"Lord, Lord, massa! whoever it is is killed dead—sure," said Pompey.

"Confound the smoke! Open the window and let out the smoke," said Mr. McPherson.

As soon as the smoke had sufficiently cleared away to allow a pretty good view of the chamber, the harpsichord stood out plainly enough, but not a living being nor a dead one near it.

"Where did the bullets strike?" said Pompey, carefully running his hands along the walls.

Mr. McPherson assisted him in the search; but to his utter amazement not a bullet-mark could be found, not even in the broad screen which stood between the door and the harpsichord, and which had been placed—probably by the ghost—exactly in the line of fire.

"Mr. McPherson, I am exceedingly thankful to yé for your hospitality," spoke Mr. Magillicuddy in broken accents, as he

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peeped into the room, "but to-morrow I must go back to Richmond."

"Well, I reckon we'll journey together," answered Mr. McPherson, "for this house is in the power of Satan."

"Indeed it is, massa, sure," put in Pompey. "I wouldn't stay h'yer another day, if I could get away."

But with the return of daylight and the glorious sunshine Mr. McPherson's spirits rose. His belief that his home was haunted or in any way under the influence of bad angels left him altogether, and he implored his reverend guest to tarry at least one more week.

"No, no, dear sir; my flock is in sore need of me," returned the dominie. "I may abide here until this day's sun is below the horizon; but depart I must ere it arises anew."

"Aye, journey by moonlight," interposed Pompey, "when it is cool and pleasant; and One-eyed Cæsar will accompany you, if massa is willing."

In vain Mr. McPherson begged his friend to postpone his departure—in vain. That very evening, when the full moon would light up the road and the air be fresh and bracing, Mr. Magillicuddy vowed he would go.

"Bah! witches and demons and ghosts be—be hanged!" exclaimed Mr. McPherson. Then, recovering his temper, he promised Mr. Magillicuddy that after sundown he would set out with him and accompany him a good twenty miles on the way.

When the sun was verging towards the horizon Pompey surprised his master by appearing in holiday clothes; he wore white gloves, and the buckles of his shoes gleamed like real silver. By and by the sun disappeared; as the moon rose a gentle breeze began to blow from the west.

"A capital night to travel," said the dominie.

"I am very sorry to lose ye," said Mr. McPherson.

"It breaks my old heart to have the good gentleman leave us," put in Pompey, with uncovered head, and looking ever so deferential.

"Why, Pompey, are you coming with us?" asked Mr. McPherson about half an hour later. "Methinks myself and One-eyed Cæsar are a sufficient escort for Mr. Magillicuddy until he reaches the next plantation."

"I thought, massa, that I'd just exercise one of the horses; they have had mighty little to do since good Missie Alice died," answered Pompey, drawing his sleeve across his eyes.

"Well, I am glad that you have given Mr. Magillicuddy Dare-

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devil to ride," said Mr. McPherson; and, turning to the preacher, he said: "The rebels are the worst devils of all. But happily," he growled, "Lord Cornwallis has a large army in Virginia; and although the rebels have the French to help them, Cornwallis, I am sure, will soon disperse the whole brood of them!"

"May ye prove a true prophet!" responded Mr. Magillicuddy. "Yet I fear the whole country is under satanic influence."

When the party had ridden about a quarter of a mile they entered the lonely forest, whose stillness was unbroken save by the crying of a catamount, and they were moving along at a jog-trot —even Pompey maintaining silence—when of a sudden Daredevil, the colt, came to a full stop, stretched out his neck, snorted violently, and with a neigh the beast sprang forward.

"Massa Magillicuddy! Massa Magillicuddy!" shouted Pompey, "keep a firm seat, or the horse will toss you!"

But this admonition was entirely needless; so fast to Daredevil's neck did the dominie cling that there was some little danger of the animal's being choked to death.

But what had caused this unexpected rush on the colt's part? The way to the Dismal Swamp lay straight ahead through a wilderness. Alice, seated on the mare, was darting at full speed in the van; twenty paces behind the mare galloped the mare's colt, eager to overtake its mother, whom it had not seen for several weeks; behind Mr. Magillicuddy, though not far behind, rode Mr. McPherson—Pompey spurring his own steed so as to keep close to his master, and chuckling at a great rate; while still further to the rear came One-eyed Cæsar, who closed the excited cavalcade, followed by all the slaves of the plantation—men, women and children, helter-skelter, shouting, laughing, tumbling over one another in a strange sort of glee.

It took but a few minutes, however, for Black Betty and her fleet colt to distance Pompey, One-eyed Cæsar, and their master, who, though naturally sceptical in regard to witches and demons, now more than half believed that Satan was at the bottom of this extraordinary race.

"What means this, Pompey?" cried Mr. McPherson as they speeded along. "How fast the dominie rides! He'll soon be out of sight. What the deil is it all about?"

"It means, massa, that we are all hurrying to the Dismal Swamp," answered Pompey.

"To the Dismal Swamp!" exclaimed Mr. McPherson. "Ah! ye rascal, ye've been at my wine. Ye're drunk!"

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"Not a drop, massa, not a drop. But dig the spurs into your horse, massa, and we'll be there for the wedding."

"Wedding! Are ye gone clean daft, or has the deil got into ye?" roared Mr. McPherson, who at the same time had constantly to bend his head very low in order to avoid the hanging vines and the branches of the pines and juniper-trees, through which he was being carried at the rate of twenty miles an hour.

Pompey burst into a loud laugh, and as he rode on made a hasty clutch at an object that dangled above his head from a grape-vine; he took it for a bird's nest, and was just in time to catch it. The negro supposed it a bird's nest, but it was a wig —Mr. Magillicuddy's wig!

Leaving the jolly old slave and his master to pursue their way to the swamp as fast as they can go, let us come nearer to bonny Alice and the dominie.

The latter was really terrified by the sight of a female clad in white and mounted on a steed which kept ever a few paces in front of him. The cold drops of perspiration were swept off his face by the leaves and briers through which he was rushing at an unearthly speed. Yet such was his fright that these drops were constantly renewed. He tried to collect his thoughts and to pray; but in vain. All he could do was to groan, and cling with mortal grip to Dare-devil's neck. His hat and wig had blown away; his coat was sadly torn. Mr. McPherson and Pompey's voices had died away in the distance; he was evidently alone—alone in the wake of a supernatural being!

But the longest, hardest ride must at length come to an end; and so did Mr. Magillicuddy's. His amazement equalled his heartfelt thanks to the Lord when the phantom ahead of him slackened its pace and revealed to his bewildered vision the face and form of Alice McPherson.

"Do not fear me," she said—"do not fear me. Touch my hand, and you will discover that I am flesh and blood."

A brief explanation followed the handshaking, after which Alice said: "Now, dear sir, let us ride side by side into the swamp. I know the only safe entrance to it; Drummond Lake is not far off, and there we shall dismount and rest a short space before the marriage ceremony is performed."

"Well, when I was a boy," said Mr. Magillicuddy, wrapping a kerchief about his bald pate, "I read a good many fairy-tales; but verily this moonlight scamper through the wilderness doth exceed them all for strangeness and weirdness."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the merry girl. "Pompey kept my

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secret well, did he not? You little suspected that I was the ghost who was performing on the harpsichord, eh?"

"The cunning old fellow!" pursued the dominie. "But I'll not scold him for your sake, Miss Alice."

Presently Dare-devil pricked up his ears and snorted. "Pray what is that light yonder?" exclaimed Mr. Magillicuddy. "A will-o'-the-wisp? Look! Do ye not see it?"

"Aye, a will-o'-the-wisp," replied Alice, smiling.

"Ah! you are joking," said Mr. Magillicuddy as they came in sight of the lake; "for I perceive it is a torch held by somebody who is standing in a canoe."

In a minute the canoe touched the shore, and Marion, the bold cavalry leader of the Carolinas, stepped out and was introduced to the dominie. While they were shaking hands the hound which had so mysteriously disappeared from the plantation likewise sprang ashore, and began to bark and frisk about its young mistress, licking her hand. Even the cow which had also so strangely vanished gave a low of recognition. While she was lowing Mr. Magillicuddy perceived a log cabin hard by. It was built on a gentle knoll; a cluster of sunflowers were blooming by the door; above its roof drooped the branches of a juniper-tree, while round about it were sparkling myriads of fire-flies.

"I do not wonder that Tarleton has never discovered your place of retreat," spoke Mr. Magillicuddy as they sauntered towards the cabin.

"Well, he is likely to have little cause for meeting me in combat henceforth," answered Marion.

"What mean ye?" inquired the dominie.

"I mean that Lord Cornwallis is closely beset on the peninsula between the York and James Rivers, and it would not surprise me if within a month we had peace."

"Peace! sweet, blessed peace!" exclaimed Alice, clasping her hands. "Oh! how happy I shall be when it comes."

"But Lord Cornwallis will never surrender," said Mr. Magillicuddy—"never surrender."

When they reached the hut they were welcomed by Aunty, and Alice whispered a few words to her betrothed. Then, turning to Mr. Magillicuddy, she suggested that it might be better to await the arrival of her uncle before beginning the ceremony.

"I quite agree with ye," said the dominie; "and whatever objections he may have to the match which ye are about to make, they will surely disappear in his great joy at finding ye alive and well and not in the world of spirits."

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Here Alice laughed a merry laugh, the hound yelped, and Marion expressed a hope that the rest of the party would make haste.

But it was sunrise ere Mr. McPherson, Pompey, and One-eyed Cæsar made their appearance.

"Why, gracious heaven!" he cried, "here is Alice, my brother's child, come back to life. Alice! Alice!"

"Was she ever dead?" said the radiant maiden, as he clasped her in his arms.

But unbounded as was Mr. McPherson's delight at this unexpected meeting with one whom he had believed dead, it cost him a bitter pang to greet the rebel Marion as Alice's affianced husband.

But the rising sun, the balmy breeze from the west, Alice's kisses, and last, not least, Mr. Magillicuddy's generous appeal, all helped to mollify his obdurate heart. Finally he said:

"Take her, General Marion, and treat her most tenderly; for Alice is a rare flower."

"But do not begin the wedding till the other folks arrive," put in Pompey. "They are coming, massa, just as fast as legs can carry them."

This was true. It was not long till the head of the negro procession came in sight. But they could be heard long before they were seen, for they were singing lustily and playing on twenty banjos. The whole plantation was present, down to the youngest baby three days old. It was a jovial spectacle.

Alice was beaming in her beauty; the sunburnt, broad-shouldered Marion, with one arm in a sling, looked every inch a soldier; Pompey's mouth stretched to its widest when the ring was slipped on his young mistress' finger, and, snatching up a banjo, he struck up a lively reel, which in a trice set two hundred feet in rapid motion.

It is hard to say when the dance might have ended had not a stranger appeared; his steed was flecked with foam; he had evidently ridden fast and far.

While all eyes were fixed upon him he saluted Marion, and drew from his pocket a small slip of paper.

Marion's countenance glowed as he read the paper. Then, making his bride a sign to approach, "Read it, Alice," he said, "and read in a loud voice, for it is glorious news."

Alice took the paper and read as follows:

"YORKTOWN, October 19, 1781.

"Cornwallis has surrendered. The work is done, and well done.

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

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"Alas! alas! what have I lived to see?" cried Mr. McPherson.

"Well, dear uncle, the war has ended as I knew it would end when it began seven years ago," said Alice. "We are now an independent nation. And, dear husband"—here she turned towards the happy Marion—"the country owes a great deal to you. Your name will be placed high in the Temple of Fame."

"Your loving heart shall be my Temple of Fame. I care about no other," responded Marion.

"But, Massa Marion," put in Pompey, "you ought to thank me for this happy day."

"And he does thank you," said Alice; "for indeed we should not have been all assembled on the shore of Drummond Lake this beautiful October morning but for—"

"For old Pompey's well-kept secret," interrupted the aged slave, grinning.

With this the merry throng wended their way back to the plantation, where we may be sure a grand feast was prepared. And from that day forth, and for at least a generation afterwards, whenever a slave confided anything of importance to another slave which he did not wish to have repeated, he would tell him to keep it like Pompey's secret.

DIVORCE, AND SOME OF ITS RESULTS.

THE recent Encyclical of the Sovereign Pontiff on the subject of marriage gives in a condensed form the substance of a treatise which usually takes up the whole length of a year in the afternoon classes of the Propaganda. Now, when we consider the innumerable disquisitions of our theologians—and, as a specimen, the three volumes of the late Father Perrone, S.J., Rome, 1858, *De Matrimonio Christiano*—we cannot but admire the wonderful power of condensing and the incisive brevity manifested in the Holy Father's letter. In it, as with the hand of a physician, he touches the ulcers of society, and lays bare the inward rottenness of any swerving from the original dignity, unity, and perpetuity of that contract which is indubitably the source and cradle of the human race. Hence, with a wide grasp, it is treated of not only in reference to its inherent and essential characteristics as instituted by Almighty God, who acted as high-priest on the occasion of the first and typical marriage of *one* with *one*; but also the different fallings-off from first purity are noticed, with their consequences,

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whether among the Jews or the nations at large, until the time of our Lord, when, as teacher, he recalls marriage in the new law to its first condition, saying: "From the beginning it was not so; but he who made man made them male and female; . . . and they *two* shall be in *one* flesh. Therefore now they are not two, but one flesh. What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder" (Matt. xix. 4, 5, 6). This is the theme enlarged upon by the Sovereign Pontiff in his capacity of teacher, as vicar of our Lord, and it is one of the utmost importance, and has challenged the respectful attention even of adversaries, who must admit the superiority of the principles inculcated by the Catholic Church, however much they may dissent in special cases from them by their practice. It is especially to this subordinate and latter part of the Encyclical that we devote our attention, in which is depicted briefly the deplorable condition to which marriage has been, and is, degraded both by a denial of its unity and a persistent opposition to the teachings of the church in reference to its sacramental character.

On general principles one should hesitate to admit a teaching based upon a confessedly dubious origin, and in direct opposition to the harmony of Sacred Scripture, whilst admittedly against tradition and the speaking voice of the church. This is, however, precisely the position of those who uphold divorce, with freedom to enter new bonds which are themselves, of course, in such theory, equally capable of being loosed. No one taking a higher stand-point can fail to be impressed with the truth that, whatever may be said in favor of any separation in marriage, it could not have been, it never was, anything else than an exceptional condition—a sort of miserable remedy which in its own nature must not become the rule. Indeed, when we take the relative number of men and women all over the world, as manifested by the most reliable statistics, or consider the nature of the obligations entered into by the contracting parties, we cannot but feel the necessity of that *oneness* of which Christ speaks so emphatically: "Therefore now they are not *two*, but *one* flesh." It is capable of demonstration that in number the sexes are relatively such that, at all times, rather more men than women are born. This general fact cannot but impress those who think, since anything so wide-spread and constantly recurring must belong to nature's law. On this we might enlarge, as well as upon the need which offspring have of care in infancy, education and example in youth, and their duties towards parents in after-life, all which is touched upon by the Supreme Pontiff in graphic words.

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We might fairly, also, lay aside the evidently wretched mistakes of various heathen nations in the matter of polygamy and other worse deflections from the unity of marriage. The intellectual, at all events, of our century will hardly deem them praiseworthy. With equal propriety we may pass over the darkened practice of the Hebrews, introduced, so far as we can find historically, quite suitably by Lamech, "a murderer and adulterer." This practice of polygamy had, as usual with things wrong, an early following among that nation, always ready to go astray at the smallest showing. To the Jews Moses *conceded*, "because of the hardness of their hearts" (Matt. xix. 8), the *permission* to send away their wives in a given case. It is plain that at our Saviour's time there was a general vagueness, in practice, concerning the unity of marriage. No one, however, ever dared to assert that this was the normal or best condition; for woman thereby was deprived of her natural dignity, and sank to the wretched position of handmaid and slave, or mere instrument of the lusts of man. The actual condition of women among the most advanced nations of antiquity was just this, and no more, as we read both in Greek and Latin authors; not to say a word of Oriental nations, where they are still no better. This *corruptio optimi pessima* had wrought its way among the Hebrews until the schools of the rabbis were divided in their laxity of granting causes deemed sufficient to obtain divorce. At such a juncture of affairs our Lord is asked by the Pharisees "whether a man can put away his wife for *every cause?*" (Matt. xix. 3). Their object was, as usual, *to tempt him*—"tentantes eum." Whereupon he calls to their attention the indivisible or indissoluble nature of marriage, which in the law of God united parties so closely that they became one moral and inseparable person. "He who made them from the beginning made *the two* to be *one* flesh. What, therefore, God hath joined together let no man put asunder." This was the primitive condition of marriage—*one* with *one*—to which he recalls the union, namely, to its pristine unity, as the plural unit of a future family, which is the chief object in matrimony. The Pharisees at once object. They bring forward the action of their legislator: "Why then did Moses *command* to give a bill of divorce, and to *put away?*" (verse 7). Our Lord corrects their phraseology: "Moses *permitted*," he did not *command*, "and that because of the hardness of your hearts; but from the beginning it was not so."

Now, our Lord immediately subjoins: "But I say to you"—the restoration of the first law is here definitely laid down—"that whosoever shall put away his wife, except it be for fornication,

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and shall marry another, committeth adultery: and he that shall marry her that is put away committeth adultery" (verse 9). The marriage tie still remains, since the condition of both parties is made equal. He who puts away his wife, and takes another, commits adultery; and he who takes the dismissed is in the self-same condition. The exceptional clause refers plainly to the first portion of the verse, since the party *put away* is not free *a vinculo*, nor the party acting at liberty to enter into new bonds. This is exactly the teaching of the Catholic Church, and the difficulty it presents was plain to his hearers, who subjoin: "If the case of a man with his wife be so, it is not expedient to marry" (verse 10). There would be simply no ground for this remark had Christ left matters just as they were in the minds of his hearers, or had he not actually inculcated by these words the higher doctrine of entire indissolubility, of which the church has ever since been the faithful and sole exponent. No more perfectly parallel case occurs of an argument from the very lips of adversaries, except that one taken from St. John vi., where Christ's hearers, understanding him thoroughly concerning his real, bodily presence in the words of promise, say: "This is a hard saying, and who can hear it?"

It is certainly true that in this theory (which is, nevertheless, in perfect harmony with all the traditional teachings of the church) we have to admit the great inconvenience, hardship, and even positive suffering to which an innocent party may be put because of the permanent nature of this contract. Still, we should reflect that frequently the same hardships, and even absolute misery, may take place in the case of any bargain. If a man agrees to make a purchase, investing his wealth in any given business, the well-known proverb, "Caveat emptor," is very justly, other things being equal, placed before him. Men of honor dare not decline the payment of debts which they make when no equivalent, or at best a very doubtful one, is given. Ought one complain because a contract lawfully entered into, a bargain ratified between sensible parties, duly and carefully acting, cannot be broken? In the very nature of things failures may occur; yet not even the government can overthrow lawful contracts, however much of hardship, loss, or suffering may be entailed. Those, therefore, who plead for absolute separation with subsequent freedom, really have a less ennobling idea of the dignity of marriage than worldlings have of an ordinary business transaction, for which they invoke, however unpleasant the consequences to themselves, no interference on the part of government. It is not

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called in question that the type of a happy marriage is that of *one* with *one;* he, indeed, who is completely taken up with the chaste affection he has for his spouse has no occasion to swerve from his duty either in thought, word, or deed. Reciprocally she who bears due allegiance to her lord allows no possible claim for any other. Such a union is recognized to be the origin of an offspring whose descent is nowise dubious. Can this be sure in the case of a marriage admitted from its commencement to be susceptible of solution? Does any one desire for his parents such a doubtful alliance? Hence dissoluble marriage is not the highest ideal type.

The union best suited to procure permanent benefit for each party is that in which rights once given are held sacred always. Those transferred in marriage are such as, to be held sacred, admit no diminution. But this cannot be found unless in monogamy, where the parties are, as far as rights are concerned, perfectly equal. When, moreover, the contract necessarily implies the giving over of actual rights which are irrevocable so far as effects are concerned, it follows that, being already given to one, there is no possibility of copartnership. Hence, in taking a second, the rights of the first are invaded, and that which has already been given away, as the subject of an unalterable contract, is made to be the material of a new one, which it cannot be without positive injustice.

The sequence of matrimony (as its name imports) is motherhood. Now, it is impossible to have children properly trained up, educated, and cared for where the contract is transient. This must always be the case where fancy is allowed to multiply causes of separation with freedom to contract new alliances. To this it not only must come by natural deduction and proneness for change, but it has actually taken place wheresoever an opening for caprice has been left among men. The long history of marriage sufficiently attests this sad fact when the evident first intention of the Institutor of marriage has been transgressed. Logical necessity involves those in the guilt of crime who hold that marriage is susceptible of absolute dissolution. For, in the last analysis, what do they say, if we look at it rightly, but this?—The parties now entering marriage are making a contract which may last, it matters little whether a few hours, days, months, or years. In the meanwhile they reserve to themselves the unqualified right of severing the union entirely and entering into new bonds. This includes exactly the same grossness as any other mere concubinage or prostitution. It is simply a contract for

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pleasure or an agreement to voluptuousness, whether the yielding be for an occasion of dalliance or until satiety sets in. This may shock many of our very unthinking Evangelicals, who are nevertheless apt to arrogate a monopoly of thought to themselves, as though it were their heritage. Yet we do very seriously call to their attention that every such marriage in which, by the force of their own teachings, the union may be dissolved (as so many others equally ornate in their trappings and surroundings have been), is a compact of iniquity, and in and of itself deserves no other title than that of harlotry.

Grave men, nevertheless, keen and sharp in every business transaction, refuse to see this inevitable conclusion, towards which they drift ceaselessly when they resist the teaching of the church of God. The sequence is, therefore, that not only can there be no dignity, but not even common decency, where there is opposition to the immutable unity of marriage. "What God hath joined together let no man put asunder," is true yesterday, to-day, and for ever. The prevalence of legislation in civil courts on this topic began naturally with the Reformers, who seem to have held with Luther that *marriage is a worldly affair and belongs to the civil authorities.* From his time specifically, and among his followers and their never-ending divisions, laws have been made, digests recorded, and statutes formed covering every case from *incompatibility of temperament* onward to adultery. The more consistent a nation was, and the more it preserved of religion, the fewer were the chances of absolute divorce. Even England had no such infamous possibility until 1857, and South Carolina, whilst a State and not a mere subjugated territory, never blackened her fair fame or her Christian standard by a law admitting *divortium a vinculo.* The United States may indeed claim a sort of disgraceful pre-eminence in this matter of divorce, since many districts are lavish in the accumulation of causes for absolute separation, with the consequent freedom to enter *legally* into new ties. To be sure, nobody respects those who enter into such hideous alliances; even among outsiders there is a blush still to be discerned on the face of those who know, if they know anything, that "from the beginning it was not so." Passion, however, knows not law, and we have in some of the widely-read dailies a paragraph between the announcements of marriages and deaths, intervening, for legal "divorces." It is distinctly true that whilst many of these come under the head of *absence, bad treatment,* etc., as moving causes for the setting aside of the marriage tie, we read (and have rubbed our eyes to see whether there

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were no mistake) of *admitted* or *proved adultery* in several hundreds of cases! To such a frightful condition of iteration has this come that one is alarmed to think that he is scarcely shocked at what should send a thrill of horror through his soul. What, indeed, would our daily papers do were they deprived of these and kindred announcements?

The warning voice of the Sovereign Pontiff is nowhere more needed than in this country, where there is a real inclination to hear the truth. Here, as the church is free to exercise her beneficial effects, people who read notice carefully facts—such, for example, as the heroic stand taken by her Pontiff against Napoleon I. They see how sacredly she treats the tie of marriage, and how perfectly consistent has been her history. As Mr. Bagshawe remarks in his admirable work, *The Credentials of the Catholic Church*, p. 224:

"The world, as such (in reference to the laws which regulate marriage), has very little idea beyond external decorum, expediency, and convenience. It is easy enough to show, on occasion, that it would be convenient to get rid of certain marriages; that they are the cause of a good deal of hardship, or even suffering. The world cannot be brought to see that there is a higher law than any such expediency, and, therefore, it is clamorous to get rid of the difficulty, either not seeing or disregarding the injury done to the sanctity of Christian marriage.

"It is precisely on such occasions that the vigor of the church in upholding 'sanctity' of doctrine is conspicuous. She is ready to maintain it at *all* costs. She did so, as is well known, in the case of Henry VIII.'s divorce, even at the expense of the schism which cut off England from her obedience. She does so at the present day. It is to no purpose that infidel governments have introduced civil marriage and allowed divorce. The church cannot prevent them from making laws, but she does not depart one hair's-breadth from her own teaching. She admits of no compromise, and never ceases to denounce, without hesitation, every union not sanctioned by Christian principles, let governments and people say what they will.

"What has been the conduct of Protestant sects in this matter? What has been that of the Church of England, the one which has retained most of the instincts of Catholicism? It is well known that in most Protestant countries divorce has become so common that the idea of the indissolubility of Christian marriage has almost died out. And what did the Church of England do when a law was made to allow divorce? Did she protest? Did she forbid? Did she denounce? No; she did nothing. With many excellent qualities, the Church of England cannot go against the stream."

We may look at some singular specimens of the workings of our divorce system, concerning which it must not be forgotten that New England, as usual, is the head and front of the offend-

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ing. No portion of our country has a more directly Protestant source, none a more free-thinking progeny. They are, to say the least, quite direct in their descent from Luther and his followers, who acted upon the thought that marriage was a merely civil contract, no more demanding religious sanction than the sale and transfer of a cow. As in Germany, so also in New England, divorce is easy, and is talked of before the marriage as a not improbable sequence. This is very neatly manifested by the following clippings taken from down East:

[From the New York *Sun* of May 11, 1879.]

"BARNSTABLE, MASS., May 7.—A bevy of girls, none of them seemingly more than twenty years old, filed up the hill that leads to the County Court-house this morning, and passed into the old graystone building. Almost all of them were accompanied by elderly women, although one or two were with sprucely-dressed young men. The venerable Judge Otis Lord, of Salem, took his seat upon the bench, and called the first case on the docket for the term of the Supreme Court. There stepped forward a blue-eyed girl, whose light brown hair fell upon her back in a heavy braid, the ends of which were concealed in a blue love-knot. An elderly woman stood one side of her, and a young man with a flowing beard on the other. Then the girl told her story. She wanted a divorce from her husband. Judge Lord looked at her critically for an instant, as though astonished, not so much that a pretty girl, who dressed and looked as though she had run into court from school, should want a divorce, as that she should have already been married. But she said she had been married four years, and that her husband had left her after living with her a few weeks. She admitted that the husband was living in the county, but urged, with a pretty tremulousness, that he would not live with her. Her mother and the young man with the beard corroborated her story, and she went out of the court smiling, and congratulated by several of the other girls and by two or three young men.

"Another case was called. There stepped to the stand a slender, gray-eyed girl. She seemed to be less than eighteen years old. Her feeble, tottering mother was with her. Yet she had been married, she said, five years, and her husband would not support her after the first three months of her wedded life. The husband, a fleshy young man, stood up in court and admitted it. Judge Lord frowned and nestled in his seat. But he simply said, 'I will consider the matter.'

"A plump, rosy-cheeked woman, with a literary appearance that may have been caused by the eye-glasses she wore, stepped up next. Her husband was a sea-captain, who had promised to take her to sea, but when he got as far as Boston with her he left her at a hotel.

"'Well, why did he leave you?'

"'I suppose he loved another woman better.'

"This sea-captain had lived with the girl a few months, and although he had often been in the same town since he left her, yet he had refused to have anything to do with her for three years. The young woman got the decree she desired, and a clerical-looking man escorted her from court.

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"Next came a pale-faced girl, whose features were regular, but whose complexion was sallow. She seemed sickly. She was married in 1874, and after a week of honeymoon her husband left her, with the remark that he wanted nothing more to do with her.

"'Did you go to him?'

"'No, sir.'

"'Why not?'

"'Because his mother was always picking at me and finding fault.'

"Then Judge Lord, who had been visibly growing indignant, arose. 'It is shocking to contemplate the state of morals in this great commonwealth that is here to be observed. Has it come to this? I am here to administer the law as it stands. The law says that desertion for three years is cause for divorce. But I see clearly how it operates. A young man and woman agree to get married. They feel that they'll live together so long as they find it mutually pleasant and agreeable so to do, and then by a sort of tacit understanding they can live separate, and then one or the other, at the end of three years, brings in a libel for divorce for desertion. The other party makes no opposition. The decree is granted, and then they are at liberty to go on and do the same thing over and over again. I say it is terrible to contemplate such a state of morals in this commonwealth. Go on.'

"A dark-eyed brunette stepped to the stand, and wanted a divorce because she had been obliged to leave her husband, as he had used harsh language to her. With the brunette were an aunt and a fine-looking young man from Boston. The young wife wore a fashionably-made garment, and over her wedding-ring was another, in the setting of which a diamond glistened. Her jaunty hat was draped with a long black ostrich-feather. She looked pleadingly at the judge from beneath her long, shadowy eyelashes. But after listening to her story Judge Lord again arose.

"'I must say that it is terrible to contemplate such a state of society. Why'— and here he turned to the lawyers who were in the bar—'why, out of all the large number of divorce cases before me recently, there were only two of the persons married before 1870! Does not this show that young people are entering into this solemn contract with the most trivial ideas of its importance, and with the feeling that they can be freed from the bonds whenever they like? I am not responsible for the laws as they stand. I can only administer them. But I will say that, so far as I can prevent it, they shall not be used to facilitate the development of such a state of morals.'

"The Supreme Court was in session ten days. In that time there were heard two civil causes, and one of these was the simple proving of a will. The entire time of the court, with the exception of that part devoted to these two cases, was taken up in the hearing of divorce suits. There were thirty of these in all. Two of them were based upon clearly-proved adultery; the others were those of this bevy of young girls, who filed up to the court-house, and sat in rows, like school-girls, upon the witnesses' seats.

"There probably is no part of the United States in which there are fewer foreigners than on Cape Cod. The people who live here are the descendants of the first settlers. The Cape is full of traditions, and the orthodox church has always had a strong foothold here. Yet there are probably to-

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day more divorced people on the Cape than in any similarly populated area in the country. Young men and young women are to be found in every town who have been man and wife, but are so no longer."

And from one of our contemporaries we cut, not without a feeling of shame for our country, the following statement in reference to divorce, collated from original sources:

"The Vermont *Chronicle* is making a specialty in gathering divorce statistics, particularly with reference to the New England States. In a recent issue it presented some startling figures in regard to divorces in Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and Vermont. The first of these States has within the last nineteen years granted seven thousand two hundred and twenty-three absolute divorces, and more than half of the whole number were procured within the last seven years. The following tabulation shows the operation of the divorce-mill in that State for the last ten years:

YEAR.	Number of Divorces.	Number of Marriages.	Ratio of Divorce to Marriage.
In 1869,	339	14,826	1 to 43.7
In 1870,	378	14,721	1 to 38.9
In 1871,	326	15,746	1 to 48.3
In 1872,	342	16,142	1 to 47.2
In 1873,	449	16,437	1 to 36.6
In 1874,	648	15,564	1 to 24.0
In 1875,	578	13,663	1 to 23.6
In 1876,	526	12,749	1 to 24.2
In 1877,	551	12,758	1 to 23.1
In 1878,	596	....	....
Total,	4,733	....	....

Ratio of divorces to marriages from 1869 to 1873, ... 1 to 42.9
Ratio of divorces to marriages from 1874 to 1877, ... 1 to 23.7
Ratio of divorces to population in 1870, ... 1 to 3,855
Ratio of divorces to population in 1875, ... 1 to 2,858

"Rhode Island, according to the *Chronicle*, shows for the last nine years one thousand six hundred and seventy divorces to twenty-one thousand seven hundred and fifteen marriages, giving a ratio of one divorce to thirteen marriages, with a slight increase in the later years. There is one divorce in that State to about every one thousand and two hundred of its inhabitants. This beats Massachusetts in the divorce business.

"The statistics for Connecticut cover a period of nearly thirty years. In 1849 only ninety-one divorces were granted in that State; yet, in consequence of a change made in the law that year, the number was increased more than one-third in a single year. In 1864 the number of divorces was four hundred and twenty-six, and in 1877 it was four hundred and forty-eight, which was about the annual average for a series of years. The ratio of divorces to marriages in that State is as one to about ten and four-tenths. The *Chronicle* estimates that there must be one divorce to every eight Protestant marriages. Connecticut is said to be 'the land of steady habits,' and this fact is illustrated in the uniformity of her divorce ratio for years past. Her average deaths are not more regular than her divorces.

"The average ratio of divorces to marriages in Vermont is one to six-

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teen, which is better than that of Rhode Island and Connecticut, but not so good as that of Massachusetts. Taking these four States together, the number of divorces in 1877 was one thousand three hundred and thirty-one; and if we add Maine and New Hampshire, and assume for them about the same proportion of divorces to population, we shall have not far from eighteen hundred divorces in the New England States for that year.

"These statistics, which seem to have been carefully gathered by the *Chronicle*, reveal an alarming state of facts as to the condition and stability of families in New England. We noticed not long since that in a two days' session of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts there were no less than thirty-four applications from unhappy husbands or wives for a divorce decree; and in most of these cases the evidence showed that the marriages sought to be thus dissolved were of comparatively recent date. The theory of the law is that marriage is not simply a contract, to be entered into at the option of the parties, and then to be dissolved at their mutual pleasure; but that it is an institution, as well as a contract, and, hence, that when the relation is once assumed it is permanent until terminated by death or by the authority of law. This is clearly the theory of the Bible. Both law and religion recognize marriage as the basis of the family; and the family is not only the divinely-ordained instrumentality for perpetuating the race, but also the most important factor in the whole scheme of social, political, and religious existence. The state has an immense interest in preserving the family, as an organization built upon the theory of monogamy; and hence every civilized state has from time immemorial had its law for the regulation of marriage and the rights and duties resulting therefrom.

"It is undoubtedly true that there are cases in which married parties should be divorced by the authority of the state, as the least of two evils; and yet a free-and-easy system of divorce, as the effect of lax and improper laws or of the bad administration of good laws, is both a nuisance and a curse to human society. The general tendency of divorce legislation is toward a dangerous laxity, and the same is true of its administration. While we do not say that New England is in a worse condition than other parts of the country on this subject, we nevertheless think that the statistics given by the *Chronicle* deserve the most serious attention. A State in which the proportion of divorces to marriages is as one to ten should certainly study this question carefully, ascertain the causes, and devise and apply the proper remedy. There must be a radical fault in the laws or the morals, or both, of such a State.

"Including Vermont, the rate of divorce to marriage in the four States for the last few years is as follows: Vermont, 1 to 16; Massachusetts, 1 to 23.7; Rhode Island, 1 to 13; Connecticut, 1 to 10.4. Massachusetts began to decline last, and is better off as yet than either of the other three States; but her downward tendency is fearfully rapid. Indeed, it is scarcely paralleled by the increase of divorce in Connecticut from 1849 to 1853. Taking, now, the four States together, in the year 1877 there were granted 1,331 divorces in those States. If Maine and New Hampshire have a like record of temporary marriages, not far from 1,800 divorces are granted annually in New England. The recent change for the better in the laws of Connecticut had some effect toward improvement, which is said also to be very noticeable in the Vermont courts.

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"One thing seems pretty well established, and that is that if married people who have a notion that they would like to separate should find it more difficult than it is, many who now part would remain together, and would probably live as good lives as if they lived alone or with some 'affinity.' The strictness of the Catholic Church in regard to divorce goes to show this. Divorces are extremely rare among Catholics. It is also noticeable that any change toward greater liberty of divorce increases the number of divorces. It has been so in our State, and we have been sadly disgraced by it. The people of Massachusetts are also beginning to think that a mistake was made in 1865 when Governor Andrew caused a bill to be reported which allowed divorced people to be married again, and that the further modification of the divorce laws of the State has been prolific of evil. Too much freedom seems to have produced greater evils than it was intended to cure, and it is high time that people who believe in the family and monogamy should turn their serious attention to the matter."

We may pass without remark many of the sidelong inferences here made by the writer, with many of which we take the most decided issue, since they are false in fact and illogical even in theory; but we call the attention of readers to the general tone of sadness which very properly pervades the whole piece. Indeed, wheresoever the state has intermeddled with that which is not of its own competency—and the sacraments are not, never were, and cannot be under the jurisdiction of the civil magistrate—such a medley has been the natural consequence that chaos or Egyptian darkness would be day in comparison. The frightful multiplication of causes deemed sufficient for divorce in this country almost makes plausible the description of Mr. Baring-Gould which we quote further on.

These reproving statistics have at least a collaterally good effect, since they force even the thoughtless to come to a general conclusion that such consequences cannot arise from any good source, and the time is undoubtedly fast approaching when these questions, which include in their universality the whole common weal, having no satisfactory solution but in the Catholic Church, must force men to recognize her claims upon the world as the only authority capable of grasping with and solving distinctly the problems of life. We quote again from outsiders: Mr. Baring-Gould, in *Germany, Past and Present*, vol. i., article Marriage, page 163, speaks in the following manner regarding marriage as a mere civil transaction:

"The inevitable result of the laxity of dealing with marriage by the Protestant Church has been a corresponding laxity of morals. Thus, throughout Germany the statistics of illegitimacy show a much higher rate among the Protestants than among the Catholics. For instance:

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"Province of Prussia (Protestant), illegitimate births are 9.0 per 100.
Province of Brandenburg (Protestant), illegitimate births are 10.9 per 100.
Province of Pomerania (Protestant), illegitimate births are 10.0 per 100.
Province of Schleswig-Holstein (Protestant), illegitimate births are 9.6 per 100.
Province of Westphalia (Catholic), illegitimate births are 2.7 per 100.
Province of Rhineland (Catholic), illegitimate births are 3.0 per 100.
—*Statistik des Deutschen Reiches*, 1876."

So also in the towns that can be compared as almost exclusively Catholic or Protestant:

"Berlin (Protestant), illegitimate births are 13.5 per 100.
Magdeburg (Protestant), illegitimate births are 9.6 per 100.
Hanover (Protestant), illegitimate births are 8.9 per 100.
Coblenz (Catholic), illegitimate births are 2.7 per 100.
Aix-la-Chapelle (Catholic), illegitimate births are 2.2 per 100.
Treves (Catholic), illegitimate births are 2.3 per 100.

"In Thuringia, where the population is wholly Evangelical, the average of illegitimate births in the towns is 12.0, at Altenburg 14.5, Coburg 12.8, Hildburghausen 10.8, Weimar 8.8. If marriage be a mere civil contract, then that contract may be dissolved, and a fresh one entered into without scandal. This is an obvious deduction, and has been drawn in Germany. The civil board which binds together may dissolve the tie, and dissolve it for the most trivial reasons. Yet the percentage of divorce is not as high as might be expected. The actual number of divorced persons of both sexes in Germany at the census of December 1, 1871, was only 69,794. Out of 10,000 persons over the age of 15 there are in Prussia 30 divorces, in Saxony 37, in Würtemberg 32, in Bavaria 11, and in Baden 10. The reason of the average being no higher is that divorces are almost wholly among the Protestants, and amongst them are confined to the citizen, professional, and noble classes, whereas the peasantry rarely resort to the board for a divorce. It is due also to the fact that the number of those who return themselves as divorced at a census does not represent half of those who have been divorced. As a general rule two-thirds of those who get divorced marry again. Consequently the average for Prussia should be 90 in 10,000, instead of 30. In Transylvania it is said that among the German Lutherans *two out of every three girls who get married are divorced before the end of the year, and that most married women have had three husbands.*"

Quoting also C. Boner, *Transylvania, its Products and People*, London, 1865, the following startling account is given:

"Among the Saxon peasantry a wife or a husband is a thing which may for convenience' sake be put aside or changed at pleasure. Divorce is a thing of such every-day occurrence, is decided on so lightly and allowed so easily, that it has become a marked feature, indeed, a component part, of Saxon rural life. A separation of husband and wife after three, four, or even six weeks' marriage is nothing rare or strange; and the woman divorced will often want six or eight months of being sixteen. Among a portion of the Saxons, marriage may almost be said to be merely a tem-

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porary arrangement between two contracting parties; very frequently neither expects it to last long, and may have resolved that it shall not. In the village near the Kochel sixteen marriages took place in one year; at the end of twelve months only six of the contracting parties were still living together. In the place where I write this there are at this moment eleven bridal pairs intending to celebrate their wedding a fortnight hence. Of these eleven the schoolmaster observed that there would probably not be many living together by this time next year. The clergyman, too, was of opinion that before long many would come to him with grounds for a separation. Divorce is easy, and belongs so intimately to married life that even before the wedding it is talked of, and under certain probable eventualities looked forward to as consequent on the approaching union. 'Try to like him,' says the father to the girl, 'and if later you find you can't do it I will have you separated.' In the village where I was staying five suits for separation were pending; indeed, such cases are always going on. I have talked over this crying evil with the Saxon clergy, and from these have learned how futile the causes generally were. One husband did not believe what his wife had said, and she immediately wanted to be separated, as 'she could not live with a man who could not trust her.' Another did not eat his dinner with appetite. 'Oh!' said his wife, 'it seems my cooking does not please you; if I cannot satisfy you,' etc. The chief cause of complaint of another husband, whose pretty young wife I frequently saw at her father's house, was that she had washed some linen again after his mother had already washed it, and 'that was an insult to his mother.'"

Of Hungary Mr. Boner says:

"In a Hungarian town of somewhat more than 4,000 inhabitants there were pending in 1862 no less than 171 divorce suits. All these were among the Calvinist population.

"In Denmark divorce is much more common than in Germany. From what I have seen and heard I fear that morals are at a terribly low ebb in the peninsula and its islands. Out of 10,000 in Germany over 15 years old 26 are divorced; in Denmark 50; in Hungary 44; in Switzerland (exclusively among the Zwinglians and Calvinists) 47; in Catholic Austria there are only 4.8.

"At Hamburg, out of the adult population, there are 70 divorced persons out of 10,000 remaining unmarried at the census of 1871; in Bremen 38; in Leipsic 48. On the other hand, in the purely Catholic towns, as Treves, there are only 7; at Cologne 9; at Münster 9.

"The statistical report of the government, 1872, says: 'The proportion relatively to the religious confessions is unmistakable. In the specially Evangelical districts divorces are frequent; in the strictly Catholic districts they are rare.'

"In the Protestant cantons of Switzerland, especially Vaud, divorce is almost as frequent as among the Saxons in Transylvania. A friend who lived in Vaud has told me how he sat down at table with a party, four gentlemen, with their four wives, each of whom had been the wife of one of the others. They met without the slightest restraint and as the best of friends. It has not come to this yet in Germany; not, at least, in the South. Divorces are most frequent in the North. In 1877, in a town of South Ger-

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many, with a population of 25,000 (one-tenth Protestants), there were seven divorces, all either among the Protestants or in cases of mixed marriages; and 245 marriages, or about three per cent., end in separation."

Summing up his interesting article on marriage, Mr. Baring-Gould says, p. 167:

"Altogether the present condition of morals in Germany is such as to impress one with the danger of dissociating the idea of marriage from religion. Where passion and temptation are strong, and the tie is regarded as a mere business contract, there passion will have its way as every new temptation arises. . . . But it is a danger to society when the marriage bond is made so easy of rupture that marriage becomes a joining of hands, and down the middle and up again, as in a country-dance, with ever-changing partners. The economy of nature demands paramount care to be extended to the protection of the child, and natural religion requires that the sanctity of home will surround and hallow the nursery. But how can that be a home, or be called such, where the husband and the father are not necessarily one, and that sacred where marriage is treated as a mere civil contract? Divorce laws should be the thorny burrs protecting the child, and preserving a home and training for it. If it were not for children, law and social customs would be sufficient to guarantee order. The foundations of the state are laid in the family, and not in the individual, and the first care of the state should be to hedge round that plural unit. The strength of a country does not consist in its great armies, but lies in its multitudes of householders, each a rootlet clinging to the soil and capable of infinite multiplication. We may hesitate whether that nation is advancing in a right direction, and giving great promise of a future, where marriages are steadily on the decline and divorces are becoming more common and shameless."

The following is taken from Hausner's *Vergleichende Statistik von Europa*, 1865, giving a synoptical view of the shame of North Germany:

"In Hamburg there is one prostitute to 48 inhabitants—every ninth girl.
In Berlin there is one prostitute to 62 inhabitants.
In London there is one prostitute to 91 inhabitants.
In Vienna there is one prostitute to 159 inhabitants.
In Munich there is one prostitute to 222 inhabitants.
In Dresden there is one prostitute to 236 inhabitants.
In Paris there is one prostitute to 247 inhabitants.
In Brussels there is one prostitute to 275 inhabitants.
In Strassburg there is one prostitute to 302 inhabitants.

We have taken thus much pains to lay before thinking men some remarks naturally elicited by this portion of the Encyclical. With still greater happiness we point to the letter itself, containing in small compass the doctrine of the Gospel in relation to Christian marriage.

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[NOTE.—It is possible that some persons looking superficially over this article, or hearing some report of it from others, may take up the notion that Protestant marriages in general are condemned as invalid. To prevent all mistakes of this kind, it may be well to state explicitly that the conjugal contract between unbaptized persons is recognized as true and lawful marriage under the natural law. Also, that all marriages of baptized persons, between whom there exists no impediment, who intend to make a permanent lifelong connubial contract, are recognized as valid and indissoluble. Wherefore, when Protestants who are thus validly married are received into the Catholic Church, no ceremony is needed to sanctify their marriage, and the children born in wedlock from Protestant parents are recognized as legitimate by the ecclesiastical law.]

PÈRE LEJEUNE.

AT Rouen, in the Lent of 1629, a numerous auditory assembled around the pulpit of a young preacher, and listened with eager attention to his familiar and persuasive eloquence. This preacher, Père Lejeune, one day began his discourse still in full possession of his eyesight, but in the course of the sermon it was suddenly obscured, and he was blind.

Passing his hand across his eyes for a moment, he continued his address as if nothing had happened, and at its conclusion, stretching out his arms to feel his way down the steps he could no longer see, he requested that some one would assist him to descend.

This blind priest was soon to rank among the most celebrated missionary-preachers of his time. For forty years, notwithstanding his infirmity, he fulfilled his difficult ministry with indefatigable courage. Lorraine, Flanders, Franche-Comté, Burgundy, Provence—in fact, every part of France—received him in turn, and the loving zeal which fired his heart everywhere gave force to his plain-spoken admonitions.

Père Lejeune was aided in his arduous task by Père Lefèvre, who had been assigned to him by the superior of the Oratory as guide and reader. The hearty co-operation of these two religious in their apostolic duties was touching to witness. For a period of more than twenty years might these inseparable missionaries be seen, the one leading his blind companion by the hand through the streets of the towns, or holding his horse's bridle along the narrow country paths; or again, in some village presbytery, the

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one would dictate while the other wrote. But this happy fraternity of fatigues, devotedness, and zeal was ended by the death, in 1655, of Père Lefèvre. His loss was irreparable to Père Lejeune, who did not find the same affectionate consideration and attentive care in the successors of his first beloved guide.

The sermons of Père Lejeune, of which three hundred and sixty-two remain, are little known, having been thrown into the shade by the renown of the great orators of the seventeenth century; and yet the works of this preacher deserve a better fate than the oblivion into which they have fallen. They have a certain originality and power peculiar to themselves, an independence of thought and style which merits the attention of literary critics. All the author's predilections are for the poor, and especially poor country people; so much so that he needed constraint before he could be induced to occupy the pulpits of the great towns. Thus we find habitually in his sermons a simple, familiar, and energetic tone, and expressions fresh and to the point, which are the more telling because not rounded off into the conventionalisms of elegant phraseology.

In the freedom of his style, the archaism of his words, and the construction of his sentences, as well as in the mould of his thoughts, Père Lejeune appears to belong less to the century of Louis XIV. than to the period preceding it; but he is superior in good taste and simplicity to many of the famous preachers of the sixteenth century, nor do we find in his sermons the pedantry, triviality, and affectation of the preachers who preceded him.

We will quote a few lines, taken at random, from this popular orator. He is preaching on "Alms, which are meritorious in the sight of God."

"See you," he says, "on the one side, this poor man who has lost his sight, who cannot take two steps without feeling before him with his stick, and who stumbles at every little obstacle? Do you see, on the other, that man who has good eyes, eyes into which shines the light of heaven, eyes that are well open? It is this blind man who leads the man that can see. Again, do you see this paralytic, stretched on his bed, motionless as a statue, crippled in all his members, and unable to move himself; and there a man in good health, gay, lively, robust, ready for anything? It is the paralytic who carries this robust person, and who carries him very far. Once more, do you see this poor man covered with rags, who lies on straw and lives only on alms; and do you see, on the other hand, this count or marquis, in his carriage, attended by a grand train of people, and covered with silk and gold? It is this poor man who feeds, clothes, and enriches this marquis; for the nobleman, who is rich, in good health, and who can see well, is taken to heaven, borne into Paradise, and endowed with temporal goods by the charities which he exercises toward the poor, the blind, and the paralytic."

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In another place Père Lejeune reminds masters that the man who serves them is "neither a slave, nor a criminal, nor a beast, but their brother. What do I say?—the brother even of Jesus Christ, child of the same Father, called to the same glory, heir of the same kingdom." "These poor servants," he continues, "everywhere humiliated, everywhere repulsed and despised, and treated as the sweepings of the house, do plenty of penance that is hard enough here below, without its being necessary to add other mortifications to those they have already." Again, he raises his voice to deplore the extreme misery of his dear poor in the country places. "You ought," he exclaims, "to have hearts full of pity and the tenderest compassion for the poor peasants, who are made the butt of every sort of disgrace. They have little or no spiritual help, and scarcely any preaching. The nobles tyrannize over them, the bailiffs overreach them, the gendarmes pillage them, the townspeople deceive them, and they are ruined by law-suits."

Thus this simple missionary-priest already saw plainly the incurable evils which were later on to drag France down into an abyss. The dying nation was asking for bread; and yet this was in the full tide of her military glory, and sixty years before Vauban uttered the cry of alarm.

In the *Life and Works of Père Lejeune** M. l'Abbé Renoux merits the thanks of the historian and literary man as well as the Christian, by recalling these too-long-forgotten sermons, which, besides dwelling with eloquence and simplicity on our unchanging duties, furnish many an interesting glimpse into the manners of the times in which they were preached.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF LEONARD WOODS, D.D., LL.D. By Edwards A. Park. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 1880.

This small pamphlet of fifty-two pages has an importance and interest out of all proportion to its size. Dr. Park is the Professor of Dogmatic Theology in the Andover Theological Seminary. For nearly half a century he has been an instructor of youth, first as professor at Amherst, where he was idolized by all the students, and for above forty years at

* *Le Père Lejeune, sa Vie, son Œuvre et ses Sermons.* Par l'Abbé J. Renoux, Prof. à la Faculté de Théol." Paris: Bray.

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Andover, of which he was an alumnus. There is a small number of Protestant clergymen in New England, not the most conspicuous or of the greatest popular fame among their brethren, who have attained a degree of learning and culture very far above the common level of educated Americans and equal to that of the most cultured Europeans. Dr. Park is preeminent among these clerical scholars, and especially distinguished for power of original thought, and for a style in speaking and writing of most excellent and peculiar qualities. These qualities are shown in the pamphlet before us. They are wholly his own, and remind us of the days when in his youth he held all, even the most giddy and boyish of his pupils, willing captives under the spell of his purely and highly intellectual eloquence. As a piece of character-painting, the sketch of Dr. Woods is masterly. The writer of this notice knew Dr. Woods intimately during the latter part of his student-life and his residence in New York, and for several months lived in his father's family. We remember him perfectly, and the reading of Dr. Park's description is like looking at one of Healy's portraits. The subject of Dr. Park's biographical description, Dr. Leonard Woods, Jr., was a man of unique personality, one of the most gifted, cultivated, and fascinating men of his age in New England, of most lovable character, of a very singular career and history. That which makes the history of his intellectual and religious life most peculiar and interesting is the illustration it furnishes of the change which has taken place in the offspring of the highest class of Puritans, what Oliver Wendell Holmes calls their Brahminical caste. The effect of the more enlarged and refined intellectual and social culture which has grown out of the older and simpler conditions of the Puritan commonwealth has been, as all know, a profound alteration of the traditional Calvinistic theology of the pilgrim-fathers of New England. Andover was founded with the express purpose of arresting the change and restoring the genuine Puritan religion. The elder Dr. Woods was the great dogmatic and polemic theologian of the Total Depravity and Election scheme. Nevertheless, he was a most amiable and genial man, and, in his later years, one of his dearest and most respected friends was a *Jesuit*, the late venerable Father McElroy. Nothing could be more removed from a gloomy and fanatical Puritanism than was the tone and spirit which prevailed in the great literary and social community inhabiting the delightful Hill of Andover. The human nature was too strong in the excellent divines themselves, in their wives and sons and daughters, and in the crowd of young men and boys gathered in the studious halls founded by the munificence of Phillips, and it was too well seconded by the beauty of the nature which surrounded them, and the influence of classical study, of historical and general research, of curious investigation into critical, philosophical, and theological questions, to be quelled and confined by Calvinistic dogmatism. It is a curious fact that in the family of Dr. Woods himself, a son, a son-in-law, and two grandsons were Episcopalian ministers, while a daughter with all her family became Catholics. Elizabeth Stuart Phelps is a granddaughter of Dr. Stuart. Those who have read the poem of Oliver Wendell Holmes at the centennial festivity of Phillips Academy, need not be reminded of the change in Andover which is manifested by the fact that a production of that kind, ridiculing the most sacred words of the Nicene Creed, could be delivered before the faculty and alumni of that former

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stronghold of orthodoxy. Dr. Park's discourse on Dr. Woods, pronounced in the chapel of the seminary, is an equally singular and significant phenomenon in the eyes of those who remember the ancient Andover under Dr. Porter's reign, although, of course, there is no resemblance between these two productions, except the negative one of contrariety to old Andover ideas. It is a patent fact that Andover is almost as wavering and unsettled as New Haven. We do not think that even Princeton is altogether firm. Calvinistic orthodoxy! your day is over, your parables are ended. It is in vain that some who cling to the obsolete pretend to ignore the fact at which they inwardly tremble. Two opposite currents tend, one toward rationalism and the New Christianity, the other toward the Catholic Church.

Dr. Leonard Woods, Jr., followed this second direction, but his movement was as a hyperbolic asymptote, and seemed ever approaching without ever reaching the truth. Dr. Park observes a discreet reticence on this mystery in Dr. Woods' career. Mr. Everett, who is a Unitarian and therefore more untrammelled in his speech, in his Bowdoin discourse throws a little more light on it, but still leaves us in the dark as to what Dr. Woods' theoretical justification of his position midway between Catholicity and Protestantism may have been. The enigma is easily solved by the supposition that he had not the courage of his convictions. But, not having had any personal communication with Dr. Woods since the time that he went as professor to Bangor, we do not feel competent to add anything to what is said by his latest friends and confidants, and prefer to leave what is mysterious in his belief, opinions, and conduct just where they leave it, without any explanation. The severe afflictions and sufferings of his later years are, in our eyes, a sign of the grace and mercy of God towards him. His soul was shut out from communion with every being but God, and what passed in that soul is a deeper mystery than the other. He died repeating the child's prayer, "Now I lay me down to sleep," and we pray that God may grant that prayer and give to his soul eternal repose with the just.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD PIONEER. By Peter H. Burnett (the first Governor of California). New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1880.

The adventurous life of the frontiersman, the long and perilous march of the emigrant train across the plains, the rush to new fields of exploration, are things of the past.

The Western settlers of to-day travel for the most part in comfortable railroad carriages to their destination. From the very first they are surrounded by the appliances of civilization; they have few of the discomforts and none of the dangers of the generation that preceded them. Their lot is a far easier one, but it is also far less interesting. There is a charm of romance about the life of a pioneer of the past generation compared to which the present existence of a settler on the frontier is tame and monotonous. If there be an heroic age in American history it was the age of the early pioneers, and those adventurous spirits who forty years ago crossed the Missouri River and passed through three thousand miles of unexplored country to the Pacific were its heroes.

One of these old pioneers has now given us his recollections of those times and events, and, though written in the most matter-of-fact style, his narrative is full of interest.

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Mr. Burnett was born in Tennessee, and at an early age removed with his family to Clay Co., Missouri, then one of the last outposts of civilization. His account of the struggles and vicissitudes of frontier-life in the Southwest is very entertaining. Lawyers will be particularly interested in reading his reminiscences of the Missouri bar, of which he was a member in its most primitive state. His legal relations with Joseph Smith and other Mormon elders, and his estimate of them, are matters of general interest.

Though successful in his profession, and rising into prominence, Mr. Burnett in 1843 determined to emigrate to Oregon, and, as he himself tells us, for three reasons: first, to assist in planting an American colony on the Pacific; second, to restore the failing health of his wife; and, third, to pay his business debts. The journey occupied five months. The pleasures and hardships, the hopes and fears, of that momentous trip are briefly but graphically related in chapters iii., iv., v. Of the three objects he had in view, the first two at least were happily accomplished in a few years after his arrival on the Pacific slope.

Oregon at this period was disputed territory. Both the English and American governments claimed it, and the Hudson Bay Co. occupied it. Mr. Burnett foresaw that if a considerable number of American citizens settled in it the territory would have to be ceded to the United States; and so it proved. His intelligence and patriotism had much to do with securing for us this magnificent State. Mrs. Burnett, too, entirely regained her health in that genial clime. And although Mr. Burnett did not gain wealth in Oregon, he there gained the pearl which is above all price—the light of Catholic faith. The reasons that led to his conversion he has already given to the world in his admirable book, *The Path which led a Protestant Lawyer to the Catholic Church.*

The news of the discovery of gold in California reached Oregon in 1848, and Mr. Burnett at once determined to seek in the gold-fields the means, so long desired, of liquidating his debts. His description of the journey from the Columbia River to the Sacramento Valley is delightful reading. He did not remain long in the mines, however. He soon turned to the more congenial pursuit of the practice of the law. From this time his success in life was brilliant. He became one of the leading lawyers of the State, judge of the Supreme Court, and first governor of California. Here surely were successes and honors enough to satisfy a man of far greater ambition than upright, simple, unostentatious Judge Burnett.

No one, we think, will read this autobiography who will not feel a genuine admiration for the fine intellect, the sound judgment, the truthful mind, and the honest heart of its author. Few men have had a more varied experience in life than he, and fewer still have been as competent to profit by that experience. And now, when at the age of threescore years and ten he gives us his opinions of men and things, he may well command our attention.

BLANID. By Robert D. Joyce, author of *Deirdre.* Boston: Roberts Bros. 1879.

No one who has read *Deirdre* and will read *Blanid* can doubt that Dr. Joyce is a poet "to the manner born." He has a fine imagination and excellent descriptive powers. His verses have an easy and rhythmical flow.

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It requires genuine skill, if not inspiration, to carry the reader unwearied through a poem of two hundred and fifty pages, yet Dr. Joyce does this and a great deal more. Like its predecessor, *Deirdre*, *Blanid* is founded on one of those old Celtic legends with which the author is so familiar, and which he knows so well how to weave into the measure of his tuneful verse.

Blanid—Blossom Bright—the daughter of the king of the Isle of Man, has many suitors among the princes of Europe, but disdains them all until she meets Cuchullen, who proves to be the son of her father's mortal enemy. The recital of their mutual love and its tragical ending form the theme, which the space allowed to this short *critique* will not permit us to develop more fully. The tale is well told, the versification melodious and smooth, and at times full of fire or of tenderness. The poem contains many beautiful descriptive passages, and there are several very musical bits of song scattered through its pages.

In our opinion the dedicatory verses are among the best in the volume —much better than the concluding ones, which seem rather hurried and abrupt. A certain hastiness of execution all through, with an occasional infelicity in the choice of words, are faults that mar the beauty of the poem. Admirers of *Deirdre* will not be disappointed in *Blanid*, and those who make first acquaintance with the poet through the medium of his latest work will, if we mistake not, seek still further to improve their opportunities.

ARD RIGH DEIGHIONACH NA TEAMHRACH, SGEUL AIR EIRINN ANNS AN SEISEADH AOIS. The Last Monarch of Tara: a tale of Ireland in the Sixth Century. By Eblana. Revised and corrected by the Very Rev. U. J. Canon Bourke, M.R.I.A. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son, 50 Upper Sackville Street. 1880. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

Respectable and fairly intelligent people are still to be met who do not know that for a considerable period of time during the early part of the middle ages Ireland was the sanctuary, and almost the only sanctuary, for European learning. True, this fact has been often enough asserted, but it has generally been so bound up in wreaths of shamrocks, lit up by "sunbursts," and accompanied with all the other stock paraphernalia of Irish spread-eagleism that it has not met the attention it naturally deserves from an historical point of view. That the Irish had a very ancient language of their own, and that they had some schools of merit while England and France were still in a semi-barbarous state, and while Germany was still wholly barbarous, even the most invidious English writers have always admitted. For it could not be forgotten that several of the Carlovingian kings of France, and the great Alfred of England himself, had gone to Ireland for their education. Yet the admission was grudgingly made; for how could a country which not a century ago ranked among the lowest of European states in point of average intelligence and education, have ever been remarkable as the home of learning and the delight of scholars? True, the same question might have been asked about Greece; but then Greece had at least preserved its language, though in a corrupt form, while the Irish, as a people, had pretty generally lost the use of their native tongue. Not only that, but it was known to be a fact that many Irish who could speak the ancient language were so much ashamed of it that they were accus-

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tomed among foreigners to deny any knowledge of it. If they had ever been a learned, scholarly nation where were the remains of their ancient learning? If these remains existed why were the people ashamed of a language that had once been the medium of this learning? Of course the answer on the Irish side is easy enough. One of the many unfortunate results of the almost continuous wars that have desolated their land for centuries has been the destruction of vast quantities of books and manuscripts that, with our modern facilities of printing, would easily have made the reputation of any nation for scholarship. But happily all have not been destroyed. Great numbers of manuscripts still remain scattered through the various libraries of the Continent and of England. The library of Dublin University contains more than a thousand volumes of MSS. in Gaelic that have not yet been translated. It is only within comparatively a few years, and mainly through the exertions of German, French, and Italian scholars, that these ancient works have been brought again to public attention and placed within the reach of the learned world. Germans especially have done a great deal towards the resuscitation of the old Gaelic language, and consequently towards the diffusion of knowledge concerning the works of those indefatigable old Irish monks who, not satisfied with turning Ireland almost into a vast monastery and university, carried their headlong enthusiasm for religion and learning all over the accessible parts of Europe, from Italy to Iceland. Before the tenth century came to an end Irish monks had founded twelve monasteries in England, thirteen in Scotland, forty-eight in the various kingdoms and duchies of France, nine in Belgium, six in Italy, and twenty or more in Switzerland besides many in the southern provinces of Germany. One hundred and fifty Irish saints, of whom thirty-six were martyrs, are patrons of churches in Germany alone; Italy has thirteen Irish patron saints, and England forty-four.

Now, a nation that could have shown so active an intellectual life during a period when crass darkness was settling over the face of nearly all the rest of Europe is surely deserving of study during that brilliant and, alas! it must be said, almost only brilliant period of its very long and eventful career. Histories of Ireland have never been very scarce, but for the most part they have been written in so unsystematic a way, they have so sadly mixed fact with fiction, and they have so habitually combined blatant boasting with whining complaint, as to disgust or repel serious readers.

The Last Monarch of Tara is an attempt in the form of fiction to convey a vivid idea of the Irish and the Irish way of living in the sixth century. The author, who is a lady, says of the book in her preface:

"The subject itself; the events recorded; all the principal personages; the religious, literary, civil, and military institutions in all their details; the manners and customs of all classes of the people; their houses, furniture, dress, ornaments, and everything which they used—all these things need no apology; they are all of strict historical accuracy, and in proof of this she refers her readers to the various authorities which she has consulted in the compilation of this little work."

She has certainly been very industrious in her researches. The book is no doubt a trustworthy manual for the subjects named in the above extract from her preface; but many of the long-winded discourses might have been left out with advantage, first of all because they throw no light on the real history of the time, and then because they are extremely tiresome and will

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scarcely ever be read by any of the readers of the book other than conscientious critics. It is altogether incongruous to put what might have been the sentiments of O'Connell, say, into the mouth of a fighting chief of independent Erin. Barring the fustian—if we may be excused the expression—the book is exceedingly interesting, and with a good index would be almost indispensable to the student of Irish antiquities.

OUR COMMON SCHOOL SYSTEM. By Gail Hamilton. One vol. 12mo. Boston: Estes & Lauriat. 1880.

This volume deals with the present condition of the state school system. It is not meant to be a discussion of the *school question*, although the facts presented show the deplorable condition of the New England schools, and will go far to justify the opponents of the present régime.

That the state has an exclusive right to control the education of children is taken for granted, but the methods by which those in control of the school funds have departed from the original design of the advocates of state schools, and turned the taxes levied for primary instruction into the channels of higher education, are violently assailed, the authoress not even hesitating to state that normal schools and kindred institutions are injurious to the growth of free citizens and fatal to the prosperity of the republic.

The basis of her argument against the higher education is that the free common school is to qualify the whole body of citizens for the performance of every duty that may fall to them by reason of their citizenship. The high and industrial schools fit the few for special occupations in life, consequently the school funds are unlawfully burdened with the cost of giving valuable advantages to the few at the expense of the whole community. How costly these advantages are may be judged from the fact that one-sixth of the money paid for instruction in Boston goes for the support of schools which only one pupil out of twenty-two ever enters.

But the financial view does not absorb all of Gail Hamilton's attention. She shows that although the common schools have failed to prepare children for the active duties of life, the supplementary institutions of learning have as plainly failed to better the condition of affairs. After crushing out schools of a high grade established and conducted by private enterprise, the new ones turn out graduates whose only reason for seeking the benefits of the higher education was its cheapness and novelty, and who insist on being supplied with employment at public expense. To control places for them the managers of the educational machine seized, or are seizing, the patronage afforded by the common schools, and we may now see the fruits of the sacrifice the American people have made for education. Their common schools have been manipulated into mere feeders for the normal and high schools, and the primary schools have been turned into houses of refuge for the beneficiaries of the higher education.

The arguments against the establishment of industrial schools are sharp and decisive, but the authoress allows herself to say so many witty things that attention is drawn from the main points, and little good will come of her efforts. The influence of the common schools has been to unfit those subjected to their processes and influences for ordinary occupations. They will not submit themselves to apprenticeship, and so lose all chance of get-

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ting a living by mechanical employments. How to obtain skilled labor is now a problem with capitalists for the solution of which they and not the public at large should pay. This, at least, is her conclusion.

Had the authoress brought the work to a close with the fourth chapter, her effort might have accomplished something. Twelve additional papers are inserted, each bristling with sharp points against *forms of blanks, examination under the microscope, supervision*, and kindred subjects, which make the volume tedious, and in the end the reader can hardly help taking sides with the unlucky committee-men who stirred up the wrath of this caustic critic.

After patiently reading all that she has to say, we feel that she cared more for making a startling book than for an earnest attempt to lop off excrescences from the education plant and return to the common-school system of the founders of this country—"whose schools were, in fact, more like the parochial schools of the Roman Catholics, of which we disapprove, than like the actual public schools which we have established."

From the statement just quoted we are led to believe that Gail Hamilton is aware that there are appearing on all sides parochial schools instituted for the specific purpose of giving a common school education without cutting off the child from religious influences; and that they accomplish their purpose at a less cost than the cumbrous machines into which the state schools have grown.

THE STONELEIGHS OF STONELEIGH, AND OTHER TALES. By the author of *Tyborne, Dame Dolores*, etc. London: Burns & Oates. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

Besides "The Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh" this volume contains "The Feast of Flowers" and "A Pearl in Dark Waters." All three of these illustrate the struggle for the enjoyment of their commonest rights to which Catholics were, and are even yet, too often subjected in England. Yet these are not controversial tales, so-called, nor are they filled with the stiff and tiresome moral reflections so common to fiction written with a religious purpose. The first two are stories of to-day. "The Feast of Flowers" is a touching and charming little tale, and has withal an air of reality. "A Pearl in Dark Waters" has considerable dramatic force. Its scene, like that of the other two stories, is in England, but during the bitter period for Catholics when Puritanism hatched the frightful Popish Plot, that made martyrs of so many holy, unoffending men and women. The various characters are skilfully drawn. The time-serving Catholics who believed, yet disguised their faith from fear of the malice that watched them, and those other warm and devoted souls that displayed the harmlessness of doves if not the wisdom of serpents, are well contrasted. Not the least interesting personage in the story, which is in part founded on historical facts, is Father Colombière himself, the saintly confessor to the gentle Mary Beatrice, wife of the Duke of York. The "Stoneleighs of Stoneleigh" skilfully depicts the trials which many converts to the Catholic Church in England have to undergo among their relatives and former friends. The young French-Canadian girl who is the principal heroine is a sweet being; her combined force of will and gentleness of manner are no more than we occasionally observe in the sex, but these qualities are here enhanced by the noble cause in which

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they are displayed. The Stoneleighs themselves are a very commonplace lot, and appear all the more so by comparison with their foreign relative. The plot of the story is effective, and, though to our mind it is inferior to either of the two that follow it, "The Stoneleighs" will nevertheless repay the reader for the time given to it. Whether the lesson will profit the class it is intended for we cannot say.

ANCIENT ROME, AND ITS CONNECTION WITH THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. An Outline of the History of the City from its first foundation by Romulus (B.C. 753) down to the erection of the Chair of St. Peter in the Ostrian Cemetery (A.D. 42–47). By the Rev. Henry Formby. Containing numerous illustrations in wood-engraving of the ancient monuments, sculpture, coinage, and localities connected with the history of the city, with the addition of a series of engravings illustrating the formation and the antiquities of the Christian Catacombs. Royal 4to, pp. xviii.–446. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

In this magnificent book—which, by the way, must be a joy to the eyes of all who love fine book-making—Father Formby develops his favorite idea that the Gentile nations of antiquity, and especially Rome, preserved the tradition of the one true God. "The Gentile world," he says, "and its religion were not the enemy of Christ and his Gospel, but the sick man waiting for the coming of his Physician." This he shows by an analysis of the religious notions of the Romans as compared with the belief and practices of the Hebrews. On this particular point, too, he quotes the remarkable brief of Leo XIII. to MM. Bonetty and Perny, August 12, 1878, in which the Holy Father takes the same ground. The work before us, which is but the first volume of a series, deserves an extended review. Our only object now is to call attention to this monument of learning and industry.

TWENTY-EIGHTH, TWENTY-NINTH, THIRTIETH, AND THIRTY-FIRST ANNUAL REPORTS OF THE NEW YORK STATE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. By the Regents of the University of the State of New York. Albany. 1878–79.

These volumes contain a number of valuable scientific papers in the departments of botany, geology, and entomology. Many of them possess also a popular interest, and several are of considerable immediate practical importance. The reports also contain an account of the state of the museum, and of the contributions which are continually made to it. It is at present in a very satisfactory condition, and is constantly improving and becoming more than ever a credit to the State, as well as to its learned director and to all those concerned in its care and arrangement.

SKETCHES OF THE LIVES OF DOMINICAN SAINTS OF OLDEN TIMES. By M. K. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. 1880. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

This beautiful and tasteful volume of "simple sketches," the author states, is only intended for "simple people who, perhaps living near a Dominican friary, would like to know something about the saints whose feasts they see so joyfully celebrated by the children who are the descendants of the Dominican saints of olden times."

The Dominican Order can lay claim to a most glorious list of saints whose exalted virtue and deep science have shed lustre on the world for the past six hundred years; and consequently a work of this kind, though

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merely containing short sketches of eminent and saintly members of the order, cannot fail to be interesting and instructive.

JACQUES MARQUETTE ET LA DECOUVERTE DE LA VALLEE DU MISSISSIPPI. Par le P. J. Brucker, de la Compagnie de Jésus. Lyon: Imprimerie Pitrat ainé. 1880. Extrait des *Etudes Religeuses*. (Pamphlet.)

The above is a reprint of an article that appeared not long since in the *Etudes Religeuses*. It was called forth by the publication of a lecture delivered by M. Gravier at the reunion of a geographical society at Luxembourg in 1877. M. Gravier had thought to lend additional glory to his own city of Rouen by an attempt to prove that the honor of having first discovered the Mississippi River belonged not to Marquette and Joliet, but to La Salle, who also was a native of Rouen. But M. Gravier's zeal for the glory of his beloved city is greater than his care for historical accuracy, as Père Brucker well shows; for the documents relied on by M. Gravier to prove La Salle's right to the honor had already been examined by Mr. Shea and by Mr. Parkman, and both of these eminent authorities had pronounced in favor of Marquette. Father Marquette, along with Joliet, set out from Pointe St. Ignace in May, 1673. Crossing Lake Michigan and ascending the Fox River, they reached the head-waters of the Wisconsin by a portage; and descending that river to its mouth, they entered the Mississippi on the 17th of June, after about four weeks' journeying. They then continued down the Mississippi to about latitude 33°. La Salle, on the other hand, who had already explored the Ohio River, probably as far west as the falls at Louisville, made a voyage in 1679–80 in company with the Franciscan friar Hennepin, in which Hennepin explored a part of the Mississippi north of the mouth of the Illinois. La Salle began another more successful attempt in 1681, and, following the course of the Illinois River, reached the Mississippi on the 6th of February, 1682. The energetic Norman kept his course down the mighty river to its mouths, which he reached on the 6th of April, two months after leaving the Illinois.

De Soto had entered the Mississippi at its mouth, and had ascended it as far as the mouth of the Missouri as early as 1542, the year of his death; but it was undoubtedly the voyage that Marquette and Joliet made in 1673 down the river to the country of the Arkansas which for the first time established the real course of the Mississippi. This was six years before La Salle's party first reached the river.

THE PASSION PLAY OF OBER-AMMERGAU IN THE SUMMER OF 1871. By the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D. Fourth edition. London: Burns & Oates. 1880. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

As this is the year for the world-famous Passion Play, to the many who would wish to witness it, and yet have neither the means nor the opportunity, this will be a welcome book. It is deeply interesting, extremely graphic, and very edifying. Although the author went to Ober-Ammergau prejudiced against the play, yet he confesses that no sooner had it commenced than all his prejudices vanished: "It become at once manifest that a spirit of deep religious reverence pervaded the performance, and that with this was combined a degree of artistic taste which could not fail to win the respect and admiration of every cultivated mind." This seems to be the general sentiment of all who have witnessed it.

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IS IT CANOSSA?

PRINCE BISMARCK'S long-pending negotiations with Rome to bring about what he termed a *modus vivendi* between the Prussian government and its Catholic subjects have been brusquely broken off. The Chancellor and the Vatican have been unable to come to an agreement. The position of Prussian Catholics and the government's relations towards them had become intolerable. The contest proved to be one from which the government reaped little honor and less profit. Prince Bismarck seems to have become convinced of this some time back. He even took occasion to disavow the authorship of the May Laws, which created the Catholic disabilities in Prussia and to some extent in Germany. Nevertheless, his full sanction was undoubtedly given to the elaborate scheme of persecution which originated in the mind of Dr. Falk. The result was that the May Laws, which set Catholics, as Catholics, under the ban of the empire and of Prussia, were passed. What Prince Bismarck hoped to effect by them matters little now; they have gone into history for judgment. What concerns men more at present is that the German chancellor, having fully tried his experiment with the Catholic Church, became convinced that it was a failure, and wished to withdraw it with as good grace as possible. It was not because he came to love Catholics more from the strenuous and, to him, unexpected opposition he encountered from them. Quite the contrary. He had created immense difficulties for them and wrought to the church in Germany great material damage. Nothing but an invincible force could have withstood the tremendous influence he brought to bear on Catholic life in Germany, if not to quench

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it altogether, at least to turn it aside from the spiritual allegiance and discipline that constitute its boundaries and safeguards. He has since found that the difficulties he created recoiled upon his government. Their most ostensible and, to him, remarkable outcome was the creation of a great political party, that steadily grew in power and strength, and was steadfastly arrayed in legal opposition to the government that was arrayed against those whom it represented. That was something that no statesman could afford to undeceive himself about or affect to ignore. A government must be carried on; and a government like Prince Bismarck's, that for several years past has been actually in a minority, and only gained a scratch majority to pass its measures, is a very uncomfortable source of power to a prime minister, as well as an irksome burden to the country. It can be consoling to no statesman, least of all to a man of Prince Bismarck's temper and remarkable achievements, to find steadily leagued against him the majority of the representatives of the German people. And the centre of that majority, or, as he recently expressed it, the impregnable fortress around which all the floating elements of opposition range themselves, is to-day the Catholic party in the German Reichstag, a party equally strong in the Prussian Diet. Political prudence, if no higher reason, would suggest that it was worth while to come to terms with such a party. Accordingly, we find Prince Bismarck, even in the reign of Pius IX., opening negotiations towards a return to a truce, if not to a peace. These were carried on with renewed vigor after the accession of Leo XIII. to the papal chair, and were only broken off this May.

Prince Bismarck, for reasons that will appear, gave up the diplomatic contest with Rome as hopeless, and attempted to cut the Gordian knot by appealing directly to the German people. He introduced into the Prussian Diet a new Ecclesiastical Bill, vesting in the government discretionary powers to exercise or not the May Laws at its own option, and involving material changes in those laws. The bill was referred to a select committee, about a third of which consisted of Catholics, and after deliberation was rejected as a whole, the Catholics voting with the majority. It was then referred back to the Diet, only to be again rejected piecemeal, at present writing. The bill as it stands satisfies nobody, save the devoted adherents of Prince Bismarck, consisting chiefly of the Conservatives, who seem content to be satisfied with anything their chief imposes on them. Thus Prince Bismarck's gift has been rejected, and what he would regard as his kind offices thrown back to him as worthless. The

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Catholics will not have his bill, the Liberals do not like it, yet the chancellor seems resolved on pressing it through.

A flood of light has been thrown on the negotiations with the Vatican by Prince Bismarck himself. On the eve of the presentation of his bill in the Prussian Landtag he caused to be published in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* a portion of the correspondence carried on between him, through the medium of Prince Reuss, the imperial ambassador at Vienna, and Mgr. Jacobini, the papal pro-nuncio, who was commissioned by the Holy See to treat with Prince Bismarck, having been appointed to succeed Mgr. Massella in that office. This action of the prince was undoubtedly intended to influence public opinion in his favor. The publication was followed by others, showing chiefly the chancellor's action in the matter, Mgr. Jacobini's replies being briefly summarized or altogether suppressed. Nevertheless, there is quite enough to go upon so as to form a judgment, from his own statement of the case, of the motives that induced Prince Bismarck to seek a reconciliation with Rome. His letters, taken in connection with the debates on his bill in Parliament and the comments of unbiassed critics, form a most instructive and valuable study in contemporary history on one of the most remarkable struggles between church and state.

It may be as well to say here that in asking "Is this Canossa?" nothing in any sense offensive is intended, still less of exultation. There is little to exult in in the present deplorable condition of the Catholic Church in Germany, a condition that Prince Bismarck avers has moved himself to pity. There is, to be sure, much matter for exultation in the noble stand made by the German Catholics through all this bitter struggle in defence of their religious rights and civil liberties, which are none other than the rights and liberties of all freemen; but it is deeper matter for regret that such true men and loyal citizens of the state should have been put to so cruel and severe a test. What Catholic can exult, even in face of such a spectacle of calm and patriotic endurance, at that other spectacle—the vineyard of the Lord laid waste and bare, the priests and bishops scattered or dead, the charitable and pious congregations broken up and their work destroyed, the seminaries and educational establishments closed, the altars of God in numberless instances unserved, and the Living Sacrifice, which is the centre of Catholic life, unoffered for lack of ministers to offer it? Such is the situation of the church in Germany to-day, and there is no need to doubt Prince Bismarck's good faith when he declares that he looks with compunction at

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the ruin he has wrought. No man with a heart could help feeling shame and sorrow at the wasted spiritual life of a people. It can do no man good to stop the honest work of honest men and vainly strive to root out the deep religious convictions of millions of Christian people. The conflict between church and state is always to be deplored. No Catholic can ever make the inhuman mistake of entering on such a struggle "with a light heart." In the issue, as all history testifies, the church invariably comes uppermost, for policies, and dynasties, and states even, change, or disappear, or die out; but God's church is eternal, universal, and can afford to wait on its God. Meanwhile great damage is done to both sides. Good works are broken up and thrown back many years, many souls are probably lost, and bitter strife and ill-feeling come in to poison peaceful civil life. The work of the church is peace. It seeks no strife with rulers, and only enters on strife when the direst necessity compels it. No Catholic wishes to be arrayed against the government of his country, and the fiction of a "divided allegiance" is sufficiently exposed by Prince Bismarck's present action, whatever may be the outcome of that action.

Canossa is not our word, but Prince Bismarck's own expression, with which he fired the anti-Catholic heart of Germany shortly after entering on his self-imposed conflict with Rome and with the Catholic subjects of Germany. "We will not go to Canossa," he thundered, and the phrase went ringing round the world as the highest expression of German patriotism and political wisdom. It was caught up and applauded by all enemies of the church, and yet it was the hollowest kind of rhetorical trick uttered by such a man at such a time. Nobody asked him to go to Canossa or dreamt of his going there. As for the German Catholics, they simply wanted to be let alone as they already stood under the Prussian constitution, and it is to that state they wish to return. As for Pius IX., he certainly never dreamed of anything so foolish as inviting either Prince Bismarck or the Emperor William to do penance at Canossa. He had no quarrel with them until it was forced on him. He was not in the habit of advising Protestant governments as to their course of action. He had Catholic truth to maintain and guard, and he confined himself to that task. At the time of Prince Bismarck's defiant utterance Pius IX. did not possess a foot of territory or a single soldier. This was the pontiff whom Prince Bismarck, at the head of the mightiest empire in Europe, affected to regard as

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summoning him to bend the knee at Canossa. The phrase had its significance and brought its own revenge.

Canossa in Prince Bismarck's mouth professed to mean the complete subjection of the state to the church. Canossa never meant that even in the religio-political age when it was erected into a landmark in history, and when the Pope was a recognized political power and leader in European politics. The Catholic Church never demanded the complete submission of the state to the church even in Catholic days, as it never demanded it under the old paganism, nor demands it under the new. From Peter down it inculcates obedience to the powers that be, but it urges on those powers justice, the justice of Christ, nothing more. If to recognize this justice, which embodies the completest lawful human liberty, be to go to Canossa, then let the phrase stand, for to Canossa all governments must go at last, if they would have rest and peace. It is to this Prince Bismarck is now turning after being "weary—weary to death," as he said in the Reichstag, of the interminable struggle with the representatives of the German people. He declared just before the closing of the last session of the Reichstag that "the continued existence of the empire is at stake," and that he only retained office by the express will of the Emperor. At the same time he advised the deputies that if they must have a new government they had better form it from the clerical and conservative parties.

Prince Bismarck has reason to be tired to death, for it has long been sufficiently manifest that Germany is weary of his rule, and is fast losing that sense of personal reverence and belief in his political infallibility that for a time possessed it. "The whole German press," says the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, certainly not an enemy of Prince Bismarck, "is still discussing the result of the last Parliamentary campaign, and is almost unanimous in the statement that all parties are very dissatisfied with the position of home affairs. Even the most ardent admirers and friends of Prince Bismarck dare not defend the measures of the government. Everybody wishes, indeed, earnestly that the political and economical situation might be somewhat improved. . . . On the whole, it may be confidently stated that all parties are convinced that the present composition of Parliament is in no way expedient, and that the Government will be obliged to make an appeal to the people." It is probably this harassing situation of affairs that caused Prince Bismarck to be more instant in his advances to the Centre party, which he has

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publicly testified is now the most compact, resolute, best-disciplined, and formidable in the Reichstag.

Previous to his delivery of the speech mentioned, Prince Bismarck had been very open and constant in his hints regarding the negotiations with Rome. The official press was full of inspired rumors; the prince himself openly discussed the matter at his *soirées*, where he is now accustomed to deliver himself instead of in the Reichstag, as formerly. "We will lay down our weapons in the fencing-school," he declared on one of these occasions (May 4), "but give them up we will not. We believe that now we shall soon have peace, but the time may shortly return when we may want our weapons again." In this declaration lies the gist of the whole matter—the scope of the concessions to be granted by Prince Bismarck and their extremely uncertain nature and tenure. It was to be an armed truce with the Catholics, not a treaty of peace, though he expected them to act as though it were a peace, and was astonished and mortified at their lack of readiness to accept what he doubtless considers his generous concessions.

Later on came another version, thus given by the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, who is the best-informed writer as to Bismarck's plans and policy known in the English press: "Almost all the papers are discussing a communication inspired by the government, in which it is once more stated that Prince Bismarck wished to notify to the Parliament that he is, indeed, willing to conclude peace with the Pope, but at the same time is determined to wage a very rude war with the Centre party." He goes on to describe the complexion of the various parties, and concludes: "Mistrust towards the government prevails in all quarters, and although the National-Liberals, under the leadership of Herr Von Bennigsen, are ready once more to support Prince Bismarck, no success can be expected before the latter gives the sincerest proofs that he will strictly observe the constitutional rights of the Parliament." Thus it will be seen that the struggle is from first to last a purely political one, in which the Catholic complexion of the Centre party is a mere accident. The Catholics are not the only or the most determined opponents of Prince Bismarck's policy. It is not so much the existence of the German empire that is at stake as the existence of Prince Bismarck's method of government.

Meanwhile the new Ecclesiastical Bill was being formulated, and Prince Bismarck himself is understood to claim the authorship of it. It contains one great vice: insecurity of tenure.

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This surpasses even its incompleteness from a Catholic standpoint. It unquestionably provides nominally for many important concessions that would be a great boon to Catholics in their present distressed condition in Prussia, but it carefully stops at the provision. There is no guarantee that the concessions would be general, or continuous, or even that they come into act at all. Is it not reasonable for men to ask themselves, If the government is in good faith in this matter, why stop so very short—why stop at all? For all we are assured to the contrary, they may never go beyond the formality of the bill. If the government, argue the Centre, is anxious to relieve us of our disabilities, let it do so honestly and we will give it our hearty support. But it simply says to us: "Gentlemen, we will not hang you; but for fear of future accidents we will keep the halter round your necks." That is Prince Bismarck's bill, which the Catholics rightly reject. "It has come," says the London *Times*, commenting editorially on the chancellor's avowal that "the continued existence of the empire was at stake"—"it has come to be understood that, from the point of view of a desire for unity, the excesses of the *Culturkampf* were a mistake, and the practical question has arisen how the mistake can be corrected with the least appearance of an abandonment of error." Practical men, who understand representative government, which that of Germany claims to be, and the demands of freedom, will determine whether Prince Bismarck has in the present instance hit upon the happy method of solving the difficulty.

"The government," says the *Times* correspondent, "has, indeed, explained the necessity of this bill only by the fact that the views of the church struggle have been changed during the last few years, and that the cabinet seems to be bound to agree to the wishes of the Catholic population." It is needless to point out here that the wishes of the Catholic population have been the same from first to last in this struggle, and proclaimed without the slightest attempt at concealment, so that there can have been no difficulty on the part of the government of arriving at a clear comprehension of their views. There has certainly been no change of view on the part of the Catholic population. "The Progressist organs," he continues, "have taken quite another view of the subject, saying that the Centre party will neither be terrified nor conquered by the bill," wherein the Progressist organs displayed their nice discrimination and just appreciation of the actual situation. "The May Laws," according to the Progressists, "have brought a very splendid triumph to the Clericals, for they have

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been regarded as martyrs by the Catholic people at large, and they have at the same time gained the power to have controlled by their deputies the political votes in the Parliament." Herein lies the secret of the change in the government's attitude, as will be seen when we come to the divulged correspondence. The writer represents, as the subsequent facts showed, that both Progressists and Catholics would unite against the bill. "The Ultramontanes . . . will certainly demand the total abolition of the May Laws, which have never been acknowledged by them. The Progressist party is of the same opinion. Though they have never been well contented with the May Laws, they do not wish to give to the government such discretionary powers, by which Prince Bismarck would be able to make use or not of the laws as he might think profitable for his own political plans. The bill is at the same time regarded by the Progressist press as the severest defeat the government has as yet undergone"—a defeat self-inflicted and self-invited. The Conservative organs, on the other hand, were hopeful that the bill would be passed, "in order to restore peace between church and state for the welfare of the German empire"—a significant admission!

Well, we have travelled far on the road to Canossa since Dr. Falk, while still Minister of Public Worship, declared that under no consideration whatever could a revision of the May Laws be allowed, a declaration that was reiterated and confirmed by his Protestant successor, Herr Von Puttkamer. While the discussion regarding the new bill was thus going on in the press an election at Reutlingen, in Würtemberg, returned a Democratic candidate by a large majority over an Imperialist, and a Catholic was returned by a still larger majority over a Liberal at Passau, in Bavaria. This was not without significance at the moment. At the same time the Pope notified Cardinal Jacobini that he disapproved of the purely optional character of Prince Bismarck's bill, which left the church just as much at his mercy as ever. A short time previously an immense Catholic gathering, numbering nearly twenty thousand persons, comprising many noblemen and Catholic leaders, had assembled at Dortmund, Westphalia, and by their resolutions ratified the attitude of the Centre party in the Reichstag. They passed other resolutions of an eminently practical, manly, and liberal spirit regarding the rights of Catholics, the responsibility of ministers, the system of elections, the freedom of the press and of political meetings, and the question of education.

The intimation of the Pope's disapproval seems to have been the final blow to Prince Bismarck. On the eve of the presenta-

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tion of the bill in the Prussian Diet appeared his selections from the correspondence between himself and the pro-nuncio in the *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. The publications comprised despatches from Prince Bismarck to Prince Reuss, the imperial ambassador at Vienna, who was made the medium of communication between the Prussian government and the pro-nuncio, Mgr. Jacobini, on behalf of the Pope, there being no German representative at the Vatican. The *Zeitung*, which is an official paper, set forth the reasons for the publication of the despatches, as "simply intended to dispel doubts and erroneous impressions in Prussian Parliamentary circles as to the genesis of the Ecclesiastical Laws Amendment Bill now before the Landtag." The *Times* correspondent, who gave them to his journal in English, added that it could scarcely be doubted that Prince Bismarck by this move hoped to gain over the allegiance of the Liberals to the bill, as "showing them that, all concessions notwithstanding, he is still as determined as before never to go to Canossa." Let us see.

The "inexorable chancellor," as the correspondent delights to call him, sets out by stating: "If it has been believed that we would not only disarm but also destroy our legislative weapons, we have been credited with a piece of great foolishness, to which I have never given occasion by any one utterance of mine." In that case it would seem useless to have entered on the negotiations at all; but Prince Bismarck explains himself. Mgr. Jacobini seems to have asked what guarantees were there for the good disposition of the state towards the church, suppose a change of government took place. The laws remained still standing. Prince Bismarck, who throughout looks solely for coercion by the Pope on the political action of the Centre party, asks what guarantee is there on his side, suppose a change of popes and the entry of "a more combative pope than Pius IX." The Pope simply offered "the prospect of conciliatory action" between the Centre party and the government, which was all he could well offer. Prospects, however, are poor comfort to Prince Bismarck, who wants a working majority in Parliament. "Of what avail to us," he asks, "is the theoretical partisanship of the Roman Curia against the Socialists when the Catholic faction in the country, simply declaring their resignation to the will of the Pope, do openly with their votes lend their aid to the Socialists and other subversive elements?" What he wants is the Catholic vote to enable him to pass his measures, and he asks the Pope to procure it for him in consideration of certain possible diminutions in the exercise of

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the May Laws. This is the man who started out in his war against the church by proclaiming that it was impossible for Catholics to obey the Pope and the civil government at the same time, and that, as "in the kingdom of this world the state has dominion and precedence," when spiritual faith or allegiance comes in conflict with its sway the faith and allegiance must yield. He has at length discovered his mistake, and now turns to the Pope to help him out of his difficulties. *O quantum mutatus ab illo!*

"A year ago," says Prince Bismarck, "when the Catholic party lent us their support in the customs questions, I came to believe in the earnestness of the papal spirit of concession, and in this belief I was encouraged to proceed with the negotiations which took place; but since then the Clericals, openly avowing themselves in the special service of the Pope, have assailed the government in the Landtag at all points." He cannot, or professes not to be able to, discriminate between Catholic spiritual allegiance to the Holy See and Catholic freedom of action in pure politics. He seems to regard the Catholic body as pledged to obey blindly whatever the Pope might see fit to indicate even outside of his spiritual authority as head of the church. He does not see that he is moving here in a vicious circle; for if he recognizes the Pope as all-powerful, should the Holy Father so choose, in his favor, he must concede the possibility of his being equally powerful on the other side, should he choose to array himself against the government. But the Pope's authority does not extend and is never pressed to matters of mere politics, outside of questions that intimately affect faith and public morals. For instance, in a question like that of divorce, or Christian marriage, or baptism, the Pope, as the head of the Catholic Church, would certainly have, and if need were exercise, authority over Catholics. But Prince Bismarck wishes him to extend this authority to "the railway scheme, the liquor retail tax law, the County Police Bill, and the Polish question," a proposition that to a Catholic is absurd and laughable. "In imperial policy also," the prince complains to the Pope, "and especially in questions like the military budget, the Socialist law, and the new tax bills, the Catholic party oppose us to a man." Really it looks as though Prince Bismarck asked the Pope to conduct in person the affairs of the German empire. "One word from the Pope," he says, "or the bishops" (whom he seems to forget he banished), "or even the most discreet dissuasive warning, would put a stop to this unnatural alliance of the Catholic nobility and the priests with the Socialists." There exists no such alliance;

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the Catholics only sided with the Socialists in matters that affected the liberty of all German citizens. The net of a principle necessarily embraces fish of divers kinds, and may not be broken for fear of the intrusion of an occasional shark.

The prince goes on to rail against the Catholic press, which, in Germany, may be said to have been created by the persecution. He is particularly angry with "the low-priced prints" which during the first years of the conflict "did all in their power to degrade the government of the king in the eyes of his subjects and bar its activity." This complaint comes with peculiar grace from the creator of the "reptile press" fund, and shows how strangely sensitive the man is to attacks from any quarter. He confesses that "the diminution of the clergy, the disappearance of the bishops, the decadence of the care of souls, fill us with the liveliest sympathy for our Catholic fellow-subjects, who are in this way abandoned by their pastors because the priests refuse to perform their functions from political motives barely intelligible to the laity." This is a mild manner of explaining away the imposition by the government of oaths on the clergy that it was impossible for them conscientiously to take. He repeats his statement that he never contemplated a revision or abrogation of the May Laws. "A return in principle to the legislation in force in 1840 has been declared to be acceptable, but a reversion to the state of things between that year and 1870 I always with great emphasis declined on the three or four occasions when that was demanded of us."

A second publication, or revelation rather, followed this, and even the correspondent of the London *Times* is constrained to concede that, "when all is said and done," the bill "may undoubtedly be construed, from the chancellor's own admission, as a decided step of a voluntary nature in the direction of Canossa." Cardinal Jacobini, in behalf of the Holy See, objected to the proposals that "the worst of the way now sought to be pursued by the Prussian government was the uncertainty wherein the church would remain, and the want of a guarantee for the good intentions of the imperial government. . . . The Pope must at least hold out to the faithful the hope of peace, of a *modus vivendi* founded on a legal basis being sooner or later obtained. . . . In Rome they would be content if, on the achievement of an understanding, the Prussian government on its part laid proposals for altering the May Laws before the Prussian Parliament." If this, which was surely not asking too much, were not conceded, Mgr. Jacobini, "from the dry tone of Cardinal Nina's latest de-

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spatch," seemed to fear that the Holy Chair would then feel itself bound to issue a declaration to the faithful in Prussia setting forth the reasons why the negotiations have led to nothing." Further despatches are given specifying the guarantees demanded by the Pope with regard to the status of the bishops and clergy in Prussia and the empire, which are all completely reasonable and absolutely necessary to the free exercise of their ecclesiastical office and functions. The nuncio was convinced that, as far as Prince Bismarck's concessions went, "the Catholic clergy would be *à la merci* of the government, there being in his opinion no security for the exercise of the sacred ministry," as it is plain there is not, beyond the whim or pleasure of the government. Prince Hohenlohe then comes on the scene, speaking for Prince Bismarck.

In his despatch he refers to the organization and tactics of the Centre party, and observes that "for ten long years the government has been confronted with a denial on the part of Rome of its exercising any influence on that fraction, which includes a considerable number of priests and is elected under sacerdotal pressure." It was this terrible fraction which "now destroyed all the chancellor's hopes of achieving an understanding with the Pope." He politely adds: "The assertion that the Roman Chair exercises no influence on the Centre meets with no belief here." Next the chancellor himself takes up the pen again, subsequent to the speech he made in the Reichstag, mentioned in the earlier portion of this article, wherein he assailed all parties in turn, but the Centre party most of all. In his despatch he reproduced the substance of the bitter reproaches he then made against the Centre. He wants to know whether the Pope has or has not the power or the will "to restrain its political adherents in Parliament from championing principles emphatically condemned by it"—referring to the Catholic opposition to the extension of the Anti-Socialist Law. He confesses that, in view of all these things, his hopes of a successful issue of the negotiations have been considerably dashed, but concludes: "Nevertheless, the imperial government, animated by the pacific mood in which it met the first advances of His Holiness, and penetrated by the sympathy it has always felt for the orphaned congregations, will hesitate no longer of its own initiative to lay before the Legislature such measures as are compatible with the inalienable rights of the state, and also according to its firm conviction, founded on the example of other countries, to render possible the restoration of a well-ordered diocesan administration and supply the ranks of a

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diminished priesthood." Hence the bill now under discussion in the Prussian Landtag.

As for the debates on the already half-rejected bill, it is profitless, in view of its rejection, to go at length into them. The chief interest attaches to what lay behind it and influenced Prince Bismarck in his remarkable change of front. Herr Von Puttkamer, the Minister of Public Worship, presented the bill to an extraordinarily crowded house, in a speech that closed with the declaration that the government "wanted peace with the Catholic Church, nor would they ever be able to answer to history and their conscience if they did not do all in their power to achieve this"! Dr. Falk replied in defence of the May Laws in a manner that may be easily imagined by those who have followed the thread of this controversy. Towards the close of his speech he deeply deplored "the prospect of a Clerico-Conservative ministry after the retirement of Prince Bismarck—willing, perhaps, to go to Canossa." Dr. Windthorst, the Catholic leader, whose wisdom, wit, profound patriotism, and perfect skill as a Parliamentary leader and debater have been chiefly instrumental in leading up the Catholic party to its present formidable position, spoke for the Catholics. He declared that his party would give no definite vote on the bill; that in discussing it they were not to be understood as compromising any of the church's rights, for without an understanding with the Holy Chair they could not agree to any ecclesiastical laws; that perfect peace was not to be attained before the state recognized and restored Catholics to the *status quo ante*. This, he said, was not to be reached all at once, but they had learned that very much was to be achieved by patience and perseverance. He stated, as we have stated, that in temporal affairs the Holy Father had nothing whatever to do with them. Did the chancellor, he asked, fancy that the Holy See, which existed for all states, would become the willing instrument of one? He repudiated the idea that the Centre party was merely a confessional party. "They stood up for the rights of all alike, the Jews not excepted." It was a mere empty phrase, he concluded, to say that the Curia was but slightly inclined to advances; the fact being that "the extreme alacrity of the Pope in this respect might almost justify the saying that His Holiness himself had already gone to Canossa."

The fate of the bill is already known. It was destined from the first to die a natural death. Its rejection by the Catholics may afford Prince Bismarck the opportunity of throwing the onus on their shoulders. But if he chooses to throw dust in his

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own eyes, he cannot hope to do so much longer in the eyes of the world. Nobody is deceived by this skeleton of a concession to lawful Catholic demands, or by Prince Bismarck's motive in insisting on holding in his own hand the discretionary power over the May Laws. "Permissive persecution" is what the London *Spectator* (May 29) calls it. "It seems quite impossible," says this journal, "that the Roman Catholic authorities should accept it. If the bill should pass by their help, and be put into execution for their advantage, they would be placed entirely at the mercy of the minister of public worship. They could not reap the benefit of a single one of the provisions professedly designed for their benefit, except on condition of keeping on good terms with him. . . . From every point of view but that of momentary convenience, the position of the Roman Catholic Church in Prussia would be worse under the measure now under consideration than it is under the May Laws." The Falk Laws, says the *Pall Mall Gazette*, "were an attempt to carry out a system of persecution under conditions which rendered it impossible for them to succeed. . . . All the suffering which the Catholics have undergone for conscience' sake has not benefited Prince Bismarck an atom. . . . If the Falk Laws are to be carried out, let them be pressed on as a portion of a deliberate policy sanctioned by the nation and to be persevered with as a matter of state; if they are to be repealed, let that too be done in accordance with usage, and in deference to the judgment of the representatives of the people. The half-way course of leaving their enforcement optional, and thus placing a power the more in the hands of a minister already too powerful for the liberties of his countrymen, is merely to surrender those privileges of Parliament which in Prussia have been so hardly and so recently acquired."

"The letter of Leo XIII.," says the London *Times* (May 20), "to the Archbishop of Cologne, in February of this year, was a still more distinct proof of the desire for peace. . . . Why should the Prussian government care to persevere in this war with a portion of its subjects? What has it to gain? The Falk Laws were not measures for all time; they were *lois de circonstance*. . . . He (Prince Bismarck) must be well aware that severity is now uncalled for; that some of the fears which he entertained in 1873 have become manifestly groundless; that the Roman Catholic subjects of the empire are Germans first, and are as much attached to it as are their Protestant countrymen. . . . The pretext for the May Laws is almost gone. They can be worth retaining, in the view of a statesman, only as a means of keep-

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ing a hold over the Centre party and securing their support."

Here the case of the Catholic Church against the Prussian government may be allowed to rest for the present. What is to be said further of a case where the defendant, who is at the same time the judge, comes into court, admits that the main charges against the plaintiff are groundless and untrue; admits the grievous sufferings that the plaintiff has undergone by reason of those charges, grave damages to person, property, and character; yet insists by virtue of his office on holding *in terrorem* over the plaintiff's head the pains and penalties attached to charges which he confesses have neither foundation nor justification? As is sufficiently seen by the testimony here cited, public opinion abroad condemns Prince Bismarck. His own present action condemns him; for, as later despatches show, he persists in doing something to relieve Catholic disabilities, and his bill, which was lame from the beginning, is being lopped through the Landtag by a species of mild mutilation. How it will come out of the process remains to be seen. Prince Bismarck, however, is hardly the man to sit long on the fence. He will finally adopt one course or the other, and be wholly just or else fall back on his old form of complete antagonism to the Catholic Church. It is plain to the world that justice has won another of its patient victories, though the full award may not be yet meted out to it. The German Catholics have come nobly through their baptism of fire, purified and strengthened by it. Even the Orthodox Protestants now look to them as their champions against the aggressions of the state on the domain of conscience. The Socialists, who are by no means all wrong, though wild and vague in their demands, look to them as the champions of human freedom. The National-Liberal party broke down altogether here when the supreme test came and showed the essential hollowness of their claim to true liberal principles. The Conservatives look upon the Catholics as the chief pillar of conservatism in the state. What does all this go to show but simply that the Centre is a true Catholic party, where all right principles unite? They have only to continue their patient struggle in the admirable manner in which it has so far been conducted in order to win back not only their complete civil and religious freedom, but to strengthen and consolidate the mighty empire whose existence Prince Bismarck says despairingly is at stake.

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A GROUP OF ROMAN SANCTUARIES.

In a lonely spot behind the Cœlian Hill, at the entrance to the romantic valley of Egeria, stands the ancient convent of San Sisto which inspired the pen of Lacordaire. It is now melancholy and deserted, its spacious court like a farm-yard, its halls damp and mouldering, and its cloisters fast going to decay, but still deeply interesting on account of its time-honored associations. On this spot six early popes, martyred for the faith, were entombed. Here St. Dominic established the first house of his order at Rome, and wrought many wonders celebrated in art and legendary lore. Generations of Roman nuns, and, after them, of exiled Irish friars, lie buried beneath the pavements. In its solitary church are paintings by Giotto, and its venerable chapter-house is covered with the choicest productions of Père Hyacinthe Besson, the Dominican artist, who was one of the early companions of Lacordaire, and who, sacrificing his natural tastes for the higher labors of the priesthood, died in the East—a martyr of charity.

There is a mournful, poetic aspect about the whole neighborhood. In front are the gigantic ruins of the baths of Caracalla, amid whose crumbling arches Shelley wrote his *Prometheus Unbound.* They are no longer picturesque with wild flowers and shrubs, as in his day, but bare, gaunt, and unsightly. At the north is the Cœlian Hill with its group of historic churches, and along the southern base the valley of the Almo with its lonely fountain, where Numa sought inspiration. Close by the convent, and across the vast Campagna, runs the Appian Way, bordered by ruined tombs that make it the saddest way on earth, save one.

The history of San Sisto goes back to the second century of the Christian era. The first church here was built in memory of the separation on this very spot of Pope St. Sixtus II. and St. Lawrence, as the former was led away to be martyred. "Whither goest thou, O my father! without thy son and servant?" cried St. Lawrence. "Am I found unworthy to accompany thee to death, and to pour out my blood with thine in testimony to the truth of Christ?" "I do not leave thee, my son," replied St. Sixtus. "In three days thou shalt follow me, and thy battle shall be harder than mine, for I am old and weak, and my course will soon be finished, but thou art in the strength of thy youth and full of endurance. Thy torments will be longer, and

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thy triumph consequently the greater. Therefore grieve not, for Lawrence the levite shall soon follow Sixtus the priest."

It was a noble Roman matron named Tigrida who gave the land for the church, and here St. Sixtus was buried, whence it was often called in ancient times St. Sixtus Tigrida. It also bore the name of St. Sixtus in Piscina, because it was near the *piscina publica* where the Roman people were taught to swim. The church was afterward rebuilt and enlarged out of the ruined temple of Mars that stood near by, famed for its hundred columns. Pope Innocent III. restored it in the thirteenth century, and the place was given to St. Dominic, who founded a convent here and gathered about him a hundred friars. He afterwards removed to the more spacious convent of Santa Sabina, on the Aventine, and gave San Sisto to some Dominican nuns he had brought from Prouille, in France, to initiate a community of nuns from beyond the Tiber into their holy practices. More than forty were established here the first week in Lent, 1218. The first to take the habit of St. Dominic was the Beata Cecilia, of the Cesarini family, who was only seventeen years of age. She became the superior of the house, and to her we are indebted for many valuable details of St. Dominic's labors at Rome. More than three centuries later we find the nuns still in possession of San Sisto, but they were finally driven away by the malaria, and in 1572 they established themselves in the convent of San Domenico e Sisto, near the Quirinal, which the present government has converted into a Court of Accounts. From that time their old residence has been known as San Sisto Vecchio, or the Old. It was then given to the Irish Dominicans proscribed by Queen Elizabeth of England, and here among others Thomas Howard, afterwards cardinal, who sprang from the earls of Arundel, was in 1646 professed a friar of the order of St. Dominic. They, in their turn, finally left San Sisto on account of its unwholesomeness; but the general of the order retained a few rooms in the house, and the saintly Pope Benedict XIII., who was a Dominican, and never ceased to be a religious, whether as archbishop of Benevento or Sovereign Pontiff, used to spend some days here, every spring and autumn, in retirement, especially at Carnival time, occupying a chamber over the chapter-room rendered so famous by St. Dominic. He restored the church again, or, as it would seem, built another within that of the thirteenth century, perhaps to obviate the dampness. The walls are about a yard apart, at least at the apse, where, on the outer and more ancient wall, some interesting half-ruined paintings by Giotto have recently been discovered, among

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them a striking figure of St. Paul and some lovely heads of saints and angels. They have been cleaned, but with great difficulty, owing to the narrowness of the space and the crumbling of the wall on which they are painted.

The convent for a time was used as a paper manufactory, and the lands are still owned by the city and planted as a nursery of young trees, but the chapter-room has always been held by the order. The church is too remote from the city to be frequented, except in the third week in Lent, when a station is held here, and the Roman clergy come out to pray and honor its ancient memories. It also gives a title to a cardinal priest, the actual possessor of which is Cardinal Parocchi, of Bologna—the place where St. Dominic died, and where he still lies enshrined.

When you enter the court of San Sisto from the Via di San Sebastiano, the friary is directly in front, with the church at the left, and at the right the chapter-room, which belongs to the time of St. Dominic and witnessed some of his greatest miracles. It is a hall about forty feet long, twenty-eight broad, and eighteen high, with low Roman arches supported in the middle by two granite pillars, the bases of which are half buried in the soil. There is a small arched window at the east, beneath which is an altar erected by Pope Benedict XIII. on the spot where St. Dominic said Mass for the young Napoleone, just killed by a fall from his horse. This Napoleone was of the ancient Orsini family, like Pope Benedict himself. The walls, in all about two hundred square yards, are nearly covered with scenes from the life of St. Dominic, executed by Père Besson in his few intervals of leisure from the obligations of the monastic life. Père Besson used to descend from the convent of Santa Sabina by the same path St. Dominic took when he went to see the nuns at San Sisto, and he was usually accompanied by Fra Angelo, a lay-brother said to have been as angelic in person and character as his name. The lay-brother sat to him as a model and served him as cook. In 1853 Père Besson installed himself here for several weeks from Monday morning till Saturday night, occupying the same rooms formerly used by Benedict XIII. By five o'clock in the morning he had finished his meditation and said his office. He then descended to the great solitary church to say Mass, after which he painted till night, hardly stopping long enough to dine, and he ended the day, as he began it, with prayer. One day while on the top of a high scaffold, absorbed in his work, he was surprised by a visit from Pius IX., who had been taking his constitutional. The Pope encouraged the artist in his work and expressed a desire for its completion. When the

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friar knelt to receive the Pope's parting benediction the latter took the artist's hand and kissed it.

The chapter-room is entered by a porch from the outer court. At the left, on entering, is the Madonna del Rosario. The Virgin, seated on a throne with the Infant Jesus in her arms, gives the rosary to St. Dominic and St. Catharine of Siena, who are kneeling at her feet. Beautiful angels are grouped around, with emblematic lilies and roses in the folds of their graceful garments. This picture is considered by many as superior in delicacy and religious expression to the celebrated Sassoferrato at Santa Sabina.

Beyond, St. Dominic and St. Francis are kneeling to embrace each other in the portico of a church—a painting that rivals the old Umbrian masters who have depicted the same scene, at least in expressing the profound humility of St. Francis and the ardor of St. Dominic's tender greeting. Lacordaire eloquently describes this scene, and tells how the embrace of these great patriarchs of the religious life has been perpetuated in the orders they founded. The following is only an instance: Every year, on the festival of St. Dominic, a carriage is sent by the general of the Dominicans from the Minerva to the Ara Cœli, to bring the general of the Franciscans, who comes attended by several of his brethren. The guests are received with a fraternal embrace before the grand altar of the church, and while the Dominicans are engaged in the choir the Franciscans officiate at the altar. They afterwards dine together in the refectory, and then unite in singing the antiphon: "The seraphic Francis and the apostolic Dominic have taught us thy law, O Lord!" A similar ceremony takes place at the Ara Cœli on the festival of St. Francis.

Next in the series is St. Dominic commissioned to preach the Gospel. This is represented as taking place before the tomb of the holy apostles, who appear visibly before him. St. Peter gives him a staff, and St. Paul the Gospels, saying: "Go and preach. For this purpose thou wast created."

On the pilasters that separate these paintings are the sweet figures of four female saints of the Dominican Order in pairs—St. Agnes of Montepulciano and St. Catharine of Siena; St. Rose of Lima and St. Catharine de Ricci—with their peculiar attributes. For the corresponding pillars at the other end Père Besson had prepared cartoons of four sainted friars of his order—St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Hyacinth, St. Peter Martyr and St. Vincent Ferrer—figures incomparable for their grace and simple dignity.

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At the right as you enter the chapter-room is the restoration to life of the architect of the convent, struck down by the crumbling of an arch. Several friars, with faces full of awe, pity, and hope, are kneeling around. St. Dominic is praying with outspread arms and beautiful uplifted face, and the dead man is just coming to life. Behind is the unfinished tower of the convent. This is the poorest picture of the series, but full of feeling and tender piety.

On the opposite wall is the artist s best work—the restoring to life of the young Napoleone Orsini, nephew of Cardinal Stefano di Fossanuova, which took place on Ash Wednesday, 1218, in this very room. In the painting you see the same low arches, the same sunken pillars, reproduced. Orsini is lying on a mortuary cloth such as you see still used in Italy. At the right, pale with emotion, are the nuns of St. Mary beyond the Tiber, come to take possession of their new abode—among them the Beata Cecilia, an eye-witness of the miracle, of which she has left an account. At the left are the cardinals and bishops come to take part in the ceremonies of the day, among whom is Cardinal Stefano, who stands with clasped, supplicating hands. In the centre, surrounded by his brethren as pale as the nuns, is St. Dominic, rapt in ecstatic prayer a little above the ground, with eyes and arms raised to heaven. His face is said to resemble that of the artist, but transfigured and beautified by a mysterious supernatural expression. He seems to raise Orsini from the dead by the irresistible power of the prayer of faith that removes mountains. The young man is coming to life. His lower limbs are still stiff in death, but life is quickening in his frame. His half-raised head, his look of astonishment, his eyes full of love and gratitude, his extended arms, are all directed toward St. Dominic as by some attraction he is unable to resist. The variety of characters and costumes, the grouping, the varied attitudes, the happy arrangement of the draperies, the rich and harmonious coloring, above all the wonderful expression, make this a truly admirable picture.

There is also a series of sixteen medallions in neutral tints, depicting other scenes in the life of St. Dominic.

Over the door is the miraculous dinner served by two beautiful angels in shining raiment. And along the lower wall, at the left end of the room, is the striking procession of the nuns of St. Mary beyond the Tiber with lighted torches in their hands, attending the venerated image of their Madonna, which is borne to San Sisto in the night-time by St. Dominic out of fear of the people, who refuse to let it be carried away.

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The triumph of the cross is the principal motive of the whole series, and that sacred symbol is everywhere to be seen surrounded by arabesques of charming originality. The pilasters are adorned with lilies and roses, the chosen emblems of the Dominican Order. Long golden chains denote the captivating eloquence of its members in the sacred desk. The arches are blue and sown with golden stars. Everything is vigorous, expressive, and religious, but unfortunately the work was suspended by the artist's second mission to the East, and never completed. What he accomplished, however, constitutes a genuine poem in honor of St. Dominic; but the room is poorly lighted, and the dampness of the place is fast destroying the brilliancy of these beautiful paintings.*

Opposite San Sisto Vecchio is the small but interesting church of Santi Nereo ed Achilleo, where repose not only the two martyrs from whom it derives its name, but St. Flavia Domitilla, of the imperial race of Titus and Domitian, who received the religious veil from Pope St. Clement—one of the earliest instances of a female of rank consecrating herself to a life of devotion and good works. Her slaves Nereus and Achilleus, possibly Greeks from their Homeric names, are said to have been instrumental in her conversion to Christianity, or at least in her refusing to marry the idolater Aurelian, to whom she had been betrothed. They were all banished to Pontia, or Ponza, one of the many isles of the Mediterranean Sea consecrated by the memory of saints and martyrs. Her faithful servants, Nereus and Achilleus, were tortured to induce them to renounce the faith, and finally sent with her to Terracina, on the mainland, where they were beheaded. It is difficult to associate such a place as Terracina with torture and martyrdom. It is on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea. The hills around it are covered with the orange and citron, which embalm the air with a delicious perfume that excites the imagination and intoxicates the senses. The aloe and cactus border the roads. Wild flowers grow everywhere in profusion. The sea breaks against the cliffs, not with wild fury as on northern shores, but with a measured roar as if merely to assert its grandeur. You are on the borders of Campania Felix—happy land indeed.

St. Flavia Domitilla continued to live in this beautiful region, and gathered around her other Christian maidens of like high purposes, but in the time of Trajan she was, by order of the pre-

* In describing these paintings we have followed, but not confined ourselves to, M. Cartier's excellent account.

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fect, burned in her own house, together with her two foster-sisters, Euphrosyne and Theodora. The remains of all these martyrs were gathered up by a holy deacon named Cesareus and conveyed to Rome, where they were deposited in a catacomb near the Via Ardeatina. This catacomb, one of the earliest Christian cemeteries in existence, now bears the name, not of the great Flavian family, but of the two slaves, Nereus and Achilleus, who were buried here with their mistress. Their remains were in the year 524 removed by Pope John I. to the church of the Fasciola, on the Appian Way, which from that time took their name. This church stood on the site of an oratory mentioned as far back as 494, and was called Fasciola from the tradition that St. Peter, when led along the Appian Way, here dropped one of the bandages (*fasciæ*) from his ankles, that had been wounded by fetters in the Mamertine prison. Many captive Jews then lived in this neighborhood, and doubtless some Christians among them. Domitian restricted the residence of the Jews to the valley of Egeria, where they lived in great poverty and degradation, from prosperous merchants forced to become mere hawkers and pedlars and laborers, whose only possessions were their baskets and a few wisps of straw. Juvenal speaks with great indignation of their living here, and says the Romans sold them the very shade of the trees.

Pope Leo III. rebuilt the church of SS. Nereo and Achilleo in the eighth century, but it fell into such a ruinous condition in the course of time that in the thirteenth century Gregory IX. had the remains of the holy martyrs transferred to the church of St. Adrian, in the Forum. Cardinal Baronius, a great lover of Christian antiquities, at his elevation to the purple begged Pope Clement VIII. to give him the title of SS. Nereo and Achilleo, because he wished, out of pious veneration, to restore the church and preserve its primitive character. His solicitude is evident from an inscription he placed in the tribune to this effect: "Whoever thou mayst be that succeedest me as cardinal priest of this church, I beseech thee, for the glory of God and by the merits of the holy martyrs, to remove nothing, to change nothing, to bear nothing away, but to preserve the antique character of this church piously restored, and so by the prayers of the saints may God come always to thy aid." The pious wish has hitherto been scrupulously respected.

When Cardinal Baronius had the relics of the holy martyrs brought back to this church there was a triumphal procession after the manner of those instituted by the old Romans to com-

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memorate a great victory. It was not forgotten, in a place so tenacious of ancient traditions, that St. Flavia Domitilla belonged to a family that greatly contributed to the glory of the city. The procession set out from the church of St. Adrian, built on the ruins of the basilica of Æmilius Paulus.

Instead of the prisoners of war who used to figure in such pageants were orphans and other captives of faith and charity, bearing torches, and accompanied by the pacific legions of confraternities and religious congregations, with a vast train of priests and monks of different orders, soldiers of civilization who seek to bring the world under the sweet rule of Christ and Rome. The sacred relics were borne on a car of triumph beneath a crimson canopy. All Rome was in attendance. The immense train went around to the grand staircase leading up to the Capitol, the houses on the way adorned with flowers and appropriate inscriptions. At the foot of the staircase stood the Roman senators and princes to receive the holy relics, which were borne to an altar on the square before the Capitol, and there set up amid the beating of drums, the pealing of trumpets, and the discharge of cannon. After some prayers in honor of the martyrs the procession resumed its march, passing down behind the Capitol, past the arch of Septimius Severus and the Forum Romanum, and along the Via Sacra to the arch of Titus, that celebrates the downfall of Jerusalem. Beside the ancient inscriptions declaring that this arch was erected by the senate and Roman people to the Emperor Titus for having overthrown Jerusalem and aggrandized the city, new inscriptions were set up by Cardinal Baronius in honor of Flavia Domitilla, with an allusion to the empire of the soul and the grandeur of moral victories: "This triumphal arch, once decreed and erected to the Emperor Titus Flavius Vespasian for having brought rebellious Judea under the dominion of the Roman Empire, the senate and Roman people decree and consecrate more happily to St. Flavia Domitilla, niece of this same Titus, for having increased and propagated the Christian religion by her martyrdom."

On the other side was the following: "The senate and Roman people to St. Flavia Domitilla, niece of Titus Flavius Vespasian, who, by shedding her blood and giving her life for the faith, more gloriously testified to the death of Jesus Christ than this same Titus when, in accomplishment of the will of God, he was made the avenger of that death by the destruction of Jerusalem."

Passing between the great Flavian amphitheatre and the Pala-

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tine hill, where stood the ancient palace of the Cæsars, they came to the noble arch erected to Constantine in commemoration of the triumph of Christianity by the victories over Maxentius and Licinius. On it was placed this new inscription: "The senate and Roman people to St. Flavia Domitilla and SS. Nereus and Achilleus: on this same Via Sacra, where so many Roman emperors have passed in triumph after subjugating provinces to the empire of the Roman people, these martyrs now pass in triumph even more glorious, for they triumphed by the loftiness of their courage over the very conquerors themselves."

And on the other side: "The senate and Roman people to St. Flavia Domitilla: twelve emperors, her kinsmen, illustrated by their brilliant deeds the Flavian family and the city of Rome; but she alone has shed more lustre on both by renouncing for Christ the empire and her own life."*

Cardinal Baronius, attended by several members of the Sacred College, received the holy relics at the door of SS. Nereo and Achilleo, and intoned the antiphon, "Enter, O ye saints of God!" They were borne into the church, where, after appropriate ceremonies, they were deposited in a tomb under the main altar. This altar is inlaid with mosaic, and over it is a canopy supported by pillars of African marble. It has a marble grating in front, through which objects are passed to touch the tomb, after the ancient custom. The tribune is raised above the nave, and has a low marble screen, and there are two ancient ambons for the epistle and gospel. On the arch above is the oldest known representation of the Transfiguration—a mosaic of the eighth century. Christ stands in an elliptical glory with Moses and Elias at his side, and the three disciples at his feet so overpowered by his glory that they veil their faces with their mantles. On one side is the Annunciation, and on the other the Virgin and Child attended by an angel with his wings spread in an attitude of wonder; the Child, though on his Mother's breast, seemingly sustained by his own strength. This celebrated mosaic, of the time of the Nestorian heresy, is a standing affirmation of the church that Mary was the Mother of God.

On the ceiling of the nave is painted the council held in this church by St. Gregory the Great. The curious marble chair or throne, resting on lions, which he occupied on that occasion, is behind the main altar, and on it is graven the commencement of his twenty-eighth homily, so applicable to our age, in which all foundations are overthrown—a homily delivered more than

*See Mgr. Gerbet's *Rome Chrétienne.*

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twelve hundred years ago in this church, or in the neighboring catacomb, on the anniversary of the martyrdom of SS. Nereus and Achilleus: "The saints before whose tomb we have gathered, looking down from the elevation of their souls upon the prosperous world, trod it under their feet. Life was before them, with assured peace and every comfort; and yet this world, blooming as it seemed in itself, had already withered in their hearts. Behold to-day it has withered in itself, but in our hearts it seems blooming still. Everywhere we see death, mourning, and desolation. We are smitten on every side. On every side we are filled with bitterness, and yet, blinded by our carnal desires, we love the very bitterness of the world. We pursue it as it flies from us. We cling to it when it crumbles to atoms."

A little beyond SS. Nereo and Achilleo, at the end of a grassy court, with a granite column before it is the antique church of San Cesareo, mentioned by St. Gregory, well worth visiting for its carved marble pulpit and altar inlaid with mosaic, its ancient episcopal throne, its rich columns of brocatelle marble from some old pagan temple, and the tomb of the titular saint, with angels drawing aside the curtains that screen it. Here St. Sergius was elected to the Papacy in 687. It was he who introduced the singing of the *Agnus Dei* at the Mass—the exclamation of St. John the Baptist at the coming of the Son of God. Father O'Brien* says it was already in use by the choir, as may be seen from the Sacramentary of Pope Gregory the Great, but it was now adopted by the clergy. Near this church used to stand the *lapis manalis* brought solemnly into ancient Rome to procure rain.

Turning down a lonely lane a little beyond San Cesareo at the left, and passing between vineyards and gardens solitary enough to be miles away from the city, you come to a little octagon chapel close by the old Porta Latina, which is now walled up. This is the chapel of San Giovanni in Oleo, which stands on the spot where St. John the Evangelist was thrown into a caldron of boiling oil in the time of Domitian, from which "he came forth as from a refreshing bath." It was rebuilt in 1509 by Mgr. Benoît Adam, of Burgundy, French auditor of the Rota. On the front are his arms, bearing three eagles, with the device, *Av plaisir de Dieu.* There is a grating through which you can look in, and sometimes the key is in the door. The chapel is somewhat dilapidated, and the old frescoes of the apostle in the caldron are nearly ruined, but nothing can obliterate the memories

* *The History of the Mass.*

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of the spot. Beneath the altar are remains of the ancient furnace that heated the caldron.

Near by is the large deserted church of St. John at the Latin Gate, with a fine old campanile and a well on one side with a sculptured marble curb. This curb between two marble columns supports the cross-beam bearing the pulley to raise and lower the buckets. The church is large, damp, and chill, with ancient columns of different kinds, evidently from old Roman temples. The altar and doors are inlaid with mosaic bands. The tribune has a beautiful Opus Alexandrinum pavement, and there are some frescoes of the Deluge and the Baptism of Christ. The church gives a title to a cardinal, and on certain festivals its gray walls are covered with rich hangings, its altars lighted, and the pavement strewn with fragrant green leaves, for a solemn service; but most of the year it is nearly deserted. These lonely churches, of which there are so many at Rome, which speak of past grandeur and a lively faith, and are large enough for throngs of worshippers, appeal very strongly to one's heart. We are at first unhappy because they seem forsaken and apparently useless in a remote, sparsely-inhabited part of the city, but the fact soon comes home to us that they are chiefly monuments of some glorious memory of the church, as the triumphal arches were erected to commemorate some great victory. They were erected to the glory of God and not for human aggrandizement, and stand as witnesses of his grace. One learns to love this prodigality of churches not needed for man, which are slowly wasting away in silent worship of their own, as it were. It is a consolation to think there was a time when one place in the world broke out into all these expressions of praise and gratitude to God.

VALUE AND WORTH.

HAST thou something, then give it to me for its value;
Art thou something, I give you my soul in exchange.

—*Schiller.*

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ELEMENTARY EDUCATION IN ENGLAND.

PERHAPS no country in the world to-day is a more interesting subject of study and observation than England. The fact that for centuries she has neglected the education of the masses makes the public look with more than a passing interest at the manner in which the present generation of the English laboring classes are going to act with an intellectual instrument in their hands unknown to their predecessors, and a sympathy—better expressed, probably, as a pretended interest—in their welfare by political leaders, to which these poorer classes have hitherto been strangers. A country, or its government, which till 1870 had no fixed code determining what should be done for the intellectual betterment of the common people may well feel ashamed of such an accusation; for only within the last ten years have even partial measures been adopted for the intellectual development of eighty per cent. of the English people.

One would suppose that when a country claiming the intelligence which England assumes to herself had made up her mind to do something for the education of her people, the best of modern systems, that to which the general verdict of public opinion has awarded the palm for excellence, would be adopted. Yet, so far from this being the case, despite visits of inspection made to all the best elementary schools of the Continent, and even to America, England adopted the effete and long-since condemned system known as the Lancasterian. There is not another country in Europe to-day with a system of instruction which would endure that adopted by England, and which, from present indications, she proposes to cling to for many years. Let the reader imagine an immense hall, say one hundred feet in length by thirty in width, and in this, say, two hundred children, from those in the A B C class to those studying the interest-tables, all pursuing their studies with more or less noise or discipline—this depending on the tact of the master in charge—and you have an idea of the English elementary school-room. There may be a curtain separating the classes; this is the extent to which the separate-room or mutual-simultaneous system has thus far prevailed in England. However, these elementary schools are for the poor, and are doubtless considered quite good enough for

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them. But what then of the pretended zeal of the so-called Reformation for the improvement of the people?

G. T. Bartley, in *The Schools for the People*, tells us for the thousandth time that "it is usually admitted that the first step towards educating the great mass of this country [England] was taken about the period of the great Reformation."* Yet even Mr. Bartley, who wrote in 1871, admits † that "the Reformation in England, and the consequent suppression of the monasteries and religious houses, reduced the scanty means which then existed for the education of the children of the poorer classes." With this second admission on record, we think Mr. Bartley has shown that it will take more than his word to prove that "the first step towards educating the great mass of the people was taken about the period of the great Reformation." It is in spite of, not because of, the Reformation that anything has been done in England for the education of the poorer classes. Italy, the target for English tourists in their books of travel; Austria, despite her attachment to Catholic principles; and, above all, France, the eldest daughter of the church, had their systems of education for the poor, and gave such evidence of the results of their systems that after the World's Fairs of 1853 and 1867 England, shamed into a sense of her general ignorance, suddenly awoke to the fact that she had four millions of children of school age who were left to the enterprise of private charity or denominational industry for their instruction. Bartley tells us, in speaking of charity parochial schools, that

"In 1539 a bill was passed containing the following passage: 'that the religious houses would be converted to a better use, that God's word might be set forth *and children brought up in learning*.' *This result, however, was never realized, . . . for a century and a half after the Reformation was complete* . . . schools adapted for the lower classes to obtain instruction in reading and writing can hardly be said to have been organized"!

And to-day, that the Elementary Education Act of 1870 is in operation, what does the English code offer the child of the lower classes? Absolutely nothing more than "the three R's"! The child is to be taught to read intelligently, to write, and to cipher. The master need not teach English grammar, and, so far as the government is concerned, the little boy or girl attending an elementary school may leave it, after five years' instruction, ignorant that there is such a place as the North Pole, or that our Saviour

* P. 1. † P. 325.

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was not born in a city called London! Thus in 1880 England finds herself with a code of instruction inferior, as to the absolute scope of subjects, to that which France had insisted upon in some of its elementary schools as early as 1719. Grammar and geography are encouraged by a special grant *when taught successfully*, but the fact remains that these essentially elementary subjects are left to the discretion of master and manager.

But the object of this paper is not so much to find fault with the past, or even with the present, but to show what is being done, and that with partial success, for a class hitherto neglected.

As organized in each district, the system embraces one or more inspectors, appointed by her majesty; inspector's assistants, who do the heavy work of examination; managers, generally the pastors of the various denominations; masters who direct the schools; assistant masters, and monitors. And here we must in justice say how far ahead of America, in fair play to Catholics and to all the denominations, is the English government. Where the schools attached to the various churches, and accepting government supervision, are sufficient for the reception of the children of the locality, neither the Central Educational Department in London nor the local authorities interfere, save to give the earned grants annually. It is only where local certified schools are insufficient in number or in accommodation that a board is elected by the people, and on this body devolves the duty of selecting sites, erecting schools, and furnishing the same, to the satisfaction of the government and at the rate-payers' cost. Most of the large cities and towns in England now have such school boards, but others, such as Catholic Preston, with its spirited inhabitants, have so far satisfied government without encumbering themselves with what proves a most expensive luxury in the shape of a school board.

Where a school board exists this body takes the place of local managers in the schools it directs. In parochial or denominational schools the managers consist generally of the pastor, his vicars or curates, or, in the absence of the latter, of some respectable members of the church. Unlike most other countries, while the government examines and certifies teachers, it does not directly employ them. Contracts of agreement are made only between manager and master, or, where a school board exists, between the board and the masters. This makes the supervision more direct, but in cases where the manager knows nothing of school discipline the influence is less effective; or where boards give way, as they generally do, to the whims of the more demon-

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strative members, the master's life is anything but a pleasant one. Most amusing samples of school board individualism might be cited, but the curious may consult the files of this year's London *School-master*.

Again, her majesty's inspectors being nominated through the favor of the political party in power, these gentlemen, though in all cases graduates of some of the leading universities, have usually but the vaguest, if indeed they have any, idea of school management. This is probably one of the greatest blurs on English school government. The principle of caste which obtains so universally in England all but excludes the most competent—viz., experienced masters—from becoming inspectors. The result is that men who have grown gray in the school-room are submitted year after year to inspection by a class of gentlemen often having fewer years of existence than those whose work they examine have of scholastic experience. It is not surprising that under such a system the utmost dissatisfaction should be expressed at the opinions given by these tyros in educational work. What is most galling to manager and master is that, to some extent, the annual grants made to schools depend upon the report as to discipline, progress, etc., made by her majesty's inspectors. The wrong done has more than once been proved to be no imaginary one, as the pockets of all concerned in the results of annual inspection demonstrate. As a consequence, the master, in spite of long experience, changes some well-established principle to meet what may prove a passing whim of an inexperienced inspector, only to find at the next annual review that a new man appears upon the scene, whose views are diametrically opposed to those the unfortunate master has been endeavoring to conciliate during a preceding year's work. This state of things is likely to change shortly. Several members of the House of Commons have been interviewed by the National Union of English Teachers, and they have promised to see that a bill shall be introduced requiring inspectors to have some other qualifications for their work than the good-will of a member of parliament or the patronage of the reigning premier.

Before entering upon the domain of figures a word may be said in praise of the English system of examination of school-masters. Here all are on an equal footing. Be the examined lay or religious, the examiners of the papers presented for their judgment are in ignorance the most complete. All work, save reading, is done in writing, and the papers from all centres in England and Scotland are sent to Whitehall, where the same com-

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mission deal with all. In France, on the other hand, each centre has its own committee, subject to local whims and often to local prejudices, and there religious going up for examination *are obliged to state the fact in their papers;* results have proved that injustice of the grossest kind has thus been done members of religious congregations by ill-disposed examiners.

In the Blue Book on Elementary Education for 1878 we find that there was accommodation for 3,653,418 scholars, while the total registration was 3,154,973, leaving room in the schools already erected for 500,000 children, *supposing that all on the registers were in actual and regular attendance.* Here is the sore spot in English elementary schools—irregularity of attendance. Of the number above given as on the registers, 1,100,116 were (infants) under 7 years of age; 1,929,523 were between 7 and 13; 125,334 were above 13. Looking into these figures, howsoever cursorily, we perceive that only one child out of nine is at school when over thirteen years of age, showing at once how early the poor employ their children to assist in keeping the family. Of the 3,154,973 on the registers, only 2,633,198 were present when the inspector visited the schools for annual examination, while but 2,150,683 were in average daily attendance. But, of these, 1,976,889 had made 250 attendances out of a possible 400 or more half-days on which the schools were open. Again, but 1,335,118 out of the last number given were presented for examination, thus depriving the schools and saving to the government the possible gain accruing from the examination of over 600,000 children. Of the 1,335,118 presented for examination in "the three R's" only 771,652 passed in all three, about 50 per cent.; while 85.78 per cent. passed in reading, 78.99 in writing, and only 69.97 in arithmetic.

Taking these figures, we find that two years ago a little more than half of the children were present 250 half-days in the year; less than one-half on the registers were presented for examination; and only half of those presented, *being one-fourth of those on register,* passed in the three elementary subjects. In other words, while nearly a million of children, as admitted elsewhere in the government reports, are not on the registers even, but one out of four of those so inscribed passed an elementary review in reading, writing, and arithmetic. This, if taken in connection with the million not inscribed, gives one out of six thus passing the complete elementary ordeal, while in arithmetic, the real test of intelligence in the English schools, one out of five is the result!

To American readers this will appear a scathing review. Yet, so far from blaming the masters for what they have not done,

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any one who has seen these schools, and above all worked in them, will be surprised that, with so stupid a system, so much can be done.

Our readers will naturally ask: "What grade do Catholic schools hold in the intellectual race?" We prefer to allow an authority to speak that will not be suspected. We quote from the report of "The Poor-School Catholic Committee." The report says:

"The test of success in teaching lies not only in grants for attendance, but especially in grants to children as the result of examination. It appears that out of the gross number in attendance, amounting to 117,969, the number of 31,062 received payment on account of attendance (only), while 69,620 were presented for examination in the six standards (classes), of whom 35,804 were under 10 years of age, and 33,756 were over 10 years of age. With regard to all those thus examined in the six standards, *the percentage of Catholic scholars who passed in reading, in writing, and in arithmetic is somewhat higher than the general average.*" *

Again, p. 25:

"Though, then, it is but too apparent that the results attained in the primary schools of the country still fall far short of what is required to afford a complete elementary education to the children attending them, it is satisfactory to find that upon a general average Catholic schools maintain their position very fairly in comparison with other schools; *in the lower standards they show some superiority, but in the upper standards* . . . there is a falling off."

Though personal experience has taught the writer many reasons why Catholic schools show this falling off in the higher standards, we prefer again to quote the P. S. C. C. as our authority:

"One of the principal reasons for this inferiority in the higher standards is not far to seek. Catholic schools, as a rule, are filled with the children of the poorest persons in the land; their success in the lower standards shows the intelligence of the children, and the zeal of the managers and teachers. Their failure in the upper standards and special subjects is due to no indifference on the part of Catholics to the higher branches of instruction, but mainly to the great difficulty in persuading, or even, under the present law, in compelling, the poorest class of parents to keep their children at school after the age when they may begin to earn a little, and to the obstacles to any kind of study out of school which exist in the homes of the very poor."

Not content with this plain and unstrained statement of facts or reasons, the P. S. C. C. wisely add a paragraph which we think applies with its fullest force to American Catholic schools. The committee say:

* *Rept. P. S. C. C.*, p. 24.

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"But though it is fair and just to bear these facts in mind in comparing Catholic with other schools, it is of the utmost importance at the same time to recollect that unless every possible exertion is used to maintain the standard of instruction in the higher subjects in our schools on a level with that in Board or Protestant schools, we not only place a very serious temptation in the way of Catholic parents, and put future generations of Catholics on a disadvantageous footing with others of their own class in the keen competition of life, but under a system such as now exists in Great Britain we run a most serious risk of having our children forced into non-Catholic schools on the ground of the superiority of the education given in them."

"Successive governments, successive Parliaments, have shown their determination gradually but steadily to raise the level of instruction in elementary schools, especially in the higher subjects; and it is therefore difficult to exaggerate the importance of making every effort and every sacrifice to keep Catholic schools fully up to the mark. The faith of thousands of little children may depend on the success of these efforts."

We cannot refrain from adding one other reason, which the P. S. C. C. seem to have overlooked, why Catholic schools pass a lower percentage in the higher standards, and in specially-paid subjects. The monitors or pupil-teachers in the male departments of Catholic schools are woefully inferior not only to those in Protestant schools, but more particularly to the female pupil-teachers in Catholic schools. The writer might here cite instances without number in proof of this assertion. The two following must suffice. Shortly after his taking charge of a large Catholic school, meeting with the secretary of the school board in the same town, the latter gentleman asked: "Well, what are you doing to improve the schools?" "Trying to improve our pupil-teachers," was our curt reply. "Well done!" responded the board secretary. "You have any amount of room for work. Your female pupil-teachers in —— are the best taught in England. Your males are the worst in Europe." No better proof of the incapacity of Catholic pupil-teachers can be had than the result of their examination for admission to the Training College at the end of their term as pupil-teachers. When we say that not thirty per cent. of the male Catholic pupil-teachers presented in late years for examination passed, while seventy per cent. of the others would be a fair assumed average of success, the truth of our assertion is evident. Were further proof needed, it might be found in an address delivered about two years ago by His Lordship the Bishop of Liverpool, who, in plain and unvarnished terms, spoke of the inferior class of pupil-teachers thus far found in Catholic boys' schools. The honor-

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able exceptions which might be cited would only prove the general rule to the contrary.

But, our readers may ask, why are the Catholic male pupil-teachers so inferior? Two reasons will here suffice. 1. Boys, as a rule, when bright and sharp, find more congenial work elsewhere, in which they become proficient much sooner than in teaching. 2. The salary thus far allowed them has been so insignificant as not to deserve the name. Thus, a young man with talents, instruction, technical skill in teaching, and physical strength to endure the strain of six hours' teaching and at least two hours of private instruction, has been expected to do this, and clothe and find himself in everything, besides helping his parents, for the magnificent (!) sum of not more than £75—say $375 American money. Here we are giving the most favorable terms which our experience has taught us to be the remuneration awarded these young teachers. One of the Catholic inspectors, still on duty, and among the most appreciated in the service, tells a good story which will illustrate the ludicrous state of affairs against which we are inveighing. A young lad of more than ordinary talents, and of such unusual skill as a teacher that he was held up at school conferences and in government reports by H. M. inspector as a model, had served three years of his apprenticeship. The fourth year had elapsed, and H. M. inspector came to examine the school in which the youthful prodigy had been indentured. In looking over the staff H. M. I. noticed the absence of his promising friend. Upon inquiry he learned that the young man had obtained *a better situation.* Further investigation led to the discovery that the young man had become a *lamp-lighter* with £1 per week salary —more than he had secured in the three previous years of service. Here is the real difficulty. The board schools, however, with the public funds to draw from, can pay the best of wages for the best of workmen. Hence the superiority of their male pupil-teachers. Females, on the contrary, are greater slaves in England than elsewhere. They must choose between service, the factory, or the school-room. Naturally they select the last, and put up with a minimum salary in the assured hope of an after permanent situation. This brings us to the question of the training of masters and mistresses, one of the most interesting in the English system, and that which redounds most honor upon Catholics in the results thus far achieved in the female Catholic training establishments.

After the usual four or five years' apprenticeship all pupil-teachers are allowed to sit as normal scholars at some training

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college, generally that of the denomination to which they belong, where two years' instruction and theory are given at government expense. As a very large number present themselves annually —say thirty-five hundred females and one-third as many males —the very best only are accepted by the training colleges, the others who pass being allowed to become assistant teachers, *ipso facto*. The two years expired, an examination is held, when, as a rule, all normal scholars pass, and are classified according to capacity. They are then given schools, where obtainable, and having spent two years in the same school, and having obtained two consecutive good reports, they receive the parchment, really a certificate for technical skill in teaching. This obtained entitles the college which trained them to £100 for each male and £75 for each female teacher. It will thus appear that the first risk, pecuniarily, for the normal scholar's training falls upon the college that accepts him; the government paying only when evidence of the work done by each college is given in the success of its students in the school-room.

Apart from the trained, or normal college, students, the government accepts acting teachers, who, having had sufficient experience in the school-room, and having spent six months under a certificated teacher in an elementary school, are allowed to present themselves for examination. Normal students, on the whole, look upon this procedure as unfair to them, alleging that their places are thus taken by untrained teachers. The argument is specious at best, and unmanly in substance. Last year's examination of students demonstrated, as every previous year's examination had done, that these acting teachers are among the first in the list of successful candidates. Certainly, a gentleman who devotes, say, ten or twelve years of his life to teaching, who travels a little during that time and acquaints himself with the general phases of instruction on the Continent, is quite as competent as a young monitor who has never gone beyond the area of his own elementary school, and who has been trained under the one master during five years of indenture. Government acts wisely in admitting these acting teachers who pass the examination identical with that required of normal scholars. These acting teachers, moreover, are obtained without the payment of the £100 or the £75 claimed by training colleges for their students.

The law, which pays this sum only after two years' consecutive good service, works harshly in regard to many graduates of training colleges who fail to get a school, or, having secured one, either do not keep it long enough to get two *successive* annual

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good reports, or, being successful, are discharged through mere circumstances over which they have no control—such, for instance, as the opening of a new school taking away some scholars, and thus reducing the staff required, or possibly illness, or some such reason on the part of the aspirant for the parchment. This was a special cause of very considerable pecuniary loss for St. Mary's Catholic Training College, Hammersmith, London.

A little reflection will show also that the market for male teachers is easily stocked, while female teachers are always in demand. Many of the latter teach only for the time required to secure the grant for their training college, and then settle down in life to advantage, their education giving them a very favorable opportunity. The marriage of gentlemen, on the other hand, interferes in no way with their duties as masters, and thus they hold much longer to their positions than females.

The Catholic Female Training College of Liverpool competes successfully with its rivals, denominational as well as secular. Year after year the same words of praise are spoken of this institution by H. M. Inspector of Training Colleges, the Reverend Canon Tinling, and His Lordship of Liverpool might well say, at the last distribution of prizes to the students, "that thus far, to his lordship's knowledge, not one graduate of Notre Dame Training College had failed to do herself credit and the institution honor by her conduct." Thus far the Hammersmith Training College for young Catholic gentlemen has not been so great a success, though we may possibly say with justice that in the last two years the institution has looked up a great deal. This is owing, no doubt, to the influence and the energy of the new president of the P. S. C. C., who devotes so much of his time and energy to the work of Catholic education. In the Marquis of Ripon, who for years was connected with the "Educational Department" at Whitehall, Catholic students will find not only a helper, but an urger forward whose words and example must be a most powerful incentive for Hammersmith normal scholars to place themselves, with their lady friends, at the top of the ladder among training colleges.* We should here mention that a new female training school, opened a few years ago by the Ladies of the Sacred Heart at Wandsworth, promises soon to rival its elder sister of Liverpool, Notre Dame. Such was the opinion lately expressed by the Marquis of Ripon, who has frequently visited and who carefully watches both institutions.

*Since this was written the Marquis of Ripon has been appointed to the Viceroyship of India.—ED. C. W.

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A great lack in the English system, and one deplored by the more intelligent, is the absence of what would correspond to our high and grammar schools. As a result you have the middle-class children left to the mercy of every adventurer who can hire a room and pay his gas-bills. This is no exaggeration, as may be judged from the fact that a bill has been under study for some time past by Lyon Playfair, M.P., requiring all intermediate-school teachers to take out a certificate, which shall be a step in advance, as to difficulty, from that now required of elementary teachers. These latter hailed the bill with delight at first, till the government made it understood that elementary teachers having been trained for elementary schools, at government expense, their aspiring to a higher position would not be encouraged. To say the least, the decision was a harsh one, yet it is on the general principle of class distinction to which England so tenaciously clings, and from which we need scarcely hope in our day to see her delivered. The plan proposed is, for peace' sake, to certificate those now in professional work, without examination, thus saving susceptibilities, but requiring all future aspirants to the teacher's privileges in middle schools to undergo a thorough examination.

It would afford the writer great satisfaction to make known the views of H. M. inspectors themselves in regard to the work which they inspect. This would possibly lead to a breach of confidence in some cases, but, in any case, it would unduly lengthen this paper. Despite the paucity of results, both as to attendance and examination, the Lords in Committee of Council on Education think that "the figures show a considerable improvement upon returns" previously reported.

We give the code requirements for pupil teachers (Table I.). This will give an exact idea of what is expected each year as the minimum of work to be done, and will enable those competent and with data at hand to compare the work of American schools with that done across the water.

In the table, grammar and geography are given as part of the code, but, as remarked in the early portion of this article, they are *optional studies*, involving merely a lesser grant if not studied. Where seventy-five per cent. of the school pass the ordinary examination specific subjects will be accepted, and paid for according to the number who pass satisfactorily. Fifty per cent. of those presented in grammar and geography passing entitles to a grant for the entire average of school.

But, it may be asked, do the inspectors generally give satisfaction by their examinations? A positive reply may safely be

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TABLE I.—STANDARDS OF EXAMINATION.

	Standard I.	Standard II.	Standard III.	Standard IV.	Standard V.	Standard VI.
Reading.*	To read a short paragraph from a book not confined to words of one syllable.	To read with intelligence a short paragraph from an elementary reading-book.	To read with intelligence a short paragraph from a more advanced reading-book.	To read with intelligence a few lines of prose or poetry selected by the inspector.	Improved reading; and (*in day schools*) recitation of not less than 75 lines of poetry.	Reading with fluency and expression; and (*in day schools*) recitation of not less than 50 lines of prose, or 100 of poetry.
					N.B.—The passages for recitation may be taken from one or more standard authors, previously approved by the inspector. Meaning and allusions to be known, and, if well known, to atone for deficiencies of memory.	
Writing.	Copy in manuscript character a line of print, on slates or in copy-books, at choice of managers; and write from dictation a few common words.	A sentence from the same book, slowly read once, and then dictated. Copy books (large or half-text) to be shown.	A sentence slowly dictated once from the same book. Copy books to be shown (small hand, capital letters, and figures).	Eight lines slowly dictated once from a reading-book. Copy books to be shown (improved small hand).	Writing from memory the substance of a short story read out twice; spelling, grammar, and handwriting to be considered.	A short theme or letter; the composition, spelling, grammar, and handwriting to be considered.
Arithmetic.	Simple addition and subtraction of numbers of not more than four figures, and the multiplication table, to 6 times 12.	The four simple rules to short division (inclusive).	Long division and compound addition and subtraction (money).	Compound rules (money) and reduction (common weights and measures).†	Practice, bills of parcels, and simple proportion.	Proportion, vulgar and decimal fractions.
Grammar, Geography, and History.		(1.) *To point out the nouns in the passages read or written.* (2.) *Definitions, points of compass, form and motions of earth, the meaning of a map.*	(1.) *To point out the nouns, verbs, and adjectives.* (2.) *Outlines of geography of England, with special knowledge of the county in which the school is situated.*	(1.) *Parsing of a simple sentence.* (2.) *Outlines of geography of Great Britain, Ireland, and Colonies.* (3.) *Outlines of history of England to Norman Conquest.*	(1.) *Parsing, with analysis of a "simple" sentence.* (2.) *Outlines of geography of Europe—physical and political.* (3.) *Outlines of history of England from Norman Conquest to accession of Henry VII.*	(1.) *Parsing, and analysis of a short "complex" sentence.* (2.) *Outlines of geography of the world.* (3.) *Outlines of history of England from Henry VII. to death of George III.*

* Reading will be tested in the ordinary class-books, if approved by the inspector; but these books must be of reasonable length and difficulty, and unmarked. If they are not so, books brought by the inspector will be used. Every class ought to have two or three sets of reading-books. The class examination (Article 19 C.) will be conducted so as to show the intelligence, and not the mere memory, of the scholars. The new subjects introduced into Article 28 are mainly taken, with the same object, from the 4th Schedule (specific subjects) in the Code of 1874.

† The "weights and measures" taught in public elementary schools should be only such as are really useful—such as avoirdupois weight, long measure, liquid measure, time table, square and cubical measures, and any measure which is connected with the industrial occupations of the district.

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given the query. It is a very rare occurrence for an inspector's motives and conduct to be impugned, though managers and masters at times find themselves disappointed in the results. When such immense sums are to be distributed, and this distribution depends solely upon the inspector's adjudication of success or failure, they necessarily become exacting. This their instructions require. Yet, while holding the balance so evenly between schools and the government, they are specially instructed to be lenient with schools newly introduced under inspection, and, upon the remonstration of two managers, an examination may be cancelled and a new test ordered. That this happens rarely, if ever, will be the best criterion of the fairness with which government inspectors do their duty. There is one point, however, upon which all are agreed, and that needs immediate attention. We refer to the absolute power for good or evil that H. M. inspectors possess in regard to masters' private character. Each year the master's parchment receives an endorsement from the visiting inspector, and from this written opinion the master has no appeal. The "Black List," as it is called, is annually published in the Blue Book on Education, and publication in this list simply means ruin to the unfortunate so treated. He may be inserted in this list for immorality, intemperance, careless registration, or any other of the many faults into which a school-master may fall. He may be innocent, yet there is no court, within the school system, to which the master may appeal. The Educational Department receives no communication from teachers. Managers alone may correspond with the London authorities; and if the manager be the complaining party through whom the master has been punished, the master is as helpless in England as he would be in Russia or Turkey. It is incomprehensible that no method has been devised by which masters might be heard in self-defence before suffering so serious an attack upon their professional character as that to which we refer. But the fact is, the master is completely at the mercy of H. M. inspectors.

The accompanying schedule of pupil-teachers' work (Table II.) may prove of interest and instruction to assistant teachers in American elementary schools, besides furnishing a possible "course" for such among them as do not know how to divide their work.

Thus far we have said nothing of the religious instruction of the children. Here, we believe, is the brightest page in the history of modern relations between England and the church. Apart from the four hours' secular instruction of obligation to

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TABLE II.—QUALIFICATIONS AND CERTIFICATES OF PUPIL-

	1. Health.* N.B.—Copies of all these Certificates should be entered in the Log-Book.	2. Character and Conduct.	3. Reading and Repetition.	4. English Grammar and Composition.
For Admission (*or end of 1st year, if admitted before 1st May*, 1878).	A *medical* certificate that candidate is not subject to any infirmity likely to interfere with profession of teacher.	A certificate from managers that the moral character of the candidates and of their homes justifies an expectation that the instruction and training of the school will be seconded by their own efforts and the example of their parents.	To read with fluency, ease, and expression.	The noun, verb, and adjective, with their relations in a simple sentence; and to write from dictation in a neat hand, with correct spelling and punctuation, a passage of simple prose. [*In the following years, copy writing, one line of large hand and one of small hand, will be required.*]
End of 1st (*or* 2d) year.	Certificate from managers that pupil-teacher has not suffered any failure of health likely to incapacitate for profession of teacher.	1. Certificate of good conduct from the managers. 2. Certificate of punctuality, diligence, obedience, and attention to their duties from the master or mistress.	To read as above; and to repeat 50 consecutive lines of poetry with just expression and knowledge of the meaning.	The pronoun, adverb, and preposition, with their relations in a sentence; and to write from memory the substance of a passage of simple prose, read to them with ordinary quickness, or a short letter.
End of 2d (*or* 3d) year.	Same as at end of first year, together with one *from a medical practitioner*.	Same as above.	To read as above; and to repeat 40 consecutive lines of prose.	The conjunction, with the analysis of sentences; and to write full notes of a lesson on a subject selected by the inspector.
End of 3d (*or* 4th) year.	Same as at end of first year.	Same as above.	To read as above; and to repeat 100 lines of poetry.	Recapitulation of the preceding exercises; the meaning in English of the Latin prepositions; and to write a letter, or to write from memory the substance of a longer passage than at the end of second year.
End of 4th (*or* 5th) year.	Same as at end of first year.	Same as above.	To read as above; and to repeat 80 lines of prose. N.B.—*The passages for repetition in prose and poetry must be of a secular character, and taken from some standard English writer, approved by Her Majesty's inspector. The meaning and allusions if well known will atone for deficiencies of memory.*	Recapitulation of the preceding exercises; to know something of the sources and growth of the English language; and to write an original composition on some simple subject selected by Her Majesty's inspector.

* Scrofula, fits, asthma, deafness, great imperfections of the sight or voice, the loss of an eye from constitutional disease, or the loss of an arm or leg, or the permanent disability of either arm or leg, curvature of the spine, hereditary tendency to insanity, or any constitutional infirmity of a disabling nature, is a positive disqualification in candidates for the office of pupil-teacher.

Female pupil-teachers, before admission, must produce a certificate from the schoolmistress and managers that of plain needlework to the inspector, together with a statement from the schoolmistress specifying whether they have or afterwards, will obtain the opinion of some competent person upon the merit of the needlework. A paper of question.

† At the examination for admission to Training Colleges marks will be given to candidates who have been pupil-

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TEACHERS AT ADMISSION AND DURING THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

5. Arithmetic and Mathematics.		6. Geography.	7. History.	8. Teaching.†	9. Additional Subject.	10. Drawing. *Where suitable Means of Instruction exist.*	11. Music. *Where suitable Means of Instruction exist.*
Male Pupil-Teachers.	Female Pupil-Teachers.						
Practice and proportion (simple and compound).	Practice and bills of parcels.	The British Isles.		To teach a class to the satisfaction of Her Majesty's inspector.	1. A paper will be set at the examination of candidates for admission to Training Schools (Articles 91, 92) in 1. Latin. 2. Greek. 3. French. 4. German.	1. Pupil-teachers who during their engagement successfully work exercises in freehand, geometry, perspective, model, and blackboard drawing are credited with marks in any future examination under Articles 44, 91, or 100.	The natural scale, and the intervals found in it. Shapes and relative values of notes and rests. Places of notes on the treble staff.
Vulgar and decimal fractions.	Proportion (simple and comp'nd).	Europe. [*Maps to be drawn in this and the following years.*]	The succession of the English Sovereigns from the reign of Egbert, with dates, to the present time.	The same, and to show increased skill in instruction and discipline.	2. This paper will contain grammatical questions and easy passages for translation into English. 3. Marks will also be given to any candidate at that examination who, at one of the examinations held in May of each year by the Department of Science and Art, has taken a first class in the elementary stage, or passed in the advanced stage, of one of the following subjects, viz.: 5. Mechanics. 6. Chemistry. 7. Animal Physiology. 8. Acoustics (Light and Heat). 9. Magnetism, Electricity. 10. Physiography. 11. Botany.	2. The exercises may be worked in any order, except that pupil-teachers cannot be examined in blackboard drawing till they have passed in all the other subjects. 3. Examinations are held— (1) In *March* at the elementary schools in which drawing is taught. (2) In *May* at the Schools of Art and Art Classes connected with the Department of Science and Art. 4. Pupil-teachers engaged in schools at which drawing is taught by a qualified teacher should be examined at their own schools in March. Pupil-teachers engaged in schools at which drawing is not taught, or at which no examination is held in March, and pupil-teachers attending Schools of Art or Art Classes, may be examined in May. They cannot be examined *both* in March and May, nor on the occasion of H. M. Inspector's visit to their school.	Relation of treble staff to bass. Places of notes on both. Simple common and simple triple time.
Interest and percentages; and Euclid, Book I., to end of the XXVIth Proposition.	Vulgar fractions.	The Colonies.	Outlines of British history to the accession of Henry VII.	The same.			Scales and intervals altered by sharps and flats. Compound times.
Euclid to the end of Book I., Algebra to simple equations (inclusive).	Decimal fractions.	Asia and Africa.	Outlines of British history from the accession of Henry VII. to the present time.	The same.	4. Candidates may obtain marks at the admission examination (Article 91) for any one (but not more) in each group (1–4, and 5–11) of these 11 subjects.		The minor scale in its diatonic forms.
Euclid, Book II.; Mensuration of Plane Surfaces, and Algebra to quadratic equations (inclusive).	Interest and recapitulation of the preceding rules.	America and the Oceans.	Recapitulation of the above.	To satisfy Her Majesty's inspector of power to conduct a division of the school, or manage grouped classes in the classroom, and specially to give a collective lesson.		5. Pupil-teachers may also, with the consent of the authorities of a Training College, be examined in blackboard drawing (*only*) at the examination held, towards the close of the year, at each of these Colleges.	The minor scale in its chromatic forms, and the chromatic intervals found in it.

they possess reasonable competency as sempstresses; and, at the annual examinations, must bring certified specimens been receiving practical instruction in any other kind of domestic industry. The inspector, at the time of examination tions on domestic economy is given to the female candidates for admission to Training Schools at the Christmas exami-

teachers for their practical skill in teaching.

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earn grants from the government, the reverend managers are as free as possible to employ what time and means they deem best for the spiritual welfare of the children. Statues, pious pictures, everything that Catholic devotion holds to as external helps, are allowed in English elementary Catholic schools. H. M. inspectors are instructed never to question the children upon religious subjects, but are equally careful to show on every occasion their respect for religion in general. Most of the denominations have an examining committee appointed to visit the schools outside of secular hours, and a report of each school is sent to the proper ecclesiastical authorities. In Catholic schools this is carried out on a very extensive scale. There can be few children better instructed in the catechism text and its meaning than the children of the Catholic elementary schools in England. In some dioceses, however, the attention paid to mere verbal accuracy tends to render anything like an appeal to the finer feelings of the child's spiritual being almost an impossibility. Where the master is taken up with "cramming" for an examination he is not likely to act with much effect upon the hearts of his little ones.

English Catholics naturally hold very tenaciously to the religious liberty now enjoyed in their schools. It is to be hoped that the fears of some well-informed observers of the signs of the times are exaggerated. A sentiment has been finding expression among a few that the triumph of Liberalism in England would bring in the reign of secularism in her schools. This would be a great error, one which all well-wishers of England would earnestly deplore. Catholics must see to it that the hard-earned victories won in the cause of religious toleration be not smuggled away under any pretence. United with their ecclesiastical leaders, who, having the divine mission to teach, have also the right to say what shall be taught, the Catholics of England may in most constituencies obtain, if not all, at least a fair share of their religious rights.

England to-day advances money at nominal rates to Catholic managers to aid in the erection of buildings. She even makes absolute grants in the same view. She does all that can fairly be expected to encourage elementary education within her own boundaries. While cavilling, as Americans generally do, at what England fails to accomplish, is there not reason rather to blush at the conduct of the American authorities in so persistently refusing to listen to Catholic arguments in favor of equal rights in elementary education?

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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER V.

MEXICO.

OF the railway journey from New York to New Orleans I have nothing particular to say. I was intensely astonished at the magnificence of the cars, their luxurious appliances, their sybaritic accommodations, from ice-water to hair-mattresses. The sleeping-berths were a complete surprise, while the economy of space studied in their make-up seemed more like a conjurer's trick than a very prosaic, business-like arrangement.

"Is there no third-class, Masther Joe?" anxiously demanded Billy Brierly after we had proceeded a short way along the banks of the beautiful Hudson. "No." "Is it all first-class, sir?" "Yes." "All goold, an' lukkin'-glasses, an' velvet, an' sates soft as feather-beds that houlds ye whin yer down?" "Yes." "An' did ye have for to pay for *me*, Masther Joe?" "Of course." "It's joking me y'are, sir." I showed him the two tickets, exactly similar. "Is it cock the likes o' me in first-class, Masther Joe?" still doubtingly. "There was nothing else for it, Billy." "Be the mortial, we'll be bruck. Ye'll never hould out, sir, at this rate. O murdher! shure it's fourth-class is too good for the likes o' me afther losin' me five poun'—may the curse av Crummle light on the gallas desayvor!"

When the hour came for making up the sleeping-berths Billy came to me—I should mention that nothing would induce him to sit even in the same car with me—and with a face full of perplexity.

"There's a naygur here, Masther Joe, that's afther axin' me av he'd make up me bed. 'What d'ye mane?' sez I. 'Will I make up yer bed?' sez he. 'For what?' sez I, just for to show him that *I* was wide awake. 'For to sleep in,' sez he wud a grin, an' showin' a set o' teeth like the notes on Miss Nellie's pianay. I seen he was coddin' me, but I kep me temper. 'Mebbe ye'd like for to have yer own bed med up?' sez I. He laughed, sir, just as if somebody was ticklin' his troath wud a feather. The laffin' riz me a bit, so I sez: 'Av ye want yer bed med up, ye grinnin' black haythen, I'll shake ye into it while

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ye'd be axin' for a lind av a sack.' He sed nothin', Masther Joe, but what d'ye think he done, but he goes over an' takes a hoult av the side av the ceilin' av the carriage, an' gives a pull at a handle as if it was a doore, whin—it's truth I'm tellin' ye, sir—the whole side kem out av the ceilin', an' there was a shelf wud a hair-matthrass, an' bolsther, an' pillars, an' blankets, an' quilts, an' all, reddy to lep into. I thought, Masther Joe, that the sight wud lave me eyes. Faix, this is the cunthry where reddy-made beds can be had for the pullin' av a handle. Faix, I suppose we'll see little pigs runnin' about reddy roasted, wud knives an' forks stuck in thim, be the time we raich wherever we're goin'?"

It was on the second morning of our journey that the conductor came to me. "I guess you'd better step into the smoking-car, sir; your servant has got into trouble."

I rushed through the cars, to find Billy in the extreme corner seat, held down by two of the employees of the line, while at the ice-water tank stood a man bathing a still bleeding nose, and otherwise bearing unmistakable evidences of rough handling.

"What is the matter?" I asked. "This man—" commenced one of the officials. "Arrah, hould yer whisht!" burst in my retainer scornfully. "What the dickins do *you* know about it, I'd like for to larn? Ye only cum in whin it was all over, at the heel o' the hunt." Then addressing me: "Masther Joe, that chap stannin' over there in an endayvor for to stanch his nose is own brother to the villyan that stole me five poun'. What d'ye think he done? I got collogerin' wud him, an', afther tellin' him I was from the ould cunthry, an' all to that, he ups an' axes me if I have any Irish notes. 'Why d'ye ax me, sir?' sez I, smellin' a rat as quick as Tim Doyle's tarrier. 'Bekase,' sez he, 'I'd like for to exchange.' Well, Masther Joe, I cudn't stan' it any longer, an' that's how it happened." "I'll have you arrested at the next station," exclaimed the proprietor of the injured nose, who turned out to be a most respectable citizen of a little place called Saltrine. "I'll have you locked up and fixed for six months, you Irish—" A very energetic movement on the part of Mr. Brierly caused the other to retreat with considerable agility in the direction of the door, his sentence unfinished.

Luckily, I had a couple of bottles of champagne in a basket, thoughtfully provided for me by the cheery Mrs. Flink, and, by the aid of G. H. Mumm's Extra Dry, I was enabled to induce Mr. Dealy to accept a humble apology from my retainer.

It was late at night when we reached New Orleans, and I drove straight to the steamer *City of Mexico*, which lay at her

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moorings at the Levee. I was lucky enough, thanks to a telegram sent by Mr. Flink, to secure a deck state-room, and we were already some distance down the Mississippi when I awoke upon the following morning.

The sail down the Mississippi strongly and strangely reminded me of the "lazy Scheldt." Given a few windmills, and the resemblance would be simply perfect—the old chateaux with their trimly and primly cut ever-so-green trees, in this instance laden with golden oranges; the banks rising on either side above the flat-lying plantations, all of sugar; the dull, dreary sameness, and with no object to break a sky-line that seemed hundreds of miles anywhere. Where was Flushing? where the spire of the glorious Cathedral of St. Jacques at Antwerp? We were all day on the river, and at sunset struck its narrow mouth in the South Pass, at a place called the Jetties. Up to this it had been plain sailing enough, but when we crossed the bar what a transformation! Everybody got ill; everybody was seized with the horrors of sea-sickness; everybody plunged into the clammy embraces of a monster that spares neither age nor sex, that lays out the monarch and the tramp alike.

The ship, a wobbly tub, short, light, built to ape the buoyancy of a cork, rolled, ducked, bobbed like an inebriated porpoise; and although there was no sea on, the *City of Mexico* acted as if she were enjoying the luxury of a ground-swell, or paying off an old grudge to the wretched beings who now groaned, and moaned, and writhed over her decks. Shall I ever forget those hours, which appeared like so many years—nay, centuries? I lay in my berth on my back, my arms folded across my breast like the stone effigy of some mediæval warrior; nor did I dare to stir until the steward, on the morning of the fifth day, announced the "glad tidings of great joy" that the snow-capped peak of the extinct volcano Orizaba was in sight. By a supreme effort I rolled out of my berth, and through the open door on to the deck. Never have I beheld a sight so sublime—a sight so calculated to fill the soul as with the "chords of a great amen." There, at a distance of over one hundred miles, stood the extinct volcano in silent, solemn, and awful grandeur, partly wrapped in a mantle of blue-gray cloud. For one brief second the sun shot a single ray across the dazzling white peak, and in that brief second I beheld, as it were, "the white radiance of eternity." I continued to gaze at this grim and ghastly sentinel until he disappeared high in the clouds, and it was hours ere the faint outlines of Montezuma's shores became mingled with the hazy horizon.

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"Masther Joe," exclaimed Billy, who stood reverently gazing at the snow-clad mountain, "they're tellin' me that that's the North Pole. Musha, to think of me comin' to sich a could place, an' the frieze coat that me father got his death in at the meetin' at Tara, be raison av the sweatin' the hait av it gev him—the Lord be good to him this night, amin—lyin' doin' nothin' in Mrs. Casey's thrunk!"

As we drew near Vera Cruz a *norte* suddenly sprang upon us. This *norte* is a wind that blows off land and dead in the teeth of approaching vessels, which must run out to sea or seek shelter as best they can during its continuance. It possesses one good quality, however: it temporarily frees the town of Vera Cruz from the scourge of the deadly *vomito*, that most malignant form of yellow fever, for the prevalence of which this town enjoys so unhappy a reputation.

This *norte*, as the Americans say, "went for us." We put on every pound of steam that the boilers would stand, in order to reach the roadstead before the wind should come to its full strength. We spun over the boiling, lashing, hissing, seething waters, the *norte* whistling through the rigging with a hundred bos'n power, and wrestling desperately with the ship, which creaked and groaned, and squirmed and wriggled, as though endowed with life and determined to force its way past its redoubtable antagonist. When almost within hail of shore we signalled for a pilot; but that ancient mariner, wise in his generation, refused to accept our invitation, so there was nothing for it but to put to sea again, and run for the smooth water lying five miles away between the mainland and the island of Sacrificio, growing on which I beheld my first cocoanut-palms. It was on this island, by the way, that the Aztecs annually cut the still palpitating heart from out the breast of a handsome youth who for three hundred and sixty-four days they treated as a monarch.

Shall I ever forget my first night in the tropics? The glittering stars, bright as moons, throbbed in the whitish-blue vault of heaven. The gentle queen of night shone fair, with all her virgin satellites about her. The Southern Cross flashed in the glowing canopy. From the shore—that shore as yet a sealed book and mystery to me—came wafted the voluptuous perfumes of tropical flowers, and the stillness was sweeter to the senses than music.

Oh! it was a night to be quaffed like wine. I thought, as I half reclined on my deck-chair, smoking a genuine "Lopez," of the events of the last few days, that now appeared like ages—of the visit to Timolin, of Trixy, my departure for Dublin, of Miss

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Wriothesly and "*ce grand peut-être*," and, lastly, of Conchita. The sealed packet lay right across my heart, and I longed to reach the city of Mexico, in order to become master of its contents.

The morning was a veritable glory. I hastily dressed and went on deck, in order to lose nothing of the new revelation; and even while undergoing ablution my neck was continually craned out of my state-room window to catch a glimpse of the vivid scenes that, panorama-like, were about to unfold themselves to my eager gaze.

On my right lay Fort Ulloa, grim, hoary, dented, toy sentinels peeping from toy sentry-boxes, then toy bayonets flashing in the tropical sunlight. This fort, which is also used as a prison, is built upon a small island situated at the distance of about half a mile from the mainland, and here, upon the 21st day of April, 1519, the mailed heel of Hernando Cortez first imprinted itself upon Mexican soil. On my left lay Vera Cruz—the City of the True Cross—baked to a dull pink by the heat of a glaring, dazzling, and glittering sunlight. Out from behind a tawny sand-bank, clear cut against the keen, full blue sky, stand the white church-towers, surmounted by burnished crucifixes, the domes and *adobe* houses relieved here and there by the crests of stately palms *en silhouette*. On the right a white, feathery column tells the sea-weary traveller that the *ferro carril*, or railway, lies in that quarter; while on the left stretches a dull, dead plain of sand, eventually, and without a break, meeting the sky-line. Dim and shadowy spectres fill in the background—gigantic mountains jealously veiled in *zarapes* of cloud.

"An' so this is Mexico, Masther Joe," observed Billy Brierly, sidling alongside. "Faix, it luks hot enough, any way, an' lies as low as Sandymount, near Dublin. It's not much to boast av afther all. Sand is sand all the world over, an', be the mortial, there's hapes av it here. Thim's illigant crosses, glory be to God! See how the sun leps off them, an' plays wud thim chapels to no ind. Wudn't this warm Father James' heart, Masther Joe, for to see th' ould religion devartin' itself all over the place? Musha, but an't the natives as brown as Biddy Gallagher's taypot! An', troth, it's not much clothes they have for to spare. See that chap bawlin' himself hoarse over in that rickety little boat; there's not as much on him as wud hang upon a currant-bush. Aye, bawl away, the whole o' yez; sorra a word we know av what yez are sayin', an', what's more, sorra a haporth we care."

Around the steamer shore-boats swarmed, blue-painted, with

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snowy awnings striped in red, and plied by rowers who for picturesqueness leave the Venetian gondoliers on the Rialto—copper-colored fellows, in ever-so-white drawers cut away at the knee; in blood-red sashes; in scanty tunics bleached as the cap of Orizaba; in straw *sombreros* the hue of amber. Such flashing teeth, and glittering eyes, and blue-black hair! They howled, gesticulated frantically as the runners who sell you the "c'rect kyard" for the Punchestown races; and it is only when you have consigned your *impedimenta* to their tender mercies that they relapse into anything approaching ordinary quiescence.

"Arrah, where are ye shovin' me, ye thief o' the world!" roared Billy, as a sinewy Indian was for thrusting him to the forward part of the boat. "Av ye lay a dirty finger on me bag"—Brierly's personal luggage consisted of an old-fashioned carpet-bag, with a brass padlock the size of a cheese-plate—"I'll knock ye overboard. Have more manners nor to thrate a furriner as if he was a haythen like yerself. Ah! wud ye?" this to another of the boatmen, who extended his hand for the bag. "Masther Joe, wud ye be vexed wud me av I tached a cupple av these naygurs manners? Ah! ye greasy thief, av I had ye on the green av Bolliabawn I'd larn ye for to behave."

The mole at which we landed swarmed with picturesque humanity. *Caballeros* jostled *aguadores*, or water-carriers, scantily draped. Indian flower-girls offered bouquets to *señoras* and *señoritas* enveloped in graceful mantillas. Officers in showy military uniforms chatted gaily with civilian swells affecting the shiniest silk hats, the shortest-tailed coats, the tightest pantaloons, and the daintiest of high-heeled, cushion-toed boots. Hawkers of strange-looking confectionery, and still stranger-looking fruit, cried their wares in shrill, startling voices. Porters, black as ebony, reeled beneath appalling loads, and gaily-accoutred mules and donkeys added to the glitter of color and the dazzle of motion.

A Mexican gentleman whose acquaintance I made on board, and who spoke the most perfect English, having been educated at Ushaw College, took me under his charge. "You should not stop in Vera Cruz," he said. "No foreigner should sleep in the city at this season of the year. The yellow fever ever abounds, and pounces upon the weakest victim. You'll take *almuerzo*—that is, midday breakfast—with me at the Fonda Vera Cruziana, and we'll start by the half-past two o'clock train for Orizaba, where I would advise you to break the journey. Orizaba is about eighty miles from Vera Cruz, in the *tierra templada*, or temperate country.

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We have, as you are possibly aware, the *tierra caliente*—that is, around here; the *tierra templada*, which commences about thirty miles from here as we ascend into higher latitudes; and the *tierra fria*, or cold country, after we pass the *Boca del Monte*, seven thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea."

Passing under a massive archway, we were gravely scrutinized by the *zopilotes*, or street-scavengers, who gazed at us from door-steps, balconies, house-tops, and church-towers. The *zopilote* is a buzzard, and to his buzzardship is relegated the duty of cleaning the streets. What if the *vomito* does appear every year, and carry off a few hundred Vera-Cruzians with its pestilential breath? The *zopilotes* have had the scavenging here since the time of Cortez, and why change the system?

"Did ye ever see sich a sight av crows, Masther Joe?" demanded Billy, who trudged behind, carpet-bag in hand—"as tame as cats, an' as big as them fowls Miss Patricia has beyant at Timolin. I wished I was foreninst thim this blessed minit, ugly as th' are."

Señor Guadalupe Gonzalez, my guide, philosopher, and friend, gave me a good deal of information about Vera Cruz, and in a very few words. Some men are gifted in this way, while others are more in the line of Mrs. Nickleby than anything else.

"The city was founded at the end of the sixteenth century," he said. "Originally a fortress, it is entirely surrounded by massive walls and ramparts, the latter stretching a quarter of a mile along the sea-shore, flanked on both sides by ancient forts, while on the land side the ramparts are curved in the form of an arc, and entered by a number of quaint gateways that you shall visit before you leave. We have twelve thousand inhabitants proper, but the floating population amounts to forty thousand. It is the capital of the state of the same name, and through it passes two-thirds of the Mexican exports and imports. It is infested by land-sharks in the shape of custom-house officials, and I do believe," Señor Gonzalez warmly exclaimed, "that much of our backwardness as a nation is due to the prohibition duties and barefaced robberies of these pirates."

What bizarre and picturesque sights met my gaze as I strolled along! Strings of mules, laden with every conceivable commodity, the leader ridden by the heavy villain of cheap melodrama; rude, quaint carts, the sides composed of netting, drawn by three mules, one in the shafts, the other two being outsiders, the left-hand mule bestridden by a jaunty fellow in a gray felt *sombrero* bound with silver lace, a skin jacket laced with silver

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cord, high buff boots, and a blood-red rajah, or scarf. Dark-eyed señoritas peeped at us from beneath gaily-striped awnings stretched over richly-carved stone balconies, puffing blue-white smoke from their coquettish cigarettes, their low, musical, gentle laughter rippling on the summer air—for it was eighty degrees in the shade on this November day. Duennas, haggard and hideous as ever Doré painted them, glared at us, suspicion depicted in their wary glances. Milkmen, their cans encased in skins, three on each side, jogged lazily along beside their donkeys. *Aguadores* cried their wares. Indians in dazzling white sped rapidly by in a sort of compromise between a run, a trot, and a walk, while vistas of cool, delightfully cool, interiors gave us glimpses of coatless clerks, behind great iron bars, seated upon the lofty stools of their order, and of stores, deep in shadow, containing wares as picturesque as their general surroundings.

Our walk lay through the market-place. "Now," exclaimed Señor Gonzalez, "you'll see plenty of color."

It was a veritable glory of reds, and greens, and yellows! Such tropical fruits and flowers! Such golds, and purples, and blues! Indian women lay stretched on mats, indolently watching their stock of glistening red and green pepper-pods, of *papayas*—I give the names of the fruits as my companion pointed them out to me—*camote*, *chirimoya*, *chico zapote*, *zapote pueto*, *zicama*, and fifty others I cannot now remember. *Tortillas* were being cooked over red earthenware pans; *rancheros*, or farmers, dismounted from gaily-bedizened mustangs, were bargaining for this, that, or the other; Indians in *zarapes* and *ponchos*, all engaged in smoking cigarettes, stood listlessly around. One side of the market was in deepest shadow, the other lighted to a dazzle by a wondrously luminous dayshine, with the keen blue sky above for a canopy. I see those wondrous and glowing contrasts as I write—the dazzling white walls, the soft, warm, sensuous shadows, the centre all clots of color, the blue overhead, and the quaint and picturesque figures in every conceivable attitude of summer-noon laziness. In compliance with my desire to visit a church, in order to return thanks to God for my safe passage across the Gulf, Señor Gonzalez turned into the *Plaza de Armas*, and we entered the parish church, *La Parroquia*, which was built in 1721. It is a handsome and spacious temple, its *façade* ornamented by a Doric portico very imposing. Pushing aside a coarse woollen hanging, we found ourselves in the interior, the grand altar a blaze of gilding from the floor to the ceiling, relieved here and there by col-

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ored statues of the saints and by medallion pictures. There were but few seats, and these were solely occupied by the infirm and old. The congregation knelt on the floor and in groups in front of the numerous side-chapels. Gorgeous flowers decked altar and aisle, their delicious perfume mingling with the aromatic odor of incense. The Holy Sacrifice had just commenced at a side-altar, the celebrant bearing a most startling resemblance to our dear padre at Dromroe. "Wisha," I heard Billy Brierly mutter as he flung himself on his knees, "is it Father James that's in it?"

I had heard a good deal of the march of infidelity in Mexico; that churches were closed for lack of congregations, and convents suppressed for want of sisters; and I was intensely elated to find this parish church, at so late a Mass and on a week day, filled with as pious and devout a congregation as one could find even in some remote valley of the wild west of Ireland. Ladies in mantillas knelt by the side of Indian women in *chiquitas*—a description of light blue scarf wound round the head and twisted across the bosom—while the number of men, aye, and of young men, some in full *charro*, others in European dress, who came not to mock but to pray, truly edified me.

"Av Father James was here for to see this wudn't he be joyful, Masther Joe!" exclaimed my retainer as we emerged into the full blaze of the tropical dayshine. "I never seen the aiqual av thim blacks for piety, sir. There was wan poore crayture be me side, an' she gem me a welt in the stomick that nearly riz'd it as if it was on say, an' it was only herself she was goin' for to bate in regard to her rosary. She sed it aiqual to Biddy McGrane; an' only for to think that the blessed Mass was just as if we wor at the little chapel av Erris-na-golliaun! Masther Joe, *avic*, won't ye write all this to Father James? It's himself 'ill be joyful whin he hears that the blessed Mass is so warm out here."

The Fonda Vera Cruziana, toward which we now bent our steps—what an appetite I had! having partaken of nothing but an orange and a cup of coffee on board the *City of Mexico*—consists of a large, theatrical-looking apartment, visible from the street, surrounded by galleries and surmounted by a skylight—in fact, a sort of enclosed *patio*, or courtyard, with tables set in coignes of vantage and tropical plants hedging each table. The waiters were attired in white, and extremely civil.

One of the prettiest table ornaments I have ever seen anywhere is common to Mexico—namely, a dish of radishes, each radish reposing on a small, thin pat of butter shaped like a leaf.

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The fanciful manner in which this dish is made up, and its delicate color-contrasts, impart to it an indescribable prettiness. I introduced it at Dromroe during the radish season with wonderful success.

"Now," observed Señor Gonzalez, "I shall order a Mexican breakfast pure and simple. This," helping me to a brown mess about the consistency of stirabout, "is a national dish; and what pork and beans are to a Bostonian, maccaroni to an Italian, bouilli à l'abaisse to a Frenchman, caviare to a Russian, the *frigoles* are to a Mexican. They are small beans. You'll pass that part of the *tierra templada* where they flourish."

I must confess that the especial charm of the *frigoles* was lost upon me. "You should eat them with a *tortilla*," presenting me with a round, thin cake not unlike a pancake. "Follow me; see how I use it." Rolling the *tortilla* as one would a piece of paper, he dipped the end into his plate, moving it round and round in the purple-brown mess; then, lifting it to his mouth, he bit a large piece off. Through a sense of politeness I endeavored to follow his example, but, hungry as I was, the effort proved a miserable failure. I was more fortunate in an omelette, and a fillet served with olives; and as for the red mullet with *zopote* sauce piquante, it was fit for one of those little dinners that Lucullus was in the habit of giving at his charming suburban residence.

"I am so glad you like our mullet!" observed Señor Gonzalez. "We think a great deal of its flavor; in fact, we cannot be beaten in this fish. Montezuma used to have it served fresh in the capital, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. The moment a fish was caught it was placed in a basket of ice, and the basket handed to a runner, who ran with incredible swiftness exactly one hundred yards. This runner handed his precious freight to another runner, who darted like a flash on *his* hundred yards, and so on until the capital was reached, a runner being in readiness at every hundred yards. There is a fish you will get in the capital called *pescado de lago*. Now, do not fail to eat it. I have travelled a good deal. I have eaten your celebrated whiting, your black sole, your turbot, your fresh sardine, your—" "Have you ever tasted a Dublin Bay herring?" I burst in. "I have." "Well?" "It is absolutely delicious; but, as I was saying, this *pescado de lago*, or lake-fish—it is caught in Lake Tezcoco and Lake Chalco, quite close to the city—possesses a flavor all its own."

Sounds of altercation mingled with threats of dire vengeance, in a voice there was no possibility of mistaking, arose in the ad-

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joining apartment, where Billy Brierly was engaged in discussing his first Mexican meal.

"Your fellow seems to be pitching into somebody or everybody," laughed Gonzalez; and at that instant Billy, his face one blaze of indignation, and holding something out before him between his forefinger and thumb, strode into the *comedor*, or dining-room, where Señor Gonzalez and I sat.

"D'ye know what they're afther doin' on me, Masther Joe, bad luck to their impidence?" he gasped. "What *is* the matter?" "Matther! Is this a Christian land at all, at all? What do they take me for? Is it for a baste or a cannibal? Luk at that, Masther Joe. May I never if it's not a snail—a snail, sir—and there's a whole dish full av thim beyant in the next room!"

It took a deal of persuasion, both on the part of Señor Gonzalez and myself, to prove to Billy that snails are regarded as a delicacy in Mexico. "Be the mortial, it's rats and cats, an' worse, they'll be givin' us afore we're done, Masther Joe. I won't ate a bit or sup—barrin' bread an' butther, and mebbe an egg—while I'm in the cunthry. I wouldn't take the barony o' Killoughlin an' taste a bit av their mait, afther this turn."

Señor Gonzalez took me to the Commercial Club, where we had a cigar and some excellent coffee in the open courtyard. "Our coffee comes from Cordoba; it is equal, if not superior, to Mocha," observed mine host. "I wonder some American or English capitalist hasn't made several fortunes over it. Land is cheap, labor is cheap, the berry takes care of itself, and transportation is cheap." "What about the land-sharks at Vera Cruz?" I asked laughingly. "If Vera Cruz were burnt it would be a good thing for Mexico."

We strolled through the city, always seeking the shady side of the street, and out to the walls. A few reed cabins roofed with moss, and a few palm-trees, broke the great waste of sand, while a cloud of dust here and there denoted the presence of a passing donkey-train.

"Musha, Masther Joe, is that th' injin?" inquired Billy, as we arrived at the depot, alluding to the immense Fairlie locomotive, with its two chimneys and two boilers, and driver's hutch in the centre—in fact, two locomotives rolled into one. This engine was manufactured expressly for the purpose of pulling the train up the steep grade from Maltrata to Esperanza, which is something like four per cent. "Faix, but it wud take the consait out av the Dublin and Kingstown line, anyways."

By an artful manœuvre Señor Gonzalez succeeded in secur-

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ing seats on the left-hand side of the train, as on this side lie the most entrancing views. He also provided us with bananas and the most delicious oranges I ever tasted. "You may take a siesta for a couple of hours, Mr. Nugent, as nothing worth looking at will turn up until after the expiration of that time. You will excuse me now if I look at my letters." Such was the high-bred courtesy of this true Mexican gentleman that he actually had not opened a letter until he had rendered me completely independent of his aid.

The railway between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico—two hundred and sixty-five miles—is a very marvel of engineering, and, save that at Callao, in Peru, surpasses anything in iron roads yet constructed. It ascends seven thousand six hundred feet—four thousand seven hundred in twenty-five miles. It passes from hot to temperate, and from the latter to the cold country. It spans ravines, scales precipices, and plunges through the bowels of mountains below; then up into the clouds it goes, and, in the teeth of almost insurmountable difficulties, skims gracefully past the shrine of Our Lady of Guadalupe into the city of Mexico. As Señor Gonzalez informed me, to construct this line took thirty-six years, forty presidents, and one emperor.

In the highest possible spirits I commenced my journey into the land of Montezuma. That beautiful land was before me—that land of which conquerors have so wildly dreamed, of which poets have so glowingly sung. A sort of "now for it" feeling took possession of me as we sped slowly past the crumbling walls of Vera Cruz and out on to the tawny sands towards the dim, mysterious giants that loomed hazily upon us from the very clouds. "I see that you are bent upon taking everything in," said Gonzalez, "and as I have had all my home-news I'll act as showman for my beautiful country. You see yonder lagoon? That is Cocas, and it was near this, about a mile to the left, that the defenders of Vera Cruz surrendered to General Scott in 1847. After the next curve we shall reach Tigeria, and we shall then be one hundred and six feet higher than Vera Cruz." The country so far was perfectly flat, showing now and then a strip of swamp and a cheerless waste of sand, giving evidences of the scantiest vegetation. "I'd as lieve be on the Bog av Allen, Masther Joe," was my retainer's observation, who sat behind me. Palms and bananas were conspicuous by their absence, and low jungles, or patches of marsh with a few deformed cacti peering between rough masses of rock and shingle, were all that told a tale of the tropics.

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"We are now approaching Soledad, on the Rio Jamapa," observed the señor, "and this is the first place of any note that you have reached. It boasts two hundred inhabitants, and it gave its name to the celebrated convention between the invading power and Mexico, signed on the 19th of February by Generals Prim and Doblado." The next place we reached was Paso del Macho, situated fifteen hundred feet above the level of the coast, and still in a thirsty, gritty country, sprinkled with gaunt shapes of rock, and—save where the monotony was relieved by a river refreshing the crackling soil with its border of succulent green, or an Indian village rich in unsymmetrical, downy-roofed cabins, the copper-colored natives attired in the purest and scantiest of white—the scene scarcely demanded even so much as a passing comment.

But we were upon the very threshold of the beauties of the line, and forty-seven miles from Vera Cruz. Aromatic odors, borne by caressing breezes, saluted our nostrils; vegetation now took the place of the dreary, desolate sand-wastes; and at Paso del Macho I began to realize that Mexico contained something more lovable to the eye than distorted cacti and jagged masses of dull gray rock.

As the train reached the bridge of San Alego the scenery, in all the voluptuousness of its supreme beauty, flashed upon me. The bridge, a marvel in itself, an iron cobweb three hundred and eighteen feet long, springs from out a bed of verdure so rich, so varied, so glowing, so concentrated that it would seem as a couch for Titania herself—reds, and yellows, and blues, and greens, and purples, lichens and mosses, and ferns and orchids: a veritable tropical glory. Tinted creepers clung amorously to the yielding trees, and parasites—orchid and bromelia, beautiful as butterflies—seemed fluttering on the branches, as if just alighted and about to take wing. "This is glorious!" I cried enthusiastically. "Oh! I am so delighted that you admire my beautiful, my adored country," exclaimed the Mexican, his eyes filling with tears. "Anybody who admires my country is my friend." "The bokays is plintiful enough," mumbled my retainer, "but, faix, ould Sandie McCall has a finer bloom at Headfort this minit, I'll go bail"; this with all the unction of depreciation.

The train now dashed past sugar-cane and coffee plantations, bananas, palms, and other indwellers of the tropics, until the lovely Chiquihuite was reached, and I beheld the cascade, starting from a rift in the sheer rock, falling like a cotton thread sixty feet into a gloomy gorge. "What a header a fellow could take here, señor!" "Wait till to-morrow, till you reach the Infiernillo, or

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Little Hell," he laughed, adding, "Prepare for a grand treat now; we are close to the Baranca de Metlac."

I had heard a good deal of this pass from some Mexicans on board the steamer, and expectation was on tiptoe as we entered it, so full of splendor, so grandly Dantesque! The bridge that spans the ravine is three hundred and fifty feet long and ninety-two feet high. It is shaped in a curve from one side to the other, and is one of the most marvellous successes of this railway, which is nothing short of a succession of engineering triumphs. "In twenty minutes we shall reach Orizaba," said my *cicerone*, "and you will then be eighty-two miles from Vera Cruz. You will soon see the giant warder with his white helmet. He stands right over the town, and his height is only seventeen thousand feet! It was to Orizaba that Cortez with his band of *desesperados* hastened in the hope of looting its treasures, of the richness of which the Aztecs gave such a glowing description. Ah! you can see the cathedral now. Do you see that great steep mountain to the right? Well, it was on that mountain that the French surprised us. It was a surprise, and we got the worst of it, but at Puebla we had our revenge. Do not forget to visit the house in which Maximilian bade farewell to Bazaine; it is quite close to the town. Stop at the Fonda del Pedro. When you reach the capital stop at the Iturbide hotel for a bath before you present yourself to your friends, as the dust between Appam and the capital is something awful. Here we are. You will alight here. *Adios! a mas ver.*" And the genial Gonzalez remained on the rear platform, waving me adieu, until lost in the distance.

"A nice gintleman, an' a nice-mannered gintleman," observed Billy. "Av all Mexico is like him it's at home we are, no less."

I was both pleased and surprised to find a tram-car, drawn by mules, waiting at the station. "Fonda San Pedro," said I to a driver in a *sombrero* the size of one of the wash-tubs at home. "Si señor"; then he said something else that I could not understand, but I trusted him nevertheless and boarded the car. The yells, and shrieks, and vociferations of that driver as he urged his mules, six of them, into a gallop still ring in my ears. The pace was tremendous, and we thundered into the town, the mule-bells ringing frantically, over a picturesque bridge spanning a still more picturesque ravine; nor did we draw rein until the Fonda San Pedro was reached—a great whitewashed building of two stories, balconied, the entrance beneath a somewhat imposing but gloomy arch.

Luckily, the manager spoke a little French, and in a few minutes

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I was ushered into a room opening upon a balcony overlooking a *patio*, or great square courtyard, in which an army corps might be manœuvred, planted with the greenest of grass, clothed with color in shape of strange and exquisite flowers. My bed-room was a monster apartment, red-tiled, the ceiling as high as the peak of Orizaba, the windows barred with iron, the bed a piece of canvas laid on steel bars, upon which I subsequently grilled. Unsavory-looking insects, all legs and arms, crawled upon the dark, dank walls, and the whole place resembled a prison into which a batch of political desperadoes had just been hastily consigned.

My dinner was a very sorry affair, the soup being simply liquid grease, the fish *very* much out of water, the joints stringy, the *dulces*, or sweets, absolutely nasty. I was compelled to make a meal of *frigoles*—and a poor meal it was. After dinner I took Billy with me for a walk through the town. There was no moon that night, but there were stars—and *such* stars! flashing white light across the clear, dark blue dome. *Bizarre* were the sights that greeted us as we strolled through the streets. Indian women, wrapped in their *rebozos*, sat beside quaint little stoves, engaged in cooking *tortillas; serenos*, or watchmen, enveloped in cloaks with conical hoods like Mother Shipton's night-cap, whistled at the corner of every *calle*—a long, low, wailing whistle, by means of which they maintain a perpetual communication one with another; *haciendados*, or farmers, rich in *zarape* and *sombrero*, overtaken by the pulque fiend, uttering deep gutturals as they swung six inches of dust; strings of mules silently winding their way to a ranch high up on the side of the volcano, to return on the morrow laden with ice for the fever-thirst of Vera Cruz; groups of Indians posed in every conceivable attitude of indolent grace; and, touching the dark blue vault, the snow-capped peak of Orizaba, white in the starlight. The *plaza*, or market-place, presented a scene such as Van Schendal would have loved to paint. A large marquee stood in the middle of the square, the interior lighted by numberless kerosene-lamps. Around this marquee were ranged a number of small gaming-tables and lotteries, each table presided over by a picturesque-looking ruffian in *sombrero* and *zarape*, his features completely concealed beneath the deep shadow thrown by the leaf of the hat, while groups of eager and excited Indians pressed round, watching the players as they wooed the deceitful smiles of fickle fortune. If the scene outside the marquee was strange, how much more quaint and peculiar was that which greeted my eyes when I entered this temple of fortune!—for it was the great an-

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nual game of *quino*, which came round once a year like a circus. In rows that stretched from end to end sat Indians, the women hooded in their blue *chiquitas*, the men in the shadows of *sombreros*. Before the Indians were long planks, laid so as to do duty for tables, and opposite each player—they all played—a card containing printed numbers, while the tables were plentifully sprinkled with grains of corn for marking the game. At a desk upon an elevated platform sat an old lynx-eyed Mexican, reminding one of Quentin Matsys' celebrated picture of the Misers; a *sombrero* gorgeously laced with gold drawn deep over his brows, a jacket profusely embroidered with silver, and a *zarape* of many colors enshrouding the upper portion of his frame. Beside him on either hand stood two assistants attired in an equally expensive manner, one of whom chinked a leathern bag stuffed with *pesos*, while the other drew numbered chips from a canvas pouch, which, prior to each drawing, received a shaking that would have churned vinegar into butter. A band of four pieces discoursed a very discordant music; an instrument, a sort of compromise between a harp and a banjo, performed upon by a very pretty Indian girl, carrying off the palm for jingle. The instant the old gambler knocked on his desk with a small ivory-headed hammer everybody became silent as the grave, the band ceased to deliver sounds suggestive of the groans of criminals upon the last turn of the rack, and each player instinctively seized a few grains of the corn wherewith to mark the game.

"I'd give Paddy Gogarty's pratie-patch for wan rowl av spoil-five wud that ould varmint, Masther Joe," half-whispered Billy Brierly—"three chalks for five shillin's. I wudn't lave him a mag. Luk at th' eye av him; it wud burn a hole in a blanket."

I did not feel in the least inclined for sleep, and long after the other occupiers of the Fonda had sunk to rest I sat on the balcony attached to the window of my room, thinking of home and of all the stories I would have to tell to dear Aunt Butler and—Trixy, of course.

The morning was fresh and fragrant, and after hearing Mass at the parochial church—which contains a life-sized figure of our Lord, presented to it in 1618 by the illustrious and saintly Palafox y Mendoza, Bishop of Puebla and Viceroy of Spain—I proceeded to the train. The morning mists still enshrouded the mountains in *tulle illusion* veils, but the white cap of Orizaba stood high above the clouds, a clot of white on a patch of blue. The walk to the depot was through one vast blooming and ex-

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quisitely-perfumed garden, the orange groves sending forth their delicious odors to the caresses of the sun, the flowers lifting their bejewelled chalices full of priceless dew. Casting a long, last, lingering glance at the quaint old town sitting in the lap of verdure-clad hills, I took up a position on the platform of the rear car, for the purpose of thoroughly enjoying the delightful horrors of the Baranca del Infiernillo. A few miles, and we were into it. The Baranca is a chasm that divides two craggy steeps whose depths I could scarcely measure. When I gazed down into them I felt actually dizzy. Bridges span rifts, and gulfs, and yawning chasms, while tunnels pierce opposing mountains and rocky promontories. You emerge from the horrors of total darkness to behold grim destruction awaiting you as you speed along in mid-air. A nut, or bolt, or rivet, or rail out of place, and what a crash! Billy Brierly devoutly told his beads, and would scarcely cast a glance into the awful depths. There is no trace of vegetation; not a tree, not a shrub, not so much as a fern to break the sheer walls of clammy black rock.

What a leap into light as we emerged from the Dantesque horrors of the pass into the plains of La Joya—the jewel! On our right stood mountains dappled with bright flowers and crowned by the foliage of forest trees. To the left the valley, extending itself to the horizon, was rich in color as a Turkey carpet, and in its midst ran a silvery stream upon a bed of sand yellow in the glorious dayshine as gold, while the glacier-capped Orizaba, flaunting its white mantle in delicate relief against the Italian sky, stood sentinel over the many ranges of the Sierras in distant and paramount grandeur.

At Maltrata we awaited the arrival of the train from Mexico, and I watched for it, as did all the passengers, high in air, as though gazing up at a balloon. Soon, like a child's toy, it made its appearance slowly passing along the verdure-clad summit of the mountain. Now it disappeared behind a jutting promontory, only to reappear as it sped across a fairy-like bridge, again to become lost in tufted foliage. Presently the white smoke betrayed its whereabouts, and once more it came into view, larger, more defined, but still high on the mountain's brow. Then zig-zag it twisted in and out, and under and over, until it reached the level, where in a few minutes it slowly clank-clanked into the station.

How dusty the occupants of the other train looked! How curiously they stared at those of the up-going train! Both trains were made up of first, second, and third class carriages, a special

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car being occupied by swarthy-looking, linen-clad soldiers, the military escort, for the protection of the passengers from the attentions of speculative banditti.

While waiting for the down train, in common with the rest of our fellow-travellers, my retainer and I refreshed at an *al fresco* stall erected upon the platform. This rudely-constructed counter literally groaned under the weight of red earthenware dishes, and drinking-vessels of the size, shape, and description used by the Aztecs ere Hernando Cortez set his mailed heel upon the tawny sands at Vera Cruz. A primitive stove stood upon one end of the counter, and in an earthen pan the legs and wings of chickens fried side by side with the savory-smelling *lazita* and *cuchillados*. The Indians thronged the platform in considerable force, the women carrying their babies slung behind in their scarfs. After a delay of some twenty minutes the conductor urged us to board the train by a violent clapping of his hands. What a picturesque-looking fellow he was! I see him now in his gray felt *sombrero* laced with silver, blue jerkin confined at the waist by a buff leather belt, great buff gauntlet-gloves like those worn by Cromwell's Ironsides, and buff boots to the hips—an opera bouffe costume. When I gazed at the rugged *cumbres* above me; at the black spots that denoted so many entrances to so many tunnels; at the delicate tracery of the iron bridges; at the perpendicular and almost insurmountable barriers towering over me; and when I came to consider that thirteen miles of climbing, with an ascent of two thousand three hundred feet, had to be accomplished forthwith, I wished myself, as I had done at many a double fence, well over. "Av I get up there safe and sound, Masther Joe, an' back agin, I'll take the consait out av Miles Finnerty. I'll discoorse him till he cries peccavvy, as shure's me name's Billy Brierly. But, wirra, we're off, Masther Joe. Av I'm knocked into smithereens ye'll see Father James an' "— Here we entered a tunnel, and when we emerged Billy was praying with unexampled devotion. Upwards, upwards, upwards the train twisted and twined like a serpent, skirting steeps on ledges of rock; swinging slowly round curves till the cars leant alarmingly over; crossing ravines and chasms and clefts, and diving into the very hearts of mountains, on one side a grim wall of rock, on the other a fall of two thousand feet sheer! Upwards, upwards, upwards! till the beautiful valley of Maltrata lay beneath me, a soft and verdant sward in the lap of giant mountains, two thousand feet below, till the fields resembled the squares upon a chess-board, the church the queen, the trim white houses so many pawns—one vast

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green plain, with a bunch of daisies in the centre. Oh! it seemed so strange to be above everything.

At Boca del Monte the air became chilly, and I was not sorry to betake myself to a light overcoat. The country now became flat and uninteresting, for we had quitted the *tierra templada*, and were now dashing along through the *tierra fria*, the region of the aloe, and cacti, and dwarf trees. From Apizaco the country was one vast aloe or *maguey* plantation, this being the plant from which the celebrated *pulque*, the lager-beer of Mexico, is obtained.

On we rattled through a dense cloud of dust, and from a place called Appam to the capital the dust was simply unendurable. In vain did we close the windows and doors, in vain did I turn my back to it, in vain stuffed a handkerchief into my mouth and muffled myself as if the mercury was 28° below. The dust was not to be resisted; it came down upon me like the wolf on the fold; it entered my eyes, my nose, my mouth; it filtered through my garments like water, clinging to my irritated frame like the shirt of Nessus; it blinded and choked me.

Right glad was I of the sagacious advice of Señor Gonzalez, and, instead of driving straight to the Señora San Cosme's on my arrival in Mexico, I jumped into a carriage and drove to the Fonda del Iturbide and had a bath. Did I ever say *Gracias* with more fervor than when a dark-eyed señorita handed me a quaintly-shaped tray containing a towel, a sheet, a wisp of maguey fibre, two thin, flat cakes of soap in a brass dish such as Figaro uses in *The Barber of Seville*, a tiny pot of pink pomade, and a small vial of bay-rum? What mattered it that my bath-room would have served to lave a squadron of cavalry, and that a single candle served but to render darkness visible? I had a bath. By dint of patience and perseverance I managed to part company with the dust, and, like a giant refreshed with wine, sprang into the coach that was to bear me to the dear, kind, good-hearted friend of my dead mother.

TO BE CONTINUED.

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THE COUNT OF HAPSBURG.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

AT Aix-la-Chapelle, with stately mien and bearing,
King Rudolph sat in the ancient hall, on high;
Imperial insignia and vesture wearing,
And kept his Coronation-Day's festivity.
The viands bore the Palgrave of the Rhine,
Bohemia's duke poured out the pearly wine,
And all the Electors of the empire, seven,
Serving encircled in a brilliant ring,
Each in due office, Christendom's chief king,
Like planets round their central sun in heaven.

Outside the hall, the people crowded round,
A jam and press, backward and forward swaying,
In high good humor; frequent was the sound
Of cheering mingled with the notes of trumpets playing.
For, after bitter contest, now had come the close
Of the throne's vacancy, time of wars and woes;
A ruler of the sovereign power now held possession:
No more blind tyranny of sword and spear;
The weak and peaceful were no more in constant fear
The victims to become of mighty men's oppression.

Taking the golden goblet in his hand,
King Rudolph spoke with aspect kindly beaming:
"The feast is glorious and the banquet grand,
All things this day auspicious well beseeming;
But yet I miss the minstrel's joyous art,
Whose sounds melodious so delight my heart,
Whose lofty song gives god-like elevation.
Music and song I loved in youthful days.
To what I thought and did as knight I will be true always
As emperor; such is my determination."

Into the princely circle standing there
The minstrel, clad in mantle long and flowing,
Now entered; silvery was his hair,
Which many years had whitened in their going.

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"A sleeping melody waits these golden strings to move
When my hand wakes the harp to sing of love,
Or of the best and highest sounds the praise harmonious,
To give both soul and sense the pleasure they desire.
O emperor! say, how shall I strike the lyre
In worthiest honor of this feast most glorious?"

"I give the minstrel no commanding word,"
Thus spoke the ruler of the German nation.
"He is the servant of a mightier Lord,
Whose spirit comes in hours of inspiration,
Like to the storm-wind blowing in the air,
Of which we know not whence it comes or where
It goes; or spring whose source lies deep within a mountain.
So doth the minstrel's song spring up within his breast,
Waking emotions from their secret place of rest
Deep in the bosom's hidden, unknown fountain."

Then quick the minstrel struck the strings,
With powerful hand his harp he sounded,
And of a noble hero sings
Who for a hunt on horseback bounded;
A servant bearing all that he would need
Followed the knight, who rode a stately steed.
When they had reached a valley lone and lowly,
A tinkling, distant sound he heard, which meant
A priest was coming with the Blessed Sacrament,
His acolyte preceding walking slowly.

Down toward the ground the pious count bent low,
With head uncovered, that the faith beseeming
Every good Christian, and worship, he might show
To Him who came on earth for our redeeming.
A little streamlet running through the nook
Was swelled by Giessbach's waters to a rushing brook.
The traveller could not cross, for journey booted,
So, laying down the pyx with reverence meet,
Began to take the shoes from off his feet,
That he might wade across the stream barefooted.

"Now what is this?" in haste spoke up the count,
Who saw these movements of the priest with wonder.

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"My lord! one going to his last account
Awaits Viaticum in the village yonder.
To him I go; the bridge I thought to find
Across this brook, blown over by the wind,
The Giessbach's waves adown the stream have driven.
And so, barefooted, I will try this ford,
And bring to him the Body of the Lord
Who waits my coming, penitent and shriven."

The count then set him on his knightly steed,
The splendid bridle to his guidance giving,
That he might ride unto the man in need
Without delay, in hope to find him living.
Mounting his servant's horse, the count rode off apace,
All gay of heart, the bounding deer to chase;
The holy priest, meanwhile, upon his way proceeding.
On the next morning early at the castle-gate was seen
The priest approaching slowly with a quiet, thankful mien,
Modestly by the bridle the stately charger leading.

"Now God forbid!" cried out the noble count,
With sentiment of deep humility,
"That I for battle or for chase should mount
A horse that once has borne my Maker's Majesty.
Wilt thou not keep him for thyself, I pray?
Employ him in God's service in some other way,
For I have given him to my Liege Lord a present,
From whom I hold in fief honor and earthly good,
Body and soul, my life, my breath, my blood,
And every other precious boon which makes life pleasant."

Then spoke the priest: "May God, our Sovereign Lord,
Who humble men that pray doth hear in heaven,
With glory in this world and in the next reward
The honor thou to him hast given!
Thou art a mighty count, thy name well known
For deeds in Switzerland of high renown;
And may thy greatness still go on extending,
The six fair daughters blooming on thy stem
Adorn thy house, each with a diadem,
Thy royal line of offspring have no ending."

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The emperor's head was bowed in deepest thought,
For memory past scenes back to his vision brought.
He fixed upon the minstrel a gaze intent and long,
And in his eyes he clearly read the meaning of his song.
The priest now stood before him, that minstrel gray and old;
And he hid his flowing tears in his mantle's purple fold.
In their emperor, the count, the hero of the story,
By his downcast face and the tears within his eyes
The group of princes and bystanders recognize,
And of the prophecy fulfilled they give to God the glory.

NON-CATHOLIC SCHOOL-BOOKS AND CATHOLIC SCHOOLS.

FROM the cradle to the grave man has temptations thrust in his face *ad nauseam* by hired agents whose labors would be praiseworthy in a better cause. Catholics are not entirely free from blame in the aid they unwittingly give this hydra. They not unfrequently give the first taste of forbidden fruit to their children, who are ever after unwise enough to be satisfied with no other. We see this in the matter of books and literature. Even among those who make an effort to have libraries, or at least reading-matter, at home, it is common to find more literature from the pens of non-Catholics than from writers of approved faith and morality. They excuse themselves, it is true, by pleading the paucity in numbers or poverty in intellect of Catholic writers. Yet such a plea does but display their own ignorance of Catholic literature. They will find a thousand-and-one excuses for not reading or patronizing Catholic publications. They are "too dry," "not the kind they want," or "not useful," or "too uninteresting," or "not scientific enough," as if a man's faith prevents his being useful or beautiful, true or scientific.

But, as the evil is generally begun in the school-room, it is the writer's only purpose here to put forward some objections to a certain class of so-called "unobjectionable" school-books, and to show why, even if—which he does not believe—Catholic school-books have less merits, they are to be preferred to those coming from other sources.

Not to speak of a large number of school-books which are

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decidedly anti-Catholic, there are scarcely any compiled or arranged by non-Catholics which do not contain more or less objectionable matter. Is it no evil that a Catholic child must learn non-Catholic modes of thought and speech? Yet how is the child to learn other thoughts and language when you place nothing within his reach except what is written by those outside the church? The publishers may, as they assert, be honest enough—and we believe some of them are—but it is not at all agreeable to non-Catholic compilers to cull from Catholic writers. They may or may not be religiously inclined, but, in either event, they work for a large class and select their matter to please the public. An array of bright names is taking. The result is that the infidel, the Methodist, the Presbyterian, the Episcopalian, and a dozen other denominations will be represented in prose and poetry, in hymns and sermons, in theology and the natural sciences. But no Catholic need expect a hearing. Thus it is that even in childhood the very thought is turned from the church and the foundation of indifferentism is laid. This early imbuing of the mind with false ideas is why the church contends so strongly for Catholic schools and instructors. Not all the mischief of the public school is done by the teachers. Perhaps most of the evil results are caused by the books in use among the pupils. Nor is the perversion of truth confined to readers and histories. At every opportunity a slur or an innuendo is brought in to lead the mind astray. Several books, to which was appended a long list of recommendations, were handed to the writer with the request that he also would lend his approbation. Among others was a geography. The topography, general design, and finish of the work were excellent. So far nothing more could be desired. But in vain did we look through it for any adequate recognition of Catholics and their labors, although great pains had been taken to inform the readers how much was being done by others. Excessive praise was lavished on the schools and other works of non-Catholics. But it would be idle for the Catholic child to study the work with the hope of learning something of the many excellent schools his own church had founded and maintained at heroic sacrifices. Shall we call that learning where a false knowledge is acquired? Surely it were better for the child to learn nothing at all than to learn nothing but falsehood. A new and entirely empty vessel is much more easily filled than one which has been defiled and must first be cleansed. It is not a lightsome task, and one but rarely accomplished, to eradicate the early impressions of childhood.

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Moreover, even where no directly exceptionable matter has been intruded, is not the absence of all Catholic thought and knowledge a valid objection to such works? How often has it not been urged that the absence of all religious training is tantamount to teaching infidelity? Yet by the use of non-Catholic books the work of concealment is perpetuated. The child left in ignorance of Catholic works and Catholic thought naturally concludes that there are none, or, what is still worse, that they are of such a nature that silence in their regard is best. His mind is biassed against Catholic schools and books, and he belittles the labors of his more zealous brethren. He cannot conceive that they have ever done anything remarkable, and he comes, little by little, to think they do not compare with the more famous laborers of whom he has learned. Thus indirectly a great wrong has been done, and one all the more insidious because hidden from view. More open evils stand a far better chance of being refuted and banished from the mind than does this secret poison. Once, while attending a Catholic school examination, the writer asked the United States history class—pert enough, too, in their answers—whether any Catholics had taken a prominent part in the early history of this country. A few thought not, but the greater number frankly confessed they did not know. The fault lay in the text-book, at which we should not have been surprised in a public school, though we could not help being shocked by the fact in a Catholic institution. Could those children be otherwise than ashamed of Catholics in history when the subject was broached in company? They knew no fact in the history of this country which could redound to the glory of their church or of Catholics. Catholics have no reason to be ashamed of the part they have taken in American history, unless it be that they have been too patient under wrongs. As Catholics we owe nothing to the non-Catholic community, though there are a great many unpaid debts now due on their part. In saying that as Catholics we owe nothing to our non-Catholic fellow-citizens, we freely admit that the church in this country enjoys more rights than in any country of Europe; nevertheless we have not all our rights as Catholics, and without a proper system of education we shall never obtain them. But how such an education is to be obtained while we use school-books which totally ignore Catholics and their claims is beyond comprehension.

Should the writer be thought too severe let the effort be made to have a few Catholic thoughts or sentiments inserted in

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non-Catholic text-books. There is not one of these non-Catholic publishers—if he tell the truth—but will reply that to accede to this request would be to ruin his trade. The resentment of non-Catholics would be immediate and to the point. They would not tolerate such works for a day, lest even accidentally their children might learn some modicum of truth greater than they are willing to allow. To their minds the risk of perversion would be too great to be endured even for a short time. Much less would they consent to the use of such books during the whole course of instruction. And they are right, if they believe what they think.

It is not easy to see on what grounds this patronage of non-Catholic books can be justified. Our money is all that is sought. In every other matter the same publishers are perfectly reckless of our reputation. Some of them would discard our trade to-morrow, if, by so doing, they could make as much money. What principles have many of them which would prevent their publishing the foulest and lowest slanders against us, providing they could make it pay? None whatever. It is maintained that the same books are used in public schools, and that, to render them agreeable to Catholics, pains have been taken to weed out objectionable matter. The assertion is valueless for the reason already given. Because you will not teach your child all truths is no reason why I should allow mine to be partly deceived. The principle is absurd and deserves to be stigmatized by every honest man. We shall be more highly appreciated, held in greater esteem, and command far more attention in our claims by a manly course in this matter than we can expect by any half-hearted measures. A few well-deserved rebuffs from the Catholic body would teach these men a lesson not soon forgotten.

They have no claims on the Catholic trade. Do they ever patronize our books? Do they show any liberality towards Catholic publications? Let a strictly Catholic book be offered for publication and it will be rejected. Had Mr. J. G. Shea, for instance, been anything but a Catholic, or had he chosen to ignore his Catholicity when writing, his works would have attained an immense popularity. It is by no means a consoling thought that Catholics have so little care for their own reputation, and are so willing to help others at the expense of their brethren. We have no wish to make them selfish or exclusive—God forbid!—but we do wish them to look to their own interests in matters of the utmost importance. Liberality wrongly displayed is no benefit to them or any other. Yet liberality thus far has been all on the

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side of the Catholics. We have tried non-Catholic schools and put up with wrongs until there no longer existed any hope of justice. Non-Catholic books have been used while the smallest chance remained that there would be a change for the better. Still no change came. It is true that, when a few Catholic publishers made the venture and risked their money, the non-Catholic publishers, fearing to lose control of the trade, came forward with a few corrections in their books—corrections, too, which, by no means radical enough, are all the more dangerous because they still leave the spirit of error untouched. Shall we endure such things unrebuked? We certainly deserve to suffer if we are too cowardly to speak.

But they do not rest here. Audacity could hardly go farther than to ask the Catholic body to approve of the books of these non-Catholic publishers. We have suffered so long that our patience is thought our only virtue. We must bow to their will, submit to their imposition, not, indeed, without a murmur, but by applauding their cruelty. This is truly

"The most unkindest cut of all";

but it well illustrates how low we must have sunk in their opinion when they expect us quietly to undergo such treatment.

The fact that we have our own books, which have the first claim to our support, does but add food for surprise. Naturally we should support those who are heart and soul working hand and hand with us, and who necessarily must partake in our sacrifices. It is a poor excuse that Catholic publications are not as good as others. We do not believe it. What reward can Catholic publishers have for their time and money, if they receive no patronage from Catholics? They will look in vain for help from outsiders. If their works are not all we could wish, make it their interest to have them better, and they will not be long in improving them. Do Catholic publishers lack enterprise? Perhaps no class of men have engaged in a more uncertain trade. None have resisted more strenuously the seductions of public opinion, or have clung more tenaciously to honor and uprightness, where wealth has awaited their sacrifice at the shrine of the almighty dollar.

You ask the publishers to do what cannot be done without your assistance. You expect impossibilities of others, while you are unwilling to do the possible. You accuse them of not performing heroic acts, while you refuse to do your plain duty. It

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is a shame and disgrace to some within the church—or shall we call it ignorance?—who have dollars for everything non-Catholic, but not one cent for the labors of their brethren. Certainly give non-Catholics their due when they have said or done anything that is good, or true, or beautiful. But among a certain class of Catholics we never hear praise of anybody or anything that is not outside the church. One would think that our own brethren were devoid of all knowledge. Are we to believe truths uttered by non-Catholics more valuable than when told by those who knew them all their lives? Or is it a source of pleasure to find a few truths hidden in a slough of error? Perhaps they like the labor. Let those who find faults in Catholic school-books write out the corrections and send them to the publishers. It cannot be possible these publishers would so stand in their own light as to prefer defective to perfect books. The truth, perhaps, is that it is easy to find fault in general; so that we shall look in vain for these fault-finders to aid in bettering the condition of existing works. Least of all may we expect them to make any sacrifice of time, inclination, or money in the cause of good educational works. A reasonable way, even in so important a matter, is the last thing we may expect from these critical people. Indeed, so anxious are they to do good that they will not let slip the opportunity even at another's expense. Their righteous indignation has been aroused, and they must cast out Catholic school-books because they are not all they wish. "What is the fault with them?" "Well—well—hem!—well"—they "have not time to explain." Some of the best talent in the country has been employed on these works, but the labor, the time, or the probable poor pay earned in making them has no effect upon these uncharitable Catholics. They never dream that their course is anything but commendable.

One would naturally expect Catholics to show a greater judgment than others in many things where their faith makes them wiser. Is it a favor to them when a man whose pockets are interested sends them a work and asks their approval? The favor is done to the publisher. When the work is not all a reasonable man should expect, especially if it is not such as can safely be put in the hands of children, how can a Catholic conscientiously write a glowing approbation, even to the "wishing the work may be adopted in all our schools"? Either the Catholic has not examined the work or has written nonsense. It is useless to say that such approbations amount to nothing, or are a mere accommodation or an advertisement. There is no one in this world who

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cannot or does not more or less influence others. Publishers know this perfectly well; hence their anxiety to secure as many recommendations as possible. How a Catholic can praise a work in which Catholics are totally ignored is "past finding out." Does he not stultify himself by so doing? Will he not leave the impression that he is either ignorant or careless, or lacks principle? It cannot be that he believes what he writes, otherwise he must view faith and its dangers through a very small lens. Perhaps it may be thought that by praising these works we shall make their publishers more tender towards us and more willing to do us justice. We have been patient sufferers long enough. No amount of endurance on our part will remedy the evil. Nothing but plain, outspoken language will answer.

What care non-Catholic publishers, as a rule, for Catholic conscience? Nothing, so long as their pockets are well filled. But even grant there are among them men who are just and wish to do us no wrong. How, if we let every fault pass unchallenged, can they know their books are not suitable? Their knowledge of truth is limited to fragments, and shall we, who have the whole truth and receive so many notes of warning from every source, be silent where we should teach? Certainly not. If their books are really unobjectionable let them have their meed of praise; but otherwise let us tell them openly and plainly we cannot approve of them. We shall then be more respected for our manliness and more readily gain a hearing for Catholic truth and justice. Men, finding us more zealous for our own rights, will be less careless how they treat Catholic subjects. At least they will not insult us by asking us to praise and purchase books which directly or indirectly do us injustice.

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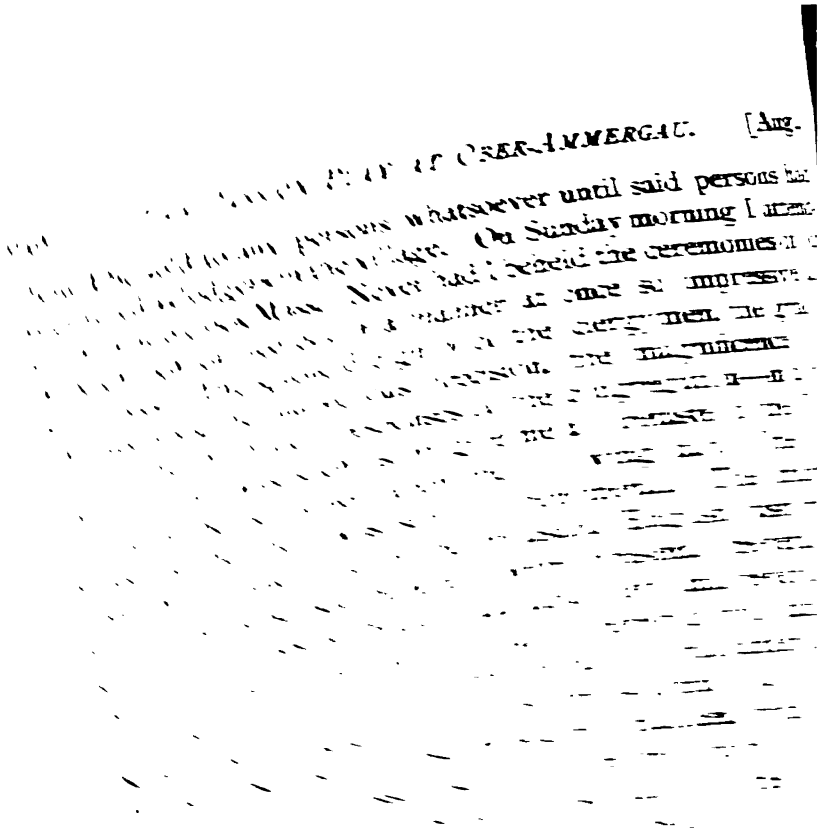

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dow of the Cross" was literally before me. Lechner is a lynx-eyed man, a veritable Judas to gaze upon. Avarice and cunning lurk in every wrinkle of his face. His manner is Shylocky. The selection of the committee for this *rôle* has been admirable. Maria Lang; like Werther's Charlotte, was engaged in cutting bread and utter when I entered her pretty dwelling. She is a bright, cheery oung girl, but one who realizes the importance of the task allot-d to her. She informed me that when she comes to anoint the ad and feet of Christ with spikenard she feels as if she would oon. In the evening I made pilgrimage to the group of the ıcifixion, the gift of the king, of which I have already made tion, and it was a glorious sight to behold hundreds of pea-s kneeling, the men bareheaded, wrapped in silent prayer at foot of the marble cross, some on the steps, some on the l, some on the green grass. The setting sun gilded the tic cross upon the summit of Kofel, three thousand feet in r, as I turned toward the village, and the sweet tones of ıgelus came wafted over the dappled meadows on a breeze vith the odor of a myriad of wild-flowers. Oh! I was in a c land, where the faith was as the mountain air, pure, un-bracing, glorious! In the evening a band, preceded by brigade, passed through the village—the prelude to the he morrow. At ten o'clock every light was out and Am-ilent as the grave.

ooming of a cannon discharged beneath the precipitous ve o'clock Monday morning set the village in motion. everybody was on the alert and *en route* to the church. er of communicants was enormous; almost all of the e Passion Play approached the Holy of Holies. The ered a short but pithy discourse, in which he exhorted ıtended to be present at the performance to visit it in rit and to take its great teaching into their hearts. even o'clock the different paths leading to the thea-ally choked, as thousands of peasants who failed to hoped to gain admittance even at the eleventh hour. arks—not dollars—and was provided with ed chair of d most improved turn-up prices rang From three the seats ar pen to The Amme of ing exterior. 8 feet wide an et, and it can

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THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, 1880.

THIS celebrated religious play, which is now being performed by the villagers of Ober-Ammergau, in the Bavarian Highlands, in fulfilment of a solemn vow made to God, dates from the year 1634. In the year 1633 a fearful pestilence broke out in the neighboring villages. In Kohlgrub, distant three hours' journey from Ammergau, so great were the ravages made by the disease that but two married couples were left in the village. Notwithstanding the strict measures taken by the affrighted people of Ammergau to prevent the plague from being introduced into their hamlet, a day-laborer, Caspar Schuchler, who had been working at Eschenloe, where the plague prevailed, succeeded in entering the village, where he wished to visit his wife and children. In a day or two he was a corpse; he had brought with him the germs of the disease, which spread with such fearful rapidity that within the following thirty-three days eighty-four persons belonging to the village died. Then the villagers, in this terrible strait, assembled and solemnly vowed that if God would, in his mercy, remove the pestilence, they would perform the Passion tragedy in thanksgiving every tenth year. From that hour, although a number of persons were suffering, not one died of the pestilence. In 1634 the play was first acted. The decadal period was chosen for 1680, and the Passion Play, with certain unavoidable interruptions, has since been performed every tenth year.

The oldest known text-book of the play is dated 1662, and in its pages reference is made to a still older "acting copy." Up to the year 1830 the play was performed in the village churchyard, in the open air. Father Ottmar Weiss, of Jesewang, a Benedictine monk formerly belonging to the now suppressed monastery at Ettal, who died in 1843, thoroughly revised the text of the play, removing unsuitable and inharmonious passages, and substituting prose for doggerel verse; but the improved text of the tragedy as it is now performed is the work of the former rector of the village, the Geistlicher-Rath Daisenberger, a hale, ruddy, venerable personage of eighty-two years, to whom I had the honor of being presented, and who presided with serene dignity at the first representation of the play of this year, on the 17th of May last. The breaking out of the Franco-German war in 1870 inter-

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rupted the performance of that year. Forty of the villagers, all actors, were summoned to seek the bubble reputation at the cannon's mouth. Of the forty, six never returned, two falling in battle and four dying of their wounds—one of the latter he who had assumed the *rôle* of Simon of Cyrene. The delineator of the person of Christ, Joseph Maier, owing to the deep interest taken in the Passion Play by the King of Bavaria, Ludwig II., was relegated to special duty in Munich, and never went to the front. In 1871 the play was resumed and the vow of the pious villagers fulfilled.

The village of Ober-Ammergau is situated in the lap of the Bavarian Alps, "far from the madding crowd." Save during the performance of this "piteous tragedie," the noise of the busy world never reaches it; the wave of progress breaks at the foot of the crags of the giant Zugspitz. Leaving the Bavarian capital, the Passion pilgrim has choice of several routes. One of these is by the railroad to Stamberg, and along the shores of the lake to Murnau, and from thence to Ammergau. Those who prefer crossing the beautiful lake Stamberg can take the steamer to Seeshaupt, and thence by conveyance to the hidden-away village. Every mile of the journey yields its treasures of legendary lore, from Planegg, with its Virgin's Oak and world-renowned image of the Madonna, to Mülthal, the birthplace of Charlemagne. The placid blue waters of the Stamberg reflect as in a mirror castled crags and wooded heights, lordly pleasure-houses and coquettish villas, time-tinted ruins and tiny villages like so many bunches of lily-of-the-valley. White sails dot the lake, and the steamer plying to and from the little town pays its own tribute to the charming surroundings in smoke as diaphanous as a bridal veil. Schlossberg, the favorite summer residence of the king, stands out in bold relief, and beneath it the enchanting Garden of Roses. Past Leoni, the haunt of Munich artists, to St. Heinrich, and Seeshaupt is reached. Between Seeshaupt and the Highlands lies a broad plain of several miles in extent, guarded by the high Persienberg, or the Bavarian Rhigi. Many tourists select Tulz, at the foot of this mountain, as their gate to the Alps; but the vast majority proceed to Murnau, *alias* Wurmau, the "Valley of the Dragon." Close to the village sleeps upon a little lake— a veritable poem in wood and water—Staffelsee, a mite of an island in which tradition asserts that a small chapel was consecrated by St. Boniface. At Murnau I put up at the hostelry of Herr Kotmüller. I can safely recommend his beefsteak, beer, and bed. The village is the perfection of cleanliness, and the rude statue of

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the Mother of God, in the centre of the main street, possesses a wondrous quaint grace that binds one as if by a spell. It was on a glorious May morning that I spun out of the village in a carriage drawn by a pair of horses. The air was laden with the perfume of fruit blossoms, intermingled with the delicious aroma of wild-flowers. Beside me, to the merriest measure, danced the clear, sparkling little river Ammer; birds carolled blithely on every branch, and the distant tinkle of a sheep-bell added its own dulcet note to the harmonious whole. Ever and anon we passed a wayside shrine or a primitive sanctuary, before which knelt or stood pious peasants, asking for God's grace as they wended their way to their "long day's work.". On every projection, high up against the sky-line, and standing out as if cut in steel, were miniature Calvaries, the three crosses vividly distinct, while the ascent to each Calvary was marked by twelve white stones—the Stations. The road from Murnau for more than a mile is arched over by trees; the leafy tunnel once pierced, and the heart leaps as the eyes greet the stupendous beauty that so suddenly flashes upon them. Rising majestically in front stand giant mountains, their snow-capped peaks penetrating the azure, impassable, insurmountable! To the right is the Etaller range, with the fir-ribbed Etaller Mandl more than five thousand feet above the valley. To the left the Herzogen stand, and the Krottenkopf seven thousand feet, while directly in front, barring the gorge, bidding defiance to invading Titans, stands the Zugspitz, more than ten thousand feet high, its ghastly white summit dreaming in awful quietude. Great bars of sunshine slashed the mountain-sides, relieving the black shadows of the fir-trees in a weird and wonderful way, while clots of molten gold dappled the snow or flung a pink radiance on the dazzling white like the blush in the bud of the moss-rose. The green, daisy-dappled fields stretched upwards to the fringe of woods, and tender tinted corn painted the foreground from yellow to sage. Oh! it was a "wondrous bit o' nature—a revelation."

Passing a farmhouse—how picturesque are these Bavarian houses, with their deep eaves, their wood-sculptured galleries, their whitewash, their red tiles, and funny little windows of the mediæval!—we struck in a gorge or cleft in the mountains, and, perched on a shelf of rock, found the little village of Oberau. Here I dismissed the carriage, and having for the modest sum of three marks—seventy-five cents—engaged a peasant to bear the heat and burden of my baggage, prepared to ascend the steep and romantic road that leads up the Etallerberg. And what a road

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that is!—fern-caressed and tree-shaded, while at every turn and on every knoll is a "Gnadenkapelle," or chapel of grace, with its enshrined image of the Mother of God, or a votive tablet erected by the faithful with the beseechful "*Ora pro me*" humbly asking the up-toiling pilgrim for his mite of prayer. One of these votive tablets tells us how Alois Pfaulser died here of apoplexy in July, 1866, consequent upon over-exertion in climbing the hill. Another bears a strange history. At the spot where it stands was formerly erected a group of Christ on the Cross, with the Virgin and St. John. The sculptor insisted upon its removal to Ober-Ammergau; the peasants protested. The sculptor obtained the necessary authority, and, whilst engaged in superintending the lifting of the statue of St. John, the statue fell upon and crushed him to death. This road is lined on either side with images of the Madonna, as the pious Bavarians believe in the old proverb which says, "The way to the representation of the Passion Play should be a way of penance." Upwards! the Ammer murmuring on my left a thousand feet below, a streak of silver in the tree-shadowed valley, while on my right rose the precipitous Ettalberg sheer over the road, threatening to join issue with the towering mountain at the other side of the river. Upwards! passing peasants on foot, greeting them with a return "Grös Gott"—"God be with you." Upwards! ever and anon stopping to gaze into the fearful depths, and to recover breath for the collar-work yet to be done. Upwards! passed by sybaritic pilgrims riding in carriages, losing half the beauties of the marvellous scenery. Upwards! and the entrance to the Ammerthal is gained at last. A titanic crag once passed, and lo! the matchless loveliness of the valley of the Ammer stole upon me like a sweet strain of music—soft, dreamy, delicious: a plain of verdure such as one sees in the Emerald Isle, keen, lustrous, in the lap of giant mountains draped in a yellow veil of dayshine. Nestling beneath the protecting shoulder of the Ettaler Mandl stands the guardian of the valley, the ancient Benedictine monastery of Ettal—a monastery no longer, save in name. It is asserted that here was the cradle of the Passion Play, and that the Passion was performed in the monastery so early as the twelfth century. Ettal is so closely interwoven with Ober-Ammergau that it needs ample mention. Its miraculous image of the Mother of God has ever rendered it a place of noted pilgrimage. The legend goes that the German Emperor Ludwig the Bavarian, after having been crowned at Rome, was attacked at Milan. Having taken refuge in the monastery of St. Victor, he implored heavenly aid, when a monk ap-

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peared to him, who placed a beautiful image of the Madonna in his hands, promising him the gift of divine grace if he would pledge himself, upon arriving in the valley of the Ammer, to found a Benedictine monastery wherein to enshrine the image. The emperor made promise, and, escaping from his enemies, rode up the Ettalerberg which the Passion pilgrim ascends to-day. Upon arriving at the entrance to the Ammerthal his horse fell thrice upon its knees. Interpreting this as a sign from on high, he ordered a small chapel to be built upon the spot, and in the year 1330 journeyed from Munich to lay the foundation-stone of the monastery of Ettal. The villagers of Ober-Ammergau perform a play written for them by the Geistlicher-Rath Daisenberger, entitled "The Founding of the Monastery of Ettal."

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should be sold to any persons whatsoever until said persons had registered as lodgers in the village. On Sunday morning I attended the nine o'clock Mass. Never had I beheld the ceremonies of our holy church carried out in a manner at once so impressive and so perfect. The splendid dignity of the clergymen, the grace of the acolytes, the marvellous precision, the magnificence of the music, the rhythmical responses of the congregation—in a word, the *ensemble* was such as to give me a foretaste of the Passion drama to be performed upon the following day. One soprano voice in the choir was simply phenomenal. The church was literally crammed, and of the thousand English visitors in the village at least six hundred were present. Several "High-Church" divines exhibited a laudable piety and reverence, and I have little doubt that many unhappy heretics who came to mock remained to pray. In the churchyard I encountered Anastasia Krach, the young girl who plays the solemn *rôle* of the Virgin Mother. She is a modest, meek-eyed maiden, with an openness and purity of expression seldom to be met with outside the walls of the cloister. She has been a servant in the village, and her character is spotless. She is deeply sensible of the perilous honor conferred upon her. "Oh!" she exclaimed, "I feel so honored, so thankful. I always wish to die at the foot of the cross. I cannot help weeping from the moment I come upon the stage until I leave it. I choke with sobs. Oh! if I could but die on that Calvary. I feel the whole time as if I was not myself, but as if I was our Holy Mother. I am lifted from myself just as when I go to Holy Communion." This in a tearful earnestness. More than once have I surprised this girl at her devotions as I passed from my apartment downwards, and I have seen her stretched on the floor before a little altar erected in the principal living-room, in a very paroxysm of prayer. I spent a portion of Sunday in visiting Joseph Maier, the Christus; Gregor Lechner, the Judas; and Maria Lang, the Magdalene. Maier is a tall, slight, exceedingly graceful man with soft, dark eyes and sweet expression. His appearance is exceedingly Nazarene, albeit his hair is brown and his beard of the same hue. I felt a little disappointed at this, as I looked for the wine-color that Guido loved to paint. His manner is humility itself, and he is eagerly desirous of pleasing without being in the least fawning or sycophantic. His little wood-carver's bench stood in a corner of his room, and, as he raised his arms on high in explanation of the manner of suspension on the cross, came a bolt of sunlight against him; and as his reflection grew strong upon the wall, Holman Hunt's picture of "The Sha-

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dow of the Cross" was literally before me. Lechner is a lynx-eyed man, a veritable Judas to gaze upon. Avarice and cunning lurk in every wrinkle of his face. His manner is Shylocky. The selection of the committee for this *rôle* has been admirable. Maria Lang; like Werther's Charlotte, was engaged in cutting bread and butter when I entered her pretty dwelling. She is a bright, cheery young girl, but one who realizes the importance of the task allotted to her. She informed me that when she comes to anoint the head and feet of Christ with spikenard she feels as if she would swoon. In the evening I made pilgrimage to the group of the Crucifixion, the gift of the king, of which I have already made mention, and it was a glorious sight to behold hundreds of peasants kneeling, the men bareheaded, wrapped in silent prayer at the foot of the marble cross, some on the steps, some on the gravel, some on the green grass. The setting sun gilded the gigantic cross upon the summit of Kofel, three thousand feet in the air, as I turned toward the village, and the sweet tones of the Angelus came wafted over the dappled meadows on a breeze laden with the odor of a myriad of wild-flowers. Oh! I was in a Catholic land, where the faith was as the mountain air, pure, untainted, bracing, glorious! In the evening a band, preceded by the fire brigade, passed through the village—the prelude to the play of the morrow. At ten o'clock every light was out and Ammergau silent as the grave.

The booming of a cannon discharged beneath the precipitous Kofel at five o'clock Monday morning set the village in motion. In a trice everybody was on the alert and *en route* to the church. The number of communicants was enormous; almost all of the actors in the Passion Play approached the Holy of Holies. The pastor delivered a short but pithy discourse, in which he exhorted those who intended to be present at the performance to visit it in a proper spirit and to take its great teaching into their hearts. As early as seven o'clock the different paths leading to the theatre were literally choked, as thousands of peasants who failed to obtain tickets hoped to gain admittance even at the eleventh hour. I paid eight marks—not quite two dollars—and was provided with a cane-bottomed chair of the newest and most improved turn-up pattern. The prices range from one mark to eight. From three marks upwards the seats are covered; the remainder are open to rain and shine. The Ammergau Passion Theatre is a structure of very unpretending exterior. It is built entirely of boards. The auditorium is 118 feet wide and 168 feet deep. Its area is nearly 20,000 square feet, and it can seat 6,000 persons. The stage

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bears traces of the ancient classic theatre of Greece; some contend that it is but a more perfect form of the mystery-theatre of the middle ages. There are five distinct places of action for the players: first, the proscenium for the chorus, for processions, etc.; second, the central stage for the *tableaux vivants* and the usual dramatic scenes; third, the palace of Pilate; fourth, the palace of Annas; fifth, the streets of Jerusalem. A vast space is thus placed at the disposal of the manager, not inferior in extent to that in the nine-compartment stage used in the old mystery-plays, yet infinitely more artistic in its arrangement. Over the curtain, on a blue ground, are painted the figures of Faith, Hope, and Charity, while in relief is a pelican feeding her young from her heart's blood. But what a background! High against the blue sky stand the lordly Alps, the firs like needles in the azure, their sides now ragged and rugged, now sloping and mantled in the softest and most vivid verdure. Away in the distance the silver Ammer meanders through pied meadows in the sweet Ammergau valley, while Kofel with its guardian cross keeps solemn watch and ward over all. What resting-places for weary eyes, what scenes of enchanting loveliness "outside the walls of Jerusalem"!

The Passion Play, which consists of eighteen acts, possesses two peculiarities—namely, *tableaux vivants*, or prophetic Old Testament types, and a chorus of Schutzgeister.

"Our main object," says Father Daisenberger in his text-book, "is to represent the story of Christ's Passion, not by a mere statement of facts, but in its connection with the types and figures and prophecies of the Old Testament. By this manner of treatment an additional, strong light will be cast upon the sacred narrative; and the thoughtful spectator will be able to realize the grand truth that Jesus Christ, the Son of God, made man for our salvation, is the central figure of the inspired volumes. As in the history of the Christian Church the life of the Saviour and all his sacred actions are continually repeated and reproduced, to the extent that (according to Scriptural commentators) he lives over again, suffers and triumphs again, in his saints, so it happened before his appearance in the flesh that the holy patriarchs and other saints of the Old Testament foreshadowed his coming by the events of their history and by their virtuous lives. For he is the eternal Sun of the spiritual world, the Sun of Justice, sending forth his divine rays to illuminate in all directions both his predecessors and successors, no less than his contemporaries. Many of the incidents in the lives of the ancient Fathers bear a striking and obvious resemblance to various parts in the life of our Redeemer, and set forth the sufferings, and death, and resurrection so minutely that the Evangelists continually mention some prophecy which was fulfilled. Thus, the heroes of the Scriptures, Adam, the obedient Abraham, Isaac, Joseph, Job, David, Micheas, Jonas, Daniel, and

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so many others who labored and suffered in his Spirit, represent in part, though imperfectly, his life, and through what they accomplished and suffered they became the prophets of that which in him, the *Urbild*, the primitive type, should take place. In this fundamental thought is the representation of the Passion arranged and performed on the basis of the entire Scriptures."

Thus does Father Daisenberger connect the Old Testament with the New. The chorus of Schutzgeister, or Guardian Angels, is a charming and prominent feature of the Passion Play. This chorus consists of nineteen persons, ten males and nine females, the leader being styled the Prologue or Choragus. They are attired in flowing tunics of vivid colors, with an upper garment in the form of a cloak richly embroidered in gold, and each wears a golden tiara or crown. They advance from the recesses on either side of the proscenium, and form a line, slightly concave, across the front of the stage. After the line is formed the Choragus announces the prologue to each act in a sweet yet strong chant; the solo is taken up either alternately or by the whole chorus, until the bell rings for the curtain to rise upon the stage within the stage to reveal a *tableau vivant*. Then the Choragus retires backward, and forms, with one-half of the chorus, a division on the left of the stage, while the other half withdraws in a like manner to the right, "wheeling like a gate." This leaves the stage open. When the curtain descends upon the tableau the chorus again wheels into line, and in the chant which follows the connection between the picture just vanished and the act in the Passion of our Lord is pointed out. Then the chorus moves majestically off the stage; and thus from the opening to the end. These spirit-singers prepare the audience for the coming scenes, and explain and interpret in delightful harmony the connection between the type and the fulfilment. They preside as Guardian Spirits over the entire performance.

Boom! and a cannon discharged under Kofel announces eight o'clock. A deathlike silence falls upon six thousand people. Every hat is removed, many a fervent prayer is uttered, while thousands devoutly make the sign of the cross. The sun is shining down upon us, and birds flit across the stage. To the right and left, in admirable perspective, are the streets of Jerusalem. A child-actor emerges from one of the houses. It is clothed in a strange gear, and is barelegged and barefooted. It shades its eyes with its little hands and disappears. A strange thrill passes through the audience at the sight of this child. It is the first actual indication of the Passion Play. Behind the curtain the

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six hundred performers are, with their parish priest, engaged in prayer. Boom! and the orchestra commences a low, wailing music, sweet, inexpressibly sweet, and solemn. The chorus of Schutzgeister appear upon the stage. They form in line, and, with hands meekly folded on the breast, remain in this attitude while the Choragus opens the play by explaining the main object of the whole performance—how the fallen race became reconciled to God through the blood of his only-begotten Son. This main object, the whole extent and scope of the Passion Play, is to be exhibited in two tableaux. The first type represents the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Eden, symbolical of the fall; the second the Adoration of the Cross, typical of redemption. I give the first verse of the intoned prologue as a sample of what follows all through the play:

Wirf zum heiligen Staunen dich nieder,
Von Gottes Fluch gebeugtes Geschlecht!
Friede dir! Aus Sion Gnade wieder!
Nicht ewig zürnt Er,
Der Beleidigte—ist sein Zürnen gleich gerecht.

"Ich will"—so spricht der Herr—
"Den Tod des Sünders nicht—vergeben
Will ich ihm: er soll leben!
Versöhnen wird ihn selbst meines Sohnes Blut."
Preis, Anbetung, Freudenthränen, Ewiger Dir!

The following is the translation:

O human race! by sin and shame laid low,
Adore thy God; bend down and kiss the dust;
Peace then shall come, and grace from Sion flow;
Not ever spurns He,
The offended One; although his wrath is just!

"I will"—the Lord doth say—
"Not that the sinner die—forgive
Will I his guilt, and he shall live!
My Son's own blood shall now atone for him!"
Praise, worship, tears of joy to thee, Eternal One!

After delivering this verse the chorus divides and the first typical picture is revealed to us. We see Adam and Eve cowering before the angel, who drives them from Eden with a flaming sword. In the background is Paradise, and the tree whose mortal taste brought death unto the world, with the tempter peering from its branches. The attitudes of the performers were admirably suitable, and the rigidity of their *pose* simply marvellous. I may mention here that all the actors in the *tableaux vivants* would

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seem to be possessed of a wondrous power of remaining still. All through the various scenes they seemed as if cast in bronze. Even the tiny children maintain a marble-like rigidity, and one little fellow of two years, who lay in his mother's lap during the tableau of the manna in the wilderness, never allowed so much as a muscle to move—no, not even when some of the falling manna dropped upon his chubby, rosy, dimpled face. I had him under my opera-glass, for I was told he was the boldest boy in the village, and had insisted upon being permitted to take part in the drama. The curtain remains up for about five or six minutes. The second tableau reveals the Adoration of the Cross, the Choragus previously announcing the message of salvation. This tableau is immensely effective alike from the variety of colors, the number of persons on the stage, and the charmingly artistic grouping. A host of angelic forms—village children clad in the brightest hues —*pose* round the cross, either kneeling or in attitudes expressive of loving devotion, their tiny hands elevated toward the signal of salvation. The infant dramatists exhibit a wondrous training, each one proving an absolute study. To me this was the most entrancing of all the tableaux. In the hymn which the children chant is embodied the general outline of the play, and the whole scope of the drama of redemption. Translated from the German it runs thus:

Eternal God, oh! hear thy children's prayer,
Though, children-like, we pray with faltering tone;
Those who to see the Sacrifice repair
Bow low in faith and worship at thy throne!

Oh! follow close by the Redeemer's side,
The while he, patient, treads the thorny path;
Nor leave him while he struggles with the tide,
Until for you the victory he hath.

Now everybody is hushed in breathless awe. You can hear a pin drop in that audience of six thousand. Save for the twittering of the birds as they flit across the stage, not a sound is heard. Hearts almost cease to beat and every eye is strained down the vista of the street in Jerusalem, for the first act of the Passion is about to commence, and we are about to witness Christ's entry into Jerusalem. I should mention that the Passion Play consists of two parts—the first part from Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem to his betrayal, the second from the captivity in Gethsemani to the Resurrection and Ascension. I have been in the midst of many silences, but, save at the moment of the

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elevation of the Sacred Host in church, I have known nothing like that which now reigned; it was positively painful.

Presently, as if in the distant streets, come glad tidings of great joy. There are sounds of jubilation and gleesome shoutings and singings. Then the street begins to be filled with a multitude of people of both sexes, attired in yellows, and blues, and oranges, and pinks, and purples, till the eye feasts on color. Down the slope of Olivet they have come, singing hosanna. Every person waves a palm-branch, and scores of tiny children, bare-breasted, bare-limbed, push joyously through the throng, all gazing at one figure, and never so much as a look toward the six thousand who sit in awed silence fearfully watching them. In the midst of the crowd appears our Divine Lord, seated upon an ass, his disciples following. I may not describe my sensations as I gazed upon him. I cannot. The first prayer lisped at my mother's knee welled up in my heart through the fountain of memory, and it gushed from my heart to my lips as the meek, serene, and glorious God-man passed visibly before me. Sobs resounded upon all sides, and a murmur ascended to heaven like incense. The effect upon that vast audience was marked by a high degree of intensity. Over five hundred persons are on the stage. We recognize his disciples—John, the best beloved; honest, rugged Peter; Matthew, James, Andrew, and the rest. Judas we mark in his gabardine of flame-color surmounted by an orange mantle. We look for him with a fearful, abhorrent curiosity. Bursts forth a hosanna chorus, and the Man of Sorrows, still seated upon the ass, passes around, casting blessing on the people. It was as if the pictures of the mediæval painters had become endowed with life. Maier, when on the stage, is the possessor of a majestic grace such as it is impossible to convey in words. He looks as if he had stepped from out the frame of some ancient master. I did not miss the wine-colored hair, since his *grenat* mantle almost reflected itself in his beard, and his whole appearance was so absorbingly realistic, so intensely Nazarene. The St. John of Johannes Zwink is as perfect a creation as it is a perfect picture. Mild, loving, yearning, he follows his Master, his whole soul in every gesture, in every look. Zwink, in his appearance, is the very embodiment of all that we could imagine of the youngest and best beloved. I could scarcely realize this wondrous, this awe-striking scene as it solemnly passed before my eyes. Was I in Jerusalem? Had my life and its pitiful worldly work been but a dream, and had I awakened at last? Had my mental vision been cleared, and was the Son of God taking a visible form and acting

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his part on the theatre of the world? There was no dream-like vagueness here. All was vigor and reality. Spell-bound I gazed, riveted, fascinated. There stood the form with which my imagination had been busy since my childhood—that of the Saviour himself. Full of mildness and majesty, it seemed to exercise an indescribable authority. No spectator can gaze upon the Saviour, although in the drama, and remain unmoved; and there was no spectator in that vast concourse of people whose heart at the moment of his appearance was not keenly affected. Christ dismounts from the ass. He addresses his disciples: "The hour is come that the Son of man should be glorified. Amen, amen I say to you, unless the grain of wheat falling into the ground die, itself remaineth alone. But if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit" (John xii. 23, 24). All the jubilation has now subsided, and the curtain rises upon the Temple, represented in the central stage. Jesus approaches the buyers and sellers, and acts in accordance with the scene described in Mark xi. 15: "And when he was entered into the Temple, he began to cast out them that sold and bought in the Temple, and overthrew the tables of the money-changers, and the chairs of them that sold doves." As he utters the last words, "Take what is yours, and leave this sacred place," he seizes a number of cords, and, advancing to where the traffic is most unseemly, overturns seats and tables, dashing jars to the ground, which break into a hundred pieces, and letting loose a number of live doves, who affrightedly flutter back to the village. Maier's dignified composure during this scene serves to imbue it with a marvellous realism, while his soft, mellifluous voice seems suited, as near as may be, to his super-exalted *rôle*. Sadoc, one of the high-priests, derides the authority of Christ, and here is born the germ of the conspiracy that leads to the great catastrophe.

The second act gives us the High Council, preceded by the tableau of the sons of Jacob conspiring against their brother Joseph. The addresses with which the Choragus opens each act are the composition of Father Daisenberger. They differ from the form of the Greek strophe and antistrophe in one single particular—namely, that whilst on the Greek stage they were spoken by different members of the chorus, in the Passion Play they are delivered by the Choragus alone. I give the address by the Choragus prior to the second act, as a type of its successors throughout the play:

"All hail! Welcome to the band of brothers whom love divine hath here assembled; who wish to share the sorrows of their Saviour, and to

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follow him step by step on the way of his sufferings—to the cross and to the sepulchre. All who have come hither from far and near feel themselves united in brotherly love, as the disciples of the One who died for us all, and who, full of mercy and compassion, gave himself up to the bitter death for us. Let our gaze and heart, then, be directed towards him in harmonious thankfulness. Behold! he feeleth the approach of the hour of tribulation. He is ready to drink of the cup of sorrow. For now the serpent brood of the envious have formed a plot with avarice to bring him speedily to ruin. That bitter form of malice which once inspired the brothers of Joseph with murderous desires, so that they shamelessly complotted in fanatical wickedness to put the innocent to death, is urging on the fallen priestly race to remove the Herald of truth from the number of the living."

This is delivered in recitative by the Choragus, Johann Diemer, whose splendid basso fills the entire auditorium, every note and every word falling like the strokes of a clock upon the ear.

The first tableau in act ii. reveals the plain of Dothain, in which Joseph found his brethren and their flocks, and upon which the sequel of the Biblical narrative took place. In the foreground are the brothers of Joseph, and near them, in the garment of many colors which his father gave him as a sign of distinction, Joseph himself. The well into which he is to be cast is on the right, and beside it a man of huge stature who is prepared to cast him into it.

Act ii. gives us the scene in the High Council. The scene is in the Jewish Sanhedrim. Caiphas and Annas preside. The breast of Caiphas is graced with the shield or breastplate containing twelve precious stones, with the names of the twelve tribes of Israel—the most exalted of all Jewish decorations. Caiphas violently denounces Christ, and the aged Annas cries: "By my gray hairs I swear not to rest until the inheritance of our religion is secured by his death." The commission is given from the Sanhedrim to the usurers who attend, still smarting under being driven from the Temple, to find out Christ's place of sojourn, and one of them intimates that he knows a disciple of Christ who is capable of betraying his Master.

Two tableaux precede act iii.—young Tobias taking leave of his parents, and the lamenting bride of the Canticles. These two tableaux indicate the principal scenes in the third act—namely, the anointing of the Saviour's feet by Mary Magdalene, and the parting from his Mother. Here we have the young Tobias leaving his home, the angel Raphael taking him by the right hand. Every detail is perfect, nor is the dog mentioned in the Biblical narrative omitted. The tableau prepares the audience for the scene

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that succeeds—the departure of Christ from Bethany, that place so loved by him, the home of Simon the leper, and of Lazarus whom he raised from the dead, and of Mary and Martha, and whither it was his practice to repair at sunset, tarrying until morning, when he returned to Jerusalem. The sorrowing bride is surrounded by her bride-maidens—daughters of Jerusalem—all of whom endeavor to console her by singing and harp and cymbal playing. "This tableau," says Mr. Jackson, "has been frequently condemned as the least appropriate symbolic picture of the play, but the idea embodied in it is peculiarly delicate. One of the most usual comparisons adopted in Scripture to set forth the union of Christ and the church is that of a marriage, in which Christ is represented as a bridegroom and the church as a bride."

The anointment takes place in the house of Simon. Christ and his disciples seat themselves at the table, and Martha waits upon them. Jesus sits to the left of the table, and whilst he is engaged in addressing his disciples Mary Magdalene enters hurriedly, and, casting herself at the feet of her Saviour, proceeds to anoint them. Maria Lang, the Magdalene, acquits herself fairly. She is not by any means a good actress, nor is her *personnel* after Correggio; but the tender, pitiful grace of the *rôle* obliterates all shortcomings, and the actress is lost in the repentant, soul-wrung woman frantically wrestling toward the light. Judas is sore and irritated at the waste of so much costly ointment, and remonstrates with his Master. But Christ replies: "Why do you trouble this woman? for she hath wrought a good work upon me." Then as Maier uttered the following he seemed to me to be filled with supernatural beauty: "Amen I say to you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which she hath done shall be told for a memory of her." His disciples ask whither the Master is now about to lead them, imploring him not to go to Jerusalem; but the Master replies: "Follow me; the rest ye shall see."

The parting at Bethany, where Jesus takes leave of his Mother, is deeply pathetic. Anastasia Krach, the Madonna, looks the Virgin as Rubens painted her. She is graceful, and there is a sorrowful quietude in her every action that typifies the gruesome shadow in her heart. As the parting takes place all are laden down with sorrow, save Judas, who, still stirred to the depths of his avaricious soul at the waste of the precious ointment, exclaims: "These three hundred pence would be just enough for me. If I had secured them I could now live contentedly. No;

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I will no longer be one of his disciples, but will take the first opportunity of quitting his company." Here is the germ of the betrayal—of the kiss in the Garden of Gethsemani.

Act iv. is devoted to Christ's last journey to Jerusalem, the tableau being King Assuerus repudiating Vasthi and elevating Esther. The Choragus, assisted by the entire chorus, chants the solemn warning:

> Jerusalem! Jerusalem! arise,
> And hear the voice that speaks to you of peace;
> And know, if this last warning you despise,
> The day of grace for evermore will cease.

The tableau is the narrative of the book of Esther. We see King Assuerus just as he has selected Esther from among the virgins and placed her beside him on the throne, Vasthi regarding him with looks of scorn and hatred.

In the opening scene of the journey to Jerusalem the audience beholds the Redeemer and the apostles passing the brow of Olivet on their way to Jerusalem. He bids Peter and John repair to the city to prepare the Passover lamb. To the others he says: "The hour is near in which the Scriptures shall be fulfilled. Accompany me this day for the last time to my father's house." All except Judas follow Christ to the Holy City. Iscariot remains behind wrestling with his fire-laden thoughts. In the masterful soliloquy which follows, the idea of the betrayal crawls like some noisome reptile into life. Dathan and other exasperated buyers and sellers of the Temple arrive. Dathan pours the leprous distilment into the too willing ear of Iscariot, and hies to the Sanhedrim to announce his success. Judas plucks the last white blossom from his conscience.

> "Traitor"! That loathsome name
> I must not, *will* not bear.! Traitor? and yet
> I do a harmless thing: the Council asks
> At such an hour where the good Master dwells.
> And if I tell, 'tis no betrayal false.

Act v. contains the Last Supper, preceded by two tableaux: 1. The Lord sending manna to the Israelites in the wilderness; 2. The grapes brought by the spies from Chanaan. The special significance of the tableaux is thus indicated by the Choragus through the charming diction of Father Daisenberger:

"Our Divine Benefactor, about to enter upon the career of his sufferings, urged by the impulse of his infinite charity, provides spiritual nourishment for his children during the time of their pilgrimage on earth. Being

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himself prepared to be a sacrifice, he institutes a sacrament that shall proclaim through centuries and to the end of time his love for humanity. With the rain of manna the Lord miraculously fed the children of Israel in the desert, and gladdened their hearts with grapes from Chanaan. But Christ offers us a better banquet, one from very heaven. From his mysterious body and blood grace and bliss flow upon humanity."

The first tableau, revealing the rain of manna, is a magnificent spectacle, and is by many considered the most effective of the numerous tableaux. The groups in this marvellous picture are composed of nearly five hundred persons, two hundred being children, some of whom are almost infants. Moses, from whose head rays of sunlight seem to radiate, points with a staff to heaven. Mothers hold their babes toward the refreshing rain, while every hand is stretched and every eye turned to the cloud from whence the supply of manna falls in endless and grateful shower Oh! it was a beauteous sight to behold the tender children, their innocent and lovely faces lifted toward heaven, extending baskets and garments to catch the delicious food for which they so eagerly yearned. Each child seemed as though its little heart were set upon the task. Each face was suffused with the rosy red of excitement, and tiny hands quivered in eager graspings. The coloring was a perfect glory, the harmonies of tone a lesson even to a Burne Jones or a Morris. Passing the second tableau, which is utterly dimmed by its superb predecessor, the great, the awful, the divine mystery of the Last Supper is presented to us. Here was Leonardo da Vinci's picture in its most minute detail. Here was the chamber in the house of Mark. The Saviour and his disciples stand round the table, the master of the house and a servant in attendance. After all are seated Christ is in the centre, with Peter at his right and John on his left. To the right of Peter, Judas, James the elder, Andrew, Thomas, and Simon; to the left of John, Bartholomew, Matthew, James the younger, Philip, and Thaddeus. The lamb and wine are placed on the table, and after prayer arises a discussion amongst the disciples in reference to the place of honor in the kingdom of the future, which they expect in an earthly sense. The Redeemer makes no reply to the questioning, but asks for water and a towel wherewith to wash the feet of his disciples. All through this awe-inspiring scene the acting of Maier is simply marvellous. Placing a white cloth about him, Christ addresses Peter, "Peter, reach hither thy foot." Peter recoils, exclaiming, "Lord, dost thou wash my feet?" Christ makes answer, "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter." Then Peter rever-

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ently cries, "Thou shalt never wash my feet." Jesus again makes answer, "If I wash thee not thou shalt have no part with me." Then Peter cries, "Lord, not only my feet, but also my hands and my head." He removes his sandals, the servant places the vessel into which the apostle thrusts his foot, and pours water over it from a pitcher. Christ, kneeling upon one knee, wipes the foot with a linen cloth. In like manner the feet of all the disciples are washed. Every one in that audience felt a thrill as the Saviour approached Judas. The betrayer shrinks from our Lord —shrinks as though the touch of the Master bore death with it. When the feet are washed John assists the Redeemer in replacing his mantle. As Christ utters the words, "Now ye are clean, yet not all," Judas starts as if stricken by a bolt.

And now follows the institution of the Blessed Eucharist. The silence in the audience was almost painful; we are spell-bound, removed from earth, as it were, translated into another state of being. Christ first takes the bread, and, lifting it towards heaven, prays, "O Father! give thy blessing." Then he breaks the bread, giving a portion to each of his disciples, beginning with Peter, following with John, and placing a fragment on the tongue of all, saying, in the sanctifying words that vibrate in the Catholic heart: "Take ye and eat: this is my body, which is given for you; this do in commemoration of me." As he places the heavenly food on the tongue of Judas the latter is struck with consternation. Christ then raises the cup, and, lifting his eyes towards heaven, gives thanks, and, handing it to his disciples, exclaims, in the words of Matthew, "Drink ye all of it; for this is my blood of the New Testament, which shall be shed for many for the remission of sins." Again as he tenders it to each in succession he says, "As often as ye do this, do it in remembrance of me." John allows his head to droop on his Master's breast, and after a pause Christ announces that one of them will betray him. "Master, is it one of the twelve?" demand the disciples, speaking all together. Christ responds in the affirmative. Then comes the question, "Is it I?" asked by each in turn, Judas last, to whom the Lord replies, "Thou sayest it." John urges that he will tell them who the betrayer may be. Christ answers him, "He it is to whom I shall give a sop when I have dipped it." He then dips the sop, and, rising, advances to Judas, who would fain have rejected it, but may not. Then the Redeemer places the sop in the mouth of Iscariot, saying, "Judas, that thou doest, do quickly." Judas, so soon as he tastes the bread, starts to his feet, and, casting one last ghastly look of horror upon his Master,

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rushes forth from the apartment. Then Christ utters the memorable words, "Now is the Son of man glorified, and God is glorified in him. If God be glorified in him, God also will glorify him in himself, and immediately will he glorify him. Little children, yet a little while I am with you. You shall seek me, but whither I go ye cannot come." Peter here affirms that he will give his life for the Master. Christ makes answer, "O Simon! amen I say unto thee that this night, before the cock crow, thou shalt deny me thrice." This act of the Passion Play moves the very inmost soul. It brings one face to face with the institution of the Divine Sacrament. One is absolutely living and breathing in the Real Presence. We are spectators of the institution of the Holiest of Holies. We are with Christ in the house of Mark; we hear him speak, we see him move; we could touch his robe, if we would—nay, we could touch his hand. It was overwhelming. Even when the curtain descended the sense of awe remained, and with it a sublimity of feeling impossible, yea, utterly impossible, to describe.

CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH.

IRISH FAMINES.

ONCE again, for the third time within eighty years, for the third time within the memories of living men, the voice of Ireland has been heard above the turmoil of antagonistic national policies appealing to the peoples of the earth for aid for her perishing children. Three times within less than a century, twice since the accession of Queen Victoria, alone of the countries of Europe, Ireland has had to mourn her people decimated, exiled, and impoverished. No country in the world has been so often or so sorely tried by want as Ireland. No doubt in the middle ages the occurrence of famine in the most favored portions of the globe was no unprecedented event. The operation of the feudal system occasionally drew away, sometimes for lengthened periods, the tillers of the soil, and the consequent neglect of agricultural operations naturally tended to produce scarcity and poverty. In the words of Hallam: "Evil indeed were those days in France, when out of seventy-three years, the reigns of Hugh Capet and his two successors, forty-eight were years of famine. Evil were the days for five years from 1015, in the whole western

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world, when not a country could be named that was not destitute of bread." * In 1314, in the reign of Edward III., a famine of terrible magnitude ravaged England. "Even the king's family found it difficult on some occasions to procure bread for the table." A pestilence ensued, bands of robbers plundered and murdered, so that "the whole country presented one great theatre of rapine, anarchy, and bloodshed." † In 1437 famine and plague again devastated both France and England; but, after all, the records of such events in the national chronicles of most countries, even during the middle ages, are sparse and few. Far otherwise, however, is it when we examine those of Ireland; for no other European nation has suffered so much from famine. Search the chronicles of every province from Orenburg to Estramadura, from the Morea to Tromsöe, visit every city and town from Troitsk to Lisbon, from Tripolitza to Hammerfest, and never a line will you find that robs the Irish of the title of the most suffering people Europe has known—a title cruelly earned by the terrible frequency of the recurrence of their trials. Most other peoples can look back on the pages which record their former sufferings, and thank God none such come upon them now; but Irishmen, when they scan the pages which tell of A.D. 1228, 1318, 1433, 1497, 1545, 1581, 1603, 1652, 1740, 1825, 1846–7, and 1880, can only pray God that the trials before them may be no worse than those their fathers and themselves have already undergone. No Irishman can hold the history of his native land before him and say that famine is impossible in the future, for famine any year, aye, any month, seems the terrible prerogative of the Celt in his native land. It is true that some of the causes which produced some of the earlier Irish famines no longer exist, and it is to be hoped that, in these days of "modern civilization," some others which we shall have to recall would not, under any possible circumstances, be allowed to be put in force or to produce their inevitable results; though we must confess that certain stories about the treatment of hill-villages in Afghanistan and kraals in Zululand lead us to entertain misgivings upon this point.

The first Irish famine recorded in the *Annals of the Four Masters* occurred in A.D. 1228. It appears to have been confined to the western districts, and was brought about in the manner which the words of the annalists best describe:

"Hugh, son of Cathal Cromdearg O'Conor, King of Connaught, was

* *View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*, vol. i. p. 328. Murray's ed., 1872.

† Lingard, *History of England*, vol. iii., 3d ed.

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treacherously slain by the English, in the court of Geoffrey Marisco, after he had been expelled by the Conacians.

"A great war broke out in Connaught between Hugh and Turlogh, sons of Roderick O'Conor, after the death of the aforementioned Hugh, for the younger brother would not yield submission to the elder; so that the entire of Connaught lying between Ballysadare and the river of Hy Fiachra, southward, except a small part of Slieve Lugha and the territory of Airtagh, was laid waste by them.

"Excessive dearth prevailed in Connaught in consequence of the war between the sons of Roderick O'Conor. Both the churches and the country were plundered; the clergy and learned men were exiled into foreign lands; and many persons perished of cold and famine."

This famine was, however, trivial in comparison to what, within less than a hundred years, the disastrous attempt of Edward Bruce, in 1318, to seize Ireland produced. The annalists record that—

"A general famine prevailed for the three years and a half he had been in it, and the people were almost reduced to the necessity of eating each other."

Another century had barely elapsed before famine again came upon Ireland. Of this visitation perhaps the most thorough description lies in the designation which, in seeming satire, was afterwards given the season in which it occurred. The hospitality of the ancient Irish was proverbial, their feelings as regards kinship or clanship sometimes mischievously and unwisely strong, but so dire was the want in the summer of the year 1433 that old ties were broken, kith and kin were forgotten, and the season was styled and remembered as "the summer of slight acquaintance," for "no one would recognize friend or relative on account of the greatness of the famine."

In 1497 and the following year Ireland again felt the grasp of want, and we have recorded, in the quaint language of the old annal-makers, that "the people ate food which is not fit to be mentioned, such as was never served on dishes for human beings." In 1545 another famine laid waste the land, but appears to have been most severely felt in the midland and western districts. In 1552 yet another occurred, brought about by a scarcity of grain. It is curious to note how often the poverty of Ireland seems to have been the outcome of war. Then, as now, the people were industrious and not over-many, their land was fertile, and yet poverty of the cruellest kind periodically crushed them. A state paper of the reign of Henry VIII., dealing with the continual disturbances in Ireland, declares—

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"That if this land were put once in order as aforesayed, it would be none other but a very Paradise, delicious of all pleasaunce, to respect and regard of any other lande in this worlde." *

In the reign of Henry, as in that of Victoria, English writers were ready to cast the blame for the uncertain condition of the country on any shoulders but those of their own countrymen. Yet none of the evils of the famines of the previous years could be compared with those which the singularly English process of "pacification," enforced in the reign of Elizabeth, brought about.

"The land itselfe, which before those wars was populous, well inhabited, and rich in all the good blessings of God, being plenteous of corne, full of cattell, well stored with fish and sundrie other good commodities, is now become waste and barren, yielding no fruits, the pastures no cattell, the fields no corne, the aire no birds, the seas (though full of fish) yet to them yielding nothing. Finallie, every waie the curse of God was so great, and the land so barren both of man and beast, that whosoever did travell from the one end to the other of all Munster, even from Waterford to the head of Limericke, which is about six-score miles, he would not meet anie man, woman, or child, saving in towns and cities, nor yet see anie beast, but the very wolves, the foxes, and other like ravening beasts." †

Verily, the soldiers of the "Virgin Queen" "made a wilderness and called it peace." Spenser tells us:

"Notwithstanding that the same was a most rich and plentiful country, full of corn and cattle, that you would have thought they (the Irish) should have been able to stand long, yet ere one year and a half they were brought to such wretchedness as that any stony heart would have rued the same. Out of every corner of the woods and glynns they came, creeping forth upon their hands, for their legs could not bear them; they looked like anatomies of death; they spake like ghosts crying out of their graves." ‡

Mountjoy, the lord justice, writing to the lords of the council in England, says:

"O'Hagan protested unto us that between Tullaghoge and Toome there lay unburied a thousand dead, and since our first drawing this year to Blackwater there were above three thousand starved in Tyrone."

The destruction of the standing crops as well as of the stored, the plundering of their flocks, were all as much portion of the weapons with which Englishmen crushed the disaffected Irish as were the swords they wore and used so mercilessly. Listen to the following list of a few of the English raids, and wonder, if you will, why Irishmen were not loyal to the "Queenes Most Excellente Majestie," and wonder, too, if you can, why famine came:

* Quoted by O'Connell in his *Ireland and the Irish*, p. 99, ed. of 1843.
† Hollinshed, vol. vi. p. 459.
‡ *View of Ireland*, p. 166.

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"In 1563 the lord deputy, Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex, in the war with Shane O'Neill, entered Tyrone and took a prey of 600 kine, and on another occasion he seized 3,300 kine and 1,500 garrons, which he divided amongst his soldiers. In 1567 Lord Deputy Fitzwilliam plundered O'Neill's country and took away 2,000 cows and 500 garrons. In 1580 Lord Deputy Pelham carried off from Clanawliffe, in Cork, 2,000 kine and many sheep, and also another lot from Castlemaine, in Kerry. In the same year the queen's forces plundered from the people of Kerry 8,000 cows. In 1586 Bingham, the queen's governor of Connaught, took in Galway and Mayo 4,000 cows. In 1588 Hugh Roe MacMahon, Lord of Monaghan, had to give the lord deputy, Fitzwilliam, a bribe of 600 cows to get possession of his own lands, yet nevertheless was shortly afterwards hanged by the said Fitzwilliam. About the same time Maguire, Lord of Fermanagh, had also to bribe the same deputy with 300 cows. In 1600 and 1601 Docwra, governor of Derry, repeatedly ravaged and plundered Derry and Donegal, destroyed the crops, and massacred the people, carrying off in all at least 3,000 cows. In 1601 Sir Charles Wilmot ravaged Kerry and took 4,000 cows from Iveragh. In the same year Sir Samuel Bagnall took 2,000 cows, with horses and sheep, from Muskerry. In 1601 Sir Francis Barkley took 3,000 cows in Longford, and in the same year 2,000 cows, 200 garrons, and many sheep in Cavan and Fermanagh. In 1600 Mountjoy plundered and laid waste Wicklow, Kildare, Carlow, King's, and Queen's Counties, destroyed more than ten thousand pounds' worth of corn, and carried off 4,000 cows and 700 garrons, with many sheep. Sir Oliver Lambert carried on the campaign with imitative rigor, and took 1,000 cows and 500 garrons. In 1601 Sir Francis Barkley devastated MacAuliffe's territory and carried off 1,000 cows and 200 garrons, with many sheep; and in 1602 Sir Charles Wilmot sent a troop to plunder Dunkerron and other parts of Kerry, and they drove off 2,000 cows, 4,000 sheep, and 1,000 garrons." *

When it is remembered that to the terrible loss entailed upon the unfortunate people by the lifting of their cattle is to be added the total destruction of their crops, of their homes, and the indiscriminate murders committed by the English troops, some faint conception may be formed of the condition to which they and their country were reduced. In 1581 and 1582 the failure of the crops, brought about by an inclement season, produced starvation and suffering even in those districts where the horrors of English war-making had not been perpetrated; and again in 1603 the people had to do battle for their lives with want. The distress caused by this latter calamity was aggravated in Munster by the measures adopted to crush the rebellion which the death of Queen Elizabeth had warranted. Lord Deputy Mountjoy's entrance into Cork during his campaign against the rebels was signalized by a practical piece of sarcasm on the part of its citizens, for they collected a vast number of the ploughs which the sad condition

* Epitomized from a note in Connellan and MacDermott's edition of the *Annals of the Four Masters.*

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of the country had rendered useless, and his lordship rode from the gate whereat he entered to his lodgings through streets lined at either side with the rusty and perforce disused instruments of agriculture. Most mercilessly and thoroughly did the myrmidons of Mountjoy and Chichester do their work. Their swords and torches were unhesitatingly applied, and starvation and misery were the portions of the faithful Celts. Mountjoy could almost truly boast that the foul work had been done so well that "not all the garrons in Ireland could draw a single cannon."* It comes to us almost as a grim piece of humor when we read that the English commanders, in their anxiety to starve the Irish, ran the risk of starving their own soldiers. Sir George Carew wrote Cecil that the troops were "in great distress for want of victuals. For three months there have been no victuals to maintain the soldiers of Leinster"; and cried out that "the kingdom was in famine and great anxiety."† The blood-stained warriors were reaping all they had sown. In the midst of all the trouble which covered the land, the strangest problem of all, to the English leaders, was that while misery unfathomable had been decreed the Irish; while poverty and starvation, death by the hangman's cord or in the pestiferous dungeon, by the sword on the field of battle or by hunger in the bogs and woods—while wrongs unutterable had been their lot, through all, through peril and woe, through all the hideous horrors which beset them, they clung to their old faith—clung to it with the love which knows no weakening, clung to it with the faith which faith begets. The Protestant bishop of Cork had to write the lord deputy, complaining of the coming in of Jesuits and such folk, and that they had "Massing in every place."‡ Do their best or worst, and they never could quite manage to stop this "Massing"; somehow or another it seemed to be the one thing they could not kill. That pestilence followed the famine is not to be wondered at, but it again affords some pleasure to read of the wild feelings of dread it aroused in the breasts of the English. The Privy Councillors fled from Dublin, the courts of justice (?) were closed—for, in the words of the attorney-general, Sir John Davies, "the plague put another thorn in the foot of the law."

The Cromwellian war, and the pursuance of that policy of "thoroughness" which has so captivated the brilliantly unreliable English historian, Mr. Froude, left Ireland again prostrate in poverty and degradation. The driving forth of the Catholic

* *Calendar of State Papers—Ireland*, 1603-6, p. 26.
† Ibid., 1603-6, pp. 117-18.
‡ Ibid., 1606-8, p. 133.

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Irish from their original dwelling-places to the barren, uncultivated parts of Connaught, to make room for the incoming English "adventurers," naturally left whole districts waste, and some of the previously most flourishing cities and towns poverty-stricken. As "three thousand good houses in Cork and as many in Youghal" stood vacant and derelict, English soldiers dismantled and demolished them.* The inhabitants of Castleknock, a suburb of Dublin, only separated from the capital by the noble park which is at once its boast and privilege, were so much harassed by the depredations of the wolves that prowled in the woods about that on the 20th December, 1652, a public hunt was ordered by government. Destitution of the most appalling kind prevailed. Out of their own mouths it is always fittest to condemn those who wrong a nation and a people, and surely fittest mode of all is it with those who do the wrong with the placidity of hypocrisy, and gloss it over with Pharisaical words:

"Upon serious consideration had of the great multitudes of poore swarming in all parts of this nacion, occasioned by the devastation of the country, *and by the habits of licentiousness and idleness* which the generality of the people have acquired in the time of this rebellion; insomuch that frequently some are found feeding on carrion and weeds, some starved in the highways, and many times poore children who lost their parents, or have been deserted by them, are found exposed to, and some of them fed upon, by ravening wolves and other beasts and birds of prey." †

One can almost imagine the Roundhead knave who indited this *Declaration* in some comfortable apartment in Dublin Castle, smiling secretly at his own handiwork, and rolling his eyes ceilingwards as he lamented "the habits of licentiousness and idleness" of the Papist Irish.

"We have three beasts to destroy" (said Major Morgan, member for Wicklow in the Cromwellian Parliament at Westminster) "that lay burthens upon us. The first is the wolf, on whom we lay five pounds a head. The second beast is a priest, on whose head we lay ten pounds—if he be eminent, more. The third beast is a Tory,‡ on whose head, if he be a public Tory, we lay twenty pounds; and forty shillings on a private Tory. Your army cannot catch them; the Irish bring them in." §

The ex-major of the "Ironsides" hardly meant that the Irish "brought in" the wolves, for, save whatever abstract sympathy

* Prendergast's *Cromwellian Settlement of Ireland*, p. 143.

† *Printed Declaration of the Council*, 12th *of May*, 1653, quoted by Prendergast.

‡ Tory is a Gaelic word, and was first applied as above to the members of the semi-patriotic and political bands of freebooters who overran Ireland. As a rule, they were the dispossessed original inhabitants, led by broken and proscribed gentlemen.

§ Quoted in Mr. Prendergast's valuable work.

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the fact that they were hunted like themselves may have aroused for the quadrupeds in their breasts, they had probably as little real liking for these wolves as had their conquerors. He did, however, refer to the priests; and verily the Irish did bring *them* in, for they came knowing Ireland needed them, and they were sent because the grand old heart of Rome ever loved her faithful children. They came, young and old, sons of the soldier-saint of Manresa, children of St. Dominic and St. Augustine, Carmelites and Franciscans. They left the peaceful halls of Douay, the marble palaces of Rome, and the quiet cloisters of sanctified Toledo, they looked their last upon the sunlit, vine-clad plains of Italy, and came to Ireland, to live, hunted and famished, in miserable sheelings, or to die on gibbets or forgotten in dungeons. They came from the lands of culture, blessed with great talents and enriched with the spoils of education and learning, and they laid all at the feet of the despised Irish Celt, content if their coming brought him comfort and consolation, and if their sacrifice for God was sealed in their own blood. Never were the bonds between Rome and her children so tried or so proved as in Ireland in the seventeenth century.

"The natural result of the promiscuous slaughter of the unarmed peasantry wherever the English soldiers could lay hold on them was, as a matter of course, an appalling famine. The ploughman was killed in the half-ploughed field. The laborer met his death at the spade. The haymaker was himself mowed down. A universal famine, and its necessary concomitant—pestilence—covered the land."*

Colonel Laurence, an Englishman and an eye-witness, in his work, *The Interest of Ireland*, asserts that so terrible had been the mingled effects of war, famine, and pestilence during 1652-3 "that a man might travel twenty or thirty miles and not see a living creature, either man, beast, or bird, they being either all dead or had to quit those desolate places."

The Williamite and Jacobite war seems to have been conducted on both sides with a general regard to the dictates of humanity; and though individual and isolated cases of suffering can be established, yet, as war is not even yet made with mildness, we could hardly expect to find hardship absent from the records of the campaigns of the rival monarchs. War necessarily begets evils and losses of various kinds, but these are as much the necessary fruits of the whole as wounds and deaths in battle are the inevitable results of a part. All that can be expected or hoped for is that the horrors and evils of war will not be unnecessarily

* O'Connell's *Ireland and the Irish*, pp. 321-2.

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aggravated. They do not appear to have been wantonly increased in the great dynastic contest which was fought out in Ireland, and the country seems therefore to have borne the inevitable disturbance and hardships produced by the war without material injury. We read nothing of famine or pestilence immediately after the conclusion of the struggle. In truth, famines had ceased to be caused by soldiers. Englishmen had come at last to be ashamed of their degradation of the sword, and had learned that parliaments could do as much as cannon to shatter the edifice of a national prosperity, and that a cunningly-devised enactment could reach a people's life-blood as surely as the keenest blade. The commercial restraints put upon Ireland, however, need not be here recapitulated; the condition to which they reduced her is only too well known. No doubt from 1700 to the present period the famines and times of scarcity which have come upon Ireland are not traceable to any such open and brutal actions as those which we have recounted. No doubt English soldiers and lord lieutenants have not within the last two centuries lifted cattle or burnt standing corn, but, on the other hand, English parliaments have done equivalent work. It is to be remembered that the case of a country like Ireland has no parallel in that of a land such as England now is. In the case of a prosperous and wealthy country the prudent policy is no doubt often the "let alone" one, but in that of a weak and impoverished land a solicitous and fostering, a beneficent and protective, policy is needful; and yet one the very reverse is that which has been adopted towards Ireland. The destruction of the woollen industry at the dictation of interested Englishmen opened the way for the famine of 1740-41, and the systematic governmental, aristocratic, and landocratic impoverishment of the country since has ever kept it open for others. The system pursued towards Ireland has always tended to leave her dependent upon one source of wealth or food, to have only one barrier between her and starvation. In 1740, as in 1821 and 1846, the fate of the whole country really depended upon the potato crop. Now, it need hardly be said that in any other land in the world a crop might fail, but the result would not be famine. The result *was* famine in Ireland. Does not the mere fact speak volumes for the character of the rule under which Irishmen live? Mark! we say nothing as to the form of the—now almost shadowy—personality of the government; what we do comment upon is the stupid policy which believes that a weak Ireland adds to the strength of England. The great famine of 1740–41 was led up to by almost a succession of bad seasons, for in twelve

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years hardly one harvest had given the husbandman adequate return for his labor; in fact, each year from 1720 had been productive of little but distress. "To find a parallel for the dreadful famine which commenced in 1740 we must go back to the close of the war with the Desmonds."* A memorable and unprecedented frost which occurred in November, 1739, destroyed the potatoes which, according to the agricultural custom of the period, were still undug. This frost was so intense that it killed the sheep and birds in prodigious numbers, blasted thorn-bush, mountain-furze, and forest tree alike; in fact, destroyed vegetation of almost every kind. The country had been poor before, but now hunger was added to impecuniosity, and the terrible result was famine, bringing in its train a malignant fever which further decimated the ranks starvation had already thinned.

The next great famine which came upon Ireland was that of 1821. The continuance of heavy rain in the early part of that year flooded the low-lying meadows, and even washed the potatoes out of the earth. Those which passed through the normal course of germination were not worth the trouble of digging, and were generally allowed to lie in the ground to rot. Typhus followed this famine, too, and "in parts of the West the living were unable to bury the dead, more especially in Achill, where, in many cases, the famine-stricken people were found dead on the roadside."† To meet the terrible state of things produced by the twin calamities Parliament voted three hundred thousand pounds, a London committee collected a similar sum, while a Dublin Mansion House committee received some sixty thousand. The individual charity of the large-hearted, liberal-handed people of England has never been wanting when called upon; they have never been niggards towards the distressed in any land; and in this lies the best hope of their yet awakening to a sense of their duty towards Ireland.

The failure of the potato crop in 1845 and 1846 produced the terrible famine of 1847. The blight appeared in the first instance in the County Wexford, and rapidly spread throughout the country. The strangest thing about this potato disease was the almost mysterious suddenness with which it seized whole fields. A patch of potato-ground might appear one day green and flowering, and within twenty-four hours present naught but withered stems, rusty leaves, and rotten tubers. The

* *History of the Irish Famine of* 1847. By the Very Rev. Canon O'Rourke, P.P., M.R.I.A. Second edition, p. 13. (A most valuable and interesting work.)

† *History of the Irish Famine*, p. 32.

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government well knew the fearful doom which this state of things foreshadowed, but not a hand would they stir nor a pound would they expend to save the Irish from their impending fate. O'Connell brought the matter before the corporation of Dublin, and they delegated a deputation to wait upon the lord lieutenant to draw his attention to the condition of the country, and to submit a plan of O'Connell's for its amelioration. But government had then, as in later years, a deaf ear turned towards Ireland. Distress in 1847, as in 1879–80, was to "come upon them with surprise," because they would give no hearing to the patriotic journalists and public men who called attention to the coming evils. We cannot here recall all the suffering or all the charity, all the cruel and heartless deeds or all those of self-sacrifice, love, and devotion, of "black forty-seven." The Irish people passed through a national purgatory, and passed through it as perhaps no other people could. They suffered in fever-stricken and squalid hovels, in the noisome wards of poor-house sheds, or on the bleak roadside; they died on miserable straw pallets, which had grown thinner each day beneath them, for the material of which they were composed was needed to kindle a scanty fire;* they died in the country ditches and on the pavements of the cities, but they suffered and died with the prayer of faith on their lips, for never did the awful *Miserere* of the starving, suffering poor of Catholic Ireland ascend to heaven that the pious *Gloria* did not mingle with it.

Think of a history full of incidents such as the following, and think light, if you can, of the people who bore it almost without a murmur. Talk of the courage of the battle-field, of the valor of the grand, half-wild fury of the soldiers' charge; but never compare these with the courage which lives through the time of famine, which never forgets the watchword of faith or the countersign of prayer in the longest, gloomiest vigil.

"One day as a priest was going to attend his sick-calls—and there were no end of sick-calls in those times—he met a man with a donkey and cart. On the cart were three coffins, containing the mortal remains of his wife and his two children. He was alone—no funeral, no human creature near him. When he arrived at the place of interment he was so weakened by starvation himself that he was unable to put a little covering of clay upon the coffins to protect them. When passing the same road next day the priest found ravenous, starved dogs making a horrid meal on the carcasses of this uninterred family. He hired a man, who dug a grave, in which what may be literally called their remains were placed. On another occasion,

* A fact.

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returning through the gray morning from a night-call, he observed a dark mass on the side of the road. Approaching, he found it to be the dead body of a man. Near his head lay a raw turnip, with one mouthful bitten from it.

"How many of the stacks in Irish haggards had the landlord's cross upon them for the rent, like poor Mary Driscoll's little stack of barley at Skibbereen! It stood in her haggard while her father, who resided with her, died of starvation in a neighboring ditch!

"From Roscommon the brief but terrible tidings came that whole families, who had retired to rest at night, were corpses in the morning, and were frequently left unburied for many days, for want of coffins in which to inter them. And the report adds: 'The state of our poor-house is awful; the average daily deaths in it, from fever alone, are eighteen; there are upwards of eleven hundred inmates, and of these six hundred are in typhus fever."

Think of it, ye luxurious!—six hundred sick of typhus in a comparatively small Irish workhouse. Think of *the careful* nursing *they* must have had! Think of all the fevered brows and burning lips and tongues, think of the terrible concentration of human suffering there; and when you read, too, paragraphs such as that which we are now about to quote, say, if you can, that the name of Ireland is not written high in heaven:

"Years after the famine, and when in another part of the country, I was obliged, on my way to my house, to pass the house of a poor blacksmith; and often at night, as I passed, I heard him and his family reciting the Rosary. I told him one day how much edified I was at this. The poor fellow replied with great earnestness: 'Sir, as long as I have life in me I'll say the Rosary, and I'll tell you why. In the famine times my family and myself were starving. One night the children were crying with the hunger, and there was no food to give them. By way of stopping their cries they were put to bed, but, after a short sleep, they awoke with louder cries for food. At length I recommended that all of us, young and old, should join in saying the Rosary. We did; and before it was ended a woman came in whose occupation was to deal in bread, and she had a basketful with her. I explained our condition to her, and asked her to give me some bread on credit. She did so, and from that day to this we never felt hunger or starvation; and from that day to this I continue to say the Rosary, and will, please God, to the end of my life."*

One million and thirty-nine thousand of the population of Ireland are estimated to have perished of famine and disease during this the last great scarcity which came upon the land.

Within the present year it seemed for a while as if Ireland was to witness a renewal of those horrors at the recollection of which

* These paragraphs are from Canon O'Rourke's work; the last-quoted one is the statement of "a Roscommon man" to the reverend historian.

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the hearts of strong men grow still and their faces white; but, through the mercy of God, the danger seems averted. A fair harvest prospect appears to open to the Irish people a vista of hope; yet it will not be well for them, or their rulers either, to forget that there is hardly a farmer, great or small, who is not in debt, hardly a small shopkeeper who could at present discharge his liabilities; that this last season of peril revealed the ominous fact that while food in plentitude was stored throughout the country, the failure to realize even part of one year's expected produce left the farmers at the mercy of famine. The landlords in many cases are men who can do little to help their tenantry, even if they really wished to do so; too often they are men who have borrowed the money with which they purchased their property, and whose only hope of avoiding personal ruin lies in extracting their rents to the uttermost farthing. How deeply the tenants are involved, how much in debt to banks, shopkeepers, and "gombeen men," it would be impossible to calculate. The aggregate indebtedness of Ireland would be equally impossible of computation. The present year has shown that most of the tenant farmers are absolutely devoid of reserve capital or means, and no one can think without a shudder of what one more bad harvest would mean.

To those who have helped Ireland so far in her last struggle with want—to those prelates and priests; to those who, each in their own way and place, have helped Ireland—her grateful people owe a deep and lasting debt; a debt which will be paid back sevenfold in many a convent chapel, in many a cloister, at many a cathedral altar, and in many a mountain sheeling, wherever, from Cape Clear to Malin Head, from Lugnaquilla to Mulrea, a heartfelt prayer goes up to the good God whom Ireland has never forgotten and who has never forsaken her, who has been at once her hope and strength when misery and woe lay darkest upon her.

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SUNRISE.

I.

WITH lips of silver hiding heart of gold,
Upon the quiet lake the lilies lay
Waiting the coming of the king of day
To whom alone heart's secret they unfold.
Shadows were in the wood, and moist, sweet scent
Of pine and bracken with the dew still wet;
Twittered the birds, to song not wakened yet,
And laughed the loon like soul in banishment.
Across the waters, broken by no breeze,
The wide reflection fell of mountain peak
That seemed, afar, the rosy skies to seek—
Claiming earth's share in heavenly mysteries—
So loving earth, while reaching unto heaven,
That half its beauty to the lake was given.

II.

Now fuller glow burned in the soft, warm west,
And heaven descended on the rugged peak
That blushed like Indian maid's sun-darkened cheek
When the quick blood hath heart's true love confessed.
Rippled the waters with the risen breeze;
Upon its breast the lake bore earth no more,
Only the heavens' azure shadow wore,
And murmured shoreward mystic harmonies.
Slowly the morning flush the peak o'erspread,
Crept down the wooded slopes the soft sunshine,
As were it messenger of word divine,
Joy kindling in deep, tangled ways of shade.
Earth's prayer for light its perfect answer won—
Gilding the shadows, shone the risen sun!

III.

The murmur of the birds grew perfect song,
The shadows fled that nestled in the wood,
Hushed the loon's laugh of lost beatitude,
While, as the sun-rays sped the waves along,

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The lilies' lips of silver fell apart
  At his first touch who could alone awake
  Their gleam of light above lone mountain lake.
A sudden, silent joy in each calm heart,
A joy that knew no speech's melody
  But breathed itself in perfume-laden air—
  A golden silence of enraptured prayer
As saw God's face the perfect purity.
O lips unstained, revealing heart of flame,
Meet ye the morn's Magnificat proclaim!

GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

V.

ANOTHER objection against the exclusive possession of the note of sanctity by the Catholic Church is: that there has been too little good and too much evil in it to allow such a claim to be reasonably maintained and admitted.

The whole foundation of this objection rests upon a misconception of the Catholic idea of the note of sanctity. We intend to present the correct conception, before we are done with this particular topic, but at present we wish to deal directly with the misconception.

It is but one phase or form of a general misunderstanding of the essence and relations of that supernatural order in which God has constituted mankind, prevalent among Protestants who believe that such an order exists, and among the offspring of Protestantism who have partially or wholly abandoned this belief. This incorrect notion may be qualified and described in brief as an exaggerated and distorted supernaturalism. It suppresses the natural and does away with its activity, in respect to what is highest and best, and degrades it to the condition of a mere inert and passive mass, which is only receptive of a divine action and movement impelling it with mechanical and irresistible force onward and upward toward the end which God has determined. The root of this false notion is Luther's doctrine of total depravity and the slavery of the will. Its full development is found in the theology of John Calvin, the magisterial doctor of the Reformation. Malebranche brought it into metaphysics by his ab-

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surd and ridiculous tenet denying intrinsic self-active force in material second causes, and the philosophy of Leibnitz, even, that great and Catholic-minded philosopher, is defaced and lamed by an analogous hypothesis. With such a notion underlying its foundations, any structure of philosophy or theology which men may strive to build, even with a considerable part of their materials taken from the quarries of science and revelation, must fail to be consistent, reasonable, and stable. Consequently, all Protestant theology is unreasonable and untenable. When it is found to be so, its revolting disciples go off into some different and opposite error. They have become intellectually disqualified for a right perception of the Catholic doctrine, and they are left in a hopeless bewilderment and scepticism. The supernatural idea appears to be contrary to reason and science, to the facts of the external world, of history and of the inner consciousness. Those who still hold to it must do so by a blind faith, with a sort of intellectual despondency, in a spirit akin to that of the disciples of Hopkins, of being willing to be damned as the only hope of being saved, or at least willing that all men, except the elect few, should lie under a hopeless doom. Those who are resolved to use their reason, having no guide or compass, deviate into a course which infallibly leads to a denial of the supernatural. The natural world, severed from its connection with the supernatural order, is unintelligible; and hence reason, philosophy, all spiritual reality, and all truth whatsoever have to be abjured, and the intellect becomes like Milton's Satan in chaos. But we must not follow this line of thought any farther.

To come back to the misconception of the supernatural as it affects the view taken by Evangelical Protestants. We see this in their old, hereditary, and common idea about the Bible and its inspiration, and about the whole series of facts and events, of historical personages, of manifestations of divine truth and expositions of the ways of divine providence contained in that sacred Book. The exaggerated notion of inspiration makes the sacred writers to be mere scribes writing down words and expressing concepts simply and purely divine, dictated to their passive minds by the Holy Ghost, and in no sense the product of their own activity. The world of the Bible, the scenes there exhibited, and the actors in those scenes have a halo of mystery and ideal remoteness from the real world of profane history and our own experience which envelops and transforms them. Even the old-fashioned words and style of King James' translators are esteemed as an especially hallowed language.

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"All things suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange."

Now, when criticism, historical research, and all kinds of science and learning are taken hold of, generalized, and, as it were, brought to a focus, so as to cast light on the whole of that domain which is filled up by the record of human thoughts and deeds; the religion of Jews and Christians, the sacred books, and all matters of which they speak must of course be brought within this comprehensive sphere of investigation and theory. The human and natural side is considered in a purely secular and rationalistic way, ignoring if not denying what is supernatural and divine. Those who have made the worship of the Bible a religion find their ideal shattered. They cannot combine these two ideas, that God is the author of the Bible, revealing, teaching, consoling, exhorting, making known his ways in the past time and disclosing his intentions for the future through his written word, and that men are also authors of its separate parts, preserving all their individuality and exercising their intellectual and moral activity in a free scope, which is not hindered but elevated and intensified by the impulsive and directing influence of divine inspiration. They cannot at one and the same time look on the secular side and common historical relations of the peculiar people of God, and keep in view what is supernatural and miraculous. The persons who in the times of old stood in a special relation to God are too much like other men, the facts and events occurring under God's special providence are too much like other events, the books of the Bible are too much like other books, the doctrines, precepts, ceremonies of the Mosaic and Christian religion are too much like those of other religions, when closely inspected in what is called the impartial and dispassionate spirit, to permit the old exaggerated supernaturalism to keep its hold on thinking and instructed minds. It cannot be let go without a struggle, endeared as it is by so many associations. Yet the extraordinary efforts to bring out new and splendid editions of the English Bible enriched with annotations, to make a revision of the text which shall be as perfect as possible, praiseworthy as they are, are truly the clearest indications of that revolution in Protestant sentiment which is sweeping away their old Bible-religion.

The same misconception is seen in the old Protestant view of the way in which God enlightens the mind supernaturally to understand and believe his word. It is supposed that the word of God must be brought into contact with the mind directly and im-

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mediately, without active, concurrent causes either internal or external. Faith must be a direct illumination of the soul of the individual, produced immediately by the Holy Spirit, in which he is passive, exercising actively neither his intellect nor his free will. The only external instrumentality which can be admitted is a purely passive one, the dead letter of the Bible, read or heard from a teacher. The sanctification which follows upon justification by the faith thus infused into a passive subject is equally an act in which there is no concurrence of second causes. Grace is irresistible and inamissible. A person once justified and sanctified can never fall from grace, even though he sins continually, and may commit most grievous and scandalous sins. He cannot miss of salvation. And at the moment of death he is suddenly, by an act of divine power, made perfectly holy, so as to be fit for instantaneous translation to heaven. This is the genuine Calvinistic doctrine, the only one which gives anything like logical and coherent shape to the theology of Evangelical Protestantism.

The notion of the visible church which accords with this view and springs necessarily from it, is that of a society of the elect who are actually justified. The soul of the church, or, as Protestants are wont to speak, the invisible church, is the collection of justified men united by the bond of faith. These justified men know individually their own justification by their inner consciousness. They recognize one another with probable evidence by certain signs and manifestations of inward grace, and unite in fellowship under certain rules for their mutual profit and for promoting the Gospel by organized efforts. The members of the church are those who are ostensibly in the state of grace and make profession of their faith in some society of similar professors. Consequently, the idea of the visible church is that of a society of men who in profession and in outward appearance are holy. Wherever a few true believers are gathered together, having the pure word of God preached to them, public worship, including the administration of the sacraments, celebrated, and endeavoring to live according to their profession, there is the visible church completely organized. The universal church is the aggregate collection of all these particular churches, which are affiliated or confederated among each other in a variety of more or less extensive associations or denominations, without forming, or having any principles by virtue of which they could possibly form, one body existing in organic unity. Whatever attributes and powers are ascribed to any one or all of these socie-

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ties can only be considered as results from the qualities and actions of the individuals who compose them. The visible church is only really and truly a holy society, inasmuch as it is composed of the justified and sanctified elect, who are made holy by the irresistible and inamissible grace of the Holy Spirit.

When those whose minds are pervaded with notions of this sort come to consider the Catholic doctrines, they are like persons looking at a landscape through colored glass. Take, for instance, the doctrine of baptismal regeneration. If all baptized infants are regenerated, justified, sanctified, made members of Christ, children of God and heirs of the kingdom of heaven, they think that they ought to live holily from their childhood up, and persevere to the end. We know, however, that many of them are very wicked, deny the faith, become even atheists, and die with all the signs of reprobation. Consequently, so they argue, they were not regenerated in baptism, and the sacrament is therefore devoid of any efficacy, *ex opere operato*. So, also, in respect to the ministry. They believe that one is a true minister of the word, by virtue of an inward call which God gives only to holy men. True consecration and an indelible character cannot therefore be given by ordination, since, if it were, an irresistible and inamissible grace would always be conveyed simultaneously with the exterior rite, and all the ordained would be holy and persevere in holiness to the end. It is evident that this is not the fact, hence it is concluded that ordination has no efficacy *ex opere operato*. These notions being extended to the universal church, it is obvious, that if the church is one body constituted by an external, hierarchical order under which the faithful are bound in an external society, by an outward profession of obedience and a participation of sacraments, inward and personal holiness ought to be found in all its members, and manifested by outward signs in their manner of living. Those who compose the hierarchy, who are empowered to impart the grace of God, who are commissioned to teach with unerring and infallible authority, ought to be all endowed with supereminent sanctity, like the prophets and apostles.

This is the way in which the Catholic Ideal church is apprehended, and it is precisely because of this misconception that, while its lofty and attractive aspect is admitted, it is nevertheless condemned and set aside as an illusion. Ecclesiastical history, and the present actual and concrete reality which we find existing in the church, do not present to our view this perfect ideal embodied and made visible before our eyes in a perfect manner.

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The church presents a human appearance, and its history, its present condition, all that belongs to it as a society, make it similar to all great human institutions and organic bodies. The imperfections and vices which deface human nature are found in its members. The same mixture of good and evil is seen in Christendom which is seen in humanity universally, from its earliest period to the present time. Therefore, concludes the Protestant, the Catholic Church is not divine. And, therefore, concludes the infidel, Christianity is not divine. The Council of Constance drew up a long and terrible indictment against one of the claimants of the papal throne, called by his party John XXIII., who was compelled to resign his claims and set aside. A similar indictment is brought against the line of successors to St. Peter, against the episcopate, the priesthood, and the general body of Catholics, as a reason for setting aside the whole claim of the Catholic Church to divine and exclusive authority. The entire mass of testimony which can be collected from every source to sustain the accusing plea is assiduously arranged and kept in readiness, so that each one can select from it at any time what may best suit his purpose, when he makes an argument against the note of sanctity claimed by the Catholic Church. The one point which is always made is this: The Catholic Church has done those things which she ought not to have done, and which a divine, infallible church could not have done; and she has left undone those things which she ought to have done, and which a divine, infallible church must have done; therefore, she cannot be the One, Holy Church.

This way of reasoning subverts Christianity and all revealed religion. If God loved all men and sent his Son to redeem and save all men, all men ought to have been saved from sin and eternal death. But this is not the case; therefore there is no truth in revelation. But you may say that God intended to save and that Christ redeemed only the elect. This is still worse, for it is a denial of the goodness and veracity of God.

It subverts also theism. If God created the universe for good, being infinitely wise and powerful as well as infinitely good, he would exclude all evil from the universe. Evil exists, therefore the universe was not created by and is not dependent upon such a being. You may reply that God did not wish or intend the good of all rational beings, but created the elect for good and the reprobate for evil. Worse and worse.

The denial of free-will and the distortion of the idea of a supernatural order run through this whole course of reasoning, whether employed by Protestants against the Catholic Church.

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or by unbelievers against all revealed and natural religion. Here lies the primary fallacy of all their sophistical arguments.

The supernatural order is one in which the rational subject is not purely passive, but also active. It does not supersede but elevates nature. Spontaneous and free activity are given their fullest scope under the action of God. There is active force in matter, self-activity and true causality in second causes, spontaneity and volition in rational beings, liberty of choice and action in the sphere of probation. God has not intended to produce the greatest amount of good in the universe which by his omnipotent wisdom he can effect by his own sole activity as First Cause, through purely creative acts which bring being out of nothing, or acts which merely educe from the potentiality of passive subjects that perfection which they are susceptible of receiving. He has intended to produce beyond this effect of his own sole action the highest good producible as the effect of his power working by and with concreative and concurring causes, the most noble of which are created intelligence and free-will. The fault-finding of the atheist is therefore groundless, and that of every grumbler against divine providence, because irresistible and necessary force is not laid upon all beings to compel them to work out the most perfect effects and to exclude all evil from the universe. The discontent of the curious and inquisitive searcher into the problems and mysteries with which all being and life are replete is therefore unreasonable, because he cannot solve and comprehend all perplexing questions concerning the ways of the Infinite Being. The objections of the caviller against revealed religion are futile, because revelation does not shine forth with such lustre as to compel universal assent, and religion work always, everywhere, and in all men, those most perfect effects which they think ought to be made actual and visible. Objections against Christianity are untenable which are derived from the evils surrounding and permeating Christendom. Protestants are just as much bound as we are to refute objections against the providence of God and the divine origin of Christianity which are derived from the existence of evils in the world at large and in Christendom. In so far as they can do so by sound reasoning, they furnish arguments by which all their similar objections against the Catholic Church can be demolished and scattered to the winds.

The world, the human race, the institution of the family with its conjugal and parental relations, the social order, states, governments, the entire secular organization, all are institutes directly

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or indirectly established and appointed by God as means and instruments by which he works out the purposes and will accomplish the great final end of his plan. Men work under him as free but subordinate agents, according to a human mode. The same Holy Spirit who in the beginning "was waving* and brooding over the face of the deep" is always hovering over this cosmos of human activity, the Life-giving Spirit by whom its multifarious movements are infallibly overruled and directed to the predestined end. When a particular people was selected and separated as a special medium of the divine action upon mankind, the divine providence was exercised in a more special manner towards this people. Nevertheless, all proceeded in a human mode, without any more of the miraculous than was necessary. In the Catholic Christian Church, the supernatural society was raised to a higher power and the action of the Holy Spirit upon his chosen medium of operation augmented. Yet, the human agents and created instruments were still left to act in a human and natural mode to the full extent of their capability of subserving in this way the divine purposes. Every created being is both passive and active. God works in them some things without their concurrence, and in these things his action is irresistible. He works in them other things not without their concurrence. This active concurrence is in some cases necessary though it may be spontaneous and voluntary. But in the subject whose will is left in an undetermined equilibrium and freedom of choice his concurrence or non-concurrence is contingent, and the possible effects depending on it are contingent.

Men are passive in respect to the creative act which gives them existence and determines their essence. They cannot help being human and possessing all that belongs to the essence of a rational animal. But they can abuse and damage their bodies and souls, and even kill themselves, if they choose to do so. They are passive in respect to the first grace, and the very act by which supernatural qualities are infused into their souls. Those who have not the use of reason are in every respect passive, as infants, who, when they are baptized, are regenerated, sanctified, receive the habits of faith, hope, love, and the germinal principle of all moral virtues without any act of intelligence or volition. But a subject of grace who has the use of reason must freely concur with God so far as to dispose himself for the reception of his gifts and to consent to receive them. After he has once received an indelible character, by baptism, confirmation, or ordina-

* This is Mr. Leeser's translation of the word *merachepheth* in the first chapter of Genesis.

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tion, he can never efface that character, any more than a man can rid himself of his essential rationality. But he can destroy all those qualities and habits which spring from regenerated nature, he can neglect to use the faculty and power which God has given him, he can abuse the gifts of God, he can resist the actual grace of God, and commit spiritual suicide. Even for those who have received sanctifying grace, and the habits of faith, hope, and love by infusion in their infancy, the preservation and actual exercise of these virtues, the continuance of justification, final perseverance, and the actual possession of the heavenly inheritance, depend on the exercise of free-will. So far as personal justification, inherent holiness, and final salvation are concerned, the doctrine of inamissible grace and of the necessary perseverance and predestination of every one who is once regenerated has no place in Catholic theology. Baptized children may grow up wicked if they are neglected or corrupted in their early years, or if they wilfully resist the influence of faithful care and instruction. Righteous men may fall into sin and even become reprobates. In any state or condition however favorable to holiness, however high and responsible, however enriched with blessings from God, men may sin and even become apostates. Though they do not lose faith, though they do not incur excommunication or any ecclesiastical censure, they may nevertheless lose the grace of God and never recover it. The church, the sacraments, the graces of the Holy Spirit, the privileges and promises which are given to the disciples of Christ, were never intended to raise men above the responsibilities, obligations, combats, difficulties, temptations, and dangers of a state of probation. Every one must work out his own salvation with fear and trembling, and be judged at last according to his works.

The objection against the sanctity of the Catholic Church which is derived from an estimate of the amount of sin and evil to be found in Christendom which she has not prevented, and of the amount of good which she has failed to accomplish, is utterly irrelevant and futile. One may just as well deny the sanctity of God, because of the sin and evil in his universe, or deny the efficacy of the redemption wrought by Christ upon the cross, because of the sin and misery which have prevailed and do prevail among men throughout the world, as to impugn the sanctity of the Catholic Church because of the evils which have existed heretofore or are now existing in Christendom. The cause of these evils is to be found in the defectibility of the rational creature whose destiny is placed in his own hands while his state of proba-

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tion lasts, in the fallen condition of human nature through original sin the consequences of which are not completely abolished by the redemption, in the flexibility and infirmity of the will, the liability of its freedom to abuse, and the actual sins committed by individuals. The universal law which pervades the whole sphere of probation is in operation in the Catholic Church, as it was in that inchoate society which preceded it during the periods intervening between Christ and Moses, Moses and Abraham, Abraham and Noe, Noe and Adam. It is the law of the entire creation, the law of the greatest activity of second causes controlled and directed by the First Cause in a manner suited to their several natures, their different states, and the last end or Final Cause of their existence. It is a law which governs rational beings without coercing their spontaneity, necessitating their free actions, or determining their choice of good or evil during the period of their probation, by any physical and irresistible force. The end of the law is righteousness, sanctity, the attainment of ultimate perfection, the formation of a perfect society of intelligent beings in an eternal and unchangeable state. The righteousness, the sanctity, are essentially personal qualities, the attainment of ultimate perfection is a reward of personal merit acquired by free acts. The entire, external constitution of the church is a temporary and instrumental medium which is for the sake of the individuals who have the vocation to become the sons of God. It is like the world itself, like the human race, like states and nations, a grand provisional arrangement and complex organization, but spiritual, immediately ordained for a supernatural end, but including natural and temporal elements, and indirectly working out subordinate and secular results, after a human manner, by natural means and agencies. The sanctity which is one of its attributes and notes is something quite distinct from the personal sanctity of its members. It is no aggregate result and sum of the sanctity of individuals. It is a sanctity of causality, whereas the sanctity, the moral virtues, the individual good works of its members, the elevation and improvement of the general multitude upon whom it exerts its influence, are effects produced by its action as second and mediate cause, whose efficiency is received from the Holy Spirit and completed by his concurrence.

The sanctity of the church consists, first, in this, that it is an organization adequate for the holy and supernatural end, of leading men through infused and acquired holiness to a state of perfect holiness and blessedness in the future life. Next, as the necessary properties and attributes flowing from its intrinsic essence, all the

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principles and powers which are sufficient and efficacious for its supernatural end complete its sanctity in the order of causality. The possession of the Truth and the Law of God in an indefectible manner with power to proclaim them infallibly with supreme teaching and legislative authority, is one of these attributes. Another is the possession of all the sacraments with the power necessary for their administration. Finally, there is a perpetual right to the supernatural providence and government of Christ, the Head of the church, and to the concurrence and assistance of the Holy Spirit, whose indwelling presence is the cause and source of all the supernatural power which the church possesses and exercises.

The church as such is therefore holy because Christ her head is holy, because the Holy Spirit who gives her life is holy, because the word of truth is holy, because the law is holy, the end for which the church was created is holy and her organization adapted to this holy end; the sacraments holy, the standard and rule of conduct prescribed to the members of the church holy. The church is perfectly holy because she possesses perfectly all these causes and means of holiness, in an indefectible and infallible manner. She alone is the holy church, because every other society is a sect, and by its partiality is deficient as a universal cause of sanctity, is devoid of any means of sanctity of its own, having only what it has borrowed from the Catholic Church, is deficient in doctrine, sacraments, rule of morals, at the very least because it lacks jurisdiction and authority and has the stain of the sin of schism vitiating its existence and corrupting every part of its organization.

As a note of the true church, sanctity is in part made manifest by its effects in producing results corresponding to its causative energy and manifesting its existence and nature. This argument from effects to their causes is one, however, which, by its nature, requires to be treated in an extensive and voluminous manner. But, however interesting, valuable, and certain to lead by the inductive method to the most comprehensive and satisfactory results this argument is, it is not strictly necessary. There is a shorter and sufficient line by which the same end may be reached.

Evangelical and orthodox Protestants admit that the effects produced by the Christian religion, notwithstanding the evils in the world which it has not destroyed or fully subdued, sufficiently prove its divine origin and the divine character of its Founder. The only question between us is, therefore, what is genuine Christianity? This is settled as soon as it is proved that

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the unity and catholicity which are manifest and historical notes of the Roman Church are not the product of natural and human causes but of a supernatural cause. The note of sanctity is freed from all obscurity as soon as the supernatural and divine origin of the organization, doctrine, law, and sacraments which bind the society of the faithful in catholic unity under the supreme headship of the Roman Church is established. The discussion may be therefore transferred from the note of sanctity to the note of apostolicity. The specific *differentia* and the distinctive attributes of the Catholic Church are from the apostles and therefore from Jesus Christ, by whom the apostles were commissioned and empowered to found the church. This is presumptively true, and evident *primâ facie*, because the Catholic Church has universal and immemorial possession of the apostolic heritage. Those who deny or question it are bound to prove their cause. They are bound to prove a human origin of the differential and distinctive form which makes the Catholic Church a specific being, undivided in itself and divided from every other *soi-disant* sort of Christianity claiming a generic affinity with it, and legitimate descent from apostolic parentage. The gist of the contention lies here. As we have frequently said, and as is patent to every one, the contention consists chiefly in a discussion of difficulties and objections made by our opponents against the grand synthesis of proofs and arguments which make up the Catholic demonstration. It will be our next task to examine some of the principal objections of this class.

THE INFANT IN THE CRADLE.

HAPPY suckling! for thee thy cradle is boundless.
Grow to manhood, and the whole wide world is too narrow.
—*Schiller.*

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CHAUCER AND HIS CIRCLE.

To a mind satiated with the artistic pettiness and the bric-à-brac of modern culture which reached its climax in William Morris, and is going out with the dying taste for Swinburne and Rossetti, a return to the elder and more genuine poets is like the breath of a pure night after the gas-impregnated air of a crowded theatre. People are beginning to discover the flavor of drugs in the new champagne which they quaffed in long draughts; and the time may possibly come when our generation will read Shakspere as well as talk about him—when even those of us who read erotic poetry will prefer the easy flow of "Venus and Adonis" to "Laus Veneris," as we prefer "St. Agnes' Eve" to "The Blessed Damosel." A taste for Rossetti and Swinburne may not be incompatible with a taste for Shakspere and Keats; it is possible for a man who delights in absinthe to enjoy good claret, but in most cases an indulgence in absinthe spoils a man's palate. Similarly, the man who does not outgrow "the paroxysmal" in poetry is not likely to appreciate the simple and serene.

Poetry has suffered much from the critics, even more than prose—although Addison still clings to us, and the turgid rhetoric of Burke overawes us—for poetry appeals more to each man's personality. You may measure the world with the prose of Newman, but with Tennyson you measure yourself. Keats may have a special message to you, and Longfellow to another, but great prose-writers speak to all. There are many poems, and passages in poems, which thrill all sensitive minds with their great beauty, but only a few which the world adopts as its own by acclamation. That passage in Dante—

> "Nessun maggior dolore
> Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
> Nella miseria,"

has been chanted through the world in a thousand forms. Longfellow's "Rainy Day" and Tennyson's "Break, break" have, like a hundred passages in Shakspere, become part of the world's household anthology. Chaucer's pathetic lines which he puts into the mouth of the dying Christian child touch every heart:

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"My throte is cut unto my nekke-bone
Saidè this child, and as by way of kinde
I should have deyd, yea, longè time agone;
But Jesu Christ, as ye in bookès finde,
Will that his glory last and be in minde,
And for the worship of his mother dere
Yet may I sing *O Alma* loud and clere."

These passages have been approved and quoted by the critics, and the world has adopted them, with much of Milton and some of Wordsworth, because they pleased the critics, and afterwards because they pleased itself. But poetical criticism has done much towards making us insincere. It has made us pretend to admire Spenser because we have not the courage to read him; to take Milton in allopathic doses when we really prefer to take him in homœopathic pellets; to swear by Young's "Night Thoughts" until fortunately it has become only a name; and now we are preparing to cry "Resurrexit!" to Pope because certain critics are arranging to dig him up.

It is the reaction against the verdict of criticism that has caused so many *dilettanti* to go into the byways of literature to look for the singers who, if not mute, were inglorious. This reaction has spent itself, and we are coming into a saner state of mind in regard to poetry. The spasmodic raptures and artificial roses of Swinburne, the Gothic stucco of Morris, the bric-à-brac mediævalism of Rossetti, have begun to seem like a stage-setting in daylight; the spiced wine of Villon, the diluted whey of Wells, and the wormwood of Blake have not mixed with our blood. *On revient à nos premiers amours*, and the *dilettanti* are welcome to return to their "moutons."

Chaucer's eternal freshness is a relief after the faded studio properties of the modern school, and a ramble in his fields,

"All full of freshest flowers, white and red,"

the best remedy for the poetical scarlet-fever that has afflicted us. A relapse can never take place with him who has wandered in the pastures of the father of English poetry—the lineal ancestor of Shakspere and of all the English poets who have come after him. The influence of Chaucer on English poetry is inestimable. In his time avowed disciples and imitators gathered around him; his influence continues like an ever-widening stream; those nearest him shone with a reflected light.

Chaucer's life covered the last half of the fourteenth century, during that magnificent period illuminated by the English victory of Crécy. Under Edward III. the poison in the blood which

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finally made the English nation, or rather the heads of the nation, delirious under Henry VIII. had already begun to work; and the poet's quick insight into the abuses which were sapping the spiritual strength of the people have caused those superficial critics who seem to imagine that the Reformers discovered religion, as Mme. de Staël imagined she had discovered virtue, to set down Chaucer as a Wycliffite. An impartial examination of the portions of his writings which induced even the amiable Miss Mitford to applaud him for his Protestant tendencies will show that Chaucer, like all true Catholics of his time, saw that pride and luxury, sloth and simony, hiding under the desecrated cloak of religion, were separating the threads of the sacred garment. To the negligence and apathy of the clergy was due that outburst which divided the great intellects of the Elizabethan era from the church and has left England in heresy. The ecclesiastics, both secular and regular, had grown careless. Rome seemed farther away with each year of prosperity. As long as Cæsar was propitious God's thunder was not feared. The renown of the great martyr, St. Thomas à Becket, lingered in the land; but though many made the pleasant journey to his shrine at Canterbury, it was more for pleasure than devotion, and it was meet that the Archbishop of Sudbury should refuse his blessing to a company of these pilgrims, telling them that for sinners without contrition there were no indulgences at the shrine of St. Thomas.

It was the Gallicanism of the French clergy that hastened the growth of that ulcer which Voltaire aggravated with his lancet; and to the gradual drifting away of the majority of the English clergy from the preservative influence of Rome may be traced the Reformation. Like most poets, Chaucer demanded more of the ideal from the world than he was willing to give himself. His airy ridicule often played about abuses more for wantonness than from any desire to mend them. Vice was picturesque, and, while deploring it, he could not help enjoying, from an art point of view, its colors and half-tints. He seems half disgusted, half amused by the evils of the time, and he never rises to the height of righteous indignation. He is always reverent towards the church and her dogmas. His faith, as displayed in his poems, might be called childlike to-day, but then it was simply manly. He was very far from Wycliffism, and was entirely without sympathy for the Lollards. To minds narrowed by a foregone conclusion that religion was discovered by Henry VIII., it is only natural that the "pourë persoun of a toun" should be regarded as a precursor of those gentlemen who showed their zeal for re-

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ligion by casting dice for her stolen temporalities; but to a Catholic there is nothing startling in his picture of a good priest. Such men were not rare in Chaucer's time, although, in his capacity of poet and reporter of his day, he finds more "material" in other types.

No man reflects more than a phase of his century, and Chaucer no more reflected fully the various tendencies of his time than the recent outcry against imperialism here, echoing in the future, would imply that imperialism was really to be dreaded. Protestants might as well claim Savonarola as Chaucer. If our poet had always been as moral in his stories as he was firm in his faith, Catholics might have even greater reason to be proud of him. That his better training led him to feel ashamed of the immorality that stains some of his pages is evident from the apology he makes and from the contrite prayer he appends to the *Canterbury Tales*. Had the age been utterly vicious, Chaucer, not having the present moral world in view, would scarcely have thought it necessary to apologize. The description of the poor parson does not strike us as containing anything unusual, and Chaucer to-day might find many like him among our priests:

"A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a pourë persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
That Cristës gospel trewëly wolde preche;
His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversité ful pacient;
And such he was i-provëd oftë sithes.*
Ful loth were him to cursë for his tythes.
But rather wolde he yeven, out of dowte,
Unto his pourë parisschens aboute,
Of his offrynge, and eek of his substaunce.
He cowde in litel thing han suffisaunce.
Wyd was his parische, and houses fer asonder,
But he ne laftë not for reyne ne thonder,
In siknesse nor in meschief to visite
The ferreste in his parissche, moche and lite,
Upon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
This noble ensample to his scheep he yaf,
That first he wroughte, and afterward he taughte,
Out of the gospel he tho wordës caughte,
And this figure he addede eek therto,
That if gold rustë, what schal yren doo?

* Ofttimes.

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For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
No wonder is a lewëd man to ruste;
And schame it is, if that a prest tak keep,
A [filthy] schepherde and a clenë scheep;
Wel oughte a prest ensample for to yive,
By his clennesse, how that his scheep schulde lyve.
He settë not his benefice to hyre,
And leet his scheep encombred in the myre,
And ran to Londone, unto seyntë Poules,
To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,*
Or with a bretherhede to ben withholde;
But dwelte at hoom, and keptë wel his folde,
So that the wolf ne made it not myscarye;
He was a schepherd and no mercenarie.
And though he holy were, and vertuous,
He was to sinful man nought despitous,
Ne of his spechë daungerous † ne digne,
But in his teching discret and benigne.
To drawë folk to heven by fairnesse
By good ensample, this was his busynesse:
But it were eny persone obstinat,
What so he were, of high or lowe estat,
Him wolde he snybbë scharply for the nonës.
A better preest, I trowe, ther nowher non is.
He waytede after no pompe and reverence,
Ne makede him a spiced ‡ conscience,
But Cristës lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwede it himselve."

His elaborate "Orison to the Holy Virgin," beginning—

"Mother of God and Virgin undefiled,"

is scarcely Wycliffian; and in his "A B C," a translation from the French, there is an address to the Blessed Virgin in twenty-three stanzas, each of which begins with one of the letters of the alphabet arranged in proper succession. Savonarola did not go outside the church in his attempt to bring her unfaithful servants nearer to her, and Wycliffe, had he confined himself to protesting against the pretensions of ecclesiastics who had learned to serve their king with more zeal than their God, and helped to revive that faith which negligence, avarice, and luxury were gradually weakening in the hearts of Englishmen, the best men in England —and our poet among them—would have been with him. But with heresy Chaucer had no sympathy. In the "Parsones Tale" he exclaims against the doctrines of Wycliffe and the spoliation of church property; and, if there were the slightest doubt in the

* An endowment for saying Masses. † Haughty. ‡ Nice, fastidious.

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minds of careful readers of his works, the "Prayer of Chaucer" at the end of the *Canterbury Tales* —and the genuineness of this prayer has never been disproved—shows that he died a devout Catholic. Chaucer was not without prejudices; and among these was one against the inhabitants of a sister isle, to which his own country had always shown a decided tendency to act a step-motherly part. He was not so antagonistic to the Irish as Spenser —and in the case of the genial Chaucer a longer acquaintance would probably have removed his prejudice—but he goes out of his way to introduce a character into his translation of the "Romaunt of the Rose" who,

> "So full of cursèd rage,
> It well agreed with his lineage,
> For him an Irishwoman bare."

But if the susceptible poet had ventured into the Emerald Isle to sing the praise of the "marguerite" at joust and tournament, instead of to learn the art of war in the train of a Norman prince, he would never have invented Irish parentage for his villain. The violets in the Irish maidens' eyes would have killed the insipid pink and white of his daisies, and a song would have come down to our ears having another refrain than "si douce est la marguerite." But, reading the following lines, even an Irishman could forgive him:

> Flee from the press, and dwell with soothfastness;
> Sufficë thee thy good, though it be small;
> For hoard hath hate and climbing tickleness,
> Press hath envey, and wealth is blinded all.
> Savour no more than thee behovë shall;
> Do well thyself that other folk can'st rede;
> And truth thee shall deliver, it is no dread.
>
> 'That thee is sent receive in buxomness;
> The wrestling of this world asketh a fall.
> Here is no home, here is but wilderness.
> Forth, pilgrimë, forth, beast, out of thy stall!
> Look up on high, and thankë God of all.
> Waivë thy lust, and let thy ghost thee lead,
> And truth shall thee deliver, it is no dread."

Although Chaucer, as well as Dante, shaped his language—beat and crushed gold out of the ore—yet the rich cadences of the Florentine cause the Englishman's lines to seem weak and rugged. It is a bagpipe to an organ. The English of Tennyson—refined by five centuries—has gained much, and the Italian of

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Dante will never gain more than he gave it; but, in spite of the roughness of Chaucer's medium, there is a purity and melody in it which has never been successfully imitated. It is liquid, translucent. There is a directness and simplicity about Chaucer to which the higher and more serious poet never attained. Take the lament of Troylus waiting for Criseyde as an example:

"Then seyde he thus: 'O paleys desolat!
O hous of housses, whilom best yhight!
O paleys empty and disconsolat!
O thou lanterne, of which queynt is the light!
O paleys, whilom day, that now art nyght!
Wel oughtestow to falle, and I to dye,
Syn she is went that wont was us to gye.*

"'O paleys, whilom crowne of houses alle,
Enlumyned with sonne of allë blisse!
O rynge, fro which the ruby is out falle!
O cause of wo, that cause has ben of blisse!
Yit syn I may no bet, fayn wolde I kysse
Thy coldë dorës, dorste I for this route;
And farewel shryne, of which the seint is oute!"

Another instance of the directness which makes his pathos so true is the story of Ugolino, in the telling of which he yields nothing to that "wise bard of Florence" whom he revered. Comparing the version of Dante with that of Chaucer, the superiority of the latter is apparent. Those who do not call it to mind will thank us for quoting it.

"DE HUGOLINO COMITE PISÆ.

"Of Hugolin of Pisa the languór
There may be no tonguë tellë for pity.
But little out of Pisa stands a tower,
In whichë tower in prison put was he,
And with him be his little children three.
The eldest scarcely five years was of age;
Alas! fortùne! it was great cruelty
Such birds as these to put in such a cage.

"Condemned he was to die in that prisón,
For Royer, which that bishop was of Pise,
Had on him made a false suggestión,
Through which the people gan on him arise,
And put him in prisón in such a wise
As ye have heard, and meal and drink he had
So little that it hardly might suffice,
And therewithal it was full poor and bad.

*Guide.

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"And on a day befell that in that hour
When that his meal was wont to be y-brought,
The gaoler shut the doorës of that tower.
He heard it well, although he saw it not;
And in his heart anon there fell a thought
That they his death by hunger did devise.
'Alas!' quoth he—'alas! that I was wrought.'
Therewith the tearës fellë from his eyes.

"His youngest son, that three years was of age,
Unto him said: 'Father, why do you weep?
When will the gaoler bring us our pottáge?
Is there no morsel bread that you do keep?
I am so hungry that I can not sleep.
Now wouldë God that I might sleep forever!
Then should not hunger in my belly creep.
There is no thing save bread that I would liever.'

"Thus day by day this child began to cry,
Till in his father's lap adown he lay,
And saidë: 'Farewell, father, I must die!'
And kissed his father, and died the samë day.
The woeful father saw that dead he lay,
And his two arms for woe began to bite.
And said: 'Fortune, alas and well-away!
For all my woe I blame thy treacherous spite.'

"His children weened that it for hunger was
That he his armës gnawed, and not for woe,
And saidë: 'Father, do not so, alas!
But rather eat the flesh upon us two.
Our flesh thou gavest us, our flesh thou take us fro,
And eat enough.' Right thus they to him cried,
And after that, within a day or two,
They laid them in his lap adown and died."

Chaucer owed much to the Italians, especially to Boccaccio, from whom he took the groundwork of many of his tales; but much more to the trouvères, whose names he scarcely seems to have known, from whom he adapted the "Roman de la Rose." There is a tradition that he met Petrarch in Italy, and it is pleasant to believe it. His life was peaceful and uneventful. Like many other poets, he seems to have found matrimony a rather stormy venture; but it must be remembered that if a thorn but prick a poet he has the delightful privilege of informing the world of his pain, though it may have passed before the echoes have time to iterate his moans. He owed his peace of mind to royal patronage, for he was something of a courtier. Although not quite so unscrupulous as Gower, who saw no harm in alter-

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ing the panegyric on one king to suit another, he had no objection to royal patronage or the spoils of office. Most of his life was spent in the atmosphere of courts. He was page in Prince Lionel's household, served in the army, and was taken prisoner in France. Afterwards he was valet and squire to Edward III., and went as king's commissioner to Italy in 1372. He was comptroller of the customs in the port of London from 1381 to 1386, was M. P. for Kent in 1386, and in 1389 clerk of the King's Works at Windsor. His best work, *The Canterbury Tales*, was written in the comparative leisure and ease of his latter days.

"Chaucer," says the editor of *The English Poets*,* "like Dante, had the rare good fortune of coming in upon an unformed language, and, so far as one man could, of forming it. He grew up among the last generation in England that used French as an official tongue. It was in 1362, when Chaucer was just entering manhood, that the session of the House of Commons was first opened in English speech. Hence it is easy to see the hollowness of the charge so often brought against him, since Verstegan first made it, that he was a great mingler of English with French. Tyrwhitt long since refuted this charge, and if it wanted further refutation we might point to 'Piers Plowman's Vision,' the work of a poet of the people, written for the people in their own speech, but containing a greater proportion of French words than Chaucer's writings contain."

His contemporaries appreciated his genius, and praised him heartily. Gower says that all England knows his fame; Lydgate calls him

"The noble rethor poet of Bretagne";

Occleve names him "the floure of eloquence,"

"The first finder of our faire langage."

Later the Scotch poets, beginning with King James I.—"the best poet among kings, and the best king among poets"—were enthusiastic over their dear master, Chaucer.

Chaucer had adapted the "Roman de la Rose," and it was reserved for Dryden to attempt a similar task for Chaucer. But the modern poet was not successful. Chaucer's *expression*, which is bloomlike, exquisite, evanescent, vanished in Dryden's adaptation; and this power of expression is Chaucer's chief charm. He has not that feeling for nature which is so prominent in the work of modern poets. He seldom paints still life; his landscapes are rare, yet he contrives to surround his personages with the "out-

* *The English Poets:* Selections, with critical introductions by various writers, and a general introduction by Matthew Arnold. Edited by Thomas Humphry Ward, M.A. Two volumes. London and New York: Macmillan & Co.

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of-doors" air as effectually as Shakspere does in "As You Like It." Chaucer's England was "merrie"; the *arrière pensée* was not always present. He is light-hearted, vivacious; he weeps with his creations, cordially hates his villains, and yet is ever ready to laugh at anything pleasant on his pilgrimage, which, often sacred and solemn, has much of the picnic element about it. He does not imitate Homer in making inventories, and yet, with a few touches, he quickly and vividly materializes his objects.

As an example Mr. Ward quotes:

> "The gret Emetrius, the King of Inde,
> Upon a stedë bay trapped in stele
> Covered with cloth of gold diapred wele,
> Came riding like the god of armës, Mars.
> His cote-armure was of a cloth of Tars
> Couchëd with perlës white and round and grete;
> His sadel was of brent gold new ybete;
> His mantelet upon his shouldre hanging
> Bret-ful of rubies red as fyr sparkling;
> His crispë heer like ringës was yronne,
> And that was yelwe and glitered as the sonne."

It is a pity that many of us know Chaucer best through Dryden and Pope. Dryden's arrangements of Chaucer spoiled the poetry of both, though they are not without vigor; but Pope's "Temple of Fame" is merely a parody. Chaucer in sword and periwig was about as poetic a sight as a young faun in the dress of our decade.

When the mellow light of sunset fell on the poet his lines were cast in pleasant places. He was poor, and yet serene of mind. It is easy to imagine him, grave, yet with a twinkle in his eye, talking, rosary in hand as he is represented in a picture, with the blind poet Gower, the philosophical Dominican Strode, the youthful Lydgate, or Occleve, who furtively sketched a portrait of his master on the margin of a precious book. He died in peace with all the world; and if he had never needed to write

> "For he shall find enough, both great and small,
> Of storial thing that toucheth gentleness,
> Likewise morality and holiness;
> Blame ye not me if ye should choose amiss,"

there would have been no blot on his escutcheon in the Valhalla of the poets.

Langley, or Langland, who was contemporary with Chaucer, does not seem to have felt his influence. "Piers Plowman" is the work of a visionary brooding over the wants of the people, who

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turns at last from the picture of an ideal reformer to come to the Saviour who had already come. Langland, in his earnestness, high purpose, and seriousness, is in striking contrast to Chaucer. "Piers Plowman" is in the unrhymed alliterative metre of the older English period—almost the only metre that can be called English, as Mr. Skeat remarks in his sketch of Langley,* since all others have been borrowed from French or Italian:

> "Lo! how the sun gan lock · her light in her-self,
> When she saw Him suffer death · who sun and sea made!
> Lo! the earth, for heaviness · that He would death suffer,
> Quaked as [a] quick thing · and al to-quashed the rocks!"

Of him whom Chaucer and Lydgate call the moral Gower—though his best-known work, "Confessio Amantis," would to-day be considered anything but moral—very little is known. He seems to have been born in 1330 and to have died in 1408, having been blind for eight or nine years before his death. He was a gentleman of an old family owning estates in Kent and Suffolk. The place of his birth is unknown. He probably died in the priory of St. Mary Overies, Southwark, in the church of which, now called St. Saviour's, his tomb may be still seen. It is not known when his first work, "Speculum Meditantis," written in French verse, was composed. The second, "Vox Clamantis," in Latin elegiac verse, was written between 1382 and 1384. The third, "Confessio Amantis," was written, owing to the success with which Chaucer had wielded his "langage faire," in English. The grave and moral author mixes up Christianity and paganism in the most astonishing manner in "Confessio Amantis," and, strange to say, he seems altogether unconscious of the incompatibility of these elements. Religion and passion change places with much complaisance, and the impartial reader is reluctantly forced to conclude that the "moral Gower" had an amazing faculty for mixing things up. He possessed no spark of that genius which illuminated everything that Chaucer touched. "Florent," a story in the "Confessio Amantis," is not without merit. Its moral is that

> "Allé women most desire"

to have their own way. After a long dialogue Florent yields his will entirely to that of his wife.

> "My lord," she said, "grand-merci,
> For of this word that ye now sayn
> That ye have made me sovereign,

* *The English Poets*, vol. i.

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My destiny is overpass'd;
That ne'er hereafter shall be lassed*
My beauty, which that now I have,
Till I betake unto my grave
Both night and day as I am now
I shall alwáy be such to you.
Thus, I am yours for evermó."

Chaucer and Gower were intimate friends, but they had a quarrel, which was, however, made up. There is evidence that Chaucer called one of Gower's tales "corsed," which, if it means "sensational," shows that Gower had an abnormally forgiving and unpoetical spirit.

John Lydgate, another of Chaucer's friends, seems to have been stimulated to write by the example of his master and by his love for the French poets of his time. To Chaucer we owe the fact that he wrote in English. At his best he reflects his model, for whom he cherished the profoundest admiration and whom he was proud of imitating. His first long poem, "The Storie of Thebes," written when he was nearly fifty, he represents as a new Canterbury Tale told by himself after he has joined the company of pilgrims at Canterbury. In it he uses the ten-syllable rhyming couplet after the manner of Chaucer in "The Knightes Tale." Lydgate had a remarkable faculty of versification, but he lacked the force of Chaucer. There are passages full of spirit, followed by long stretches of dreary verse-making. Another important poem was the "Storie of Troy," begun about the year 1412, at the request of Prince Henry, afterwards Henry V. The prince asked that Lydgate should do the noble story of Troy into English, as other poets had done in other languages, and Lydgate complied. He finished the fifth and last book in 1420. It is written in the ten-syllable couplets, and founded on Guido di Colonna's prose history of Troy. In the third book, where the story of Troilus and Cressida is introduced, Lydgate seizes the chance to pay an ardent tribute to Chaucer. His versification, although he had evidently mastered his art as far as it went, is often rough. "If the structure of the lines is attentively considered," says Mr. Thomas Arnold, who writes a notice of Lydgate in *The English Poets*, "it will be seen that he did not regard them as consisting of ten syllables and five feet, or at least that he did not generally so regard them, but rather as made up of two halves or counterbalancing members, each containing two accents. Remembering this, the reader can get through a long passage by Lydgate or

* Lessened.

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Barclay with some degree of comfort; though if he were to read the same passage with the expectation of meeting always the due number of syllables, his ear would be continually disappointed and annoyed. This vicious method of versification was probably a legacy from the alliterative poets, whose popularity, especially in the north of England, was so great that their peculiar rhythm long survived after rhyme and measure had carried the day."

Lydgate, although a monk ostensibly belonging to the monastery of St. Edmund at Bury, does not seem, from his own account, to have done much credit to his calling:

> "Of religioun I weryd a blak habite,
> Oonly outward by apparence."

Toward the end of his life, however, his mind took a more edifying turn, and he composed a metrical "Life of St. Edmund" and the "Legend of St. Alban," which raised him much higher in the estimation of his good brothers the monks than all his idle tales of Thebes and Troy. Lydgate's most notable work was "The Falls of the Princes," founded on a French version of the Latin treatise by Boccaccio, "De Casibus Virorum Illustrium." The title-page of this poem, in nine books, printed in folio in 1558, sufficiently explains the subject. It runs: "The Tragedies gathered by Jhon Bochas of all such Princes as fell from theyr Estates throughe the Mutability of Fortune since the creation of Adam until his time; wherin may be seen what vices bring menne to destruccion, wyth notable warninges howe the like may be avoyded. Translated into English by John Lidgate, Monk of Burye." Lydgate is at his best in this poem; he uses the seven-line stanza, and gets nearer to the ease and liquidity of versification which distinguish Chaucer. Of his minor poems, "London Lickpenny," which describes the trials of a penniless wanderer in the great metropolis, gives a very vivid idea of the sights and sounds of the London streets:

> "Then unto London I dyd me hye,
> Of all the land it beareth the pryse:
> 'Hot pescodes,' one began to crye,
> 'Strabery rype, and cherryes in the ryse';
> One bad me come nere and by some spyce,
> Peper and safforne they gan me bede,
> But for lack of mony I myght not spede."

Of the poems of Thomas Occleve, who wrote "De Regimine Principium" in 1411, the address to Chaucer is the most beautiful. He reflected rather than originated; his work shows at times a

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charming simplicity and lofty religious feeling; but it is dwarfed by comparison with that of the poet whom he calls—

> "O maister dere and fader reverent,
> My maister Chaucer! floure of eloquence,
> Mirrour of fructuous entendement,
> O universal fadir in science."

Occleve was born between 1365 and 1370; it is believed that he lived to a great age, but the precise date of his death is unknown.

Robert Henryson is the brightest light among the stars that circled in the train of Chaucer. Of him little is known. It is certain that in 1462 he was incorporated of the University of Glasgow, and that he was afterwards schoolmaster in Dunfermline, and that he worked there as a notary public. Henryson was a true poet, and he possessed what we call to-day a feeling for his art in a high degree. His narrative is gay, easy, rapid; his touch light and vivid, and his dramatic power, both in dialogue and construction, is not surpassed by Chaucer. His verse is musical and well weighed; he liked to try his hand at new refrains, strange metres, and unexpected rhymes. His dialect, to the modern eye and ear, is almost incomprehensible, but long study and great love will show him who cares to search that Henryson used it as the old composers used the harpsichord. It is an instrument of narrow compass, yet capable of exquisite harmonies under the hand of a master.

"To know the use he made of it in dialogue he must be studied in 'Robyne and Makyne,' the earliest English pastoral; or at such moments as that of the conversation between the widows of the Cock who has just been snatched away by the Fox; or in the incomparable 'Taile of the Wolf that got the Nek-Herring throw the Wrinkis of the Fox that Begylit the Cadgear,' which, outside La Fontaine, I conceive to be one of the high-water marks of the modern apologue. In such poems as 'The Three Deid Powis,'* where he has anticipated a something of Hamlet at Yorick's grave, as 'The Abbey Walk,' the 'Garmond of Fair Ladies,' the 'Reasoning between Age and Youth,' it is employed as a vehicle for the expression of austere thought, of quaint conceitedness, of solemn and earnest devotion, of satirical comment, with equal ease and equal success." †

There are delightful touches of fancy in all Henryson's poems, which the dialect in which they are written prevents us from quoting. To most of us Burns requires a glossary; and, therefore, Henryson's mixture of old English and Scotch would be hopeless in an age when he who reads runs. This bit out of

* Skulls. † *The English Poets.*

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his "Testament of Cresseid," in which he includes a tribute to "worthie Chaucer glorious," is exquisitely beautiful:

"Within mine orature
I stude when Titan with his bemis bricht
Withdrawin doun, and sylit* undercure,
And fair Venus, *the beauty of the nicht,*
Uprais, and set unto the west full richt
Hir goldin face, in oppositioun
Of God Phoebus, direct discending doun."

After Skelton—who, by the way, resembles Rabelais more than the centre of our circle—a great change took place. Poetry took a tinge from the new creed, and lost much of its gayety, and that quality which is called *naïveté*, in consequence. Stephen Hawes, a disciple of Lydgate, wrote in 1506 "The Pastime of Pleasure, or the Historie of Graunde Amoure and La Belle Pucel." It is an allegory, describing how Grande Amoure makes himself worthy of perfect love—La Belle Pucel. Hawes had no small share of the divine fire, though his narrative and descriptions are often dull. Hawes imitated Chaucer less than those who preceded him. There is no new ring in his verse which forebodes the new epoch at hand. He wrote at least one couplet that deserves to live:

"*For though the daye be never so long,*
At last the belle ringeth to evensong."

James I., the author of "The King's Quair," who, with Dunbar and Gawain Douglas, reflected the light of Chaucer, was the first Scottish poet to lighten the fifteenth century. Dunbar, a strong and virile poet, born somewhere in East Lothian between 1450 and 1460, hearing the mutterings of the coming storm, put his thoughts into verse which stamps him as an earnest Catholic, and which have been called by a competent critic "the finest devotional fragments of their age." Gawain Douglas, Bishop of Dunkeld, and son of the famous Earl of Angus—"Bell-the-Cat"—who boasted that none of his sons except Gawain could write, made a translation of the *Æneid* which cannot die; but he was a *dilettante* rather than a genuine poet, and he gladly dropped the pen for politics, which desertion ultimately caused him to be exiled to London, where he died in 1522.

When Hawes died Chaucer's daisies were left to wither until Burns tried to revive them; but they were never the same. Only he who sang "si douce est la marguerite" can worthily

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wear that symbol of freshness and simplicity which the early poets, loving him well, lauded in those "merrie" days before men had learned to tear aside its petals and to analyze its hues in the hope of finding the "unknown."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

ANCIENT ROME IN ITS CONNECTION WITH THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION. By the Rev. Henry Formby. London: C. Kegan Paul & Co. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co.)

Mr. Formby's theories respecting history, and emphatically Roman history, in connection with religion, with Christianity, and with the Catholic Church, as well as the enthusiasm and persevering industry he has shown for forty years past in advocating them, are known to all readers of English Catholic literature. We do not use the word "theories" in a disparaging sense. The principles and leading ideas of Mr. Formby's philosophy of history are sound and certain. All his views and opinions have a probability, or at least a plausibility, entitling them to respectful consideration. It is well known that scholars have always differed about the question of explicit divine tradition among the heathen nations, known to poets and philosophers, and about the direct influence of Judaism and the Jews, before Christ, upon other nations and the most learned and travelled among them. Mr. Formby is one of those who estimate the direct influence of primeval tradition and the later revelations made to the seers of Judæa at the highest. It is his conviction that Numa Pompilius visited Judæa and became acquainted with the Institutes of Moses. From the very nature of the case, it is impossible to prove or disprove with certainty many suppositions of this kind, which are within the domain of probable hypothesis or conjecture.

In his general thesis, nevertheless, Mr. Formby maintains positions which are inexpugnable. He stands on the same ground with Leo XIII. and many others of the most learned and soundest historical writers. Indeed, there is no philosophy of history worth the name which takes any other view. We heartily approve of his estimate of the importance of historical studies and the right teaching of history. From the earliest period of his literary career Mr. Formby has principally devoted his pen to works of travel in the East, and historical compositions, in which the progressive development of the kingdom of God on earth is shown by the narration of events and by judicious reflections on their connection with and their bearing upon the great end of the human race. In these writings of his he has from the first made an abundant use of the illustrative art, with a fine and exquisite taste. We remember admiring the etchings in his first published book of travels in the Holy Land, which were the product of his own pencil, nearly forty years ago. In his present new and splendid work on Rome he has given us a rare and rich collection of wood-cuts, of excellent execu-

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tion, representing statues, busts, medals, coins, drawings, pictures from the catacombs, and illustrations of all kinds, from classic, Christian, ancient, mediæval, and modern artistic works. In an artistic sense, the new and great work of Mr. Formby is most admirable, instructive, and delightful, from the decorated cover to the last page. The wood-cuts are skilfully arranged to illustrate and symbolize the author's philosophical and religious view of history, especially Roman history, in connection with Christianity. It is in this his greatest and most elaborate work that he has most fully explained and vindicated this theory. It is not his direct purpose to write a compendium or text-book of Roman history. The book contains a history, graphically written, and including the principal, salient events, yet not with the minuteness and completeness of a history *ex professo*. The direct scope of the author is to show the meaning, the bearing, the connection of these events, in the general plan of Divine Providence. Jerusalem was the holy city of the Old Law, selected and predestined and placed in the most advantageous position for its purpose, and made the royal seat of Juda's and David's line. Rome was prepared from of old to be the holy city of the line of royal priests descending spiritually from David's greater Son.

Another learned and industrious writer, Father Thébaud, in his voluminous works, among the most original and valuable of modern contributions to historical literature, has amassed a great amount of materials, illustrating the connection of the whole Gentile world with the church and the Catholic religion. Father Thébaud emphasizes more the difficulties and obstacles of heathen religions, philosophies, politics, as impediments in the way of Christianity, in order to show the supernatural grace and divine power by which they were surmounted and conquered. Mr. Formby accentuates the disposition and preparation made in Rome and the Gentile world for the congruous and efficacious working of the supreme, efficient cause through and by means of these secondary and natural concurrents and instruments. Truly, if we may say so, Jesus Christ appeared and sent out his apostles just in the nick of time, and in the most suitable place. This very fact proves his divinity. He made himself, through his apostles, master of the situation and conqueror of the world, but by means humanly and naturally so inadequate, in the face of an impossibility so absolute, that the result is like the passage of the most enormous camel through the smallest needle's eye, and the divine power which was the really efficient cause stares us in the face with blinding evidence. Miracle initiates, providence working through ordinary and natural causes made ready by divine foresight, for the most part, and only with exceptions relatively few and rare, carries on, every stage and part of the general plan which is begun by a new departure and a direct intervention of divine power. Thus Rome was prepared to be the centre of Christendom, the Roman supremacy with the allied temporal sovereignty of the popes became the instrument for converting and civilizing the world. Yet a miracle was necessary in order to put St. Peter in the place of Augustus.

Mr. Formby's elegant volume, which sets forth by history, argument, and the monuments of decorative art this connection between the Rome of the Cæsars and the Rome of the popes, should, and we hope will, find a place in every library, and on the tables of all Catholics who make preten-

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sion to cultivation and refinement of taste. Every one who wishes to make a handsome present in the form of a book we counsel to select this one in preference to all others, if he thinks the party capable of appreciating its value. We make a suggestion also to the ruling powers in colleges and schools which give prizes to pupils. Sometimes one of the highest prizes will cost as much as $8. The price of Mr. Formby's book is $12 50, which we think extremely reasonable. It is probably too costly for a single prize. Yet we often see boys and girls, who receive several prizes, carrying off a pile of books. Why not, in such cases, lump the prizes, and confer the gift of such a book as this, or Dr. Brennan's *Life of Christ*, which will have a great and permanent value? The honor is the same, the number of prizes won can be attested by certificates, and the actual premium accorded to merit is much better worth receiving, while it costs no greater outlay from the prize-fund.

The mine in which such writers as Mr. Formby and Father Thébaud are working is a rich one, and we hope to see others applying themselves to dig out its treasures. Some one has said that we want a Catholic Milman. A Gibbon, a Milman, a Hallam, or a Macaulay, writing in English as Stolberg did in German and Cantù in Italian, and enriching English literature with a great history, either universal or only embracing the civil and ecclesiastical history of the period since the birth of Christ, written according to the principles which alone can present all facts in their true light and relations—that is, Catholic principles—would be a signal benefactor and deserve a high place on the roll of fame. Meanwhile, every one who writes up well any part or epoch or single chapter of history does a great service.

THE LIFE OF VENERABLE SISTER MARGARET BOURGEOIS, FOUNDRESS OF THE SISTERS OF THE CONGREGATION OF NOTRE DAME. Translated from the French by a Religeuse, Cedar Rapids, Iowa. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co.

This book is a translation of a work that was published in French in 1818. It gives the history of one of the early pioneers of Christianity in America. It is always interesting to read the lives of heroic men and women who have sacrificed themselves for the advancement of religion and the good of their fellow-beings. But this book commends itself particularly to our notice, because it is the history of one who watched at the cradle of the church in America, and founded a congregation of women imbued with her own spirit to continue her good work in the service of the church after she had gone to her rest. Margaret Bourgeois was born in France in 1620. At the age of thirty she felt inspired by the Holy Spirit to join a colony of settlers that were going out to establish a city in honor of the Blessed Virgin, on the site of what is now Montreal. As soon as she arrived in the New World she began her work, and continued it for fifty years till her death in 1700. Sister Bourgeois assisted the colonists in all their needs, "being an eye to the blind, a foot to the lame, consolation to the afflicted, a support to the weak and indigent, making herself, like the apostle, 'all to all in order to gain all to Christ.'" But her principal work was the education of children, and the congregation she founded she devoted to this. During her life she was a model of every Christian virtue, and after

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her death a great many miracles were worked at her tomb. The process of her canonization was begun in the spring of 1879. Without anticipating the judgment of the church, we may confidently hope that before long her name will be put alongside that of St. Rose of Lima and the sixteen other canonized or beatified saints and servants of God who have lived and labored in America. The book is interesting, too, from another point of view, for a great deal of the early history of Montreal is worked into the narrative.

The translation is well done, while the general appearance of the book is creditable to the publishers.

ST. ANGELA MERICI AND THE URSULINES. By Rev. Bernard O'Reilly, L.D. (Laval), author of *Mirror of True Womanhood, Life of Pius IX.*, etc. New York: Pollard & Moss. 1880.

This is another volume from the prolific pen of Dr. O'Reilly, who as a biographer has established a reputation for himself by his *Life of Pius IX.* In the book under consideration we find him entering another and a more difficult field, though even here he has been successful. To write a saint's life well is no easy task. It requires a thorough appreciation of the wonderful workings of the Holy Spirit; one might say that it takes a saint thoroughly to know and appreciate a saint. Father O'Reilly has not been content with a mere narration of the events of St. Angela's life, but, drawing upon the resources of a wide and varied reading in hagiography, he has filled his work with rich stores of spiritual thought. He has managed to put forward the divine side of the saint's life, and to describe her supernatural relations with God with such effect that one is led to exclaim, "God is indeed wonderful in his saints." The book is eminently fitted for spiritual reading.

The subject also commends it to Catholics. St. Angela did a great and lasting work for the church in our country through her daughters, the Ursulines. Among the first to come here, they have ever since maintained a high reputation as female educators. Every one has heard of the Ursulines, but who St. Angela was and what the characteristics of her life scarcely any, we would venture to say, are able to tell but those who have read extensively in the lives of the saints. It is fitting that the mother of such daughters as the Ursulines should be better known.

St. Angela was one of that bright constellation of saints which enlightened the sixteenth century. So much has been said about the moral corruption of that century that one is almost led to think there were no lights to its shadows. Not so. Perhaps there is no age, if we except the age of martyrs, so fruitful in saints, and great saints, as the age of the so-called Reformation. St. Ignatius, St. Francis de Sales, St. Charles Borromeo—these are but a few of them. St. Angela, like these, had her providential mission, and her daughters to-day are still carrying on the good work she started. There is not only put before us in the life of St. Angela a brilliant example of the height of sanctity, but we see therein portrayed one of the great champions of education.

N.B.—When non-Catholic publishers publish the lives of the saints they should not so misinterpret Catholic sentiment as to make them the medium of advertising books which cannot be commended to Catholic readers.

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HYMNS. By Frederick William Faber, D.D. First American edition, from the author's last edition of 1861. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1880.

Father Faber's hymns have long since won their well-deserved place. They have struck a true chord of Christian and Catholic feeling; hence their almost universal acceptance and use. It has been thought by some that a high order of art is, to a certain extent, an impediment to devotion, and that the people are more affected by ruder efforts, whether in painting or in verse. If this be true Father Faber's hymns are certainly an exception. Judged merely as poems they have a high degree of merit. They are distinguished by a delicate and tender pathos, by a bold and vigorous imagination, by a diction strong th ough the predominance of Anglo-Saxon. It is this last characteristic to which is partly due the charm of their exquisite simplicity, and this, too, has had much to do with their popularity. Yet their success is above all owing to the earnestness and warmth of their devotional spirit, which has made them a great instrument of good to souls. The writer knows of one soul, at least, that was helped onward towards the truth by the hearty Roman ring of the hymn to St. Wilfred, and by the deep suggestiveness of the first hymn to Our Lady. There are no doubt many others for whom these hymns form a part of their spiritual experience. They are like a burst of Italian sunshine brought to dispel the mists of English prejudice, and their glow is a wholesome antidote to the coldness of this material age.

Other editions of these hymns have been published in this country, but not one of them was complete, and one edition, as THE CATHOLIC WORLD pointed out at the time, was even intentionally and dishonestly mutilated so as to neutralize the Catholic spirit which showed in all that Father Faber wrote. The one before us is the first complete American edition, and it is in every way a credit to its publishers. We welcome it as a token of the appreciation already shown these hymns, and we hope they may bring forth still more abundant fruit in the future.

THE LIFE OF OUR LORD AND SAVIOUR JESUS CHRIST AND OF HIS BLESSED MOTHER. Translated and adapted from the original of Rev. L. C. Businger, by Rev. Richard Brennan, LL.D., pastor of St. Rose's Church, New York. Benziger Brothers.

This extensive life of Christ and the Blessed Virgin as we have it in English from Dr. Brennan we cannot compare with the German original, and therefore do not know in what respects it may differ from this, and perhaps be an improvement upon it. We are always sure that what Dr. Brennan does will be well done, and he has in this instance done well the most important literary work of his life, whether it be by translating literally, or by recasting and adapting, Businger's *Life of Christ*. The historical part goes back to the time of Adam, and furnishes a compendious general history of religion from the beginning of the world to the Christian era, as an introduction to the personal history of the Redeemer of men during his sojourn on earth. The chief point to be specially noticed and commended in this part of the work is the judicious manner of separating what is certainly the genuine sense and teaching of the Pentateuch in regard to the earliest history of this world and of mankind from mere opinions which were formerly common and are still defended by a few learned men, but are not

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easily reconcilable with the commonly received modern conclusions of science, and are rejected even by the most competent Catholic scholars. The author has not, however, departed from the simple, narrative style suited to a popular history, or disdained to make a sober use of legends which are more or less probable, and which are introduced in such a way as not to be confused with authentic and certain records. A great many pious and edifying reflections interspersed or added make the book answer for spiritual reading and meditation as well as instruction.

It is quite extensive in bulk, embracing thirty-eight parts in quarto, in large, beautiful type, on excellent thick paper. Thirty-two parts have been issued up to the time of our receiving this consignment from the publishers. The illustrations are nearly six hundred in number, including thirty-one plates and six chromo-lithographs. Of these only a few are decidedly poor, many are very good, and of the general collection we can commend its effect as enhancing the value and attractiveness of the work, which as a whole is a beautiful one in its class, most appropriate and useful for popular circulation. Its cost of sixteen dollars is the greatest obstacle to its wide and extensive diffusion. Nevertheless, many persons of very moderate means, who do not think of buying many books, contrive to have one or two which are costly, and which are of perpetual value and interest. A large, illustrated Bible is often seen in very humble dwellings. So this excellent and most interesting and attractive work may, and we hope will, prove to have such a charm in the eyes of a great number of good Christian people, that for once they will be willing to make the outlay, and put it among their treasures, to be a never-failing source of instruction and delight in the family, and an heirloom for their posterity. As for those who have money to spare for buying such books as please them, they cannot find a better way of spending it than in the purchase of a work well worth the price which it costs.

THE ELOCUTIONIST. A practical method of teaching and studying elocution. Adapted for schools and colleges. By a Member of a Religious Order. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

The author of this book belongs to the best-known lay teaching order in the Catholic Church. He has for years been entrusted by his order with the direction of some of its chief schools in this country, and hence to the compilation of this work he has brought the tried judgment and the ripe experience of his many years' service as a teacher.

In his preface the author states that his chief purpose in preparing the book was to present to Catholic educators and families a work which, while thoroughly teaching the art of elocution, should also be—unlike so many of those now offered to the public—free from vulgarity, suggestion of immorality, or sectarianism. And in this he has been eminently successful: the book is one which may be safely and profitably used in the school or family circle.

The introductory part teaches the theory and practice of elocution, and is handsomely illustrated with figures and diagrams showing the most approved positions to be assumed in public speaking, as well as the use of the hands, feet, etc. In this branch of his subject the author has supplemented his own opinions by citing the methods and views of the highest authori-

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ties on the art of oratory. Following the introduction are three hundred and seventy-eight pages of selected prose and poetry for reading, graded for all classes from the juvenile who lisps "You'd scarce expect one of my age," etc., to the youth who aspires to render Shakspere. It is, perhaps, not possible to make a book of selections which would be beyond criticism, but in this case the author has given so wide a range of subjects, and from such excellent sources, that every taste seems to have been catered to. In addition to the selections there are some capital original dialogues, and two admirable adaptations, from "Hamlet" and the "Merchant of Venice." In short, the book seems well adapted to the purpose for which it was intended.

LEGEND OF THE BEST BELOVED, AND OTHER POEMS IN HONOR OF THE SACRED HEART OF JESUS. By Eleanor C. Donnelly. An offering to the Irish Famine Fund. New York: P. O'Shea. 1880.

It would be an ungrateful task to say anything in disparagement of poems published in aid of a charitable cause, as these are. Besides, there are some of these poems that could go before the world on their own merits. All of them are pervaded by an air of mystical piety; all turn to the Sacred Heart. To our mind, in spite of a few prosy lines here and there, "The Apostolate of the Weak" is, next after "The Golden Message," the best poem in the volume.

LAYS AND LEGENDS OF THOMOND, WITH HISTORICAL AND TRADITIONAL NOTES. By Michael Hogan, "Bard of Thomond." Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

We have seldom seen more variety of talent than is shown in this volume. Mr. Hogan's muse seems equally at home whether tuning her lyre to pathos or patriotism, sentiment or humor. By turns his songs are warlike or peaceful, joyous, sad, pathetic, rollicking, gay. "The Bard of Thomond" has learned his country's legends to good purpose, and seldom have her songs been more sweetly sung. Except for an almost too great profusion of imagery, with now and then a faulty measure or imperfect rhyme, which arise, no doubt, from a luxuriant fancy and the impulsiveness of a soul that sings because it must, we have only words of praise for the *Lays and Legends of Thomond.*

UARDA: A Romance of Ancient Egypt. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. In two volumes. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1880.

Almost every impressionable person remembers the rather chilling sensation of awe produced by his first view of the majestic monuments of Egypt. Volney's famous apostrophe is no exaggerated expression of this feeling. The silent, sculptured remains of a nation that flourished and was highly civilized more than thirty centuries before we were born, and centuries before even ancient Greece and Rome began to be young, may well cause us to feel our littleness in their presence. But, apart from any really historical interest, this awe is naturally accompanied with a curiosity to know something more of the daily life of the people who erected these monuments than is to be learned from any written history that has been preserved.

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other than that written on the stones themselves. But, fortunately, materials to satisfy this curiosity are pretty fully supplied by these monuments. Almost every detail of the daily life-struggle of the Egyptians has been perpetuated in granite or limestone. The Egyptian sculptors often displayed remarkable skill, and occasionally showed in their grim and rigid material almost as broad a humor as Teniers or the Van Ostades on their easier panels or canvases. But the subjects of many of these sculptures remained puzzles until the Champollions and their followers down to Renouf, Chablas, and others, among them the author of the above romance, had made the language of the hieroglyphics intelligible to our century.

Prof. Ebers, of the University of Leipsic, is an Egyptologist of some note. *Uarda* is one of three novels which he has found time to write between his more serious works on Egyptian antiquities. The others are *An Egyptian Princess* and *Homo Sum*. The time and place of *Uarda* are Egypt during the reign of Rameses II. (1352 B.C.) This Rameses, known as the Great and celebrated by the Greeks under the name of Sesostris, was the son of the Pharao who cut the first Suez Canal, and was the immediate predecessor of that other Pharao who proved so hard a taskmaster to the Hebrews. Uarda, the heroine of the story, is a fair-haired, beautiful girl of foreign extraction, who had been brought up among assistants to the embalmers of the Necropolis of Thebes. The other important characters are the Pharao's daughter, who divides the interest of the story with Uarda, a poet-priest, a plotting mother-in-law, the unscrupulous high-priest, a disappointed lout of a lover, a treacherous but weak regent of the kingdom, and Rameses himself. The plot is ingeniously involved, and it unfolds satisfactorily enough, though it concludes in rather a severely tragical style by the death of all the wicked characters, and the marriage or other fitting reward of all the good ones that it was not found necessary to kill off earlier in the story. But the delineation of the various characters is excellent.

The work as a romance lacks artistic finish, it is true, for it could scarcely be otherwise, since its aim is to give a familiar view of Egyptian life rather than to present a pleasing romance; yet it will interest novel-readers in spite of this. There are passages, especially in the second volume, that are well wrought out—as, for instance, the description of the battle of Kadesh (vol. ii. p. 226) and the meeting of the heroine with her grandfather (vol. ii. p. 300). Still, the habitual novel-reader will be sure to skip many passages here and there. Yet just the parts which will be skipped by these young ladies in their haste to know the issue of the very robust love-making of the Pharao's daughter, and the somewhat weaker passion of Uarda herself, will attract the greater attention among another class of readers.

While the vulgar religion of the Egyptians was a gross polytheism, the religion followed by the priests among themselves and taught in the Mysteries was pantheistic.

"The pantheistic teaching of the Mysteries is most clearly expressed in those texts which are found in almost all the kings' tombs in Thebes, and on the walls of the entrance-halls. They have been collected, and contain praises to Ra [the midday sun], whose seventy-five principal manifestations are invoked" (note to vol. i. p. 237).

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We think it is proper to remark here that while reading this book an unpleasant suspicion frequently crossed our mind that the Leipsic professor seemed to emphasize with approval the pantheism and the rather vague morality he puts into the mouths of some of his characters. In this way *Alciphron*, *The Last Days of Pompeii*, and even Théophile Gautier's *Momie* are naturally recalled. With this reserve we have no hesitation in commending *Uarda*, both for its readableness as a story and its really large amount of interesting information concerning the ancient Egyptians. The translation is well done, and bears very few marks of the German idiom.

(NOTE.—Pharao, by the way, Professor Ebers explains to be a Hebrew form of the Egyptian word *Peraa*, or *Phrah*, literally meaning "The Great House" or "The High Gate," which, the translator of *Uarda* adds, may have been the origin of the term "The Sublime Porte.")

HOMES OF HOMELESS CHILDREN. From the Ninth Annual Report of the Board of Charities of the State of New York. By William P. Letchworth, Commissioner of the Eighth Judicial District.

In this volume, containing over five hundred pages, Commissioner Letchworth has made a large extract from the report which was transmitted to the New York Legislature on January 14, 1876. All who are engaged in the benevolent work of making homes for the homeless will no doubt be deeply interested in considering the facts and figures here presented for inspection. It is certainly very gratifying to know that so much is being done, under the sanction and patronage of the State of New York, to better the condition of destitute children. Since the advent of Christianity it has ever been considered a most imperative duty, binding on every individual and every community of individuals, to provide for the needy and the afflicted; and as long as men adhere, however imperfectly, to the teaching of Christ the "unselfish capabilities of our humanity" will always be shown forth in the maintenance of charitable institutions.

"These institutions," says Commissioner Letchworth, "appear like bright centres from which the goodness of a Divine Being radiates to the homeless and suffering. Dispense with all these benevolent agencies, and society would quickly sink into barbarism. The hands of those engaged in the work should be strengthened, not only with our sympathy but by our pecuniary aid. The State is now expending millions in the erection of a princely Capitol which, when completed, will not equal in value one human life rescued from infamy and reared to the full stature of virtue and godliness. The individuals engaged in this moral work are, with patient labor, shaping the uncouth outlines of crude characters into forms of grace and beauty, as certainly as are the workmen chiselling the various granite blocks for their places in that stately edifice; and these characters, when completed, will each have its place in the great structure of society."

One of the most prominent institutions described in the volume under consideration is the New York Catholic Protectory, which provides for over thirteen hundred boys and almost an equal number of girls. The government of this immense establishment is conducted for the benefit of the State, as well as for the personal good of those under its sway. Nothing is left undone to make self-sustaining men and women out of the children placed under its care. The aim of the instruction and discipline is to send forth intelligent Catholics "with minds freed from the distraction of commingled doctrines, and fortified against temptation by a well-defined faith and abiding hope, a never-failing charity."

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It is to be hoped that a larger number of the Catholic gentlemen of New York will invest some of their time and money in furthering the interests of the Protectory and similar institutions. The late Dr. Anderson, although a distinguished mathematician, a learned linguist, and an accomplished scholar, thought it *profitable* to devote a considerable part of his time and energy to the advancement of the Protectory. There are also many others still living, whose names need not be mentioned, who are doing the same deeds of Christian benevolence, and thereby accumulating imperishable treasures for the future world.

From the evidence furnished by this report one can realize to some extent the far-reaching influence of the various institutions which are directed and sustained by Catholic charity. Each one of them has its own special sphere of action, and each one is striving with all the force it can exert to make the world better and happier by uplifting fallen humanity. One of the youngest of these institutions is the Association for Befriending Children and Young Girls, which was organized and incorporated in 1870. It is supported mainly by the private donations and the personal exertions of some of the most prominent Catholic ladies in New York, and is managed under their constant supervision. Persons of every grade in society and of every creed are here encouraged to abandon vice and to become thoroughly reformed. In most cases at least six months are required to bring about the desired change in the unfortunate girls who have been rescued from intemperance or a shameful life. After they have been led back to the path of virtue by means of moral suasion and moral force, they are then supplied with employment and allowed to go forth again into the world. In order to secure perseverance to the end—which is the only thing that counts in the long run—a sort of protective society is formed; and at the meetings held every month they have an opportunity to receive further advice and instruction.

The method by which the process of reformation is applied to each individual, and the discrimination shown towards the unhappy victims who fall from the higher ranks of society, manifest a profound knowledge of human nature and an enlightened generosity on the part of those who projected this organization, which has already produced consoling results.

It is a very noticeable fact that in St. Joseph's Industrial School, under the control of the Sisters of Mercy, only four of those employed—if we understand the report correctly—receive salaries. Yet the number of children cared for is about five hundred. What reward do the others get? What induces these servants of God to labor without receiving pay? Do the members of our Legislature ever think of the vast gratuitous work which is done so cheerfully for the future citizens of the State by the generous religious of the Catholic Church? Perhaps many of them have never had their attention called to this phenomenon.

VOICES FROM THE HEART. Sacred Poems. By Sister Mary Alphonsus Downing. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.)

Sister Mary Alphonsus Downing, now deceased, was in early life a contributor to the Dublin *Nation* under the name of "Mary." The poems she wrote in those days were principally patriotic and national; but after she

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had turned her thoughts to higher and holier things her songs knew but one theme. *Voices from the Heart* are the outpourings of a soul entirely devoted to God. Spontaneous and unstudied as most of them are, they contain many gems of true poetry; indeed, their very naturalness and spontaneity are their great merit.

ODD OR EVEN? By Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, author of *The Gayworthys*, etc. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Co. 1880.

"Odd or even?" We must answer, decidedly "odd" this novel is—odd in construction, odd in character, odd in style. The author gives us too much Yankee slang when she allows her characters to speak, and is not very choice when she herself speaks. We do not like such words as "unusedness," "wide-awakeness," "externalities," the "fenced-in-few," the "thunderous gloom," etc. There are some good descriptions of scenery and of character here and there through the book, and we can say, to the author's praise, that her story is not sensational, but, on the contrary, that it is pervaded by a good moral tone.

SCIENCE AND SCEPTICISM: A study of some Principles which influence Modern Thought. By Stephen M. Lanigan. Dublin: M. H. Gill & Son. (For sale by the Catholic Publication Society Co., New York.) 1880.

There is much good and solid reasoning in this essay. The effort of the author, however, to make a sound philosophy by combining certain elements of Locke's and Kant's philosophy together and rejecting others is more ingenious than successful. The author appears to be in the main sound in his philosophy, which he seems to have gathered for himself by the exercise of his own good sound sense and logical faculty from such books as the English language possesses, without any thorough study of the best Catholic philosophers. The result of his thoughts as expressed in his book is creditable to its author and fitted to give a considerable amount of instruction to intelligent readers, especially such as are disposed to be overawed by the pretentious cries of our sceptical scientists.

OUR HOMES. By Henry Hartshorne, A.M., M.D, formerly Professor of Hygiene in the University of Pennsylvania, etc. Philadelphia: Presley Blakiston. 1880.

This useful and cheap little manual is full of practical hints and directions for the sanitary arrangement of dwelling-houses. Its author is already well known by previous works of a more technical nature, which have all, we believe, earned a good reputation among the medical profession generally.

ONLY A WAIF. By R. A. Braendle ("Pips"). New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co. 1880.

A very silly story, entirely wanting in originality or interest, and told in an ungrammatical jargon.

THE SACRED YEAR: Sermons for the Principal Sundays and Holydays, from the Feast of St. Andrew to the nineteenth Sunday after Pentecost. By the Very Rev. Thomas S. Preston, V.G., Pastor of St. Ann's Church. "Voluntaria oris mei beneplacita fac Domine: et judicia tua doce me." Third edition, greatly enlarged. New York: Robert Coddington. 1880.

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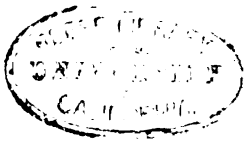

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SOME OF OUR PRESENT WEAPONS AGAINST SOCIALISM IN AMERICA.*

AN earnest and practical reformer has lately published a series of articles in the *Atlantic Monthly* (now republished in book-form) bearing on the disintegrating tendencies now threatening American society. The book is valuable for the facts which the author has carefully collected from many sources, for the impartial spirit in which it is written, for the practical hints which it gives concerning remedies to be used, and for the uncompromising but never violent way in which it sets forth unpleasant truths and attacks popular prejudice, optimism, and what are called in England "vested interests." The tone of the author is singularly fair, and the results of his careful personal researches concerning religious influences in this country are given with pitiless plainness of speech. There is no glossing over of dangers, no blinking of facts, no pious vagueness in the direction of a hope that things will improve and that God will take care that religion does not perish. The author sees chiefly the practical side of religion, and apprehends clearly the duties of the men through whom, as a rule, Providence works. "Help thyself, and God will help thee" is a saying which would accurately express his notion of duty. If it is true, as one newspaper has declared, that the author is a clergyman, he has had exceptional opportunities of testing the truth of his assertions. The decay of real religious power, influence, and organization among the representatives of

* *Certain Dangerous Tendencies in American Life.* Houghton, Osgood & Co., Boston. 1880.

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what he himself calls "evangelical Protestantism" is a fact that becomes daily more painfully evident; in the rural districts of old-established States this is almost the rule, and between the practical heathenism of many who still vaguely believe in God, and even read the Bible, and are swayed by some remains of an emotional influence traceable to "prayers said at one's mother's knee," but whose doctrinal and moral beliefs are *nil*, and the profane, defiant, but rather uneasy atheism (perhaps one might call it fatalism) which takes its stand on garbled and crude versions of scientific facts, or more often on the illogical levity of some popular lecturer and the seeming carelessness of "Providence" in the distribution of good and bad things, religion, in any rational and vital sense of the word, is all but non-existent.

This latter childish argument about the inequality of blessings and trials, etc., is, of course, a direct revulsion from the old Calvinist belief of predestination, which once stood in the eyes of the majority of the country for the root principle of religion. Upon the whole, the churches that once possessed popular influence were based on the mistaken notion that God's function was that of an arbitrary ruler, and his government, in a political sense, purely paternal. They left human will and the laws of nature altogether out of account, as well as all other agencies of anything like an independent kind, and presented religion to their members in the light of a mechanism wholly subordinated to the arbitrary freaks of its maker. Scepticism is the natural revulsion from this confined ideal, and the form it takes among the majority of the half-educated masses of this country is a begging of the real question and an emphatic denial of an assumed scheme of Providential interference. The broad issue of a general divine action manifested through natural, historical, and moral means is ignored; a small part, and that in a distorted shape, is taken as the whole, and ostentatiously demolished, while no rational and abstract principle relating to the government of the world is even touched. Beyond this form of unbelief lies the smaller knot of more definite and intellectual atheists, less defiant though not less persistent, and arguing not from a narrow and false notion substituted for truth, but from the supposed action of natural laws and historical facts. These men take another part of the great cosmos for the whole, and ignore the spiritual faculties of man and his capacity for receiving and assimilating spiritual truths. Partisanship is natural to all who insist on seeing only one aspect of a truth, and accounts for the ignorant vehemence of denial of the possibility of revelation which distinguishes some

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disciples of the doctrine of man's exclusive animalism. "Methinks they do protest too much."

All these and intermediate shades of opinion are reviewed by the anonymous author of *Certain Dangerous Tendencies* in the few pages which he devotes to considering the decay of evangelical Protestantism as a national trait. He traces this decay back to the conditions of fifteen years ago, and says that, at that period at least, the vital force of those creeds was already lost, and that a remnant of the old believers, never reinforced by hearty accessions from the rising generation, still formed the real strength of Protestantism and one of the most wholesome and conservative though unobtrusive forces of our national life. "They are not liberal in their views, but they are sincere. They live pure and good lives. They speak the truth—a rare virtue now—and they can be trusted with anybody's money. They will do what they believe to be right, though all men deride and oppose, and at any cost to themselves in business or worldly interests." But they are scarce, and growing scarcer; they have done their work, and they have no successors. The very churches in which they grew up have changed; religion is formal, not vital; the clergy are anxious to keep their posts for the sake of their daily bread, and are either dull men with uneasy consciences or polished and brilliant speakers with next to no conscience. The old doctrines, which, untrue and repulsive as they were, had at least the dignity of earnestness, were "so softened and accommodated to the growing doubt that nearly all their original meaning was explained away." Preaching, the pivot of this form of religion, became first speculative, then humanitarian, and lastly rationalistic. It ceased to deal plainly with morals and duty; it shrank from being authoritative and dogmatic; it addressed the taste, and shifted with the taste, of the public. Later on, and up to the present, it has become nerveless through excessive "trimming," and sermons are lectures submitted to an audience whose verdict is the final criterion of truth. Honesty was the first virtue to disappear when worldliness took its seat in the so-called churches; the rush of financial temptations during the war, and the paper-money craze, found the moral bulwarks of the nation defective, and Pharisaism in a new form installed itself the representative of the national religion. The author says of the average class of "church-members": "All the barriers and distinctions between the church and the world have been removed. Church work is . . . a kind of sacred amusement. Public worship, with its pulpit oratory and modern church music, is an æsthetic entertainment. They have

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developed a religion which is not religious. They have learned how to be Christians, according to their meaning, without self-denial or any abridgment of the pleasures, pursuits, or ambitions of people who acknowledge no religious obligations. They are the most intelligent members of the popular churches of this country. They are decorously moral, conforming to the easy, worldly criterion of people of like social position. They are nearly all able to live comfortably. . . . They are not usually scrupulously truthful or conscientious, and do not believe it possible to maintain a very high standard of justice or honesty in business life. . . . They do not believe the creeds they subscribe when they join the church, and generally make no secret afterwards of their doubt or disbelief respecting various fundamental doctrines of Christianity. But they have a horror of all dissent which takes a man out of the popular church, and show no respect for the plea of conscience in such cases." They give a good deal to recognized charities, and help in whatever ways are "approved by their class"; but they distrust personal earnestness as an eccentricity, if not a deceit; they have no confidence in principles and trust wholly to management and policy, while they are powerless, and perhaps unwilling, to aid in the "moral regeneration" of the country. Concerning the ministers of these churches the critic is yet more severe. The exceptions are taken for granted, but the general mass is not leavened by them. These clergy, often intelligent and cultured, are largely sceptical, but excessively cautious and reticent; playing with fire, they think they are wisely doling out truth—that is, rationalism—as far and in proportion as their congregations can bear it. They lose the strength that belongs to courage and conviction, and yet gain nothing in return. Their preaching is vague, intellectual, local, or apologetic. "Their teaching is often curiously remote from all the practical concerns and conditions of life in our time and country, and is almost entirely destitute of moral authority and power." On the other hand, it deals emotionally and sensationally with fleeting, often trivial topics, and tacks on a few "religious" generalities to detailed transcripts of periodical literature. The success of their charity organizations is their great pride, as it is the one tangible result they can show for their existence; but, as the author remarks, this "is much as if the officers of an army should boast that all their soldiers able for duty were in the hospitals caring for their sick comrades, and that all the able-bodied men at home must soon be conscripted for the same service." He goes on to describe the unbrotherly class-feeling perceptibly making its way,

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and jostling out of the church the less prosperous, but not therefore less ambitious, members who form, both in numbers and intellectual possibilities, "a very important portion of our population." The tie of church connection thus dropped, the ousted members become a little laxer and more careless, though, in the main, they are "still moral and wholesome in character and personal influence, chiefly from the power of habit and family traditions of rectitude." It is their children who are really injured, and from whom the ranks of the unbelieving, the reckless, and the dishonest are yearly recruited. There is a vast class of unattached, unticketed, so-called Christians, "commonly as good, and probably more truthful, conscientious, and just than most people in the church, but not religious"—that is, "having no ideas, principles, or beliefs in regard to human responsibility which exercise any considerable power of restraint upon their conduct when interest or appetite is involved." But even this promising and still malleable material will disappear with this generation, and, so far as personality is concerned, the nominal issue between religion and unbelief will be considerably narrowed. These men and women "have too little aspiration and national feeling, and are giving themselves entirely to material interests." They are sensible, practical, capable, sometimes hard and narrow, but retain "valuable intellectual and moral qualities. They are drifting into an indifference which will either cripple or misdirect their energies; they are doing little for themselves morally, and no one else thinks it his duty to step in," though the author holds strongly that "their future course depends much upon that of the cultivated classes." This touches one of the points on which he repeatedly insists—the duty of the better-educated (the *policy*, he more than hints) to be beforehand with the budding socialism of this country, and, by frank and friendly contact with the less fortunate and less cultured classes, to reaffirm the old spirit of brotherhood and a common patriotism.

This loosening of the church bond has also, both in city and country, "produced a greater feebleness of community. There is not always now, on the part of the people living near each other, so general or vital a co-operation for the promotion of the interests of the neighborhood as formerly existed; and the more definite and active opposition to Christianity in our time has already produced changes in the administration of charity and, what is more important, in the guardianship of the young. . . . There is often less interest on the part of society in the establishment of young men in business or profitable industry." Selfish-

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ness and individualism are on the increase, and the only point at which our neighbor's affairs touch ours enough to become interesting is the point of gossip. We do not care enough to help him, even where help costs little or nothing, but we always care enough to talk about him. This mixture of indifference and interference is said with truth to be more conspicuous in the country than in the city. As the author observes, an accurate account of the state of the popular religion requires to take in the condition of the religious sense in rural districts. Unfortunately in most places, even West, church lines are practically party lines. They mark off cliques, exclusive and intolerant, and keep up feuds that among avowed heathens might heal in time. As a rule, the "religious" set is the narrow set—in the same sense that it is said in England the Tory party is the "stupid" party—while the sinners are occasionally pleasant, often generous, and on the whole honest. The morality of church-members is more than suspected; the author, though he is studiously impartial, and admits that he has made each indictment as "colorless" and impersonal as possible, says in so many words that "multitudes of men who are religious are not honest or trustworthy. They declare themselves fit for heaven, but they will not tell the truth nor deal justly with their neighbors. The money of widows and orphans placed under their control is not safer than in the hands of highwaymen. There is no article of food, medicine, or traffic which can be profitably adulterated or injuriously manipulated that is not, in most of the great centres of trade, thus corrupted and sold by prominent members of Christian churches." A commercial spirit rules the choice or "call" of ministers; the people "know what kind of preaching they want, and they intend to have it. If one minister does not supply it they employ another." The supply is more than equal to the demand. A few young men start with an earnest belief in the spiritual mission of the ministry, and some unsuccessful and unappreciated men keep it up to the last; they still think that it is their duty to disregard men's wishes and teach unpalatable truths at the daily risk of loss to themselves; but for one that acts up to this ideal through life ten—and more—fail. It needs a divine sanction to make the struggle successful, and, after all, these men have only human means to resort to to keep up their early enthusiasm. Those who succeed are the more to be honored.

The Catholic Church, and its influence upon certain important classes of the community, are twice touched upon in the course of this book, and it is worth while to note the exact words that

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express the author's mingled feelings concerning this subject: "The priests of the Roman Catholic Church occupy a position of great importance in relation to the new conditions and tendencies of our national life. Although many of them are rather churchmen than American citizens, their influence is likely to be, on the whole, rather helpful than otherwise. They do a vast deal of good work upon very difficult material. Their course should be critically observed, but they deserve far more sympathy and recognition than they receive. Their teaching forbids consultation of the spirits of the dead and membership in secret societies. This last requirement will keep many voters out of the movement for the inflation and debasement of the national currency, as the leaders of that enterprise make great use of the machinery of secret societies."

The belief in special calls to religion, henceforth isolating the "elect" from the "world," and emphasizing the fact that religion is not so much a penetrating influence, to be connected with every innocent act in life, as a badge of exclusiveness cutting a man off from all equal and brotherly relations with his fellows *as men*, is one which still exists, formally at least, and perhaps to some extent really. The broader view of brotherhood with all one's fellow-beings, and of the necessary connection of religion with every blameless and natural human act, with the natural affections, the legitimate amusements, and the social relations of each Christian, is one which the popular idea of "religion" entirely excludes. The Episcopal Church alone, outside our own (not reckoning as churches those organizations which can hardly be called evangelical or Protestant, and yet are based upon certain doctrinal tests or moral obligations), holds this wise and Christian view of universal fellowship. These artificial barriers are answerable for a large part of the popular hostility to "religion." Men of sharp wits and earnest, practical tendencies are daily alienated by the sight of a thousand outward manifestations claiming to represent religion, and calling themselves the *sine-qua-non* of Christian profession. But for these excrescences there are many sensible but not patient or discerning men who would be excellent Christians. They are chiefly professional men; some are mechanics; all are busy, naturally honest, serious-minded; they are men of good intentions and straightforward action, generally better read in the Bible than many technical church-members—men ripe for a rational and manly form of religion. Unfortunately the forms that come most prominently under their observation are unsatisfactory, if not repellant. They are not

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anxious enough to inquire further, and yet they are too sensible to profess the shallow atheism that satisfies vulgar minds. These men are chiefly in the prime of life; very young men are apt to simulate atheism, while old men often stumble at last into some formal belief, or work out a system of their own, more or less technically "religious," sometimes even ceremonial. Leisure is itself a temptation to brood and create, and old age makes one long for peace at any price; and the ironical saying that women in France become *dévotes* as soon as common sense tells them it is time to leave off being *coquettes* is one which is, in a measure, descriptive of a real tendency among men and women of all nations. The religion or irreligion of the mature men of any country is the central point of the religious question. We see the education of the young greatly insisted upon, and its importance is no doubt great; but it must not be forgotten that boys will probably, no matter how strict their education, go through the trial that faces almost every man of this generation at his entrance into life. Hardly any man, and even any woman, whether Catholic or Protestant, piously brought up and carefully instructed in his or her religion, but has at one time had a struggle to keep on the right side. It is true that many will not acknowledge having gone through such a period, women especially; notwithstanding, it is the truth in regard to the majority of the most steadfast and earnest Christians of all communions. That the struggle should end happily is often due to the grounding in doctrine supplied by early religious education, though in fully as many cases the end is a hard-won victory, the soul having groped and forced its way to a religious conviction from a wilderness of adverse circumstances and by the help of an experience purely negative, driving it to seek out the reverse of that pessimism which instinct as well as reason pronounces to be a delusion. That a man thus converted is a more stanch believer than the youth who has never felt a doubt and never struggled with a temptation seems self-evident.

Among ourselves, the theory that the visible church includes all her baptized children, and the invisible many souls outwardly divided from her, insures a practical treatment of many social questions different from that common among evangelicals. Still, although we have this advantage, that Pharisees are not officially installed as the shining lights and pillars of the church, we need some improvement in our societies, organizations, guilds, clubs, etc. We need, beyond special church co-operation, a corresponding movement among our people—a secular activity in

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grooves where avowedly church societies would be out of place; a progressive tendency ready to shape itself into any legitimate form, imbued with Catholic spirit and enthusiasm, but independent of ecclesiastical direction or patronage. Societies for lecture-giving, for evening classes of technical instruction, for interchange of books, for promoting local improvements, ought to exist side by side and in cordial connection with the distinctly church and charity societies; and the more this is encouraged the more should we advance beyond the narrow practice of the "popular churches," as we are already beyond their theories of exclusive election.

Not only the clergy, the author thinks, should engage in the self-sacrificing and unremunerative work of the moral regeneration of the masses; all cultured men, better mentally equipped than their neighbors whose necessities leave them little leisure for education, should in various practical ways give their time and personal sympathy to the improvement of the less fortunate. Only men must not meet on unequal terms, as pauper and patron; they must co-operate on genuinely republican principles, and translate all the poetry and utopianism of brotherhood into the reality of a national, social, patriotic bond between neighbors. Though the author ignores all that occurs to Catholics concerning the duties of Christian brotherhood and the sanction of a perpetual divine law, his suggestions have all the force of practical experience and wisdom, and each would repay a fair trial. The apathy of the cultured classes, as compared with the crude theories but passionate enthusiasm of the uneducated, is pointed out by him as a deplorable symptom of moral decay; the handing over of the national responsibility for the moral improvement of the people to an official knot of half-starved clergy is strongly reprobated; and the duty of every man to share with others the benefits of a superior cultivation, instead of sinking into an intellectual Epicurean, is specially accented. In connection with this, the saying at a recent English election that, after all, law and order must learn to trust for their maintenance no longer to arbitrary props but to the good instincts of the people, strikes one as being partly applicable to the moral transition now going on here. It is true that the good sense of the community, the tendency, on the whole, to conservatism and order, which distinguish Northern and Teutonic, or, any rate, English-speaking races, are powerful barriers against moral revolution and social outbreaks. In the older portions of the country full credit must be given to the influence of inherited traditions of patriotism and domestic

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respectability. There is no use, however, in blinking the fact that these races have a brutal instinct lying beyond, and that outbreaks of this instinct are not as rare as, for our national reputation, it is to be wished they were. Wherever the restraints of civilization are loosened, and the force of public opinion is not controlled by long-established customs of decency and at least outward decorum, our people, and again chiefly those of Teutonic blood and race, are apt to behave like savages. Even with them, however, the force of example is strong; the love of fair play can be used for good; there is a latent, very rough, and very spasmodical, yet a developable sense of chivalry with regard to good women. A thoroughly honorable, consistent, and manly man, who should be also a religious man in the true sense of the word, would have much influence on such a class; but, again, it is only in rare instances that they even come across such a representative of religion. The monopoly of the epithet "religious" by so many contemptible people is excuse sufficient for the apparent and real measure of American atheism, or bitterness towards "churches."

In the matter of the religiousness of women America stands on a different footing from most European countries. Certainly women in the United States are not, in nearly the same proportion as is usual in France, England, Germany, even Russia, more religious than men. Among ourselves it is possible that women are more prone to outward acts of devotion, but Catholic men, as a mass, are as firm believers as women, and it is creed rather than ritual which is the correct test. In the churches to which most Americans, whether sincerely or formally, belong, the male "members" are as numerous and important as the female, and more prominent, while the Protestant church which possesses the most learned and cultivated clergy—the Episcopalian—is conspicuously represented by its men, among whom but few sentimentalists or ritualists are to be found. In England this is not so universally the case; the Anglican Church has an official stamp which adds a fashionable attraction to what ought to stand on its intrinsic merits alone, and this accounts for the prominence of the female element, reinforced from the ranks of aspiring Nonconformists; the Ritualist ceremonial has attained a curious development and absorbs the homage of a good many of the weaker, well-meaning people of either sex, while the conditions of rural life make the interference of the women in parish affairs and festivities a time-honored tradition which it is impolitic in some and impossible in other places to break through. The national tone there towards religion is also

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answerable for the prominence of women even in Catholic churches. Average Englishmen (unless some Dissenters) have no taste, as a rule, for fussy display or apparent authority; they are intensely conservative, and cling to their religion as to a standard, looking on belief in the spiritual field as they do on bravery in the material—a thing inseparable from a worthy character; but their spiritual instincts are not keen. Except converts, most Catholic Englishmen are of this solid, reliable, faithful, but not enthusiastic type. It falls to the women to help the priest in most local and practical matters; and besides this excuse of necessity, Englishwomen find this pseudo-authority as pleasant as most women of other countries. In France religion is, unfortunately, very perceptively a feminine concern; there is a painful breach between the men and the women of the same family; beyond a few exceptions, religion is at a low ebb among men of all classes, and, the same proportion of exceptions being allowed, the same may be said of Italy and Spain. Of other countries we are less certain, though there is much reason to believe in the loosening of vital religious influences everywhere. The German struggle has been a means of religious revival, though mainly in the sense of rallying men to their colors rather than of awakening purely spiritual enthusiasm. Certainly, in this country, women are less preponderant in church influence than they are in Europe, and often relatively less so than men in their individual churches. Touching the social influence of women in America, of which De Tocqueville in his *Democracy* spoke so flatteringly a generation ago, the author of *Certain Dangerous Tendencies* gives a few facts from his own experience, especially among the various grades of working-women. "I have observed," he says, "that the women appear to be depressed and injured less than the men by the hardships of their life; . . . they have developed such readiness of resource as yields only to absolute impossibilities; . . . they are more saving and economical than their husbands. They have also less dislike for small jobs, and less contempt for the trifling sums received for them. I am compelled to say that many working-men appear unwilling to accept transient employment, especially if of a kind to which they are not accustomed; but their wives are usually ready for any kind of work, however disagreeable or poorly paid."

This applies chiefly to women in cities and the larger villages of the old States—the wives of mechanics and small storekeepers, and factory-women. A different class came under his notice in a farming neighborhood in one of the Northwestern States, where a remarkable woman, though of only average education and of limited

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means, had for years exercised an exceptionally good and civilizing influence. Her verdict on the needs and faults of her neighbors included these observations: "They need discipline, the power and habit of self-restraint and self-direction in nearly everything, but especially in their use of money. They are full of life and love good living—love to 'have things.' They might all be rich, but they are so impulsive and extravagant that most of them are in debt. . . . If we only had some good, convenient way of taking the women's money, whenever they have saved a few dollars, and keeping it for them, they would soon grow more economical. . . . They have little foresight of future possible needs; but the worst difficulty is that they cannot keep money, and have no place to put it where it will be safe." A working-man's wife in an Eastern factory-town said that when a man has a few dollars he is restless and unhappy till he has spent the sum, while most women like to go on adding to the little hoard and looking at it now and then; the existing machinery of savings-banks and insurance companies seemed to her, however, only a lesser evil than the waste consequent on spending every dollar as it comes in. She was a serious, helpful woman, and believed in lending small sums among her own acquaintance, as well as in a system of government post-office banks, certificates of deposit being given, no interest accruing, and a small fee being charged for the extra labor devolving on the postmaster or clerk.

This question of interest, which is also drawing much attention in England, appears to take a large share in the schemes of the classes chiefly affected by its decision. Arbitrary rules have seldom competed successfully with natural business principles, and why a loan of money should be treated differently from the loan or hire of a house or a piece of land is difficult to understand. It is chiefly the abuses of any system that hurry passionate and ignorant men into root-and-branch hostility to it; and while one can only smile at the childishness of reformers anxious to squeeze every social relation and commercial transaction into a government mould, one cannot help acknowledging that the mania for running a race in brick and mortar, and sinking valuable money in gigantic advertisements of brown-stone and gilded iron-work, which distinguishes banking and insurance companies, is a useless and mischievous thing, naturally annoying to the mass of depositors, and deterring many from becoming such. Religion, where it seriously influences the life of women in humble circumstances, often takes the practical shape of cheerful patience and helpful ingenuity. One of the women whom the author con-

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versed with acted upon the belief that "human labor, wisdom, and self-sacrifice" were providential instruments towards the cure of many evils; and in cases where women have less well-defined convictions on this point they often act in this direction by intuition. That much depends on individual effort, setting aside hopes, plans, and theories, profitless yet interesting as topics of discussion, is a very generally received principle; the busy life of most women keeps their instincts sound in this connection. Self-respect is a powerful incentive to resist the lowering of social standards merely because the corresponding pecuniary means are lessened; and this exists in many places where, at first sight, it is not self-evident. It is very common among poor people in the country, and manifests itself, for instance, in the effort to send their children to school fairly well dressed, and to make their own weekly appearance at "meeting" in neat and occasionally new dresses. Women in the country are very saving and ingenious in mending clothes and making old things into new; the author mentions, however, that factory-women are not especially saving in this regard, and statements have been made about the startling extravagance of working-women in the coal and mining regions of Pennsylvania. Waste of food, chiefly through ignorance, is a conspicuous fault of poor women, and has reached a worse development in this country than in England itself, where extravagance of diet is more or less a national trait. Women in America are scarcely more gossips than men; indeed, you often find them more reticent, though there are many exceptions. The factory-girls, whose morals are often talked of as suspicious, are, on the whole, much less addicted to sensuality than is believed. The author of *Certain Dangerous Tendencies* has made a special study of this class, and, leaving a margin for much laxity, yet defends the main body of these girls from this common imputation. *Apropos* of this, he mentions the stay-at-home habits of the Catholic French-Canadian girls, who make, mend, and wash their clothes in the evenings, and never have time to go out. "The Catholic Church," he says in reference to the special town he made his chief researches in (it is said to have been Fall River), "is doing more than any other, I think, for the moral guidance and improvement of the operatives," and he mentions particularly the successful work of the Catholic temperance societies. He thinks that the women in cities are more interested in politics and politico-social reforms than they used to be some thirty years back; some of the most enthusiastic propagandists of modified forms of socialism are women. He speaks neither of free-love

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nor female-suffrage movements among the lower classes in city or country; this phase of excitement belongs to a less occupied and hard-worked class. The independence of the ordinary American woman, striking as it seems to Europeans, and dangerous as it may be in its exaggerated forms or when it comes, even in its normal ones, in contact with another code of etiquette, is a real safeguard in this country, public opinion, even in the wildest districts of the West, being the champion of unprotected womanhood. But the fact of the contented acquiescence of public local opinion in breaches of the Sixth and Ninth Commandments, when these breaches are committed with the mutual consent of the offending parties, is an offset to the indignation stirred up by violent assaults on women. There are many rural districts, not unreasonably remote, and furnished with most of the outward signs of civilization, where constant lapses from chastity are occurring among married and unmarried people, without provoking more than a passing reprobation; the besetting sin of our age—indifference to all that does not touch us nearly, and a blunted sense of collective responsibility—is no doubt to blame for much of this unheeded immorality. Social influence, the unobtrusive, unaffected example of a person whose life is ordered on high principles, and especially on a rigid regard for truth—such is at present the strongest weapon for good.

The rigid formalism which technical "goodness" affects is one of the causes of the present revulsion against virtue; on the other hand, the least tampering or compromise with conscience on real points of principle is carefully to be avoided. The same woman whose thoughts were so anxiously bent on helping her neighbors out West to economize found means within ten years to raise considerably the standard of daily life around her, and the point from which she started was one which will make many good people hold up their hands in horror—*i.e.*, Sunday *tableaux vivants*. Sunday-afternoon gatherings for roystering, gossiping, and dancing had become the custom in her neighborhood, and after two years of patient and perplexed thought she hit upon the idea of turning these meetings to an intellectual, then a moral use, and began by interesting her visitors in Shakspere's plays, from which the first tableaux were drawn. What would have been the result had she begun instead by preaching Sabbatarianism, calling her guests sinners, and perhaps withdrawing herself from any participation in their social meetings on the holy day? Her work widened gradually; she became in a real sense a missionary; she guided public taste from theatricals to readings, and then on to studies

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and debates; she adopted orphans and found permanent homes and occupations for them; her judgment became the law of her neighbors; she was confidant and referee in every case of love, family dissension, and even more public matters; and although her character was remarkable, her aptitude and tact beyond the ordinary, and her will to do good stronger than most people's, her example is certainly not beyond the possibility of being followed by women as earnest and well-intentioned. As she remarked herself, she found difficulties and discouragements abound; she felt herself not rightly fitted out for the work of life; her want of opportunity of acquiring more culture was a trial, and "the general disposition of people to be contented with low things" was the greatest obstacle of all.

This meets us everywhere, even in our own hearts, and is the first difficulty to be reckoned beforehand; officiousness and intermeddling will be the names our attempts at reform will provoke at first, and it is vain to expect that the effort will be plain sailing. In the most modest innovation tending towards improvement we shall be sure to shock some sensibilities and offend some people. But of all dangers, that of faint-heartedness in ourselves is most to be feared. Opposition will wear itself out, but giving way to discouragement is a deeper evil to be dreaded than any opposition. Again, one has to guard against over-zeal, injudicious haste, and, above all, personal motives; in fact, one must not let the machinery work at random, or else no good results will follow. But within these limitations there is no reason why hundreds of men, and more especially women, should not do a novel and independent work among their less educated fellow-citizens, suiting the means to the requirements and circumstances of each place, starting chiefly with secular methods of improvement, and conceding as much as one legitimately can to the craving for amusement prevalent among our people—not unnaturally so, as we must acknowledge. We have, in many senses, better material to work on than reformers in Europe; better opportunities. Each one should be able to find some practical means which a little co-operation might turn to useful ends in any place, even country places, and in the coteries of neighbors who form the "world within a world" of the larger cities.

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THE PASSION PLAY AT OBER-AMMERGAU, 1880.

(CONCLUDED.)

ACT vi. deals with the Betrayer. It is preceded by the symbolical tableau of Joseph sold to the Midianites for twenty pieces of silver. In this act—for the tableau is but a continuation of that exhibited in the second act—Judas comes before the Sanhedrim, which is composed as before, with the addition of two who are destined to play so conspicuous a *rôle* later on—namely, Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea. These two speak in favor of Christ, but are noisily shouted down. Judas enters and bargains for the thirty pieces of silver, which are sent for to the treasury of the Temple. Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea protest and leave the meeting. A rabbi returns with the blood-money. "I am contented," says Iscariot, shaking his empty money-bag; "and now I can make good my loss." He steps to the table and counts the money; then he rings it piece by piece. Lechner's acting in this scene is a highly-finished performance. I was led to expect this from what I had heard said about him, but it far surpassed my expectations. The man himself had said to me: "I consider my best acting is in the Garden of Gethsemani, and I am at my best in the kiss of betrayal." The counting of the money had a strange effect upon the audience. Some there were who laughed; these were instantly "hushed" down. The reason for this seeming irreverence lies in the fact that in the ruder times Judas was, if I may use the expression, the "comic man" in the drama. On the stage he was ever accompanied by a character representing the Prince of Darkness, whose antics were those of the buffoon or circus clown; hence the honest villagers seem to consider that they possess an hereditary right to laugh at the *to be* discomfited Betrayer. After he counts the money into his bag Iscariot cries: "To-day he shall be in your hands." The act closes by the departure of the members of the Sanhedrim, shouting: "Let him die! let him die! He is the enemy of our fathers!"

The next act is a very solemn one—the Garden of Gethsemani. The first tableau reveals Adam, condemned to earn his bread by the sweat of his brow; the second, the "Rocks of Gibeon," "Joab's treachery to Amasa." As the sacred narrative informs us,

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our divine Lord, after partaking of the Last Supper, went with his disciples over the brook of Cedron unto Gethsemani. The Old-Testament types represent the sweat of Adam's labor as typifying Christ's bloody sweat in the Garden on Olivet; and Joab giving Amasa a kiss, whilst secretly plunging a dagger into his body, as parallel to the kiss given by Judas to his Master. The first of these tableaux is exceedingly artistic. In a rugged wilderness Adam is despairingly digging in the midst of stones and thorns. His children, bearing the fruits of his curse, tug at unyielding brambles. Eve, disconsolate, sits upon a rock, an infant in her lap, beside her an older child. Another hacks the ground, while yet another toys with a lamb. Of the second tableau it is unnecessary to speak. Now we come to Gethsemani and to the Betrayal. Jesus, with his disciples, enters the Garden, which extends to the back of the stage. On the right from the audience are a rock and some shrubs, on the left a slight elevation—the spot where the Redeemer prostrates himself in supreme agony, exclaiming: "Abba, Father, all things are possible to thee; remove this chalice from me: but not what I will, but what thou wilt." Christ then rises, and, returning to where he left Peter, John, and James, finds them asleep. Three times he prays, and after he rises from the third prayer a shock vibrates through the rapt audience, as Maier's face was covered with the sweat of blood. It was absolutely appalling, and one shuddered insensibly. He again returns to the three disciples, and says: "Sleep ye now and take your rest." Peter sleepily asks: "What is it, Master?" "It is enough," answers Christ. "The hour is come; behold, the Son of Man shall be betrayed into the hands of sinners. Rise up; let us go." And now the awful moment of betrayal approaches. Clang! and the clash of arms is heard. The rest of the sleeping disciples spring to their feet and surround their Master. The Saviour sadly exclaims: "Behold, he that will betray me is at hand!" Judas enters, followed by Roman soldiers, priests and Pharisees, and traffickers, many bearing lanterns. Iscariot never hesitates, but hurries rapidly to his Master, and, exclaiming "Hail, Rabbi!" gives him the kiss of doom. As Lechner bestowed it there was a short, sharp "Ah!" from the audience almost amounting to a cry of pain. The acting of Maier was superb in its simple earnestness as he uttered: "Judas, dost thou betray the Son of Man with a kiss?" Then with the superiority of majesty he demands of the soldiers: "Whom seek ye?" They shout: "Jesus of Nazareth!" "I am he." As these words come from the lips of Christ the soldiers fall with a clang to the earth, as though some

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unseen hand had struck them down. Christ orders them to rise, knowing that the will of the Father must be fulfilled. Malchus now advances to seize Jesus, when Peter draws his sword and with admirable effect cuts at the ear of the sacrilegious Malchus. Then come the memorable words from the Saviour: "Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish by the sword. . . . Thinkest thou that I cannot ask my Father, and he will give me presently more than twelve legions of angels? But how then shall the Scriptures be fulfilled?" The Master is now alone, for the disciples have left him, as Devrient of this portion of the drama says: "Peter, who promised to stand by him till death, could only draw his sword once; and John, who laid his head so tenderly upon the Master's bosom, saying, 'Where thou art there I shall be,' has fled, too. Christ goes alone, filled with immeasurable love, to die for the very men who are abusing him. His intense, solitary grandeur first gave me the true idea of the power of dramatic art."

As the curtain fell the burgomaster came forward to the front of the stage and announced a recess of one hour and a half. The first division of the Passion Play had ended. It was now twelve o'clock. We had been riveted, bewildered, fascinated, awed, subdued for four hours! Four hours? Four seconds. The time had flashed by us: Many who intended during the recess to repair to their lodgings in the village lingered, as though powerless to tear themselves away. Many, availing themselves of the space afforded by those who had departed, fell upon their knees to pray. Not an irreverent word was heard, and, while yet within the precincts of the theatre, we spoke as in a church.

Long before the boom of the cannon under Kofel the vast audience was reseated. There was just a murmur of conversation —nothing more. No boisterousness, no exclamations. The people seemed to me to act as if within the sanctuary. At the third boom low, sweet, melancholy strains of music are heard, which prelude the approaching Passion. Act viii. brings Jesus before Annas; the tableau reveals Sedecias smiting the prophet Micheas on the cheek. We have now followed the Redeemer step by step from his triumphal entry into Jerusalem up to his betrayal and captivity; now we follow him along the Via Dolorosa to his crucifixion and death, and subsequently to his glorious resurrection and ascension. As I have already mentioned, the house of Annas stands upon the right-hand side of the stage facing the spectators. Upon the house is a balcony capable of holding about a dozen persons. Pilate's house, on the other side of the

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stage, is similarly furnished. Upon these two balconies much of the action of the earlier portion of the second division of the play takes place. The high-priest Annas comes out upon the balcony, and impatiently awaits the arrival of the Roman soldiers with their Captive. As Judas passes across the stage Annas cries to him: "Thy name shall stand in our annals for all time." Iscariot endeavors to shirk the awful responsibility of the betrayal by exclaiming: "I will not be answerable for his blood." Now Roman soldiers appear, brave in steel panoply and flashing breastplates, urging forward their Captive with brutal jeers, and flouts, and gibes. The procession stops beneath the balcony, and Jesus is led into the house of Annas, to reappear on the balcony beside the high-priest and still guarded. Annas interrogates him. When asked why he will not speak he replies, with superb dignity: "I have spoken openly to the world; I have always taught in the synagogue and in the temple, whither all the Jews resort; and in secret I have spoken nothing. Ask them who have heard what I have spoken unto them; behold, they know what things I have said." Bulbus brutally strikes the Captive in the face, crying: "Answerest thou the high-priest so?" And now occurred a scene which shall remain written upon my memory unto the last. The blow from the mailed hand of the caitiff soldier had just descended upon the cheek of the meek Saviour, when, in an instant, the heavens became black as ink—black with "a noonday night"—and a flash of lurid lightning literally blazed around the balcony, setting it in a frame of dazzling fire. Then came a clap of thunder like the crack of doom, and heaven's artillery commenced to crash in the hollows of the overhanging Alps—crash as though the Titanic crags were being split and rent into millions of adamantine fragments. The giant mountains were now as great grim walls of ebony united with the inky canopy; and as the lightning blazed and the thunder rolled, faces grew pale and lips became compressed as the spectators gazed at the awful picture in its awful setting. Presently the rain commenced to fall in drenching downpour, but through this war of elements the great drama proceeded as smoothly as though the weather were glorious dayshine, and the greater part of the audience seated in the open kept their places, absolutely careless of the storm, so completely absorbed were they in the scene being enacted upon the stage.

In Act ix. Christ is brought before Caiphas. The two tableaux bear prophetic reference to the scenes that occurred at the ecclesiastical trial: "Naboth sentenced to death on false ac-

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cusations" and "Job in affliction, derided by his wife and friends."

Christ is led, bound as before, into the house of Caiphas. The priest Samuel and his five witnesses enter by an opposite door. Caiphas addresses the Redeemer: "Thou hast, therefore, boasted of possessing supernatural, Godlike power. Refute these witnesses, if thou canst! I see very well that thou thinkest, by remaining silent, to free thyself of the charges. Thou darest not acknowledge before thy judge what thou hast taught the people. If thou darest so, hear: 'I, the high-priest, adjure thee by the living God that thou tell us if thou be the Christ, the Son of God.'" He still is silent. Divinely beautiful, he stands before his judge. The noble head is erect, the eyes are cast unto the ground, as he answers: "Thou hast said it; nevertheless I say to you, hereafter you shall see the Son of Man sitting on the right hand of the power of God, and coming in the clouds of heaven." These words set Caiphas into a blaze of anger. He tears open the breast of his garment, and yells: "He hath blasphemed! What further need have we of witnesses? Behold, now you have heard the blasphemy. What think you?" Then the assembled priests howl in reply: "He is guilty of death. . . . Take him. Guard him, and at dawn bring him again to the Sanhedrim." After the soldiers, the witnesses, and Captive have gone out Caiphas exclaims to the priests: "It is arranged that a grand council be held early in the morning, and as soon as the sentence is confirmed by the Sanhedrim we will hasten to Pilate, that he cause the sentence to be carried out at once."

At the fall of the curtain Judas comes upon the stage. Despair is commencing to gnaw at his soul, and he gives utterance to his conflicting emotions in admirable soliloquy. The curtain again rises to the scene of the denial of Christ by Peter. It is in a hall in the palace of Caiphas. The soldiers guarding Jesus lie about in groups. It is yet early morning. Maids enter to light the fire. Even these join the ribald soldiery in scoffing at the Saviour. The perfectly natural manner in which these women of the village performed their very small parts was most striking. They did not act for the spectators; they acted as though the action were part and parcel of the daily routine of their lives. Peter and John approach; John mixes with the soldiers; Peter timorously remains outside until he sees that John is safe, then he also enters. One of the maids recognizes him, and then comes the denial and the cock-crow. The performer to whom the humble *rôle* of rooster was accorded acquitted himself *à ravir*. In a

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trice the roosters of the village accepted his challenge, and for a while the air was filled with "clarion notes of chanticleer," long, loud, and shrill. As Peter denies the Master for the third time he recalls his words, and, overcome with a consciousness of guilt, hastens from the place, "weeping bitterly."

After this scene we have the scourging and crowning. The Captive is seated upon a wooden block, bound and helpless. His fiendish captors heap insults, and even blows, upon him, while one, more brutal than the rest, pushes him to the ground. "Great as is the brutality with which Christ is treated, his calm carriage, firm nobility, and elevated dignity in his conduct never waver. Even the brutal blows of the soldiers are borne with unconquerable firmness and divine meekness. No unskilfulness and no exaggeration disharmonize his part, even when, with his hands tied behind his back, the hirelings push him off his seat upon the floor. During the whole scene one ever perceives that, in spite of all the disgrace heaped upon him, it is here the King of Heaven suffers; in all these hours of outrage Christ appears as a lofty victor, and his person wins thereby in dignity and glory." So writes Clarus. Father Daisenberger retains in this portion of the play the old doggerel rhyme similar to that in the seventeenth-century versions of the drama. The messenger arrives to announce the assembling of the High Council, and the act closes with a powerful monologue in blank-verse, spoken by John.

Act x. deals with the despair of Judas. It is preceded by the tableau, "Cain tortured by his conscience, a wanderer on the earth." The Sanhedrim meets, and Judas rushes into the hall, goaded by the living hell of his conscience. He yells: "Ye have made me a betrayer! Release again the innocent One! My hands shall be clean." Iscariot, in unendurable mental torture, flings the accursed blood-money at the feet of the council, and rushes frantically from the hall. The High Council directs that the money be picked up; but, being blood-money, it is ordered to be allotted to the purchase of a burial-place for strangers—the "field of blood," Haceldama. Three of the council repair to Pilate's house to urge the execution of the sentence of death.

And now comes the scene that is to witness the disappearance of the arch-traitor. It is a lonely spot outside the walls of Jerusalem. A mound stands in the centre of the stage, and on this mound *the* tree. Judas, with a haunted, despairing look, dashes in. Hell-fire leaps already in his scorched conscience. The last lines which Father Daisenberger puts in the mouth of Iscariot

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are masterpieces of composition. That they lose in translation goes without saying:

"I am his murderer!
Thrice unhappy hour
In which my mother gave me to the world!
How long must I drag on this life of shame,
And bear these tortures in my outcast breast?
As one pest-stricken, flee the haunts of men,
And be despised and shunned by all the world?
Not one step further! Here, O life accursed!
Here will I end thee. On these branches hang
The most disastrous fruit.
Ha! come, thou serpent,
Entwine my neck, and strangle the betrayer."

Bounding toward the tree, he unbinds his girdle, and, flinging a noose round his neck, fastens it to an overhanging branch, and then—

In the Passion Play avarice is the root of all evil, and avarice leads Judas on to the betrayal. His avarice manifests itself when Magdalene anoints the feet of the Master, and avarice induces him to accept the blood-money. Avarice dooms him to eternal perdition. Gregor Lechner, who impersonated the arch-traitor, is an accomplished actor. His acting would win laurels for him on any stage. He flings himself into the *rôle* of Iscariot with a gruesome appreciation of the part. It may be said of him that he revels in it. "I am the shadow of the Passion Play, as Maier is the sunshine," he said to me. "Both are necessary. I was cast for the part, and I do my best with it." An inclination to laugh as Iscariot hangs himself manifested itself in the audience, but it was instantly checked.

The eleventh act brings Christ before Pilate. The Old-Testament symbol reveals "Daniel falsely accused before King Darius." In this act Pilate is seen for the first time. The Ober-Ammergau actors have spared no expense as regards the costume of the Roman governor. It is absolutely splendid; and as he came upon the balcony the sun, which had just reappeared, illumined the magnificence of his helmet, corslet, arm-plates, and panoply with gilded rays. Rendl, who plays the part, looks "the noblest Roman of them all," and his conception of the character is worthy of no stinted praise. While Christ is being interrogated comes a message from Pilate's wife. "She sends greeting to thee," exclaims the servant, "and begs of thee most urgently that thou wilt have nothing to do with that just man who standeth accused before

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thy judgment-seat, for she hath suffered many things this day in a dream because of him." To which Pilate replies: "Tell her that she need have no fear on his account. I will not submit to the Jews, but will do all in my power to rescue him." Pilate cogitates for a while, then suddenly asks if Christ is from Galilee, and, upon being answered in the affirmative, exclaims in a relieved tone, "If that be the case I am relieved from the office of judge. Herod hath come to Jerusalem to celebrate the feast. Let him sit in judgment over his subject. Take him to his own king. Let him be escorted thither by my own soldiers." Then Pilate retires from the balcony and Christ is led from the stage, the priests crying in violent anger: "Let us go to Herod! We shall find at his hands better protection for our sacred laws, for he is still true to the faith of the fathers." Here again the acting of these fanatical priests is admirable. They never for one instant face the audience, nor do they cease their tumult until they have finally disappeared up the streets of Jerusalem, thus imparting an absolute realism to the whole scene.

Act xii. brings Christ before King Herod. The tableau reveals "Samson a sport to the Philistines." In this tableau Samson is seen grasping the pillars of the temple, which are in the act of collapsing, to the destruction of the lords of the Philistines, as told in Judges xvi. Herod, the bloated tetrarch, surrounded by priests and soldiers, and seated upon a high throne, demands miracles from the Saviour, regarding him as a mountebank. "Interpret me the dream that I dreamt last night," he exclaims, with a laugh and a wagging of his head. "Transform the roll that contains thy death-warrant into a serpent." And seeing that he can gain no sign from Jesus, in order to make a laughing-stock of him he orders a garment of ridicule to be put on him, and a reed to be placed in his hand for a sceptre. Christ is now clad in white. Caiphas demands sentence. "My sentence is," cries Herod, "that he is a fool, and not capable of the crimes which ye have laid to his charge. If he has done anything against you this must be attributed to his simplicity." After Caiphas and the discontented priests have retired with their Captive, Herod descends from his throne, and in a tone of vexation exclaims: "Things have not come up to my expectation. I promised myself a most choice enjoyment, all about God knows what sort of wondrous tricks; and we saw simply a commonplace fellow, and did not hear a sound from his lips. . . . This man is as dumb as a fish. . . . Let us make up for lost time with music and song."

The thirteenth act includes the scourging and crowning, with

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the tableaux, "Joseph's bloody coat brought home to Jacob" and "The ram appointed for a sacrifice in the place of Isaac." The Choragus, assisted by the chorus, introduces the symbolical tableau, and there we see Christ again brought before Pilate, who declares he cannot find any crime in him. Pilate, as the clamor becomes louder, offers them choice between Christ and Barabbas, reminding them of the custom, to be observed at the coming feast of the Passover, of giving one criminal his freedom. Now comes the terrible cry of "Crucify him, crucify him!"—a cry that causes many of the spectators to shrink as if from a blow. Pilate, hoping to appease the people, orders the Saviour to be scourged. Again do we shrink as the order is given; and when the curtain rises, to reveal the scourge-blows falling upon his sacred back as he lies fastened to a stake, the effect is indescribable. Christ falls senseless to the ground. When he staggers—oh! so gracefully—to his feet the brutal soldiers attire him in a scarlet robe, place the reed in his hand, and seat him upon a wooden stool for a throne. It is scarcely endurable to see him pushed to the earth, and buffeted and gibed; but he falls so as not to detract from his dignity, and so that the intended degradation of maltreatment reflects upon his abusers. A soldier, with a horrible laugh, proposes to crown the King, and instantly a crown of thorns is plaited—the soldier, so admirable is every detail, pricking his fingers—and then it is placed upon the brow of the Son of God. It will not pass far enough down to suit their devilish jest, so two sticks are brought, and, crossing them upon the crown, a soldier seizes each end of the stick, and thus the crown is compelled to fit, tearing his sacred flesh until the blood streams down his forehead. The gaze directed heavenward alone testifies what he suffers during this horrible ordeal.

This scene would have been unendurable if the heavenly submission of the Lamb come to the slaughter had not raised our thoughts above it, so that every horror seemed only a means of glorifying this divine composure.

In Act xiv. Jesus is condemned to death on the cross. The Old-Testament types revealed are Joseph made ruler of Egypt, and the two goats as sin-offerings. Joseph of Egypt, in a magnificent dress, and adorned with a great chain of gold, rides in a triumphal-car and is presented to the people—a companion picture to the Ecce Homo. The stage is filled with a vast concourse of people, and the grouping is artistic in the extreme. In the second tableau Moses appears kneeling before the altar; on one side lies the goat slain by Aaron for the sins of the people, while the other

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goat has been suffered to escape into the wilderness. The chorus applies this picture to Jesus and Barabbas, of whom the first is appointed as a victim for the sins of the people, while the other is allowed to go free. The chorus is replied to from behind the scenes, whence arises a superb antiphon, and in a most striking manner the contrast is shown between the noisy madness of excited passion and the silent confidence of innocence.

Christ is again brought before Pilate, and for the last time. The Roman still stands firm as a fortress, and will not sacrifice his sense of justice. The masses of the people, excited to uproar, press forward to Pilate's palace. The tumult is indescribable. One feels inclined to join in the horrible roaring without well knowing why. Pilate stands unmoved, and looks down with contemptuous eye on the raging multitude beneath. In order to arouse the sympathy of the people for the Galilean, he orders the thief Barabbas to be brought out and placed by the side of Christ, hoping thereby that the people will be induced to let Christ go and have Barabbas put to death. What a contrast in these two figures! Nothing can be more striking: the supreme majesty of the one, the villanous mien of the other. When the people cry out for the release of Barabbas, Pilate calls for water, and we see him wash his hands. Then the two who are to suffer beside the Saviour on the cross are brought forth, one dogged and brutal, the other penitent and resigned, and the sentence is read in a loud voice by Pilate's secretary from a scroll. "The victory is ours!" cries Caiphas. "To Golgotha!" comes from the mob. Caiphas, Annas, and the priests lead; next follow the Roman soldiers escorting the Saviour to Calvary; then the two thieves, who are treated with horrible roughness by the soldiery, and lastly a multitude of people of Jerusalem. "To Golgotha!" rings in the ears as the awful procession disappears on its way to Calvary.

The end is approaching. Act xv. gives us the ghastly prelude of Christ bearing his cross to Golgotha, treading in unendurable agony the Sorrowful Way. The tableaux which precede are respectively "Young Isaac bears the altar-wood up Mount Moriah," "The children of Israel bitten by fiery serpents," and "The Israelites look upon the brazen serpent and are healed." In Isaac bearing the wood for sacrifice we have the Saviour bearing the cross to Calvary, the mount of sacrifice; the brazen serpent in the wilderness which Moses put upon a cross typifies that Christ was also lifted up on the cross; and the brazen serpent, the sight of which heals those who have been bitten by poisonous serpents,

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indicates that Christ, upon the cross, is a Saviour to all sinners who believe in him. Fully four hundred persons are on the stage in the second tableau, the grouping again being strikingly artistic.

And now we see from the gateway by the side of Pilate's house a small group walking slowly toward the centre of the proscenium. We instantly recognize Mary, the Mater Dolorosa, John, Joseph of Arimathea, and Mary Magdalene. They have come out of the city in search of tidings of him. A terrible shade of doubt, fear, grief, and anxiety is upon the faces of all. Mary starts convulsively as a hideous outcry from the streets of Jerusalem makes itself heard. We, the audience, perceive the head of the procession which wends its way to Golgotha, although Mary does not. It comes by the street at the side of the house of Annas. A few of the mob appear, shouting, "Away with him!" "He must die!" These fanatics keep up this cry with hideous persistency. The curtain rises, and we see another street in Jerusalem. Who is that man of thews and sinews? It is Simon of Cyrene. See his carpenter's basket. Who is that low-browed man of villanous aspect standing at an open portal? How he mocks and grimaces, and gleefully rubs his hands, as the terrible *cortége* approaches! How he enjoys the tortures of the Captive, as, sick unto death, he totters beneath the weight of the cross! Little knows he that the moment is at hand when, at a word from Him, he will be doomed to wander the earth without so much as the brief halt of one beat of time, and *for ever*. This man is Ahasuerus, the Wandering Jew, the symbol of the wanderings of his people over the globe. The procession, increasing each moment in size, comes down the street. We behold the many and vivid colored robes of men, women, and children to the number of six hundred; we catch a glimpse of the flash of armor. A Roman horseman in full barbaric panoply appears on a white horse, bearing the standard with S.P.Q.R. (Senatus Populusque Romanus) in golden letters; and then, aye, and then comes the Man of Sorrows—tottering, staggering, bending, swooning, sinking beneath the weight of his bitter burden. Oh! it is a piteous sight: the supreme agony and weariness in his face, the glorious meekness and resignation, the divine submission to the will of the Father. At the last house before the gateway stands Ahasuerus. Jesus staggers as he passes, and would fain pause for a breathing-while; but the Jew cries: "Away from my house! Here is no place for thee." The Saviour casts one look upon him, and he is doomed for ever. I shall never forget the expression upon Maier's

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face at this thrilling moment; it was indescribable. Mr. Jackson quotes a verse from a mediæval manuscript which treats this scene in a different manner:

"AHASUERUS.—Away, thou Nazarene, away!
Here is no place for thee to stay.

"CHRIST.—I'll rest me here a little while;
But thou shalt be a grim exile,
To roam the world, struck by the curse.
And though thou never needst of purse,
Nor garments tear by storm or wind,
Salvation thou shalt never find.
And where thou art shalt find no rest,
Since thou didst not heed my request;
Nor shall death touch thy hoary head
Until I come to judge the dead."

The Saviour drags his wearied limbs, the ponderous cross upon his shoulder, the crown of thorns on his brow, great drops of blood on his pale and worn face. He is guarded by a company of soldiers commanded by a centurion. Behind come his brutal executioners, who, eager to satisfy the howling rabble, long for their bloody work. Next come the two thieves who are to suffer with him, bearing lighter crosses. Then we see Caiphas, Annas, and the leaders of the Sanhedrim, surrounded by the jeering rabble. Slowly, slowly winds the mournful *cortége*, its very slowness adding to our intense pain. The Redeemer, exhausted, totters and sinks beneath the cross. A murmur from the audience betrays its terrible tension. We watch Mary. She does not yet know that her Son is going unto his death. A shriek. "God, my God!" she wildly exclaims, "it is my Son. It is my Jesus." And she falls senseless. Again Christ totters; again do his executioners, fearing the delay, brutally urge him onward. A Roman centurion is less brutal, and offers him a flagon, saying with soldierly bluntness, "Here, refresh thyself." Jesus endeavors to rise, but the ponderous cross nails him to the earth. The rabble howl. They are eager for the sight of the supreme tortures. Simon of Cyrene is espied by the chief rabbi. His stalwart form suggests his being a suitable person to relieve the Condemned of the cross for a brief moment. It is removed from his shoulder and placed upon that of Simon, who exclaims, while a burst of the white radiance of eternity flashes on his face: "Oh! out of love of thee will I bear it. Would that I could be of service to thee!" Christ turns to him, and this he says, a divine love perfuming every word: "The blessing of God be upon thee and

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thine!" As Maier uttered these words the sobbing of the audience became painful.

The procession moves on. The executioners still urge the Condemned. The centurion interferes—how we love that soldier!—"The man needeth a short respite before he ascendeth the hill of death," he says. "What! more delay?" cries Caiphas. During the halt a number of women of Jerusalem come weeping to the Saviour's feet. We behold St. Veronica. She advances to Christ and says, "O Lord! thy countenance is all covered with sweat and blood. Wilt thou not take this?" She hands him a linen cloth. He takes it, presses it against his wan, white face, and returns it to her. She gazes at it in fearful rapture, as well she may, for she sees his image imprinted upon it. Now Christ turns to these women and exclaims: "Daughters of Jerusalem! weep not over me, but weep for yourselves and for your children. For behold, the days shall come wherein they will say, Blessed are the barren, and the wombs that have not borne, and the paps that have not given suck. Then shall they begin to say to the mountains, Fall on us; and to the hills, Cover us! For if in the green wood they do these things, what shall be done in the dry?" The centurion orders the women aside, and, with agonized glance and bated breath, we see the Redeemer pass slowly, slowly, slowly to his death—the death that gave life unto the world. This scene is indescribably affecting. It cannot be told in words. The great masterpiece of Paul de la Roche is reproduced, and from beginning to end it is cruelly realistic. Mary recovers from her swoon. John says to her: "Come now, beloved mother, let us return to Bethania. Thou wilt not be able to bear the sight." She, the *Mother*, responds: "Can a mother part from her child in the time of danger, of bitterest need? I will suffer with him. I will share his elevation and degradation, will die with him. I have prayed to God for strength. The Lord hath heard me. We will follow."

A low murmur of awe precedes the climax of the Passion Play—the Crucifixion. It is like the response of a devout congregation in some village church—low, soft, subdued, reverential, yet timorous. Fearful expectation is written upon every face; the highest condition of mental tension is exhibited in every gesture; a great shadow is upon us, enfolding us and weighing us down by its sable gloom. Everybody gazes at the stage, the very soul in the eyes. Everybody seems to draw one long breath, and then to await the "mightiest scene" of all.

The chorus comes forward, not, as before, in bright and glitter-

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ing raiment, but draped in black, dire woe upon their countenances. Their movements are slow, the music is a sad, despairing wail.

I give the verses sung by the Schützgeister, as translated from the original by Father Franz Schoebel, pastor at Laibstadt:

"Arise, ye pious souls, and ponder
What Jesus bare for your relief!
And, while to Golgotha we wander,
Pour out your hearts in love and grief.
That path of sorrow Jesus trod
To reconcile our souls to God.

"Nothing but wounds has he to show;
For thee upon the cross he hangs;
And impious people come and go,
And take a pleasure in his pangs.
But he, through whom the sinner lives,
Is silent, suffers, and forgives.

"I hear his tender limbs give way
When stretched upon the fatal tree.
His anguish who can tell? Oh! say
Who can endure the sight to see?
What bosom but with horror quails
When they drive in the cruel nails?

"Come, pious souls, in faith draw near
Unto the Lamb who died to save:
See him between the murderers here.
His life for you he freely gave;
And if his blood for us he shed,
Shall we not give him tears instead?"

The singing dies away. It produces the deepest feelings of sorrow and compassionate grief in the heart, and as the dull, heavy hammer-blows are heard behind the scenes one longs to bend the knee in prayer as for a departing soul. O those hammer-blows! I shudder while I recall those dull, deadly sounds and their terrible significance.

The curtain ascends, and Calvary is before us. Calvary! the most intense portraiture of the entire drama. There are the two malefactors. Their crosses have been already raised, and they hang suspended within the valley of the shadow of death. We behold the space left between them for the cross upon which Christ is to suffer. We see his cross still on the ground, to which his sacred hands and feet are nailed. We look for the Divine Blood, and we see it trickling from the tortured flesh. It

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drips, too, from the cruel crown, the thorns of which, with hideous ingenuity, are pressing into his white brow. The executioners, great, brawny brutes, hurry with their preparations. One in command perceives that the mock inscription has not been attached to the cross, and orders it to be done forthwith. The executioner searches for it, and then nails it over the divine head. Then comes the raising of the cross. The executioner roughly summons help, and his companions aid him in the ghastly task. The onlookers press round, the Roman soldiers on the right, the priests and Pharisees on the left, the Jewish people everywhere, while in the background timidly stand some of his followers.

No words of mine can describe the awful solemnity of this moment. It was as if the audience had become suddenly petrified. Eyes almost start from their sockets, features are set hard and rigid, hands are clenched; for there, with blood oozing from his hands and feet, with blood oozing from his brow, a face pale with unendurable anguish—*there* hangs the Saviour, about to yield up his spirit for our salvation.

We *are* outside the walls of Jerusalem. It *is* eighteen hundred years ago. This *is* Calvary. That central figure of surpassing beauty *is* the Redeemer. We are living through this awful moment; we feel it; we are actors in the piteous drama. There is the real crucifix; there is his blood shed for the redemption of mankind; there are the cruel nails. Hush! he speaks. Words come faintly from the cross like a sweet, sad strain of melody!

The inscription on the cross incenses the rabid priests. Caiphas construes it into insult, and sends a message to Pilate that the words, "This is Jesus of Nazareth, King of the Jews," should be changed to "I am King of the Jews." Nor is Caiphas yet satisfied, for he despatches another messenger to "request Pilate to command that the limbs of the Crucified be broken, and that the bodies be taken down from the crosses before the eve of the feast." But he is baffled, for Pilate returns answer: "What I have caused to be written remaineth written." Caiphas insists upon having the limbs broken, and Pilate informs the messenger that his myrmidons shall receive the necessary orders.

The executioners, having executed their imperishable deed, squat themselves on the ground and cast lots for the Saviour's garments. Every minute detail as set forth in the Gospel according to St. Mark is carried out. The acting is marvellous. The peasants who perform the unsympathetic *rôles* of the executioners lose not a chance of making themselves odious and repulsive, going about the ghastly work with a sort of savagery

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that would seem true to the life. The soldiers, too, stand as if on parade, never for a second losing sight of the fact that they are on duty. The mob is a veritable bloodthirsty rabble, and it mocks its meek and helpless Victim with all the fiendish malignity born of ignorant and brutal passion. The priest Joshua comes forward and reads, "King of the Jews." "Bah!" he ironically cries, "if thou art King of Israel, come down now from the cross, that we may see and believe." Caiphas is not behindhand. "He saved others," he yells; "himself he cannot save." Annas exclaims: "He trusted in God; let him now deliver him, if he will have him: for he said, 'I am the Son of God.'"

And the words come from the cross: "Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do."

And now the thief on the left wags his head and tauntingly cries: "Yea, if thou be the Christ, save thyself and us"; whereupon the other malefactor humbly exclaims—and we hang upon his words in a sort of mute ecstasy—"Lord, remember me when thou comest into thy kingdom." The Redeemer casts a look full of tenderness upon this man, who repents even at the eleventh hour, this great type of repentance for evermore, and says: "Amen, I say unto thee, this day thou shalt be with me in Paradise." As these words were spoken a great sob rises from the audience.

We never move our eyes from the central figure; we share his torture. The prolongation of his agony amounts to dumb pain, a gnawing, a yearning for the end. Our hearts leap into flame as a soldier rudely repulses Mary, who now endeavors to advance to the foot of the Cross. A centurion orders a space to be cleared for Mary and her following. The soldiers press back the murmuring priests and the exasperated crowd. Mary Magdalene stands near the foot of the cross. The Madonna is on the right. Behind is John. Joseph of Arimathea, and Nicodemus weighed down with years, are at a little distance. Lazarus is on the left in advance of a group of women of Jerusalem.

There are not many unmoved in that vast audience as the Redeemer, in a voice of exquisite tenderness, exclaims to the Virgin: "Woman, behold thy son," and then to St. John, "Son, behold thy mother." This is a wondrous, a soul-absorbing picture: Mary supported by the women, her white face upturned to her dying Son, whose face is bedewed with the sweat of death; Magdalene, her long hair hanging over her shoulders, leaning her head against the wood of the cross; John, the very impersonification of "manhood's grief."

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"I thirst," comes from the cross. "He is athirst," says a centurion, "and calleth for water." A soldier fills a sponge with vinegar and raises it to his mouth. Then comes the cry from the Redeemer: "Eli, Eli, lamma sabacthani—My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?" The cry causes the audience to quiver. "What doth he mean?" ask two of the Pharisees. "He calleth for Elias," is responded. "Let us see if Elias come to take him down," is the taunting exclamation of Caiphas.

And now the awful moment is at hand when the Son of Man is to yield up the ghost. Already have convulsive movements of his body announced that the end is near. Once again he lifts up his meek yet agonized face, and crying with a loud voice, "It is consummated; Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit," the head sinks slowly upon the breast, and all is over.

Maier has been suspended fully twenty-five minutes, and the strain is immense. He is supported at the back by a sort of corset, with a loop that fits into a clasp attached to the cross, while his wrists are fastened by bands invisible to the audience, and his feet rest upon a ledge. Nevertheless the fatigue of remaining in one position and upon such slender support is almost unbearable; yet never for one second does this wondrous actor permit any physical torture to interfere with the sublimity of the *rôle* he is called on to perform, and his acting is as superb at the close of the scene as it is at the commencement.

Christ dies! There is a sound as of thunder in the distance; the elements are set loose; the sun is darkened; the earth reels; blackness falls upon the world. Terror reigns supreme. Indescribable fear seizes upon the spectators. The centurion exclaims, "Indeed this was a just man! Truly he is the Son of God"; and many are convinced with him. A man rushes in with the tidings that the veil of the Temple is rent in twain. Caiphas declares it the work of Beelzebub: Jehovah has had nothing to say to it. "Let us go," he cries, "and see what hath taken place. But I will immediately return, for I cannot rest until I have seen the limbs broken and the bodies cast into the deep grave of malefactors."

The executioners place ladders against the crosses upon which hang the two malefactors, and with heavy clubs proceed to break their bones. This realism is almost revolting. It is horrible to see these brawny brutes raise their clubs, let them fall with a dull thud on the limbs of the malefactors—limbs that actually seem to break under the force of the blow. It is horrible to see the heads of these wretches sink lower and lower as the life is beaten out of

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them, and, as the last blow is struck over the heart, to behold the bodies quiver.

Christ being already dead, the executioners do not touch his body, and Caiphas is thwarted. The centurion, however, to ascertain that the Saviour is dead, pierces his side with a lance. A short, sharp, stifled cry of horror breaks forth from the audience as blood and water flow from the wound. The executioners now proceed to take down the two thieves. These men have been suspended with their arms over the arms of the cross. In removing the bodies the executioners act with brutal roughness, and it is absolutely marvellous how well the impersonators of the malefactors retain the semblance of death. The executioners raise a ladder against the central cross, and are about to commence the work of taking down the body of the Redeemer when Joseph of Arimathea comes forward with Pilate's written order authorizing him to remove the body and bury it. With a brutal jest the executioners desist, and, picking up their instruments, retire with the dead bodies of the malefactors on their shoulders, hanging limp and lifeless, and with all the seeming of every limb being broken.

And now follows that picture of tender, compassionate love, the descent from the cross. The Mother, Mary Magdalene, a few women of Jerusalem, together with Nicodemus, Joseph of Arimathea, and John, remain grouped round the foot of the cross. After a brief consultation, held in reverential whispers, two ladders are placed against the cross, one in front, the other in the rear. Joseph of Arimathea mounts the one in front, holding in his hand a roll of linen cloth rolled in from both ends. Nicodemus ascends the ladder at the back of the cross. Joseph reaches one end of the cloth to Nicodemus, after passing it under the left arm of the Saviour. Nicodemus passes it over the left arm of the cross, and then lets it unroll to the ground. Joseph passes the other end under the right arm, and Nicodemus allows it to unroll to the ground over the right arm of the cross. Simon of Bethania now holds one end, and a retainer of Joseph, who is to prevent the body from falling, holds the other. Nicodemus then, with supreme tenderness and reverence, removes the crown of thorns from the tortured head and hands it to a bystander, who places it at the feet of his Mother, as, exhausted and wrecked by "a grief that does not speak," she seats herself on a rock close to the fatal cross. The delicacy with which Nicodemus removes the nails from the hands is admirably done—the gentle touch, then the slight shake, then the agonizing care with which he applies the

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rude pincers, lest they should profane the sacred flesh, then another slight shake, then the slow and tremulous removal. Then he bends over the arm of the cross, taking the lifeless hand and letting it droop rather than drop on the shoulder of Joseph. In the same reverential way he releases the other hand, which is also received by Joseph, who is now prepared to accept the precious burden of the Saviour's body. With the releasing of the hands the body leans forward and rests entirely upon the shoulders of Joseph, while it is also supported by the cloth:

"Oh! come, thou precious burden, come upon my shoulders."

Nicodemus descends the ladder, and now reverentially applies himself to drawing the nails from the sacred feet, Joseph supporting the body. The feet being released, John takes them, and Lazarus extends his arms upwards for the body, exclaiming: "Come, sacred body of the dearest Friend! Let me embrace thee. Oh! how hath the rage of the foe maltreated thee."

Never did the real personages in the great tragedy perform the harrowing office with more pious care, more delicate and reverential handling. The scene of the descent from the cross was the great painting by Rubens endowed with vitality.

Now the linen is removed and the body borne by the four, Nicodemus, Joseph, John, and Lazarus, and tenderly laid upon a white cloth which has been spread before the Virgin Mother, who, almost distracted with grief, takes the Saviour's head in her trembling hands. Mary Magdalene kneels at the left side of the body. "O my Son!" gasps the anguish-stricken Mother, as she bends over the lifeless flesh, "how covered with wounds is thy body." John, ever the comforter, exclaims: "Mother, from these wounds flowed the fulness of blessing for all mankind." The body is now anointed, wrapped in a linen cloth, and borne by the four men to the sepulchre, the women following. The body is laid in its resting-place, and Joseph and Nicodemus roll the stone before the door.

The terrible tension of this act causes the interest in that which follows to lag a little. Not that the reverence has become in any way lukewarm, but the strain of the Calvary had become almost unendurable. Act xvii. deals with the Resurrection, and is preceded by two tableaux, "Jonas is cast on dry land by the whale" and "The Israelites cross the Red Sea in safety." Passing the tableaux, I come to the Resurrection. When the curtain rises we see four soldiers watching at the closed and sealed sepulchre. They speak of the terrible darkness that came over the earth at

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the Crucifixion, and the other fearful phenomena. Sleep surprises them, and they fall into various contorted attitudes. Now all eyes are fixed on the stone at the entrance to the sepulchre, and our hearts beat almost audibly. Suddenly the stone moves, falls, and Christ rises majestically from the grave and disappears. When the soldiers summon courage to examine the tomb it is tenantless. A number of women bearing costly ointment arrive on the scene, who utter lamentations at the disappearance of the Master. A light illumines the sepulchre, and an angel appears, who bids them seek him in Galilee. The soldiers inform the Pharisees, who now come on the scene, of what has befallen his body. The Pharisees endeavor to bribe the soldiers to say that the body was removed while they were asleep, but one soldier will not be bribed. "By my honor," he angrily cries, "I will relate it just as it took place."

Mary Magdalene comes to the sepulchre seeking the Master. She falls wearily beside the empty tomb and gives herself to weeping. Jesus appears, although invisible to her. "Woman," he says, "why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?" She does not lift her eyes, imagining it is the keeper of the sepulchre who speaks. "O master!" she replies, "if thou hast taken him away, then tell me where thou hast laid him, that I may once more—" "Mary!" That gentle voice leaps to her soul. She springs to her feet, crying in a perfect ecstasy: "Oh! that is his voice." She flings herself at his feet—for he has now appeared to her—exclaiming: "Rabboni"; but Christ utters, "Touch me not, for I am not yet ascended to my Father; but go to my brethren, and say unto them I ascend unto my Father and your Father, and to my God and your God." And Mary Magdalene bowing her head until her hair sweeps the ground, cries, "Beloved Teacher!" as the Saviour disappears.

The lines which Father Daisenberger has here put into the mouth of the Magdalene, as translated by Mr. Jackson, are full of power:

"But I have seen his face,
Have heard his voice. O moment this of bliss!
Away all sorrows and all darksome fears!
My soul is filled with joys of Paradise!
Now will I hasten, as though borne aloft,
And to the brethren as on wings will speed,
And bear the message he hath given to me:
Tell them the Lord is now among the living!
Oh! could I cry aloud through all the world,

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So that the mountains, valleys, rocks and woods,
And heaven and earth, give back their echoes:
Alleluia! he is risen, [*Echo from all sides.*]
Alleluia! he is risen!"

I must say that Maria Lang's acting in this scene rose to a high dramatic point.

What follows can hardly be called an act; it is more of a tableau. The chorus enter for the last time, and the Choragus rings out "He is risen!" in tones that vibrate with joy.

"Sing and be glad, ye heavenly hosts! He is risen! Sing and be glad, ye mortals on earth! The Scion from the house of Juda hath crushed the head of the serpent. Our faith is firmly established. Most blissful hopes are awakened in our hearts by the type and pledge of our own future resurrection! Sing in exultant tones, Alleluia! We saw him enter Jerusalem, full of meekness, alas! to meet with the deepest humiliation. Now let us gaze, before we separate, upon the triumphal festival of victory. Behold him as he ascends to the highest glory. Full of heavenly majesty, he enters the New Jerusalem, where he will gather together all those whom he hath purchased with his blood."

As these joyous sounds ring forth the feelings of the vast audience seem to ascend with them. Faces that but a moment ago were overshadowed with pain—aye, the expression was one of pain—are now bright and hopeful. The shadow of the cross has been dispelled in the glory of the coming Ascension.

The tableau is revealed in the central stage. Christ has risen, and stands in a group of his followers, attired in white, glittering garments. He stands on the brow of Olivet, in his left hand a banner emblematical of victory, his right raised in blessing. On either side of him are angelic figures. Mary, the Mother, kneels on the right, surrounded by little children, adorers of the cross. John, with Peter by his side, shades his eyes with his hands, the "white radiance of eternity" being too dazzling for him. Here we see all the disciples, and his friends of Bethania, Martha, Magdalene, Simon, and Lazarus, the compassionate women of the Via Dolorosa, Veronica, Nicodemus, and Joseph of Arimathea. All kneel in various attitudes of supreme devotion, and as the curtain slowly descends the chorus still rings out the glorious Alleluia, and with its soul-elevating strains the Passion Play ends.

The performance of the play is a precious heirloom to the villagers and a labor of love. Repeated offers have been made to them to perform it elsewhere, but to no purpose. In 1870 they were offered a hundred thousand gulden. In 1872 a larger sum

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was declined. In 1873 sixty thousand florins were guaranteed to a certain number of them if they would consent to perform at Vienna during the exhibition. The gains of the community are but very modest, as a greater sum is lost by the neglect of business than is received for the performance. A large share of the receipts is devoted to the muncipality, a still larger share to the relief of the poorest of the villagers. In 1871 two hundred florins was the highest sum received by any actor save Maier, who received two hundred and twenty. In 1870 his remuneration was one hundred and sixty florins.

The villagers of Ober-Ammergau are a good people and a pious people, and long may they continue to perform their cherished Passion Play, which all must regard as the most marvellous dramatic exhibition of our epoch and the perfection of the religious drama.

RITUALISM AND THE ANGLICAN CHURCH.

THE question of ritualism has of late been much before the English public. Several clergymen have been prosecuted for conducting services in a manner supposed to be illegal, and have received their quota of praise or blame, as the case may be, from their supporters and opponents. Three or four suits instituted under the Public Worship Regulation Act have failed on technical grounds, and in one case the entire proceedings have been pronounced *ab initio* invalid. Various reports from time to time appear in the daily press to the effect that clergymen of distinction have joined the church.

These facts naturally attract the attention of Catholics and form the subject of diverse criticism. The repeated hints that have been thrown out regarding a large secession from the Anglican communion have within the past few months received confirmation from an unexpected source. The Bishop of Lichfield, in his primary charge, has thus referred * to the contingency: "It is more than probable we shall see before long another exodus from within our own communion of a certain number who can scarcely remain in their present anomalous condition in the Anglican Church." Words like these coming from the mouth of a dignitary of high

* *Times*, March 5, 1880.

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position are significant, although it is true he adds: "I cannot but believe that the influence in this country of Romanism will soon be on the wane." That grounds exist for the first statement is an undoubted fact, and one to which the public at large are disposed to give credence; but for the second we know of none beyond the natural wish of an Anglican prelate. With a view to stem the steady tide that seems to have set in Romeward, Dr. Littledale published a work entitled *Plain Reasons against joining the Church of Rome*, but, although the sale has been large, we do not think the result will be what was anticipated. The majority of Englishmen still look with suspicion upon Ritualists, and discredit the recent zeal they manifest against the church. The Low-Church party refuse to recognize Dr. Littledale as a fit person to attack Rome, and insinuate the possibility of some deep-laid plot whilst they prefer what they call popery in the flower to popery in the bud.

It is certain that the Ritualists are attacked far more violently in the Anglican papers than in those that are Catholic, and that every year seems to widen the gulf, already deemed impassable by some, between them and the Evangelicals. Information regarding them, professedly emanating from Rome, is copied with avidity by the daily press, and affords evidence of the interest with which their proceedings are watched—information which, though it has been frequently shown to be false, is systematically repeated under different forms.

It is not surprising that such a body should be viewed with interest by the Catholic Church, and that the progress of the movement should be the subject of careful study. That many conscientious and pious Ritualists should firmly believe that the English Church is Catholic, and the same church that existed in England before the Reformation, is to any one, except an Anglican, matter for wonder; but it is none the less a fact that a large and increasing body of intelligent men hold this opinion, and that they therefore necessarily regard the real Catholics as schismatics. How they get over the difficulty that they are out of communion not only with the whole Latin church, but with the Greek and Oriental in all their varieties, and that previous to the Reformation such was not the case, we are at a loss to conceive.

The question has lately been brought prominently forward by the failure of a legal suit against Mr. Mackonochie, vicar of St. Alban's, Holborn—a suit which had lasted upwards of ten years. Lord Penzance virtually admitted the difficulty, if not impossibility, of carrying out the legislation of the Public Worship Regula-

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tion Act in a place such as St. Alban's, where clergy and people were agreed and determined to conduct the services in a particular fashion.

Mr. Dale, of St. Vedast's, Foster Lane, a well-known church in the heart of the city of London, was among the first batch of victims condemned by the Public Worship Act. It may be remembered that when Mr. Mackonochie some years ago lay under a sentence of six weeks' suspension, no service was held at St. Alban's, Holborn, and that the vicar of St. Vedast's threw open his church to the congregation—an act which brought down on him the indignation of the Evangelicals, who at once proceeded, through their favorite society, "The Church Association," to attack him. The various stages were gone through, and Mr. Dale was inhibited and suspended by Lord Penzance. On his appealing to the Court of Queen's Bench the sentence of the Dean of Arches was declared null and void in law, and the reverend gentleman was reinstated in the full possession of his rights. The Church Association, however, brought a second suit against him, of which the only result was another collapse. A third suit was more satisfactory for Mr. Dale's opponents. He was condemned with costs and inhibited, but up to the present time, like Mr. Mackonochie, he has ignored the inhibition and continued to carry on his services exactly the same as before. The papers assert that at the usual Easter vestry this year Mr. Dale declared that he did not intend to give up possession of the keys, and would conduct the services as he pleased notwithstanding the inhibition; that, rather than submit to the bishop, he would sacrifice everything, including the benefice and his holy orders; that what was called ritualism was with him and others a matter of faith, and that they were determined to maintain the grand old historic Church of England, which dated not from the Reformation, but existed even before St. Augustine, the monk who was sent by the pope to England. He proceeded to inform his hearers that he had already been involved in five different suits, but that, at whatever further self-sacrifice on the part of himself and his friends, the matter must be fought out to the bitter end, even if it led to a disruption in the church. He was prepared to endure starvation, imprisonment, or death itself for conscience' sake. The protest read by Mr. Dale to the curate in charge licensed by the bishop to take care of the parish during the inhibition is remarkable. We give it *in extenso:*

"The charge of souls of this parish was committed to me on the 23d of

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April, 1847, by Charles James, then bishop of this diocese; therefore, as one who has been canonically instituted to such a charge conferred by the bishop in his office as a successor of the apostles, and according to the order instituted in his church by our Lord Jesus Christ, I should be guilty of grievous sin and great unfaithfulness to the church I serve were I to cease to exercise my mission at the bidding of any authority of a less divine character than that by which I was appointed."

It is curious that Mr. Dale should not see that it is the same power, though not actually the power in person, that instituted him that in this instance seeks to deprive him. To anybody but a Ritualist such a line of argument is incomprehensible. The public at large believe that all clergymen of the Established Church in England are appointed and instituted by the bishop as the legally-appointed overseer of the church in their particular district, and that they are allowed to occupy an official position on the express condition that they lawfully discharge their duties. A certain number of clergy may imagine that such appointment and institution is performed by the bishop as a successor of the apostles, but the majority even of Anglicans would deny it. Yet the bishop is powerless in Mr. Dale's case, for the latter rejected the ministrations of the person sent him, and refuses to recognize the authority of a prelate who uses his position to register the decrees of the judge of the Court of Arches, and thus speaks not in his spiritual capacity but as the mouthpiece of the state.

The position of such men as Mr. Tooth, Mr. Mackonochie, and Mr. Dale clearly shows the necessity of a change in the law, and that some form of procedure not open to criticism should be substituted for the antiquated processes at present in vogue. The Public Worship Act, specially passed to remedy this blot, has so far proved worthless. It has failed in almost every instance, and from the very outset was protested against as objectionable and unfair. Lord Penzance himself has been pronounced by some of the courts of law as a nonentity and devoid of all jurisdiction —a sentence which has given some excuse for the persistent attacks that have been made upon him by the whole High-Church party. The Court of Arches, of which Lord Penzance is the presiding judge, has, for instance, pronounced Mr. Dale guilty for having violated his agreement, and for having failed to fulfil the task he had solemnly pledged himself to perform. Those who are unacquainted with the uncertainties and intricacies of the law consider his action unwise and his protest foolish, whilst they have every sympathy with the difficult position in which he was placed.

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Mr. Mackonochie and his followers have, in like manner, defied the bishop and assumed a policy of passive resistance to the jurisdiction and edicts of Lord Penzance. He has treated his sentence of inhibition in much the same way that Mr. Tooth treated one fulminated some years ago against him at St. James', Hatcham, the principal difference being that Mr. Tooth was only supported by a portion of his congregation, whereas Mr. Mackonochie appears to have a whole army at his back. Lord Penzance, when ruling that a new suit should be commenced, stated that Mr. Martin's (the prosecutor) desire was that a stop should be put to illegal practices, and that the scandal involved in the constant celebration in an English Protestant church of a service which to all outward appearance differed little, if at all, from the Roman Catholic Mass, should be restrained by law.

It is possible that the Protestant public dislike the tone of such services as are carried on at Mr. Mackonochie's church at St. Alban's, and that the general public regard them as different from that which has prevailed for some centuries; but it should not be forgotten that one of the special desires of Queen Elizabeth, and presumably of some of the Reformers also, was that the Anglican services should be conducted in such a way that Catholics might be induced to attend. There can be no doubt at all that, when conducted after the fashion of fifty or sixty years ago, no Catholic could have taken these services to be the worship of the Catholic Church, and it is therefore presumable that wherever Queen Elizabeth's wishes were carried out ornate services were prevalent and decorations similar in kind to those now objected to were made use of. In Burnet's *History of the Reformation* the following statement is made—a statement that has been corroborated at various times when ecclesiastical questions have been made the subject of Parliamentary discussions:

"The chief design of Queen Elizabeth's council was to unite the nation in one faith; and as the greatest part of the nation continued to believe in the Real Presence, it was recommended to the divines to see that there should be no express definition made against it, so that it might be a speculative opinion not determined, in which every man was left to the freedom of his own mind."

The late Mr. Plunkett, in his speech on the Catholic Relief Bill, declared that Queen Elizabeth altered the liturgy as it had been framed by her brother, Edward VI., for the avowed purpose of enabling Catholics to join her new communion. Macaulay, too, in his *History of England*, specially mentions the fact that the

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policy of the government under Elizabeth was to induce the Catholics to frequent the new service by making it as much as possible like the old. The Ritualists have, therefore, much to say in defence of their position from this point of view. They appear, moreover, in contradistinction to the notions regarding the church by the early Tractarians, to be inclined to adopt the view of the free-thinkers, that the Anglican communion was avowedly planned so as to embrace men of every school of thought, and they evince a wish to live and let live. Formerly the case was different: at one time the Low Church had the upper hand, at another the High Church; but during each period the predominant party invariably tried to assert that it alone fairly represented the teaching of the Reformers. The peculiar feature of the present movement may be said to consist in the fact that it is strongly opposed to any interference on the part of the state, and that acts of Parliament that would have been regarded some years ago as natural and desirable are now either barely tolerated or violently attacked.

The plea put forward by those against whom legal proceedings have been taken is that they are unable to recognize any secular attempt to superintend their proceedings, but that, were the church to speak through her proper channels, they would willingly submit. They argue that the bishops do not represent the church but the views of the minister who appoints them (who may be a Nonconformist or an unbeliever). For this reason they are unable to render them obedience, even when they speak unfettered by state decrees or findings of the Privy Council. They occupy a peculiar position. In the Anglican Church, and yet repudiated by the majority of its members, they oscillate between Rome and Geneva, and claim a title which is recognized by none outside their party. They argue that the Anglican Church has always been Catholic, though she has been out of communion with all other churches for three hundred years and at the present time is recognized by none. They are divided on the question as to where the living voice of the church is to be found, but experience no difficulty in denouncing Catholicity, which they designate "the Italian schism."

Some of the doctrines promulgated by the Ritualists give rise to much that is inconvenient. Confession is a case in point. The real dislike to the confessional as practised amongst Anglicans lies in the fact that there is no discipline, and that the clergy, as a body, are not celibates. Men naturally regard confession in the hands of a married clergy as objectionable, independently of the fact that such clergy have had no special training in that direc-

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tion, and that in nine cases out of ten they enter the ranks of the ministry from the cricket-field and the river, with no preparation beyond that which is given by the public universities of the country. It is far less because confession is being introduced—though of course the conscientious Evangelical objects to this—than because it is being introduced without any shadow of security that the majority of the British public so energetically repudiate it. The results that were obtained by the prosecution of Mr. Tooth, of Hatcham, were avowedly unsatisfactory, and though, as a matter of fact, he is no longer vicar of Hatcham, this is owing to his having resigned the living rather than create fresh difficulties and be the cause of protracted litigation. In a letter addressed to Archbishop Tait he stated that he was content to have been the means of proving indisputably that a novel jurisdiction had been imposed upon the Anglican Church. The importance of this argument cannot be overrated; for though the Established Church has always been more or less in bondage to the state, and has permitted its doctrines and usages to be regulated by acts of Parliament, nevertheless until the time of the passing of the Public Worship Regulation bill it had preserved the semblance of ecclesiastical rule in its diocesan courts and its Court of Arches. The High-Church and Ritualistic sections can therefore, with great plausibility, urge the plea that, were the Anglican Church freed from state control, and were her bishops able to speak in their ecclesiastical capacity and not as the mouthpieces of the government, they would be obeyed. The line taken by Mr. Mackonochie and others makes one doubtful whether, even under these circumstances, difficulties would be avoided. The Bishop of London in the year 1877 complained of a picture of Our Lady which had been erected in the church of St. Alban, Holborn, with candles and flowers placed before it. A correspondence ensued, in which the vicar distinctly refused to remove it in compliance with the wish of the bishop, though he had written stating that it was not his intention to bring the matter before the courts of law, but that he simply begged of him as his diocesan to have it removed. The bishops have in several instances of late appealed to their clergy in their spiritual capacity and discouraged legal proceedings,* which will doubtless tend greatly to soothe the spirit of irritation that has prevailed. In acting thus they have not only pleased their clergy, but they have avoided the heavy expenses that are incidental to all ecclesiastical suits.

* *Times*, December, 1877.

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The real difficulty that those who are apparently zealous for the purity of worship in the Church of England have to contend with is the spirit of the age, which inclines in an æsthetic direction. The bishops, being essentially the representatives of popular opinion, are unwilling, even if they had the power, entirely to suppress the Ritualists or to restore the Anglican communion to the position it occupied at the beginning of this century. Even those prelates whose sympathies are entirely with the Evangelicals are prevented from acceding to the behests of the Church Association, whilst those whose sympathies incline in other directions are content to receive deputations from the discontented and solace them with platitudes about the beauty of the Reformed church and its incomparable liturgy. The bishops of to-day not only tolerate but make use of practices which thirty or forty years ago were denounced by their predecessors as objectionable, and it is quite within the bounds of possibility that fifty years hence the bishops of that day (if the Anglican Church still exist as a corporate body) will tolerate and make use of such practices as confession and extreme unction, which at the present time they vehemently denounce. The colonial bishops are considerably in advance of those in England, and attend functions that would have astonished their forefathers. Dr. Macrorie, of Maritzburg, the prelate who was sent out to Natal in lieu of Dr. Colenso, openly stated in an address* to his clergy that the fundamental principle of the Reformation was not innovation but a return to the primitive customs of antiquity in the purest times (whatever that may mean), and that consequently he is forced to the conclusion that special vestments and the eastward position are lawful, if not obligatory, as signifying the sacrificial character of Holy Communion.

When bishops differ so widely in matters of importance as the Anglican bishops do, it is not surprising that lawyers of the highest skill and eminence should not agree on questions of doctrine and ritual which are brought before them. It becomes, therefore, a matter of extreme difficulty for an honest member of the Anglican communion to know how to act and whom to follow.

The position of an Anglican bishop is not enviable; attacked on the one side by the Puritans for encouraging and abetting the ritualistic movement, and on the other by the Ritualists for sacrificing the rights of the church in an endeavor to give no offence, he must find it hard to give satisfaction to his followers.

* *Church Times*, December 14, 1877.

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A week never elapses without an attack on the bishops. The abuse heaped upon them by the Low-Church press is only equalled by that which comes from the other side. The *Church Times* recently expressed itself to the effect that the bishops were always foolish and generally heretical.

The Ritualists, as a body, appear to render their superiors just as much submission and obedience as they think necessary for their position. They are divided into sections, one section more or less radical and bitterly anti-Catholic, which may be said to be headed by Dr. Littledale, the other conservative in opinion and generous in tone and sentiment to the Apostolic See. With the former Catholics can have no sympathy. The language it makes use of regarding the pope and the church is disreputable and what one would expect to find in the mouths of Orangemen, or adherents of the Protestant Reformation Society. Its members profess to admit church authority and to condemn the interference of the state; nevertheless, rather than abandon their private opinions, they fling defiance at their bishops and throw overboard both church and state. They repudiate Convocation, the episcopate, and the state, and submit to no one who opposes their private crotchets. They admit the necessity of some supernatural authority, but assert that this authority is in the hands of each individual priest. Cardinal Newman, in one of his early writings, speaks of that Anglican symbol which claims to be the English church as a tradition, but every successive year seems to afford indication that this tradition is passing away. One of the peculiar characteristics of this tradition was its isolation and complete abstention from all ecclesiastical affairs beyond England. Now we see the contrary. In a vain endeavor to show universality the Anglican authorities strive to mix themselves up in every passing event. They issued protests against the validity of the Æcumenical Council of the Vatican in 1869, and against the reintroduction of the hierarchy into Scotland in 1878, whilst they have encouraged the efforts of M. Loyson to introduce schism into France, of M. Herzog in Switzerland, and of Dr. Reinkens in Germany. Their last escapade has been an attempt to disturb existing arrangements and sow the seeds of disorder and confusion in Mexico and Armenia.

The future of the Established Church of England is in fact every day becoming more critical, and the Public Worship Act, which was intended by its originators to have acted as a purifier, will probably be regarded by future historians as the starting-point for its final disruption. In no instance as yet has any

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clergyman who has been attacked by the new procedure submitted to the decisions given by it, and now an organized form of resistance has been set on foot to compel the government to allow it to become obsolete or to have it remodelled and materially altered. The Evangelicals foresee the results that must necessarily ensue, and declare that the gradual absorption by the clergy of the legislative and juridical functions originally belonging to the whole community is most calamitous, and have formed various societies for the propagation and defence of their own opinions. The Ritualists act in a similar way. The English Church Union is the society to which they belong, and to which they have largely subscribed. This society has come to the front in every instance where clergymen have been prosecuted under the Public Worship Act, and has given them both moral and substantial support. It includes bishops and dignitaries, several thousand clergy, and a very large proportion of the laity of England. Though many of its members have at various times seceded and embraced Catholicity, it appears to make up for every loss and to be steadily gaining ground in the country. It may be called the advance-guard of the High-Church party, and is undoubtedly a body that cannot be ignored. Unlike the Church Association (the society supported by the Evangelicals), it stands on the defensive, and has never as yet instituted any prosecutions. The natural love of fair-play in the English character has thus made it contrast favorably with the other, which is in a perpetual state of warfare. The want of success has likewise had a tendency to disgust the supporters of the Church Association, who declaim against the enormous sums that have been expended for the past eight or ten years, with no result beyond that of making the character of the Anglican Church more undecided and complex than before.

Clear signs exist of an increasingly ambitious and encroaching movement on the part of the Ritualists. Religious orders for women have been in vogue for many years, and some for men have been introduced quite recently; the saints are objects of increasing veneration; confession, absolution, and transubstantiation are openly advocated and find a large number of adherents. Many of the ritualistic party, in despair of advancing their ideas, have advocated a most extensive form of radicalism which would include the entire separation of church and state, and they imagine that, once free from the trammels by which they are fettered as ministers of the state, they would be completely free to indulge in the most extravagant forms of worship. The avowed present

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object is to incite the public to approve a policy of resistance against Lord Penzance and the Court of Arches, hoping, no doubt, that a general resistance to that authority will lead to a dilemma, the result of which will be either the disestablishment of Lord Penzance or of the Church of England, in either of which cases it is anticipated that the independence of the church may be secured.

But the Church of England, as at present established, was arranged as the best means of protection against what was styled popish corruption and priestly usurpation. Those powers are being once more put to the test. It is hard to understand how any statesman could deliberately propose to give up the control of such a body as the clergymen of the Established Church, and it is still more incomprehensible in the case of a statesman who is a Nonconformist. Such a man would, in the event of disestablishment, have no voice whatever in the control of a body some members of which have lately exhibited so ambitious a tendency.

The Anglican Church, being essentially broad in practice and in theory, embraces within its fold men of this stamp as well as ultra-Protestants and free-thinkers, who are united by the one common bond of hatred to Rome. The majority of the British public appear to be of the opinion that, so far as religion is concerned, the wisest and only practical course is to live and let live, give and take, and they are generally content to accept the principle that every man has a right to follow the dictates of his conscience. They act as if they believed that, provided men are honest and upright in their actions, faith is of small importance, and that one religion is as good as another, though they have a decided bias against Rome. The Ritualists are compelled by force of public opinion to concede to these ideas, and, when they mix with those who differ from them, seek to hinder the possibility of a conflict by deliberately avoiding all topics likely to cause disagreement. It is for this reason meetings composed of Anglicans deal so largely in platitudes and generalities, and give rise to the complaint that they accomplish nothing. The great object seems to be to exclude everything that may lead to discussion and strong diversity of opinion, which of itself makes men say that the Anglican authorities regard truth as a secondary consideration and expend all their efforts in endeavoring to present a united front to the world. The divergences of opinion between such men as Mr. Mackonochie, Mr. Tooth, and Canon Carter on the one side, and Bishop Ryle, Bishop Bickersteth, and Bishop Rowley Hill on the other, are enormous, and

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it is no exaggeration to assert that doctrines propagated by the former are denounced as erroneous and poisonous by the latter. In addition to these opposing schools of thought, with their numberless and varied sections, there is the Broad-Church party, more or less headed by Dean Stanley, Professor Jowett, and Canon Farrar, whose theory of church government and discipline is very wide. The Dean of Westminster never loses an opportunity of protesting, in Convocation and elsewhere, against the narrow and intolerant spirit exhibited by the different parties in the Church of England, and would like to constitute a communion that would embrace Catholics, Orientals, and Nonconformists.

It is more than twenty years since the greatest of English free-thinkers foretold that scientific infidelity and indifferentism would be the last phase of English Protestantism, and pointed to the elimination of mere doctrinal controversy and the opening of scientific impiety. It is curious to note that side by side with the notions of the average Ritualist are to be found a perpetually increasing number of persons who repudiate all religious restraints and merely conform outwardly, for the sake of decency and respectability, to the Establishment. The vast majority do not care for doctrine or ritual, so that, practically if not theoretically, we seem to have realized the free-thinker's ideal of a church —a corporation of great propriety and respectability that includes all teachers of religion and morality who choose to belong to it. Gibbon, in his *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, does not hesitate to inform his readers that Protestants, according to their creed, are more credulous than Catholics, and, being himself a philosophical free-thinker, his decision has at least the merit of impartiality. Had he lived in the present day he would have had still further reason for criticising Protestantism, and would have found in the ever-increasing number of discordant sects ample food for his comments.

The boundless liberty that is enjoyed in the Anglican communion is one that contrasts strongly with the rule of Rome, where clergy do not act, write, or speak *sine permissu superiorum*, and naturally makes many persons afraid of going further and faring worse. So long as this perfect freedom of doing exactly what they wish, and therefore of holding and teaching within the pale of a Reformed church every detail of Catholic ritual and doctrine renounced at the Reformation, continues to exist, it is probable that numbers of Ritualists will hold back; but a time must sooner or later arrive when the conflicting parties in the

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Anglican Church can hold together no longer, and then there will be a large secession.

It is improbable that there will be any attempt to re-establish the Catholic Church in England, for the majority of Englishmen, even if lukewarm adherents to the Established Church and the various sects of Protestantism, are undoubtedly very antagonistic to Catholicity. In the event, however, of a break-up of the Church of England or the severance of its connection with the state it is not unlikely that a considerable section of the ritualistic party would cast in their lot with the Catholic Church. The ruling authorities in such a case would have no voice whatever in the control of the disestablished community. Another and a great power within the state, but independent of it, would be the direct result of disestablishment, and there is no reason to suppose that that power would be content with a subordinate position.

The Ritualists will, when such an event takes place, have the satisfaction of feeling that the measure was brought about more by their defiance of all authority, both secular and ecclesiastical, than by any elaborate disquisitions or manifestations that have been made by those societies whose aim is the destruction of all church establishments.

HAMLET'S TYPE.

IN men of his type, the imagination is so much in overplus, that thinking a thing becomes better than doing it, and thought with its easy perfection, capable of everything because it can accomplish everything with ideal means, is vastly more attractive and satisfactory than deed, which must be wrought at best with imperfect instruments, and always falls short of the conception that went before it.—LOWELL.

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MY RAID INTO MEXICO.

CHAPTER VI.

THE SENORA SAN COSME.

THE vehicle which conveyed me from the Iturbide was a regular "bone-setter." I have ridden in the old-fashioned covered car—I believe there is but one in all Ireland now; I have suffered on the road to Glasnevin in those melancholy, mouldy affairs facetiously termed coaches; I have scaled a mountain-side in Connemara on a turf-kreel; I have done considerable penance on outside-cars, and have come to grief in London growlers; but anything to equal the musty, jangling, rattling, jolting, maddening Mexican coach it has never been my ill fortune to encounter. It is cheap, is this conveyance—cheap and nasty. The mules are sorry-looking brutes, with ears long as the whips of the drivers, and ribs prominently developed as those of a wrecked ship. They crawl along streets ill paved as those of New York, and such is the slowness of locomotion that the bells attached to their collars seldom or never jangle.

The residence of the Señora San Cosme astonished me by its absolute magnificence. Entering a large open court by a *porte-cochère*, the vehicle drew up at a broad stairway of white marble, the centre of which was covered by a crimson Aubusson carpet. The steps were very low and easy to climb—so easy, in fact, that I took them in threes and fours for the first flight, but on the second I had to halt for breath, as the atmosphere in those elevated regions is so rarefied that one cannot fill the lungs till acclimated. The balusters were of polished brass, the scroll-work representing the Mexican national plant, the nopal. Both sides of the staircase were hedged—absolutely hedged—with tropical flowers of a bloom so gorgeous that my eyes fairly feasted upon it. Such yellows, such reds, such purples! Springing out of the hedges at set distances were orange-trees containing both fruit and blossoms, while orchids, seemingly fashioned out of glistening wax, hung caressingly on the glittering brass scroll-work. Light came from behind the stained glass of the dome—came so softly as almost to create a sort of Indian-summer haze. The whole effect was simply enchanting. I thought of the dingy

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stairs at Dromroe, and of the hall and billiard-table at Timolin of which Trixy was so proud. What would she think of this?

The señora, to whom my arrival had been announced, met me with outstretched arms. She was tall, thin, with very white hair, a strange setting to her young face. Her eyes were soft, lustrous, and very dark; her nose a delicate aquiline; her mouth large and good-natured. The expression on her face was amiability itself. She reminded me in this respect of dear Aunt Butler. She was attired in black, and the black lace veil that hung suspended from a high comb completely draped her shapely shoulders.

"My dear, dear child!" she cried, as, kissing me on both cheeks, she burst into tears. "You are so like your dear good mother! Let me take a long look at you," placing her hands on my shoulders. "The same eyes, the same mouth, the same expression. And how is your sister? Is she like you? Have you brought me her photograph?" Asking me a number of like questions in a breath, she led me through a suite of magnificent rooms and out upon a balcony overlooking the court, where a table was laid for supper—a sight that gladdened my eyes; for, now that the dust was washed away, the invigorating effects of the bath were commencing to tell upon my appetite.

"The current of my life flows onward very lazily here," said the señora. "I am quite a Mexican. I love this beautiful country, and I love its people. It is miserably governed. It is the most delightful climate in the world up here. We never go below fifty, and never above seventy. Our rainy season lasts three months, but that means a shower at two o'clock every day. The city is exquisitely situated between two lakes, and you have seen the snow-capped Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl."

"What jaw-breakers!" I laughed. "Oh! we can do better than that by and by. The cathedral is superb, and the *sagrario*, or parish church, is a marvellous specimen of that style of architecture known as the Chiruquique. If you are an archæologist the Aztec Calendar-Stone will interest you immensely, as well as the Toltec and Aztec relics at the Museum. We have a gallery of paintings of which we are very proud, and numerous very old churches of the time of Cortez, any one of which will repay your visit. Then the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, are things to see more than once, and the market-places. You must visit our national pawnshop. It is worked on the same principle as the Mont-de-Piété at Paris, and is admirably conducted. Then you have the national palace, with its magnificent apartments, and the

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Hall of the Ambassadors, where we have portraits of the presidents, including George Washington. Then we have the Alameda, where you must come on Sunday morning to hear the band play. And every evening you will drive with me on the Paseo, where you will see all the upper-ten of Mexico. We will make excursions to Chapultepec, the favorite residence of poor Maximilian, and Tacubaya, our 'swell' suburb, where I have many friends, one of whom has a superb collection of ancient masters, amongst which is a 'Crucifixion' by Murillo. I will also take you out to San Angel, a wondrous old convent. That sacrilegious scoundrel, Lerdo de Tejada, dispersed the pure and pious sisters, and, having plundered it, converted it into a barrack. You can form an estimate of the size of it when a whole regiment eleven hundred strong is quartered in one wing. There is a splendid *hacienda*, or farm, farmed by two brothers, who were both educated at Downside College in England. Both have beautiful daughters; and if your heart is free—ah! I see by your blushes that it is scarcely its own master—" "I assure you, señora, that—" "Never mind," she laughed; "I'll know all about it before you think of descending the Cumbres of the Boca del Monte. What do you think of that railway ride?" "Magnificent! glorious!" "Yes, it *is* superb. There is nothing like it in the world. And now tell me all about Nellie. Is she tall or small? Has she your eyes?—for they are your dear mother's. Is she clever? Has she a temper like your father's? What shall I call you?" "Joe." "Well, Joe, your father was one of the most honorable men and truest gentlemen that ever lived. If poor old Ireland would send such men to Parliament she would soon make herself felt in the House of Commons. You are a Home-Ruler, of course?" "Yes, indeed I am." "You'll go into Parliament?" "I hope so." "Now, Joe, you must be terribly hungry after that long ride. Where did you lunch?" "At Esperanza."

"Ah! that is where you clear the Cumbres. We have three regular meals a day in this house: one at eight o'clock, which consists of coffee, eggs, and bread and butter. At half-past twelve we have *almuerzo*, a sort of *déjeuner à la fourchette*, and at seven o'clock we dine. Of course you can carry on a guerrilla warfare against the larder at your pleasure. You'll always find it pretty full, for my housekeeper is a dear, charitable, devoted creature, and takes good care that my character as châtelaine shall not suffer. We have Mass every morning at seven o'clock. You will be absolutely charmed with Father Gonzalez, who resides here. He might starve, for our *paternal* government.

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Dios!" she added, "it would make your warm young blood run cold, were I to tell you of the insult and ignominy heaped by the sacrilegious wretches who are in power upon our devoted clergy and sisters."

My supper was as extensive as it was *piquante*, and a highly-peppered bird with an unpronounceable name was washed down by a pint of iced Clicquot. I don't care for this brand of champagne, as a rule; it is too sweet, more of a ladies' wine; but during my sojourn in Mexico I met with none other.

"Is Dublin much changed? And Stephen's Green, where your dear mother and I went to school—is it altered? And Parsley's house—how often I think of it, and the dormitory, and the little wooden beds, and the many nights we used to talk under the clothes to each other! Our beds were side by side, and we used to stretch the quilt from one to the other, and gossip under it sometimes till morning."

I should say that I am not giving my replies to the señora's numerous questions, or her many interruptions. Long ere I had arrived at a dessert that it would have set Lance crazy to paint she had learned all about Dromroe, Timolin and its inhabitants—how she did roast me about Trixy!—about myself, my hopes, wishes, and prospects, about Nellie, about the Bevans—how I made her laugh over the fussiness of old Mr. B.!—about Miss Wriothesly, about my trip across the Atlantic, about the Flinks, and especially Conchita. In a word, the señora never for an instant ceased asking questions, and I never met a person so anxious to glean every possible detail, or able to put so many searching questions within so short a space of time. Oh! it was delightful to be sitting on that balcony, the blue-black sky above us throbbing with stars bright as miniature moons. It was wondrous to think that here I was, after travelling over six thousand miles, seated opposite my dear mother's bridesmaid. I could not realize it. Surely this was Dublin, or London, or even Paris. Mexico! Impossible. December! Not quite.

I was mentally gazing at a panorama of the events which had happened since that memorable morning when the black-bordered letter with its Mexican seal was handed to me, when the señora suddenly burst upon my reverie by asking: "And is Billy Brierly alive yet?" "Alive!" "Poor fellow! I suppose he's gone. *What* a character he was, to be sure!" "Poor fellow!" I groaned. "And so faithful!" "Ah! yes indeed." "I do believe he would have gone through fire and water for the fami-

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ly." "So do I, señora." "Travelled to the end of the earth." "To Mexico even."

She seemed a little surprised at my levity, but proceeded: "Did he marry?" "Never." "Did he die in your service?" "Not that *I* know of." "How do you mean?" Here I could contain myself no longer, but burst out into a fit of laughter.

Señora San Cosme commenced to fan herself violently, so much so that she blew the lace of her veil from off her shoulders. "Pardon me, señora," I cried as soon as I recovered breath, "but Billy is not dead." "I am really glad to hear it. He is with you, of course?" "With me?" "I mean at Dromroe." "He's not exactly at Dromroe. If he were like Sir Boyle Roche's bird he might be in two places at once, señora; but being only Billy Brierly, he's *here*." "*Here!*" gazing at me in the uttermost astonishment. "Here in this house; and if I don't greatly mistake, that's his voice." "Is this a jest, Joe?" "Not at all. The honest fellow begged so hard to come that I hadn't it in my heart to refuse him." And I narrated my retainer's *finesse* upon the occasion of my proposed departure.

"Hush!" said the señora, holding up a warning finger. There was a sound as of a scuffle in the distance below, and then these words in Billy's voice distinctly reached us: "Av ye worn't a Catholic I'd give ye a welt in the lug. How *dar* ye offer me snails agin! D'ye think me stomick is like an ould coat an' wud be the betther for turnin'?" The señora fell back on her chair, and laughed till the tears coursed down her cheeks. "Oh!" she palpitated, "that is delicious. I am in old Ireland again. That is Billy Brierly. That bit of brogue acts like an elixir. I'll send for him." And she touched a silver gong.

The retainers in a Mexican household are part and parcel of the family. They are composed of half-breeds and Indians. In a large household there are always two or three male upper servants, stewards, who dress in the same fashion as their betters; and these fellows used to puzzle me. They are very familiar without being in the least presuming, their familiarity being the result of an anxiety to anticipate your wishes. They will take you by the arm or tap you on the back, but it is always to offer you something or to do you a service. For a long time I never could tell who was a retainer and who a guest in the houses at which I was entertained.

Billy Brierly suddenly appeared in the court below where we sat. "I'm wanted up-stairs," he muttered, "an' sorra a bit o' me knows where I cud get a rinse or a Scotch lick at me face,

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an' I dunno how for to ax for soap an' wather. Musha, but it's a terrible thing for these people not for to know Irish. They're the ignorantest people I ever come across. I'm fairly heart-scalded wud thim already." Here the señora burst out laughing, and Billy looked up. "Musha, but yer cool an' aisy up there, Masther Joe," grinned Brierly. "An' that's the—what is she at all, at all, Masther Joe? What am I for to call her? What's manners?"—this quite oblivious of the fact that the señora was his own countrywoman. "Billy," cried our hostess, "I am delighted to see you. You are a fine fellow, Billy, and just the same as when I saw you at Dromroe." "Faix, I was a spalpeen thin, yer Mexican ladyship—is that right, Masther Joe, *avic?*—an' that ould thief Time wasn't pelting snowballs at yer lovely hair; bedad, it's shupayriorer this minnit nor ever it was," he gallantly added. "Ah! Billy, you have not left your blarney behind you," laughed the señora. "Sorra a much good it wud be to me here, ma'am—yer Mexican ladyship, I mane." "I'm not a ladyship, Billy. Just address me as if I was Mrs. San Cosme." "Aye, an' have yer people saying I was an ignorant baste, ma'am; *that* wud never do." "Do as the señora bids you, Billy," I interposed. "Arrah! can't ye tell me what's right, Masther Joe?" he energetically persisted. "Well, then, señora." "Say-norah?" "Yes." "An' is that Mexican for missis or ma'am?" "It is." "Faix, it's an aisy langwidge after all, an' own cousin to Irish. Norah is as Irish as the Rock o' Cashel, no less." "How do you like Mexico, Billy?" demanded our hostess. "It's a quare place, anyhow, saynora," evading a direct reply. "How do you mean? Queer? In what way?" "Wudn't it make a dog laugh for to see people aitin' snails? An' isn't it quare for to be sweatin'—savin' yer presince—an' it wudin a stone's throw av Christmas? An' isn't it quare for to see people talkin' gibberish an' understandin' wan another, even the very childer? An' isn't it quare for to see the populace, every mother's son av thim, dhressed in white calico, as if they was women? And the divil sich hats I ever heerd tell of as the quollity wears. An' I ax ye, saynora, yez that knows well what horsis is, av it isn't a dhroll sight for to see saddles as big as houses, and spurs wud rowels on thim like the blades av pin-knives? I cud give ye day an' date for more, saynora, but I wudn't be onraysonable on ye, anyhow." "Don't you like the food, Billy, barring the snails?" she laughed. "Faix, thin, I don't, saynora. It's too murdherin' hot; ye'd think pepper was flyin' like dust; an' as for thim banes—" "Banes?" "Beans," I whispered. "Oh! the *frijoles.*" "Free-holies, saynora? Free unholies I'd

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call thim. Bedad, there's pigs below in Kilamorra that would roar millia murdher at the very sight av thim. Ah!" he added, smacking his lips, "bacon an' cabbage, yer me darlints; it's twins yez ought for to be. But shure, saynora, I'm makin' too bowld wud yer ladyship." "Not a bit of it, Billy; I like you to tell the truth." "Faix, it's not a lie I'd be havin' on me sowl up in this sthrange counthry, wud oceans to thravel an' no ind av dhry land. No, saynora, av ever I tell wan it's at home, an' that's not often, anyways. But shure it's yerself that's lukkin' illigant; an' why wudn't ye? Sorra a finer billet ye cud have, av it was only convaynient to Dunshaughlin. Yer eye is just as bright as the day the poor misthress—may the heavens be her bed this blessed an' holy night!—was at the althar wud the masther, God rest his sowl, amin!" "I am greatly changed since that day, Billy," said the señora with a sigh. "Sorra a much, barrin' the hair. Yer eyes is like diamonds this minnit, saynora, ma'am. Arrah, but I call to mind how ye wor coortin' young Misther Kearney, of Sheephill, that evenin'; an' it's lucky ye didn't get him, for he's on the batther day an' night, an' has had the horrors twicet. Father Tom Lynch is entirely bet up wud him; he can't get more nor a slippery hoult on him."

It was late when the señora conducted me to my bed-chamber, a poem in white muslin and lace. The apartment was very large, with windows opening upon a balcony overhanging a garden, the perfume from which permeated all the surroundings. The floor was of inlaid wood, dotted here and there with mats of quaint and strange design. A little altar, fitted up with exquisite taste, occupied one corner, opposite to it a prie-dieu. A copy in oil of Raphael's starry-eyed Madonna, the San Sisto, hung suspended over the altar.

"This is the work of an amateur," said the señora. "She is a very gifted child. She is with the two nuns who have been permitted to remain at the convent of San Angel. You will see her when we go out there. She is a *protégée* of mine, and is being educated at my expense. Her story is a curious one. And now *buenas noches*. You will be called in time for Mass." The starry eyes of the Madonna came to me in my first dreams in the land of the Montezumas.

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CHAPTER VII.

I MEET A FELLOW-COUNTRYMAN.

A ROSE-COLORED light creeps into your room o' mornings in Mexico—a light that, *bon gré mal gré*, compels you to arise, fling open your blinds, and bid it welcome. I made my best bow to it, and performed my toilet partly on the balcony, as I was in a fever of anxiety to ascertain what the place was like. This feeling can be readily imagined. I was in a new and romantic country. I was in a city which I had yearned to visit ever since I perused Prescott's fascinating work. In any case an ordinary mortal who arrives in a strange city over-night is more or less anxious to get a peep at it from his bed-room window in the morning.

In the foreground lay the garden, one mass of gorgeous color, clotted here and there by tufts of tropical foliage. Around me on all sides were flat-roofed houses, painted pale primrose green, yellow, and white, with blinds, striped in yellow or crimson, stretching over the balconies. The morning sun was gilding everything in dazzling sheen. In the distance, clear cut against the keen, full blue sky, and flushed with rose-pink, were the snow-clad crests of Popocatapetl and Iztaccihuatl, sublimely silent, the former resembling a gigantic sugar-loaf, the other the body of a woman lying upon her back, a sheet laid over her. The word Iztaccihuatl signifies the "woman in white," and a more perfect resemblance, from the head to the feet, it is impossible to conceive.

I found the señora awaiting me. She was attired in black, wearing the mantilla, comb, and veil.

"This costume is *de rigueur* when attending Mass," she said, as, taking my arm, she led me along a spacious corridor to the private chapel. Retainers and servants were already in their places, and a sweet-looking boy such as Guido would have loved to paint was lighting the candles on the altar.

The church was a charming "bit of Gothic," a bit after Pugin's own heart. It was arched, and groined, and panelled in cedar. Around the walls hung the Stations of the Cross, the tiny crucifix on each ornamented by a wreath of fresh flowers. High over the altar was a carved figure of the Redeemer, life-size and colored, hanging suspended from the cross, the livid flesh-tints, agonized eyes, blood-stained brow, hands, and feet, being fear-

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fully realistic. The altar was a very blaze of flowers, while the tabernacle and candlesticks were of pure gold.

The Padre Gonzalez celebrated Mass. His vestments were magnificent, absolutely encrusted with gold, and they flashed in the morning light, almost to dazzle.

The Holy Sacrifice over, we adjourned to the breakfast-room. This apartment was decorated with hangings and screens formed out of the vivid plumage of birds—a description of work in fashion in Mexico centuries before Hernando Cortez set his mailed heel in the halls of the Montezumas.

As the señora and I sat chatting over the dear old home in Ireland we were joined by Father Gonzalez. I am looking at him as I write—at his tall and graceful figure attired in a black soutane, his stately head that sat his shoulders till it reminded one of a great statue, his superb forehead, his tufted brows, his soft gray eye, his full, tremulous mouth, his indefinable expression of purity and holiness. A better-bred man I never met. He brought to my mind the types that I had heard my grandfather so often speak of—"those gentlemen of St. Omer and Salamanca." He spoke English with remarkable fluency. "I should be the veriest dunce if I did not," he explained. "I was educated at Stonyhurst College, and ever since this dear, good lady came to reside in Mexico I have had every opportunity afforded me for considering it the most delightful among modern languages," with a bow to the señora that was worthy of the court of St. Germain. He inquired a good deal about Cardinal Cullen and Dr. Russell, president of Maynooth College, both of whom he reckoned amongst his friends. "I spent a month in Ireland once, Mr. Nugent, and that memory is as green," placing his hand on his heart, "as the sod of her beautiful valleys. Forty years ago—*Eheu! fugaces*—I visited Killarney, went up to Dublin, took an outside-car for three or four days, and explored the county of Wicklow. I actually climbed up into St. Kevin's Bed, and saw the spot whence, according to the beautiful lines of Tom Moore, he hurled Kathleen into the loch beneath. I returned to Dublin, if I recollect aright, and proceeded to Galway. I crossed Loch Corrib, and made pilgrimage to the ruined abbey. I footed it from Cong to Westport, and from Westport I took Bianconi's car to Galway. You see, Mr. Nugent, I have forgotten nothing." "Many and many a time do the padre and I go over all that ground," exclaimed the señora, "and I know all the queer characters of that day, from Kate Kearney and the Gap of Dunloe to Judy of Romdowd in Wicklow." "I have the honor of knowing

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both ladies personally," I laughed. "But I speak of forty years ago, Mr. Nugent," said the padre. "Those heroines never die. Phœnix-like another Kate and another Judy rise from their ashes." "I regret to say that my Kate and my Judy were not of the accepted types of female beauty," laughed the Padre. "Neither are mine." "They resemble what Captain Absolute termed Mrs. Malaprop in his unfortunate letter to Lydia Languish—'weather-beaten she-dragons.'"

The padre, who was a Mexican, spoke enthusiastically of his country. "She has a great, a glorious future, Mr. Nugent," he said. "At the present hour her sun is obscured by a cloud of infidelity. This will pass away—it *must* pass away. Already there is light in the east. The Catholic Church has ever been the subject of persecution. It is her *métier*. Look at her to-day! Is she not triumphing everywhere? Look at our next-door neighbor, America. See the strides the church is making in that great country; for she is a great, a glorious country, although we are a little afraid that she hungers to annex us."

"I will tell you what I heard a very intelligent New York merchant say, padre," I observed: "Let the Mexican government lend Mexico to the United States, say, for ten years, the States undertaking to open railroads and canals, to stretch telegraph-wires, to develop mines, to pay the army and civil service—in a word, as the Yankees say, to 'run' the country for ten years—and that at the expiration of that period Mexico would be in the front rank of nations." "That is all very fine, Nugent, but would the United States give us our country back again at the end of ten years?" "I fear not, padre. The Americans give me the idea of being a people who would know how to 'freeze' to a good thing, once having got a grip of it."

"I ardently desire to see Americans settling in this country. I long to see a railway from the Rio Grande to the capital. A railway would kill all jealousy. It is opposed in Congress by a few agitators who possess more rhetoric than common sense. Our mines, which actually teem with ore, should be worked by American capital and Mexican labor. Our coffee, if taken in hand by Americans, would rule the market. I have heard experts say that the Cordoba coffee is far superior to the Mocha. We have a soil that will grow anything—aye, twice over. It would not be to the interest of the United States to annex us, as the phrase goes, as our people would fight to the last man against any invasion; but it would be to the interest of America to cultivate us. There should be greater reciprocity. The Americans should

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come and see us in our homes. How few Americans have any idea that there are such refined and luxurious abodes as this! The general impression is that our houses are all built of *adobe* and thatched with *heno*. In fact, we stand towards America as Spain does towards France. Madrid is but thirty-six hours from Paris, and yet how very few Parisians, or travellers of any description, repair thither! Mexico is left too much to herself. People should come and visit her; come and invest capital in her."

"What about the pro—I can't get round the word," I asked.

"*Pronunciamientos?* Ah! they are rapidly becoming an institution of the past. The telegraph-wire will destroy that business. Heretofore every state was a petty monarchy, and could dethrone its king and 'pronounce' at will. Now any uprising—and an uprising is invariably the work of political incendiaries—is telegraphed to the capital, and troops are forwarded from the nearest point to stamp it out. In five or six years from now such a thing as a *pronunciamiento* will be utterly unknown, because it will be impossible. The people are contented and happy. If they are not prosperous it is due to an inherent procrastination which a little of the electricity of the nineteenth century—that is, if they were brought into contact with it—would very soon wear away. *Mañana*—to-morrow—is the Mexican peasant's downdrag. He will postpone everything to *mañana*. You see, Mr. Nugent, the climate does so much for him that he can afford to cross his arms while the peasants of other lands are sowing, hoeing, weeding, and slaving. Here we have only to pop a seed into Mother Earth, and trust to Providence for the rest. Who would not be lazy when such opportunities are afforded for being so?"

Breakfast over, the señora, after a turn of the house, took me for a drive. Her carriage, built in the city of Mexico, would have done credit to Fifth Avenue, Rotten Row, or the Bois de Boulogne; the horses were to match. The coachman, too, was gotten up English fashion; his half-moon collar, white cravat with its horseshoe pin, and livery that fitted him as though it were built by Smalpage of London, were all in the most correct form.

"My poor husband always allowed me my own way in the turn-outs," said the señora, to whom I had expressed my admiration. "Before I came home he drove mules, and the coachman wore the Mexican costume. Somehow or other I couldn't stand it—it didn't seem correct to me—so I changed it to what you see now. This man is English. I had an Irish coachman, but he

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would gamble in mines, and lost, to him, three fortunes. He now owns a *pulqueria*—that is, what we would call a public-house in Ireland. It is called *pulqueria* from *pulque*, the national beverage. It is distilled from the *maguey* plant. You must have seen whole acres covered with it as you came along in the train. The *maguey* country commences at Appam, about fifty miles from here."

We turned by the Mineria into the Calle Plateros, which is the Regent Street, the Broadway, of Mexico. Fancy a long, straight street, lined by irregular, if not grotesque, architecture, from the palatial mansion, blue-tiled, gilt-balconied, deep-eaved, and scarlet-blinded, to the dingy, flat-roofed, two-storied store; a deep strip of shade as cool as a bath upon one side and liquid sunshine on the other, with shafts of gold at the intersection of the streets, and at both ends all the glories of tropical verdure. Some of the houses are magnificent, and approached by large, superbly-sculptured gateways, the gilded gates being only closed at night. As we passed we gained glimpses of deliciously cool interiors, with galleries, and broad stone stairways, and a wealth of gorgeously-hued flowers. As a rule half a dozen Indians hang around each gateway in picturesque attitudes and picturesque garments. The women all wore the *rebozo*, a woven scarf of palish blue; this is folded artistically about the head, falling over the shoulders, and serves as a frame to blue-black hair, clear, swarthy complexions, and deliciously soft brown or black eyes. A skirt of white cotton or brown cloth completes the costume.

At the corners of the streets intersecting the Plateros squatted Indians before immense bouquets of violets. These violets, as the señora informed me, are gathered in the *chinampas*, or floating gardens, on Lake Chalco, and brought up to the city in canoes. To go out at early morn along the Viga Canal, and meet the violet-laden canoe fleet, is a favorite excursion of the more æsthetic inhabitants of the city.

The carriages were very numerous, both public and private. "Everybody rides in Mexico," explained my *cicerone*. "Your swell never contemplates walking more than a block or two. His heels are too high, and the coaches are so cheap—only one shilling an hour."

Strange sights greeted my greedy eyes as we rolled along this main artery: *haciendados* and *rancheros*, in their broad-brimmed *sombreros*, and leather *chaquetas*, and silver-frogged, flowing trousers, swaggering along the sidewalk, their great gilt spurs jingling, their silver ornaments dangling; Indians trotting along, the man bearing live stock or fruit in a wicker frame case at-

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tached to his back by means of a flat bandage adjusted to his forehead, the woman her child slung in the folds of her blue *rebozo*, both her arms engaged in carrying the day's, or mayhap the week's, provisions; water-sellers—*aguadores*—fruit-sellers, tatterdemalion soldiers followed by their slatternly wives engaged in munching the ever-present *tortilla;* mules and asses driven by half-naked men or boys, their feet baked white in the hot dust, their legs bronzed and seemingly cast in bronze; *muchachos* bearing furniture upon their heads—a piano, the señora told me, will be carried twenty-five miles by four men in a single day; señoras and señoritas clad in the picturesque and piquant mantilla; "swells" in short-tailed coats and high-heeled boots, hobbling along, smoking cigarettes held in silver cases; *chcñis* with black and green patches on their temples, cures for the headache; *leperos*, or half-breeds, hawking toys or glazed crockery-ware; companies of foot-soldiers attired in white, their uniforms sadly in need of the necessary offices of needle and thread, shuffling along in their *guaraches*, or sandals, as they seldom wear shoes or stockings; "civil guards" trotting on thoroughbreds, in buff and steel, with sword and matchlock, vividly recalling Oliver Cromwell's Ironsides; occasionally a troop of cavalry, small, lean, wiry, hawk-eyed, such as Bazaine loved to lead against the dusky sons of the Afric desert; *pordios*, or beggars, on their way to crouch in cool church vestibules—these and a hundred other sights, all new, all full of color, came to me as we rode along the Plateros and turned into the Plaza Mayor.

Occupying an entire side of the Plaza stands the cathedral, flanked on its left by the *sagrario*, or parish church. All around the chains which hang from low stone pillars, and enclose this open space in front of the sacred edifice, were bird-sellers, venders of toys and of miniature earthen utensils, a couple of pocketfuls of which I invested in, and which are to be seen in the great drawing-room at Dromroe at this present writing. "This is the exact spot where Cortez found and destroyed the Aztec Teocalli dedicated to the Mexican god Huitzilopetchli," observed the Señora San Cosme as we alighted. "When Cortez distributed the land of the ancient city he first gave this site to the Franciscan friars for a church, but, changing his mind, he appointed them the ground where their old church and convent are now standing. A cathedral was built in 1530, but demolished almost as soon as it was roofed, on account of its being insufficient for the requirements of the population. This building was commenced in 1573 and finished in 1667. It cost more than a million

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and a half of dollars, which were paid by Spain. Before we enter the cathedral I want you to see the Calendar-Stone."

I was greatly interested in this stone. It is cemented into the wall five feet nine inches from the pavement, on the west side of the cathedral. It is of great antiquity, and sculptured on a monolith of basalt so rough, and seemingly porous, that at first sight I mistook it for lava. The stone is twelve feet six inches in diameter and weighs twenty-five tons. From the Calendar-Stone the ancient system of Toltec astronomy has been preserved to us. It proves the great degree of civilization to which the Toltecs had attained—a civilization, it is alleged, superior to that of the Aztecs, who succeeded the Toltecs.

I was gazing at this wondrous landmark on the shoal and bank of time when Father Gonzalez joined us.

"Here is a casket rich with the spoils of time, Mr. Nugent. Here is teaching for thee. The year on that stone corresponds exactly with that of the Julian Calendar, which, as you are aware, was the standard of time in England till 1752, and is still the standard in Holy Russia. What is this Chaucer says?

> "And out of old bookes, in good faithe,
> Cometh al this new science that men lere."

Substitute 'old stones' for old books, and we will go nearer the mark in the present instance. If there are sermons in stones, according to Shakspere, there is also science; *ecce signum*. This stone was placed on its present site in 1790, and dates so far back as 1279. Let us see what the world was doing at that period." And the padre in a few brief sentences gave us a most piquant *résumé* of the state of affairs "all round the earth" in or about that particular date.

"I hope, Mr. Nugent," laughed the padre, as we turned into the cathedral, "that you cannot say with Sir John Falstaff, 'An I have not forgotten what the inside of a church is made of, I am a peppercorn." This is our cathedral. It was once rich in treasure, the offerings of the faithful. A paternal government has robbed it and left it poor indeed. I carry in my memory an inventory of its riches. You may probably be interested to hear what this glorious cathedral was at one time enabled to adorn its altars with?" "Very much indeed, padre." "We had six chandeliers in solid gold; a golden cup, the body and pedestal inlaid with precious stones; a golden filagree cross; six gold bouquets frosted with diamonds; twenty gorgeous chalices; six golden wine and water ewers with golden trays; a pyx that weighed one

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hundred and four ounces of gold, and covered with diamonds to the number of nearly seventeen hundred; a golden chalice of eighty-four ounces, inlaid with a hundred and twenty diamonds, and as many emeralds and rubies; many golden censers, and two silver statues, life-size, of the Mother of God. Our principal censer, that stood one yard from the ground, was studded with nearly six thousand diamonds, three thousand emeralds, over a hundred amethysts, forty rubies, and eight sapphires, and its weight was seven hundred and four ounces. We also had eleven golden lustres of twenty-four branches each; four golden perfume-stands standing three yards high, besides minor articles of considerable value. These, Mr. Nugent, all used for the beautifying of His house, were taken by sacrilegious wretches who have forced themselves into high places, melted into money, and that money has been spent in the vilest manner it is possible to conceive."

We made a tour of the splendid cathedral, its five naves, fourteen chapels, and six grand altars. We visited the sacristy, where we were shown the superb vestments presented by successive monarchs of Spain. One set is so heavy with bullion that it amounts to a physical impossibility to celebrate Mass whilst wearing it. The panels, if I may use the term, representing scenes in the life of our Lord, are so exquisitely worked in China silk, the hues so delicately interwoven, that they resemble paintings much more than needlework, and the colors are as vivid as the day they left the Old World for the New."

The padre conducted us to the Parao, or council-chamber, a noble hall, lighted by windows high up under the Gothic roof. The walls are hung with portraits of the archbishops of Mexico—twenty-eight in all. The cedar-wood thrones of the prelates stood beneath the portraits. A superb Murillo, a "Holy Family," adorned the northern wall.

The pulpits in the cathedral attracted me very much; they are of onyx or Puebla marble, quaintly carved, each pulpit being chiselled out of a single block. In the choir, which is panelled in carved oak, I opened a book of chants; it was of vellum, illuminated, and bore date 1690. On leaving the choir we crossed into a side chapel, and through a secret door that swung lazily open upon the pressing of, to us, an invisible button, entered a low-ceilinged and somewhat gloomy apartment in which hung the portraits of the archbishops, taken from life and in their archiepiscopal robes. A great oaken coffer, bound with quaint brass clamps, used for the keeping of the coin of the cathedral, occupied one corner, and in another stood a great oaken table over three hundred years

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old, upon which the offerings of the faithful used to be counted. "There were no banks in those days," laughed the padre, "nor machinery for counting money. It was all done in the simplest manner. The church received its portion, the clergy theirs, and the poor the lion's share. The portion for the use of the cathedral was dropped through this hole," thrusting his hand into an orifice in the table, "and through this spout into yon strong-box."

On my remarking the large number of people attending the Masses going on at the side altars, "Ah!" exclaimed Father Gonzalez, "the law has despoiled the church of her property; the law has dried the fountain of charity at the very source; the law would cut off learning and piety. The faithful clergy have been driven to seek shelter where they could. It is penal for a priest to appear in the streets in clerical garb; but God watches over his church, and over his shepherds, and over his lambs, and I tell you, Mr. Nugent—and I wish it to go back to dear old Ireland—that, despite unparalleled persecution, despite those iniquitous laws, despite the uttermost exertions of a set of infidels to crush out religion and the teachings of the church, never was Catholicity safer, truer, and more firm in Mexico than at this present moment. Never was I more hopeful of her future than I am at this moment. Let us offer up an 'Ave Maria' for the safety and progress of our beloved mother the church."

It was a beautiful sight to behold the venerable priest kneeling in front of the grand altar, a *nimbus* of gold and purple, shot from a stained-glass window, encircling his classical head. Beside him knelt the señora, her flowing black robes and graceful mantilla and veil standing out in keen relief, while all around, in various postures of devotion, were Indian men and women, the former all in white, the latter arrayed in the blue *rebozo*. Then the grand organ pealed forth, the silver gongs resounded, and the hum of prayer ascended like incense. There are moments in all our lives when we yearn to be holy, to be of the elect. This was such a moment for me.

We returned to the Calle Marascola for *almuerzo*, or breakfast —or call it early dinner, for it consisted of eight or ten courses, winding up with dessert.

Awaiting our arrival was a somewhat portly gentleman, who at once advanced towards me, and, clasping me by both hands, exclaimed in a voice deliciously flavored with the sweet brogue of Munster: "Mr. Nugent, when two Irishmen meet seven thousand six hundred feet above the level of the sea—I say, sir, when

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they meet, be it on the top of a mountain or in the depths of a valley, be it in an adobe dwelling or a palace like this, an introduction, sir, is a monstrous absurdity, an incubus, an anachronism. I am Van Dyck O'Shea, and I am proud to meet you. Can I say more?"

Let me describe Mr. O'Shea.

A florid face, ready to become purple at a second's notice; a sharp gray eye full of twinkle like a dissipated star; a heavy lid always prepared to wink; a rather bulbous nose, with a receipt in full from Château Lafitte to Château Margaux; a set of white teeth somewhat colossal; a long upper lip and a very full under one; a square chin so cleanly shaven that it shines again. His whiskers are close cut, and his short collar comes up to the exact line where they leave off. His hair is as brown as a coffee-berry, and worn well to the front—that is, over his ears, where it comes forward to his eyebrows, as if pasted or laid on. He is of medium height, and has great long hands, and feet fit for a giant.

The grip he gave me almost pressed a ring which Aunt Bertha gave, and which I always wore, into the flesh. "I am here, my dear Nugent," observed Mr. O'Shea, after some preliminary conversation, "to endeavor to develop the mineral resources of the country. The people are as jealous as Turks, and if I turn up a spadeful of earth ye'd think it was the bones of their ancestors I was hunting for." "Have you 'struck ile' yet?" I asked. "I have, me boy, but not enough to cause those financial fish who form companies to rise. One fellow, a señor with a whole litany of names, began to nibble. I showed him some specimens; most of them came from the gold-mines in Luggernure, in the sweet county of Wicklow"—this with a wink of inconceivable drollery. "'I'd like to see some more,' said he. 'So you shall,' said I; adding to myself, 'When my friend Tom Fogarty sends it to me.' There's lashins of gold in the country, but it's like a Galway girl's fortune—it's so well secured there's no getting at it." "If it's not an impertinent question, Mr. O'Shea, how did you come to pitch your tent in Mexico?" "Impertinent! Why, it's just the question I would like you to ask, me boy. You've acted like a good partner at whist—you've led up to a strong hand. Well, after *almuerzo*, over a cigar and an et-cætera I will venture to give you a few leaves from the volume of the life of yours, till then, V. O'Shea." My compatriot kept the ball rolling during the meal. Now he had a *mot* of the archbishop's for the padre, now a tale of distress for the señora, now a bit of Mexican life for me. A thoroughly well-bred man, he was the

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gentleman "all through the piece," and the gracious and familiar manner in which he was treated by both the châtelaine and her almoner showed me that his genial companionship was "weighed in bountiful measure."

"Now for a brief but interesting sketch of the life of the humble individual who drinks to you," exclaimed Mr. O'Shea, when the señora, accompanied by the padre, had quitted us. "Stay! we will be more at our ease in yonder balcony. You take care of the lumber. I'll take care of this bottle of Clos Vougeot; every drop of it is worth a Jew's ransom."

Having seated ourselves in the balcony which overlooked the garden, bathed in tropical color-glory, Mr. O'Shea resumed:

"I'll tell you how I lost £5,000, and £300 a year; how I came to grief between two stools. With my early career you have nothing to do. It doesn't interest myself, *ergo* it could hardly fail to bore you. My father and mother died when I was very young, leaving me seventy pounds a year and a widowed aunt from whom I had expectations. This elderly lady, who rejoiced in the name of Clancy, resided at Loughrea, and she indulged me in anything, everything—but money, although a cool five thousand stood to her credit in the three per cents. For the purpose of sporting my figure at the levees and balls at Dublin Castle I obtained a lieutenancy in a militia regiment known as the Ringowal Fusileers, and, although my aunt was very proud of her warlike kinsman, the deuce a penny she'd let him have even to pipeclay his sword-belt. She sent me hampers of fowls, hams, vegetables. She made me gifts of cheap pocket-handkerchiefs, bought in job lots at Loughrea, of scarfs, of Brummagem pins. She even went so far as to present me with a suit of garments belonging to the late Mr. Clancy—the small-clothes were constructed of corduroy—but of coin not a halfpenny. 'Ye'll have it after I'm gone, Van,' she would say, 'but not a mag till then.' When she honored Dublin with a visit she would not entrust me with the payment of a car-fare—no, sir, not even with the halfpenny necessary to the crossing of the Liffey by the metal bridge.

"Seeing that it was hopeless to endeavor to develop Mrs. Clancy's mineral resources, I turned my thoughts in the direction of matrimony, and, almost before I had chosen my line of action, destiny flung a most charming girl across my path.

"Miss Bolgibbie was the daughter of a learned counsellor who died of brain fever brought on by consuming the midnight oil over an impossible case. Evelina, to whom I was presented at a little evening party at Rathmines, and to which I repaired in

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uniform, at once took to me. The mother had three hundred a year, which should eventually reach Evelina—meaning *me*. I sped in my wooing. Evelina cut two bank clerks, a gentleman in an insurance office, and an attorney for *me*. Matters were in this satisfactory condition when the recurrence of a festival always held in high esteem in Dublin served to precipitate matters. The 17th of March approached, and with it St. Patrick's Day and the ball at the 'Castle.' The Bolgibbies were going to the ball. *I* was going to the ball, and in my full uniform, which, however dingy it might appear by day, shone resplendent by night. At the ball I resolved upon proposing for Miss Bolgibbie in due form.

"I was breakfasting in my apartment, which was in immediate proximity to the slates, when a letter was thrust beneath my door. I recognized the Loughrea postmark, and pounced upon the missive, hoping that the 'fiver' I had earnestly asked for was enclosed. I remember the wording of that note, my dear Nugent. It ran:

"'DEAR NEPHEW: I've taken a notion to go to Patrick's ball at the Castle. You can do as you like with the lord-lieutenant—at least you say you can, and I take it for gospel. I'll be up on the 16th. Meet me at the Broadstone, in a covered car, at five o'clock. Take the same room as I had before near the chapel in Dominick Street, and let Father James Burke know I'm coming. Have a fire in my bed-room, and see that it's lighted early and the sheets spread out before the fire. Tell the girl to have a better toasting-fork; the last one burnt my toast to a cinder.'

"This was the letter. What was I to do? I knew that Mrs. Clancy was not to be put off, baffled, or bamboozled. I had tried that once before, and her solicitor was in immediate attendance with a view to an alteration in her last will and testament. I daren't present my aunt to the aristocratic Bolgibbies. I dreaded losing the substance for the shadow, the actual £5,000 for the possible £300 per annum. I lay in bed half the day thinking out the problem, and finally resolved to let my aunt have her way. I could easily escort her to the ball, drop her, lose her in the crowd, and spend the evening with Evelina.

"How fondly I hoped that the fatigue of the journey from Loughrea would prove too much for my aunt, or that some friendly draught would lay her up with rheumatism! Not a bit of it. She arrived looking hale and hearty, and announced her intention of going to the ball before the candles were lighted, and of not leaving until they were 'snuffed out.'

"Well, Nugent, the eventful night came, and my aunt and I

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drew up to the Castle yard in an inside-car. 'Ye'll be back at four, Rafferty,' observed Mrs. Clancy to the charioteer, 'and don't let any shoneen get before ye.' 'The poliss won't let me out av me turn,' said the carman gruffly. 'Say it's Mrs. Clancy, of Loughrea, Rafferty.' 'The divvle a hair they'll care,' muttered the charioteer, as he moved away under the stern dictum of an energetic policeman.

"I managed to get a seat in St. Patrick's Hall for my aunt, and then went in search of the Bolgibbies. As I passed through the hall Mrs. Clancy exclaimed in a loud voice: 'I an't going to stick here all night, Van Dyck O'Shea'; adding, 'and if you don't like to be attentive to me there's others that will.' I managed to get away from her by mysteriously hinting at military duties, and found Miss Bolgibbie, whom I seized upon for the next dance, and the next, and yet the next.

"In accordance with a time-honored custom the lord-lieutenant opens the ball with the lady marquis in a country dance to the inspiriting air of 'St. Patrick's Day in the Morning.' His 'Ex,' as he is familiarly termed, is followed by a dozen or so of 'amorous palming puppies' and their fair partners 'up and down the middle'; and upon the present occasion the viceroy was footing it right merrily, and humming the music, when a shrill female voice was heard to exclaim:

"'Faugh! that's no dancing. Rouse the griddle, man! Foot it! Welt the floor heel and toe, my lord! Hands across! Faugh! you're all botches. I'll show ye how to dance.' And Mrs. Clancy, for 'twas she, made a determined and energetic movement in the direction of the viceregal set, to the intense amusement of a few and to the evident consternation of the many. The excellent lady was preparing to 'cut in,' and, with a view to an effective demonstration, was engaged in pinning up her skirts in a manner that disclosed a very muddy pair of boots laced at the side, of ancient pattern and formation, and a scarlet flannel vestment which hung in graceful folds till it touched the uppers of her mediæval sandals. 'Here! you sir,' she exclaimed to a gigantic warrior, 'you're big enough to dance. Stand up there before me, and I'll show ye how we dance a country dance in the West of Ireland!'

"I could stand it no longer, and, clutching my astonished and indignant relative by the arm, pushed her frantically aside. 'Are ye mad, aunt?' I whispered. 'Hush, for mercy's sake!' 'I won't hush, Lieutenant Van Dyck O'Shea—not a bit of it. I have as much right to dance here as anybody else; a ball's a ball.'

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'Come away,' gasped Miss Bolgibbie, who had rejoined me '—come away from that insane person. Who is she?' 'Who is she?' echoed Mrs. Clancy derisively. 'She's a lady. She has five thousand pounds in the three per cents. Who is she?' And here the indignant lady addressed the tittering assemblage: 'She's Mary Anne Clancy, of Cabbage Rose Villa, Ballybicken, Loughrea—that's who she is; and now, Lieutenant Van Dyck O'Shea, take your aunt to some place of refreshment, and leave that powdered doll at once.'

"Nugent, me boy," added O'Shea, with a sigh, as he took a prolonged gulp of the Burgundy, "Miss Bolgibbie refused me point-blank, and Mrs. Clancy's £5,000 went toward a new wing of the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR INTERCESSOR.

THE following lines were found on a pillar in a little church in Italy:

O blessed feet of Jesus,
  Weary with serving me!
Stand at God's bar of judgment
  And intercede for me.

O knees that bent in anguish
  In dark Gethsemani!
Kneel at the throne of glory
  And intercede for me.

O hands that were extended
  Upon the awful tree!
Hold up those precious nail-prints
  And intercede for me.

O side from whence the spear-point
  Brought blood and water free!
For healing and for cleansing
  Still intercede for me.

O head so deeply piercèd
  With thorns which sharpest be!
Bend low before thy Father
  And intercede for me.

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O sacred heart! such sorrow
The world may never see
As that which gave thee warrant
To intercede for me.

O loving risen Saviour,
From death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory,
Still intercede for me.

IRISH BARDIC POETRY.

IN no country of which we have any account did the bards exist in such numbers or produce so much and so varied verse as in Ireland. They make their appearance in the first dawn of legendary history, and the succession was continued down to the death, in 1737, of Turloch O'Carolan, who was called the last of the Irish bards, although their lineal descendants continued in the hedge-poets, who were in existence during the early part of the present century, and are to be found in the street ballad-singers of to-day. Tradition credits Amergin, the brother of Heber and Heremon, the leaders of the Milesian invasion about 500 B.C., with being the first bard, and as uniting in himself the offices of chief priest and chief poet. However obscure are the annals of the semi-historical period, it is certain that the caste of bards flourished in Ireland from a very early time and was thoroughly interwoven with its historic and social life. If we may credit tradition, Ollamh Fodla, the twentieth monarch in the Milesian line, established the national conventions at Tara, which are so marked a feature in ancient bardic history, and at a very early period the institution had its classes, its privileges, its distinctions, and its peculiar dress.

The bards were divided into *filés*, who were more expressly what the name bard denotes. They were in constant attendance upon the chief, celebrated his valor, and sang his personal praise. Surrounded by the *orsidiagh*, or instrumental musicians, who occupied the place of a modern military band, they watched his progress in battle for the purpose of describing his feats in arms, composed birthday odes and epithalamiums, roused the spirits of the clansmen with war-songs, and lamented the dead in the *caoines*,

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or keens, which still exist in the wilder and more primitive portions of the country. The second class of bards were the *brehons*, who versified and recited the laws. The third class were the *senachies*, who preserved the genealogies in a poetic form, kept the record of the annals of the time, and composed stories and related legends. The lineal descendants of the senachies have existed in our own time in the persons of wandering story-tellers, who were welcomed by the peasant's turf fire for the skill and humor with which they repeated well-worn fairy or historic legends.* The greater bulk of the more ancient Irish literature was probably the composition of the senachies, the songs of the filés being more of an extemporaneous nature and less likely to be committed to writing, and the institutes of the brehons exciting less interest for their preservation after they had ceased to be the actual laws of the land. There are more or less credible traditions concerning the collegiate institutions, the course of study, and the pay and privileges of the bards, and their dress has been described with more particularity than certainty.† They, however, wore woven colors, one color less than the king, which, either four or six, were a distinguishing uniform like the Highland tartan.

From the natural fondness of the race for the cultivation of poetry, and the honors and privileges of the caste, the profession multiplied until it became an intolerable nuisance. At about the time of the conversion of Ireland to the Christian faith in the fifth century they were reported to number a third of the male population; and in A.D. 590 a synod was held at Drumkeat by Aedh, king of the northern portion of the island, which greatly reduced their numbers, and, it is said, would have resulted in their total banishment but for the intercession of St. Columbanus. From this they several times increased to the point of restriction and repression until they began to participate in the misfortunes of the Celtic inhabitants from foreign enemies, which began with the invasion of the Danes and continued until the final subjugation under William III. From a powerful caste, with laws and privileges of its own, they became personal attendants of individual chiefs, fighting their battles and sharing their misfortunes, and from that, in the last acknowledged representative of the race, a wandering minstrel sharing the hospitalities not only of reduced chiefs of ancient blood but of boisterous squireens of low

* Carleton, *Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*

† The minute accounts in Walker's *Memoirs of the Irish Bards* have been discredited by later antiquaries.

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degree, and singing their praises with but a spark of the ancient spirit. The records of bardic history in that length of time would be almost interminable, and the larger portion of them would lack reliable authenticity. Like the poets of all time, their history is best found in their verse.

The oldest Irish poem of any importance is the "Tain-bo-Cuailgne," or the Cattle Spoil of Quelny, whose date of composition is set at about the latter part of the fifth century. This exists by transcript, and with doubtless many emendations and changes in language, in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, so called from the vellum on which a part of it was written being made from the hide of a famous dun cow, and which was written in the early part of the twelfth century. But the tone and structure of the language, and the manners and customs mentioned in it, indicate its original date with considerable exactness. The great mass of the earlier Irish poems are extant only in the transcripts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the bardic institution was in its best estate previous to its reduction in the interminable conflicts with the Anglo-Norman invaders, and a large number of books were compiled and written for the benefit of the chiefs, who rated them at a very high price. These have been preserved, and in a great measure translated, by the exertions of the Royal Irish Academy and the Irish Archæological Society. These are similar to the *Book of the Dun Cow*, and are named *The Yellow Book of Slane*, *The Book of Glengiven*, *The Book of Ballymote*, and others. The language of this period was quite different from that of the date of the action of most of the poems, which professed to be about the end of the third century and the beginning of the fourth, which was the Fenian or Ossianic era, although there is a considerable confusion of dates, many of the poems making St. Patrick one of the interlocutors, whose time was more than a century later. It is the opinion of the better Celtic scholars that the earlier Irish language had a greater simplicity and force than is to be found in the redundancies and exaggerations which mark the later style and substance of the existing compilations. Either the legendary poems of the Ossianic era were first committed to writing at the period of the eleventh and twelfth centuries from oral tradition, or the earlier books have been lost; and in either case great changes and some interpolations were made by the later writers.

The heroes of these poems are in a great measure those of McPherson's Ossian. Chief among them were Fin McCumhal or McCuil, the original of McPherson's Fingal, Goll, Oisin son

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of Fin, Conan the Bald, Osgur the son of Oisin, Cuchullen, and others, who will at once be recognized as bearing such resemblance in name as to indicate merely the changes that would result from oral transfer to another country and the same language in a slightly different dialect. Edmund Burke records that on the appearance of McPherson's Ossian there was a universal outcry among the Irish that the poems were their own, and that they had been familiar with them for centuries. On closer inquiry, however, he says, they were unable to come any nearer producing the exact originals of the poems claimed as by Ossian than were to be found in the Highlands by the zealous antiquarians who were set to search by national pride or the jealous doubt that immediately followed the success of McPherson's volume.

There is no doubt but that McPherson's Ossian was founded on the legendary fragments that remained among the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland, and which were in a great measure common property between them and the Celtic Irish, who, if they did not settle the Highlands, according to the Irish tradition, were of one family with its people. The names of the heroes and many of the incidents are similar. We are unable to compare the original Scottish poems with the Irish, for they either never existed in manuscript or have been lost; but the imitations or fabrications of McPherson are free from the sometimes childish exaggerations of the Celtic poems in respect to the size, strength, and exploits of the heroes, the presence of sorcerers and malignant demons who assumed the shape of human beings or animals in order to delude, and other supernatural figures. On the other hand, they are supplied with an extensive machinery of ghosts and phantoms, voices of the wind and sun, and other images common to the semi-classical poetry of McPherson's time, and which he would be very likely to add in a fabrication in imitation of ancient poetry. The language and sentiment of McPherson's Ossian is also of the stilted and artificial sort common to the verse of his time, and quite different from the frank simplicity of early natural poetry. The truth about McPherson's Ossian, without a doubt, is that he found a mass of legend without form, and that with a real, original genius he transposed it into an appropriate and striking form of words, having thoroughly caught the original spirit of lamentation and decay, the invisible presence of woe, which is the emanation of the dark seas, the heavy mists, the bare and lonely hillsides of the northern coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and infects every author of genius brought within its

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spell from the days of Ossian to those of the author of *The Princess of Thule*. Whatever of turgid language and stilted sentiment there may be in McPherson's Ossian, it cannot be denied that its form is powerful and striking, and the whole impression, vague and cloudy as it is, is of a grand and heroic figure and of a poetry that is of the great originals of the world. How much of this is due to the original genius of McPherson it is impossible to say. He is entitled to the credit of having cast a vague tradition into a living form of verse, and his chief error, except in the faults of taste, was in attempting to engraft modern ideas and sentiments upon an ancient stock. His errors in history, and mistaken gropings after the meanings of symbols, are of less account, and there were as few of these as were to be expected from one who was too impatient to be a sound antiquarian. His fame has suffered most from the fatal error in the beginning, which perpetuated itself to the ruin of all consistency or credit. He endeavored at first to pass off his creations for direct translations from the originals; but the immediate vigor of search and demand for ocular evidence prevented him from maintaining this deception, and at the same time the enormous popularity of the poems, and the admiration which they excited, roused in him a desire to claim them as his own. Instead of acknowledging the original deception he imagined that his honor was concerned in repelling the charges of forgery, which were made with the very unscrupulous violence of literary controversy of those days, and he took refuge in a haughty silence, which was intended both as a defence and a claim for the authorship. This course was so utterly untenable that he lost credit on both sides, and the reputation of the poems has undoubtedly suffered greatly from the impression that the author was a compound of the charlatan and impostor. It is a great misfortune, for the faults and obscurities of Ossian are sufficient to form a barrier to the appreciation which a more thorough study would give, and which the evil repute of imposture prevents being bestowed. It is not in this grudging spirit that the exaggerated and extravagant poetry of the East is approached, and a much better appreciation of Ossian would come from a kindlier spirit of regard. Whether the originals of the Ossianic legends were native to Ireland or Scotland is hardly worth dispute, but the chances are greatly in favor of the former, so far as existing evidence remains to show.

To a confusion of dates in the present manuscript versions of the Irish Ossianic legends is also added some incongruity of manners and customs. As has been said, St. Patrick is made an

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interlocutor with Ossian, although nearly two hundred years separated their recorded eras, and there is a confusion of Christian zeal with pagan faith which shows that the later bards realized the necessity of a change in sentiment without being able to make it entirely congruous. The whole spirit is, however, one of tolerance, and goes to show that the conversion of Ireland was effected without bitterness and maintained without persecution. Some of the personages in these poems had a real place and name in history, as did Arthur and some of the Knights of the Round Table. Others, in like manner, were pure inventions, and the greater portion of the *dramatis personæ* and events and incidents is so confused a mixture of truth and fable that little can be expected of reliable history. There is a probability, as the stately phrase of Gibbon has it, "that Fingal lived and Ossian sung," but there is little more of real fact in the exploits of the one or the verse of the other.

The most interesting and valuable poem of this class, although the Ossianic personages do not figure in it directly, is "The Battle of Moyrath," with its introductory pre-tale of "The Banquet of Dunangay," which, despite a somewhat profuse fluency, glows with a sort of barbaric splendor and nobleness of sentiment. It relates to the last struggle of the pagan and bardic party, and its defeat at the battle of Moyrath, which took place A.D. 639, between Congal, a sub-king of Ulster, and his English and Scotch allies, and the native forces owning allegiance to Domnal, the venerable monarch of the northern part of the island. Although defeated, Congal is the real hero of the poem, and, although probably written by a Christian bard, it is remarkable for its impartiality and tolerant spirit. Congal, Domnal, Sweeney—who is depicted with real Homeric vigor as the victim of the worst misfortune that could befall an Irish hero—and others of the characters are historical persons, while others again are probably inventions of the bard. It is considered by Irish scholars that the language of the earlier versions of "The Battle of Moyrath" was more forcible and direct than that of the existing copy, and that the redundancies and exaggerations are the result of later corruptions. The style of the Ossianic epic presents great difficulties to the translator, particularly in its piling up of epithets, of which the following is an example. It is a descriptive allusion to the cataract of Ballyshannon:

"The clear-watered, snowy-framed, ever-roaring, parti-colored, bellowing, in-salmon-abounding, beautiful old torrent." "The lofty, great, clear-landed, contentious, precipitate, loud-roaring, headstrong, rapid, salmon-

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full, sea-monster-full, varying, in-large-fish-abounding, rapid-flooded, furious-streamed, whirling, in-seal-abounding, royal and prosperous cataract."

The difficulty of rendering this into English can be imagined in spite of Southey's example of "The Falls of Lodore," but in the original the tautologies are not so apparent in the rapid and various expressiveness of the Celtic language, and those who are familiar with the scene recognize the force and appositeness of the phrases. This profusion of epithets is quite oriental in its character, recalling the characteristics of Persian and Arabic poetry, where it is to be found even in contemporaneous literature. The Irish epics are distinguished from the Scandinavian sagas not only by their oriental redundancy in contrast with the simple directness and vigor of the Northern poets, but by their nobler and gentler spirit, the absence of the grim humor, the ferocity and the delight in dwelling upon scenes of slaughter and torture characteristic of the race of robbers by land and sea. Their qualities are the peculiar property of the race, and represent the redundant imagery, the florid splendor of rhetoric, and the fluency of Irish eloquence in all ages.

The second era of the bardic poetry of Ireland is that which includes the fragments of verse preserved during the interminable and deadly struggles of the native race against the Anglo-Norman and Saxon invaders from the landing of Strongbow to the battle of the Boyne. During that period there was no time when there was not strife between the native race and the foreign settlers, whether war was formally declared or not, and the horrors of the more atrocious contests were only equalled by the worst examples of barbaric vindictiveness and sweeping destruction in the East. The picture which Spenser draws of the condition of Munster during the war of the Earl of Desmond with Elizabeth—when the miserable, famished inhabitants crawled out of dens and caves to feed on the carcasses of starved cattle and died by the thousand, until the country was left a wilderness peopled with wolves and without a human inhabitant throughout the fairest region of Ireland—was only wider in its scope and more accomplished in its desolation than some of the other wars of Elizabeth and James I. And short triumphs hardly won by untrained valor over discipline, constant forays offsetting frequent defeats, and a gradual encroachment of the English settlement upon the native population make up the wretched annals of the time. Under these circumstances there was little opportunity or inclination for the composition of long epics, and the inspiration

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of the bards was turned to more direct appeals for war, rejoicings for victory, and lamentations for misfortune and defeat. Their poetry took on a more lyric form and became an ode rather than an epic. The fragments of this species of composition are much smaller in bulk than the early voluminous narratives, and are also much more concise and vigorous in style. Some of them breathe the very essence of defiant hatred, exultation, or despair with a passion that is oriental only in its force and picturesqueness of epithet, for they are without the slightest trace of tautology or redundancy. Spenser, who regarded the Irish as hated savages fit only to be exterminated, and who, by the inversion of hatred, saw the patriotism, the courage and eloquence of the bards in animating and keeping up the struggle as vices instead of virtues, had yet literary impartiality enough to see and commend their eloquence in the oft-quoted passage regarding the flowers of wit and invention to be found in the poetry of contemporary Irish bards. Two of the most remarkable of the bards of this era are Fearflatha O'Guire, hereditary bard of the O'Neills of Clanboy, whose ode on the downfall of the race is very striking in the depth of its pathos; and O'Hussey, the bard of the MacGuires of Fermanagh, whose vigor of passion and intensity of hatred are expressed with remarkable intensity and power. The following is a literal version of his ode to Aedh (Hugh) MacGuire:

"Cold weather is this night for Hugh.
A grief is the rigor of its showery drops.
Alas! insufferable is the venom
Of this night's cold.

"This night, it grieves my heart,
Is filled with the thunder-flashing, heavy storm,
Succeeded by an icy congealment
Less ruthless than the hate which pursues him.

"From the sullen breasts of the clouds
The floodgates of heaven are let loose;
The vapors exhaled from the salt sea
The firmament pours down in torrents.

"Though he were a wild creature of the forest,
Though a salmon in an inlet of the ocean,
Or one of the winged fowls of the air,
He could not bear the rigor of this weather.

"Mournful am I for Hugh MacGuire,
This night in a strange land
Under the embers of thunderbolts amid the showers flaming,
And the keen anger of the whistling clouds.

. . . . . .

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"Sore misery to us and torturing to our bosoms
To think that the fine front and sides of his comely person
Should be ground by the rough, sullen, scowling night
In cold, steely accoutrements.

"His kind-dealing hand that punished cruelty
By frost made dumb
Under some spiked and icicle-hung tree.

"Hugh marched, to my grief, with his hosts to battle,
And to-night his tresses softly curling are hung with ice.
But warmth to the hero are the remembered shouts of war
And the many lime-white mansions he hath laid in ashes."

These verses display an astonishing vigor, and the repetition of the various images of storm and cold impress them with the utmost vividness, while the closing burst of passion is the essence of unquenchable hate. The following also shows a remarkably vivid power of scenic description:

"The perilous ways of the borders of Leinster:
Borders of slow-calling sounds,
Gloomy borders of bright mountains severe.
The intricate deserts of Armclaidhe."

. . . . . .

"Heroes polishing their glowing weapons,
Sounding triumpets loudly martial,
A frosty, foggy wind with whistling darts flying—
These are the music in which you delight at early dawn."

Among the other bards of this period may be mentioned Malmurry Bhaird, or Ward, bard of Tyrconnel, who composed a fine ode on the ruins of Donegal Castle, the seat of the favorite hero, Aedh Ruadh (Hugh Roe) O'Donnell; and Eoghain Ruadh (Owen Roe) MacBhaird, bard of the O'Donnells, whose lament for the chiefs of the houses of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, who died in Rome in the early part of the seventeenth century, is full of touching pathos.

The amatory and strictly lyric poetry of this long period is even in smaller bulk and more fragmentary condition than the odes. Among the earliest specimens that have survived is the celebrated "Eileen Aroon," by which name, however, several later pieces are known. The tradition is that it was composed by Carrol O'Daly, a brother of Donoch Mor O'Daly, lord-abbot of Boyle, and also a poet called the Ovid of Ireland, about the middle of the thirteenth century. The author was in love with Ellen Kavanagh, the daughter of a Leinster chief, but his suit was not regarded favorably by the family, and during an absence the lady

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was persuaded to favor a rival suitor. He returned on the day before the wedding and composed the song, which he, disguised as a harper, recited in the evening at the house of his love, who recognized and fled with him. The exquisite sweetness of this air, earlier known to the English world by its Scotch transcription, "Robin Adair," has been remarked by all lovers of music, and Handel is reported to have said that he had rather have been the composer of it than of the finest of his oratorios. The love-songs for the most part appear to have been composed by persons a grade lower in station than the professional bards, and to come nearer to the definition of peasant poetry. They are marked by great abruptness and an artless confusion such as would be natural to one more intent on relieving his feelings than on constructing elaborate verse, and sometimes appear but a jumbled rhapsody. The sentiment, however, is always pure and generous, and touches of local allusion and national characteristics of scenery, and peculiar epithets of beauty that become more effective from frequent repetition, give them a striking originality and effect. As in all primitive poetry, there is a sameness of epithet and repetition of images about them, as gold is always "red" and ladies "fair" in the earlier English ballads. A favorite time is the dawn of day, with its songs of birds, and dew upon the grass; the attractions of the maiden are always her *cuileen*, or abundant and long flowing hair, her swan neck, and cheeks like apple-blossoms or berries on the bough; and the poet's love is more than wealth of cattle or love of kindred. He is often in exile, almost always in poverty, and his appeal is frequently of the hopeless longing which misfortune or fate prevents any hope of being realized. The deep and abiding melancholy and the undertone of pathos in the wildest rhapsody of passion, or even in the merriment of joy, are as marked in the poetry as in the music of Ireland.

Some specimens of the earlier lyrics and songs, even in the naked baldness of a literal translation, will give a better idea of their characteristics than even when most successfully rendered into the English idiom. The following is a later "Eileen Aroon," composed by a Munster poet of uncertain date:

"Oh! with love for you there is not a sight in my head,
Eileen Aroon.
To be talking of you is delight to me,
Eileen Aroon.
My pride very just you are,
My pleasure of this world you are,
My joy and happiness you are,
Eileen Aroon.

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My own girl indeed you are,
My dove of all in the wood you are,
And for my heart there is no cure without you
Eileen Aroon.

"I would go beyond the brine for you,
Eileen Aroon.
And for ever and for ever I would not forsake you,
Eileen Aroon;
With tales I would pleasure you,
I would taste your mouth closely,
And I would recline gently by your waist,
Eileen Aroon.
I would give you an airing along the river-side
Under the green branches of trees,
With music of birds in melody above us,
Eileen Aroon.

. . . . . .

O little star, beautiful, modest,
Before I would have you turn from me
I would sooner die,
Eileen Aroon."

The intensity and directness of this are very remarkable, while it is almost Sapphic in its rhapsodic abruptness. Still more abrupt and confused is the expression of the lover of Mary Chuisle, or Molly Astore:

"O Mary Chuisle! O blossom of fairness,
Branch of generousness, westward from the Nair,
Whose voice is sweeter than the cuckoo on the branch,
You have left me in the anguish of death.
The candle is not clear to me, the table, nor the company,
From the drunkenness you cause me, O star of women,
Majestic, graceful maid, who have increased my woe—
Alas! that I am without your cloak till dawn.

"I have walked Ardagh and Kinsale,
To Drogheda and back again,
To Carlow and Downpatrick;
I have not looked upon the like of Mary.
High coaches (I have seen) with white horses,
And English cavaliers fighting for their ladies.
If you go home from me, Mary—safe home to you.
Your shadow would make light without the sun."

The Jacobite poetry, that which belongs strictly to this era, is inferior to that of Scotland, but it is to be remembered that it antedates the most of the Scottish Jacobite poetry by nearly a

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century, and furthermore that the Stuarts were very far from exciting the feeling of personal loyalty in Ireland which they did in Scotland. They were tyrants and representatives of the alien race in Ireland so long as they were in good fortune, and it was only when in misfortune they represented the cause of national independence that they were accepted as leaders. The personal qualities of James II. were not of the sort to create the romantic interest which surrounded the gallant figure of the young Pretender, and his incapacity and cowardice created a feeling of contempt which was marked by an unsavory nickname. When the later Stuart rebellions occurred in Scotland the people of Ireland exhibited not even the slightest token of sympathy, and they had little past experience to induce them to take up arms in favor of the Stuarts. There is, however, a lament for Mary d'Este, widow of James II., by John O'Neachtan, who lived in Meath in the early part of the eighteenth century, of considerable pathos, and a dialogue between James and Erin, by an unknown bard, of a generous and lofty spirit. Later, as may be seen in the hedge-poets, the Stuarts were frequently alluded to, but more in an allegorical vein than with any fervor of personal affection.

Turloch O'Carolan, who is considered the last individual entitled to the honor of being considered an Irish bard, was born at Newtown, near Nobber, in the county Meath, in the year 1670. He was of ancient family—his father, John O'Carolan, having been driven from the Pale by some confiscation—and was possessed of some landed property. Young Turloch, after the death of his father, was educated with the children of Mrs. McDermott Roe, a lady of noble family, of Alderford, in the county Roscommon. In his eighteenth year he became blind from an attack of small-pox, and, by the custom that prevails to this day among pipers and fiddlers, was educated in music as the only possible profession. He received instruction on the harp, and, after four years of education, was supplied by Mrs. McDermott Roe with a horse, and an attendant to lead him, and commenced the pilgrimage that ended only with his life. The bards had fallen from their high estate by the decadence of the noble families. The vast establishments like those of the O'Neills and De Burgos had passed away, and no chieftain held semi-regal sway at Edenduffcarrick or Portumna. No chief could maintain his bard as a part of his household in fitting consideration, and the possibility of lofty themes in celebrating the power of a lord who made war on his own account against the Saxon monarch or a worthy rival had also vanished. The bard was reduced to the necessity of dividing his favors

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among a considerable number, and to share the hospitality not only of the ancient gentry but of the humbler squireens. This O'Carolan did, and his wanderings for forty years included the greater part of the west and centre of Ireland, his favorite places of sojourning being almost all traceable in the titles of his poems. At one time near the close of his life he had in his audience a little, ungainly boy, who doubtless listened to the great harper with all his soul in his brilliant eyes, and who grew up to be Oliver Goldsmith and to record his wonder and admiration at the sight of the last of the Irish bards. The subject of his verse was the personal praise of his entertainers, and it was inevitably lowered from the high themes of the early bards by the circumstances of their life. The spirit of the Celtic aristocracy was inevitably degraded in some degree by their unfortunate condition. Vulgar drunkenness too often succeeded to high-spirited carousing, personal brawls to gallant forays, and coarse profusion and recklessness to high-toned magnificence and generosity. The pictures of manners preserved in Miss Edgeworth's novels, Sir Jonah Barrington's sketches, and all the literature of half a century later give an idea of what the condition of society must have been in Carolan's time. His duty was to contribute to the entertainment; and although he preserved so much of his dignity as to be beyond all pecuniary reward, it was natural that he should sink sometimes into unworthy adulation, and confess, as in one of his verses:

> True to my host and to his cheer I prove,
> And as I find them must I praise them still."

It is true that there is a difference in the quality of his strains, and that he rises into a spirit of loftier compliment approaching that of the earlier bards when he has a worthy subject, as may be seen in his verses to the cup of O'Hara. He had also a sense of dignity to resent any churlish treatment, and to brand as a niggard any one who did not receive him with the consideration to which he was entitled. But a great part of his verse was unfortunately employed in unworthy personal praise—although it might be said there is nothing approaching the humility of the dedications of contemporary English poets to their patrons.

He was a poet, however, beyond this, and sufficient remains exist of his verses addressed to female beauty to show a genuine inspiration and a sweet fancy and tenderness. It is to be remembered that Carolan was first educated as a musician and composer, and that it was only upon the challenge of a patron

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that he composed his first piece of poetry, an account of a battle between fairies. Throughout his life his powers as a musician were considered of at least equal consequence to those as a poet, if not more so. But there is a spirit of graceful compliment and sincere feeling in his verses to Bridget Cruise, his first love, to his wife, to Grace Nugent, Gentle Mabel Kelley, and others, which recalls Burns, whom he also resembled in the spirit with which he celebrated good-fellowship and whiskey. The circumstances of his life were unfortunate and calculated to degrade his genius, so that it is singular that even so much remains of genuine sincerity and depth of feeling.

At the age of sixty-seven his wanderings were over. Broken in health, he made his way to Alderford, the house of his earliest patron, Mrs. McDermott Roe, then over eighty years of age, to receive his last welcome. When confined to his bed he composed his last piece, "Farewell to Music," in a strain of remarkable tenderness and pathos. His wake was the grandest of his time. For four days open house was kept at Alderford. All the houses in the village were crowded, and tents and huts were erected on the green. Exhaustless barrels of whiskey were placed in the hall, where the corpse lay in state. The greatest *keeners* of the country around raised their lamentations at the head of the coffin, and Mrs. McDermott Roe herself thought it no derogation to join the hired mourners in the lamentation over "her poor gentleman, the head of all Irish music." All the bards in Ireland came to celebrate in dirges the death of their master, and all the nobility and gentry of the region, including, it is mentioned, sixty clergymen of various denominations, attended the funeral. On the fifth day the corpse was taken to the vault of the McDermott Roe family in Kilronan church with a following that extended for miles. A portrait of Carolan was taken in his later years by a Dutch artist of some celebrity—Van der Hagen. It represents him with harp in hand and his sightless eyes raised. The face is beardless and somewhat full, with an air of sweetness and serenity. The flowing locks and partially bald brow give it somewhat a resemblance to the portraits of Shakspere. With Turloch O'Carolan closed the long and honorable line of Irish bards.

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GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

VI.

WE have now brought the discussion of the Catholic Ideal of the church to a simple and direct issue on the question of its genuine and divine origin. In the Catholic Idea the note of apostolicity belongs exclusively to the one society which alone makes an exclusive claim to its possession. The specific *differentia* which constitutes this society and separates it from all others was given to it by its founders the apostles acting by the authority of Jesus Christ, therefore its origin or genesis is divine. The objections against this thesis which we have to consider go against the arguments and proofs which sustain it and are intended to make way for a theory of the human origin of the distinctive and exclusive form of the Catholic Church.

It is desirable to find some brief and sufficient formula which expresses in a manner convenient for the purposes of argument the whole specific difference of the Catholic Church by which it is defined and distinguished from every other society. The apostolic succession in the Catholic episcopate will answer this purpose, if the exact sense of these terms be properly explained.

It is necessary, in the first place, to define the term apostolic, in order to gain a distinct and adequate notion of what that is, which is supposed by the Catholic Idea to be handed down by the apostles to their successors.

The fundamental notion underlying the conception of the apostolate is that Holy Order is a sacrament impressing an indelible character. The apostles received this character from Jesus Christ, the fountain of all grace and power. The intrinsic essence of the character is true and proper priesthood, sacerdotal consecration and power, the possession of a complete *jus circa sacra*. The one great act of priesthood is the offering of sacrifice, which in the New Law is accomplished by the consecration of the appointed elements bread and wine in a mystical action, in which by divine power their substance is converted into the substance of the body and blood of Christ, who is thus made anew an oblation to the Father, and sacramentally received in the holy communion. The power of administering the other sacraments which depend on the sacerdotal character is included

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in the power given over this greatest of sacraments. Annexed to this sacramental power is the power of teaching and ruling the mystical body of Christ, and of doing all which properly belongs to the office of a delegate and vicar of Christ, a mediator and ambassador of reconciliation between God and men. The apostolate is the priesthood of the New Law, which Jesus Christ personally established by his sovereign authority.

The Catholic episcopate is the continuation of the apostolate through the sacrament of ordination. The succession is the inheritance by the bishops of the gifts and powers of the apostolate from the apostles who were the first founders and fathers of the sacerdotal order.

Furthermore, as the apostles were a college strictly bound together in corporate unity under their prince, so, the Catholic episcopate is a hierarchy organized under its primate and supreme head.

This is the Catholic doctrine of apostolic succession, and everything else distinctively Catholic is either virtually contained in it, or necessarily connected with it, so that it can stand as expressive of the essential and specific difference of the Catholic Church. The episcopate is the seat of the life and perpetuity of the Catholic Church, the nucleus of its whole body, the principal organ of its soul, and of the Life-giving Spirit who created, preserves and governs it. Hence it is, that the apostolic origin, superiority over all the clergy and people by divine right, succession from the apostles through episcopal ordination, and exclusive power of conferring the sacerdotal character and transmitting the sacramental gifts in their fulness, of the Catholic episcopate, is a vital question and a pivot upon which turns the whole controversy respecting the true and genuine constitution of the church and the real nature of the Christian religion. This is especially the case in respect to the Evangelical Protestants. As for schismatics who maintain the lawful constitution of their sects under real or pretended bishops who have broken off from the unity of the hierarchy, their pretensions are easily disposed of by reasons drawn from their own admitted principles, and a more thorough and minute exposition of what is involved in the apostolic succession. The papacy is the summit of the episcopate. Only those bishops who are in the communion of the Roman Church possess individually and collectively real episcopal authority and are organized in corporate unity. All which relates specially to the prerogatives of the Roman bishop and the Roman Church can, therefore, be included under the general

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head of the Catholic episcopate. In respect to all other doctrines whatsoever, it is plain that just as soon as the episcopate is recognized as the teaching body or *ecclesia docens*, all questions in regard to which Protestants differ from Catholics are settled at once. Even schismatical and heretical bishops, as a general rule, are, in respect to the heresies of Protestantism, Catholic in their teaching. Of the pseudo-episcopate existing among certain Protestant sects we make no account.

The next step we have to take in our discussion, which will bring us nearer to the real issue, is to prove, that the true and genuine idea of apostolic succession in the Catholic episcopate cannot be a legitimate human development from a preceding indeterminate idea of the church and its essential constituents. If not the genuine and original ideal of the apostles, and divine, it is a profound alteration of it, illegitimate, a human invention wholly unauthorized and worthy of unreserved condemnation as a corruption of the divine ideal of Christianity.

To those who take a merely superficial view derived from the common Protestant conception of the church, it may reasonably appear that questions about the form of church government, certain modes of worship, and external rites, are in their nature non-essential and indifferent. Whether a parish with a congregation meeting in one building, or a diocese containing a number of parishes be the unit of agglomeration, is in itself a matter of expediency only. The same may be said of parity or diversity of rank and power in the clergy, and of the form of government, of appointment and ordination of ministers, and whatever belongs to regular organization. One may very reasonably regard a loose congregational system, an order like that of Presbyterians or Methodists, an episcopal constitution in which all bishops are equal, one in which there are metropolitans, primates, patriarchs, or a universal primate, as so many lawful diversities of exterior order, and only to be compared with each other in reference to their fitness and sufficiency for the ends to be accomplished by Christian association.

Simpler or more elaborate manners of public worship, with or without ecclesiastical vestments, symbols, ceremonies, liturgical forms, concurrence of the arts; may be regarded as matters of taste, propriety, expediency only. Every one of all these externals can be looked upon as subject to human development, voluntary determination, variety and change according to the diversities of times and places. The actual modes and ways introduced by the apostles themselves, in this view, need not be regarded as

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established by them with binding and perpetual force of law. In fact, even such ordinances, baptism and the Lord's Supper for instance, and some kind of ministry for preaching and presiding, as are considered to be of divine institution are not, in this view, of essential importance. Quakers, who reject these things, can be considered as belonging to the church and possessing the essentials of Christian religion. Indeed, many Evangelical Protestants have a high admiration for their society and regard them as being some of the very best of Christian people.

If we suppose, now, for the sake of argument, that the conception of the church which underlies and justifies this liberal and wide view now so very prevalent, truly represents the apostolic and divine idea of Christianity as a visible religion, we must allow that the general theory of Guizot and others, that the apostles left the church to follow the laws of a human, natural evolution and development, becomes tenable and probable. According to this conception, a few dogmas, a certain number of principles and moral precepts, with a few external ordinances, and an inspired book from which each one may learn all the truth he can, make up the substance of the Christian religion. This was given by the apostles and is unalterable. The development has been left to work itself out in a human mode. Accept the premises, and the conclusion is just. We admit, that in point of fact, there is a legitimate, historical development in Christianity, in respect to many things, and even in respect to doctrine. But we take exception to Guizot's theory of development in respect to two things. First, we maintain that a uniform, simultaneous and noiseless development in doctrine, government and rites could not have taken place by evolution from the supposed primordial germ. Such a germ must have developed by no determinate intrinsic force, but by objective, extrinsic augmentation, and under various conditions must have been multiform, successive, and sensibly manifest so as to make its sound distinctly audible and its aspects visible. Second, the development could not possibly have resulted in the system which hinges on the apostolic succession of the Catholic episcopate. It is this second point which we intend to take up at the present moment.

This doctrine of apostolic succession as we have previously defined it is intrinsically wedded not only to a conception of the church wholly different from the one just noticed, but also to a radically different Christian theology from that of Evangelical Protestants. This difference respects the fundamental doctrine of justification. The root of justification is faith. But the Ca-

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tholic idea of faith is wholly different from the Lutheran notion which has been declared to be "the article of the standing or falling church." Faith is a firm belief of all that God has revealed, and the proximate rule of faith is the authority of the church seated in the Catholic episcopate. Again, justification is through the sacrament of baptism, and the command with the right to baptize all nations was given to the apostles and their successors. Again, the grace of baptism when lost by mortal sin must be recovered by the sacrament of penance, also committed to the Catholic episcopate. A Christian is justified by works and not faith alone. He must fulfil all the righteousness of the New Law. This Law is promulgated by the Catholic episcopate, and their universal precepts made obligatory under pain of sin are included in it.

One most important part of the law is to worship God by sacrifice, and another is to receive the body and blood of Christ. The divine Eucharist which is both sacrifice and sacrament is committed to the Catholic episcopate, with exclusive power to consecrate priests who can offer the sacrifice and provide the sacrament for the faithful. Furthermore, although some of the sacraments do not depend on the agency of a person possessing sacerdotal character for their validity, and the sacerdotal character itself even in its fulness as possessed by a bishop may remain and be transmitted in a sect; yet, there is no lawful administration or reception of sacraments except that which is sanctioned by the Catholic episcopate, so that deliberate and wilful violation of the laws of this supreme authority by abusing sacraments and sacramental gifts involves the guilt of sacrilege.

This is Catholic doctrine. Now, it is a contradiction in terms to suppose this doctrine and any different one, half-Catholic or wholly Protestant, to be at the same time genuine Christian doctrine. It and they are mutually exclusive. It is not mere modifications, adjuncts or even integral parts of religion which are in question, but the very essence and that which springs from the essence to complete the specific being and nature of the true Christian religion. The primary question of the way of salvation is involved.

Now, let any one who calls himself an Evangelical Protestant with any show of propriety, state as he pleases what constitutes the essence of the Gospel of Christ, he must admit that this Gospel has been clearly and distinctly revealed, was clearly taught by the apostles, and understood and believed by their disciples. Reduce it to the minimum, and leave as much as possible to de-

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velopment, to the working of the human intellect upon the truth revealed, to the voluntary determinations of the human will applying and putting into exercise principles and ethical precepts, yet this essential gospel must be supposed preserved in its integrity. It may be said, that it has been always and is still preserved in its integrity under all modifications of Christianity which the objector consents to call orthodox. Still, this is not enough. It is necessary that it should be made clearly manifest, that the essential gospel is truly the whole gospel, that nothing else is essential, and that in embracing it, one is secure that he has all which is necessary to salvation. That which the apostles left undetermined and subject to human development must have been known to be undetermined. A legitimate development must have left the essential Gospel intact and unaltered. An alteration is not a development, it is a substantial change. The substitution of the Catholic Idea of Christianity for the supposed primitive idea set forth by the theory we are opposing, would have been a most radical, essential and substantial change, the founding of a new religion and a new church specifically different from the old and genuine apostolic church and religion. This change must have been devised and carried out by men who had wholly departed from the teaching and intuitions of the apostles, innovators, ambitious, criminal, possessed of extraordinary ability and craft, during the interval between the beginning of the second and the end of the third century.

There being no historical evidence that such a change did take place, and the theory that it must have taken place being assumed *à priori*, the arguments for it are necessarily those of negative and sceptical criticism. It may have taken place, it is argued, because there is no demonstrative, documentary evidence that it did not. The burden of proof is thus thrown on us. We are required to furnish a series of documentary proofs reaching back from A.D. 300 or some date near to this, to the apostolic age, proving an unbroken Catholic tradition of that ideal of Christianity which is contained in the doctrine of apostolic succession in the sacerdotal and episcopal hierarchy. Where written documents are obscure or silent, it is inferred that the Catholic idea was absent from the mind of the writers and from the common belief of Christians at the time they were written. The first who explicitly teaches any one point of specific Catholic doctrine is supposed to have invented it or taken it from others as a new doctrine. Thus, there is an apparent tracing of one doctrine or law or usage after another to a human origin, a his-

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tory of the development, which to the unwary and unlearned appears specious and plausible. Then, again, every historical fact, and every written statement is carefully searched for and subjected to critical manipulation, which can be made to appear as evidence against the Catholic tradition, so as to break its uniformity and continuity, and thus disconnect the earliest period of Christianity from which we have received but few documents, from the ages next in succession, and so favor the theory of a general and silent change during the first two or three centuries. This is precisely the method followed by the purely rationalistic critics who attack the books of the New Testament, the primary dogmas of the creeds, and all that part of the substance of the Christian religion which Evangelical Protestants hold to be essential, all of which they make out to be a merely natural development during the first two centuries, which was begun by the apostles themselves, from germs in the ideas and teaching of Jesus Christ, and other elements, Jewish, pagan, and philosophical, and from which resulted the Christianity of the third, fourth and fifth centuries, with its dogmatic, ritual and hierarchical constitution. This theory is more thorough and consistent than the other. Its hiding place is in the supposed chasm between the middle of the first century and the end of the second, unbridged by authentic historical tradition, by which we are cut off from certain knowledge of even the history and real teaching of Christ himself, except that which *à-priori* theories and sceptical criticism can arrive at by the rationalistic method. There is no work more important and necessary at the present time than the one which is employed upon the demonstration of the historical continuity of the divine religion from the birth of Jesus Christ to the conversion of Constantine. True history brought together from all accessible sources, sound reasoning, and a really enlightened criticism based on solid learning, all directed and co-ordinated by sure principles and rules of rational philosophy and logic, are the means by which the pseudo-rationalism of sceptics and unbelievers must be opposed and refuted. We are not concerned, however, at present, with anything except that theory which accepts one half of Christianity as divine and sets aside the other half as human. This second half could not have been added to the first half in the earliest age as a development either legitimate or illegitimate, by an evolution and determination of indeterminate elements in the apostolic church, or by an accretion from elements foreign to apostolic Christianity. The two hemispheres have an intrinsic relation and connection with each other, a com-

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mon origin, and must stand or fall together. In fact the most obvious and simple and generally intelligible demonstration of the divine origin of the first half depends on the historical evidence that the second half is of apostolic origin. Wherefore, the argument which proves this last point against the semi-evangelical theory really overthrows the infidel, rationalistic theory of Gibbon and his modern successors, although this is not our direct end in arguing with those who positively and firmly hold to the evidences of the credibility and the actually divine origin and truth of Christianity.

The apostolic succession of the Catholic episcopate as a plural unity in corporate organization, radically constituted by unbroken transmission within itself through ordination, of the plenitude of the sacerdotal character, is the axis of the entire sphere. The existence of this Catholic episcopate in the ante-Nicene period, with the unbroken tradition of all the churches in all parts of the world, attested by every document and monument of Christian antiquity, that it was of apostolic and divine institution, gives irrefragable and demonstrative evidence that it succeeded to the apostolate. Gibbon says:

"The advantages of this episcopal form of government, which appears to have been introduced before the end of the first century, were so obvious and important for the future greatness, as well as the present peace, of Christianity, that it was adopted without delay by all the societies which were already scattered over the empire, had acquired in a very early period the sanction of antiquity, (nulla ecclesia sine Episcopo, has been a fact as well as a maxim since the time of Tertullian and Irenæus) and is still revered by the most powerful churches, both of the East and of the West, as a primitive and even as a divine establishment." Of the prelates of the third century he says: "They exalted the unity and power of the church, as it was represented in the EPISCOPAL OFFICE, of which every bishop enjoyed an equal and undivided portion. Princes and magistrates, it was often repeated might boast an earthly claim to a transitory dominion; it was the episcopal authority alone which was derived from the Deity, and extended itself over this and another world. The bishops were the vicegerents of Christ, the successors of the apostles, and the mystic substitutes of the high-priests of the Mosaic law."*

In speaking of the particular topic of miracles, Gibbon makes some remarks which are applicable in a wide and general sense to our whole matter of discussion. He observes that to a writer like himself, assuming the position of an impartial historian, there exists a difficulty in the way of

"Adopting such a theory as may reconcile the interest of religion with

* *Decline and Fall*, ch. xv.

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that of reason, of making a proper application of that theory, and of defining with precision the limits of that happy period, exempt from error and from deceit, to which we might be disposed to extend the gift of supernatural powers. From the first of the fathers to the last of the popes, a succession of bishops, of saints, of martyrs, and of miracles is continued without interruption; and the progress of superstition was so gradual, and almost imperceptible, that we know not in what particular link we should break the chain of tradition. Every age bears testimony to the wonderful events by which it was distinguished, and its testimony appears no less weighty and respectable than that of the preceding generation, till we are insensibly led on to accuse our own inconsistency, if in the eighth or the twelfth century we deny to the Venerable Bede or the holy Bernard, the same degree of confidence which, in the second century, we had so liberally granted to Justin or to Irenæus."

Mr. Gibbon, a little later on, gives the reason why miracles must be supposed to have ceased:

"And yet, since every friend to revelation is persuaded of the reality, and every reasonable man is convinced of the cessation, of miraculous powers, it is evident that there must have been *some period* in which they were either suddenly or gradually withdrawn from the Christian church."

When he wrote, it was expedient to use cautious language. His incredulity pierces through the thin veil of a decent respect for the prevailing belief of Englishmen, and is plainly enough intimated in a paragraph a little further on, where he extends the conclusion in respect to the incredibility of post-apostolic miracles to the miraculous and the supernatural in general.

"In modern times, a latent and even involuntary scepticism adheres to the most pious dispositions. Their admission of supernatural truths is much less an active consent than a cold and passive acquiescence. Accustomed long since to observe and to respect the invariable order of nature, our reason, or at least our imagination, is not sufficiently prepared to sustain the visible action of the Deity."

This explains the whole theory of that part of the great historical work of Gibbon which treats of Christianity. The facts are reduced to a minimum, and what remains is explained and accounted for on natural principles, by natural causes. Gibbon's successors are much more bold, outspoken, and thoroughgoing, but they use his key. It seems to us, moreover, that Guizot and Milman, the great admirers and editors of Gibbon have derived their modified theory from the study of his history. The supernatural origin and character of Catholicism must be denied. It must have had a natural origin and development. Therefore, difficult as it is to trace the process to its beginnings, difficult as it

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is to break the links of tradition, an effort must be made to do this by criticism. Dr. Milman, in his Preface to the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, in a few words describes the middle position of the Protestant theory between pure rationalism and Catholicism:

"Christianity proclaims its divine author chiefly in its first origin and development. When it had once received its impulse from above—when it had once been infused into the minds of its first teachers—when it had gained full possession of its first disciples—when it had gained full possession of the reason and affections of the favored few—it *might be*—and to the Protestant, the rational Christian, it is impossible to define *when* it really *was*—left to make its way by its native force, under the ordinary secret agencies of all-ruling Providence."

We have already stated what the outcome and issue of this general and somewhat vague idea, disconnecting apostolic Christianity from the Catholicity of the third and fourth centuries, must be, when made definite, exact and tangible. That the two are different is assumed *à priori*, from a preconceived conception of Christianity which is not historical, traditional or Catholic, but fabricated from personal and private opinions and justified by a peculiar interpretation of the Holy Scripture together with individual religious experience. A change *might* have taken place, and, although it is impossible to show when or how it took place, it *must* have taken place in order that Christianity should have become so transformed within the first three or four centuries of its existence. The very notion of such a transformation implies an essential and substantial alteration in the idea and plan of the apostles and of their Master. It implies a new conception and a new foundation of a great and world-wide religion, constructed upon the site of apostolic Christianity, making use of everything in it which could be made serviceable, and retaining some resemblance to it, but as different from it as the Augustan empire was from the primitive Roman commonwealth. Such a transformation could not have taken place. There are no adequate causes to account for it. There are many causes which must necessarily have prevented it. There are sufficient and conclusive proofs that it did not take place, and there are no counter evidences which have ever been adduced which can bear examination. Merely considered as an exterior change in organization and form of worship it could not have taken place silently, uniformly and universally, even if there were no positive law established by the apostles to prevent such a modifica-

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tion. But it could not have been a purely exterior transformation. If it did occur, it involved a dogmatic and doctrinal change, a change of fundamental laws, of sacraments, of the positive institutions of Christ, of the way and conditions of salvation, of the rule of faith, of the essence of the Christian religion. The entire type and idea of Christianity prevalent in the second century could not have been transformed in the third, that which was universal in the first could not have been transformed in the second. It is historically certain that the Christianity of the third and fourth centuries is one and the same. The first four centuries, therefore, may be taken as one, like the four gospels. The more abundant documents, with their more explicit statements, and their fuller record of historical facts, which are extant from the middle and later portions of this primitive age illustrate and explain the scantier and more obscure testimonies of the earliest times. The theory of Gibbon, Milman and Guizot, of a progressive change and modification resulting in the hierarchical organization and claim of apostolical succession prevailing in the third century, is purely fanciful and borrowed from the various stages and phases of alteration in the ecclesiastical order which resulted from the schisms of the eleventh and sixteenth centuries. First, a kind of congregationalism is conjectured to have existed, then a kind of presbyterianism, followed by a sort of low-church episcopalianism, which grew into a high-church ritualistic episcopalianism, then was developed into the form of the Greek church, into Gallicanism, and finally into ultramontane catholicism. The most essential part of this theory is that which respects the transition from the presbyterian to the episcopal organization of the church. It is here that the principal effort is made to break the link of tradition and apostolical succession. And we shall next proceed to examine the chief allegations from ecclesiastical history by which this theory is sustained, and to prove more fully that this supposed transition did not take place, and from the very nature of the case could not have been accomplished.

THE PRESENT GENERATION.

WAS it always as now? modern folk I cannot understand.
Only the old are childish, alas! the children are old.

SCHILLER.

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CHRISTIAN ART.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, who divides with Michelangelo the palm of the first painter the world of art has yet seen, was a native of Urbino, a country-town in the Romagna, lying between the eastern slope of the Apennine chain and the Adriatic, in the direction of Fano and Sinigaglia. His father, Giovanni Santi, was himself a painter of no mean powers, several of whose works are even now regarded as creditable to the age he lived in. His son Raphael was born April 6, 1483, in a house still shown to the traveller. His predilection for art was early manifested, his father being his first instructor. But his mother dying when he was four, and his father when he was twelve, years of age, young Raphael was placed by his guardians in the studio of Perugino at Perugia, where he studied for some eight years with a diligence which never forsook him through life. In the few works that have been identified as belonging to the early period of his studies his style, of course, much resembled that of his master. One of them, the "Sposalizio," or Espousals of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, now in the Brera collection at Milan, is a close imitation, yet with certain well-marked differences, of a picture of Perugino's now in the Musée at Caen in France. Raphael's rendering of the impressive scene is familiar to print-collectors. At the foot of a flight of steps leading up to a polygonal temple the high-priest is uniting the holy pair. Joseph, his miraculously flowering wand in one hand, is placing the ring on the finger of his bride with the other. She, surrounded by her maids, who are only a degree less beautiful and graceful than herself, accepts the pledge with sweet composure and lowly reverence. Behind St. Joseph all the disappointed suitors are breaking the barren wands that indicate the choice of Heaven not to have fallen upon them. The Virgin stands at the high-priest's right hand; but, curiously enough, in the Caen picture of the scene by Perugino she is standing at his left, as a bride in Italy would do at the present time; for, as many of our readers doubtless know, in the old-fashioned churches of that country, where the sexes are separated, the women occupy the epistle side of the sacred edifice. Another picture, less impor-

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tant, indeed, but hardly less characteristic of the painter's early style, belongs to the same period, or is even a year earlier, and is now in the National Collection, London. It is called "The Young Knight's Dream." A youth in armor lies asleep on his shield underneath a laurel-tree. Duty, in the shape of a sedate woman, approaches his head and offers him a naked sword and a book. Near his feet stands Pleasure, a younger and gayer woman, presenting him with a flower and bidding him enjoy himself. The knight is a model of unsophisticated and noble youth. The background is filled with a rocky landscape suggestive of Italian mountain-scenery.

In the autumn of 1504 Raphael made his first acquaintance with Florence, carrying with him a letter of introduction from the Duchess of Sora, sister of his patron, the reigning Duke of Urbino, to Soderini, the gonfaloniere of the republic. Fra Bartolomeo was then at the height of his fame; Da Vinci, also, had begun his celebrated "Battle of the Standard" in the Palazzo Vecchio. From these great artists, as subsequently from Michelangelo, young Raphael learnt to improve the manner he had acquired from Perugino; and from that period his work enters into its second or Florentine style. The chief portion of his time for the next four years was passed in Florence, with an occasional visit to Perugia, Urbino, and Bologna, in which last place he contracted a lasting friendship with Francia. Before the close of this period Michelangelo had finished his "Cartoon of Pisa" in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence—a work which fascinated every art-student for a long time after, and no doubt had a perceptible influence on Raphael's impressionable mind. Among the works he executed at this time may be mentioned a famous Madonna painted for the altar of the Servites at Perugia (1505), and now at Blenheim Palace, near Oxford. The Madonna with her Son is enthroned under a baldacchino of state, supported on right and left by St. John Baptist and St. Nicholas—a composition full of beauty and dignity. To the same period also belong several other exquisite Madonnas of a more domestic character, representing the Holy Family in homely circumstances, grouped in a meadow, in a garden, under a palm-tree; the little Baptist, St. Joseph, and, less frequently, St. Elizabeth in attendance. At Munich a great picture in the painter's Florentine style presents a group arranged in a pyramidal form. Above and behind the Madonna and St. Elizabeth, who are kneeling on either side of the infant Christ and the Baptist, stands St. Joseph looking down and leaning on his staff. This is the Canigiani Madonna; its somewhat formal

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arrangement is redeemed by the beauty of its several portions, the playful affection of the children, the tender solicitude of the mothers, and the fostering care of St. Joseph. In all, Raphael painted above thirty pictures during his residence at Florence and before he was twenty-five years old.

In 1508 he transferred his residence to Rome at the invitation of Julius II., to whom the architect Bramante had recommended the rising young painter as the man best fitted to execute the pope's large designs for the decoration of the Vatican. In the same year, also, Michelangelo was brought to Rome to decorate the Sistine Chapel in the same palace. The commencement of Raphael's Roman residence nearly equally divides his life, from the date of his entering Perugino's studio to his premature death at the age of thirty-seven. In attempting to give an intelligible account of the numerous works of art he achieved during the short space of those twelve years, the selection of the most important is of course all that our limits will permit. It was the period of the painter's most fertile production in fresco and in oil. Most of his works are familiar, in name at least, to a number of persons who have never seen the originals, and who may be naturally supposed to be desirous of knowing something about them. With this view we shall briefly describe as many of them as our space will allow us. Upwards of thirty years have elapsed since the writer of these lines had the privilege of examining the work of Raphael; but there are occasions when the impression made upon the memory can be effaced only with life.

We begin with the frescoes in the *stanze*, or chambers, formerly occupied by the popes, but which now bear the name of Raphael. These are four in number, on the third floor of that part of the palace which Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. had rebuilt. These *stanze* are approached by open corridors, or galleries, termed *loggie*, to which we shall presently return, as they contain an important part of Raphael's decorations. The *Stanza* or *Camera della Segnatura* was the first submitted to Raphael's treatment, and was finished in 1511. The ceiling is adorned with eight pictures, or groups of allegorical figures, selected in harmony with the general dedication of the hall to those lofty pursuits of mind which in a manner dominate all others: theology, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence. Each of the four sides of the hall is covered by a picture (fifteen feet in height by twenty-five in width) representing one of these subjects. "Theology" is an elaborate composition, divided into two parts. In the upper, immediately beneath the Eternal Father and the heavenly choirs,

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Christ is enthroned between his Mother and the Baptist, and in the midst of a circle of patriarchs and prophets of the Old Law and apostles of the New. The upper portion of the picture is connected with the lower by the mystic Dove, symbol of the Divine Spirit by whose agency "peace is made through the blood of the cross, both as to the things on earth and the things that are in heaven" (Col. i. 20). Below is an altar, on which reposes the Blessed Sacrament; and on either side extends an august circle of popes, bishops, and doctors of the church in solemn council. On the outside of the great assembly are numerous spectators of all ages, some listening, others disputing among themselves. To the presence of the Holy Sacrament is to be ascribed the common but incorrect title of the picture, the "Disputa del Sacramento." The subject is not restricted to that sacred mystery; it includes the principal representatives of all theology in every age. On the wall dedicated to philosophy the "School of Athens" represents the master-minds of ancient Greece gathered together in a vast hall in the Bramante style of architecture; Plato and Aristotle occupy the centre of the elevated dais; near Plato is Socrates, demonstrating with his fingers a proposition to Alcibiades, whose easy, voluptuous figure serves as a foil to the severer attitudes of the philosophers. Arts and sciences occupy the lower foreground. On the spectator's left is Pythagoras, the centre of a group of his contemporaries and disciples. On the right Archimedes is stooping down to construct a geometrical figure on the ground, his massive bald head a portrait of Bramante. Near him Zoroaster and Ptolemy are carrying, one a celestial, the other a terrestrial globe. At their side, close to the edge of the fresco, is the portrait of Raphael himself in attendance on his master, Perugino, the representative of art. In the midst of all, reclining on the steps, is Diogenes, the Cynic, in character, shunning and shunned by the company about him. The animation infused into the whole, its masterly grouping and the absence of all formality, mark this picture as one of the highest efforts of Italian art.

Upon another wall, about the window and over it, poetry is depicted as a scene on Mount Parnassus, in which Apollo is seated under a group of laurel-trees, playing the violin. About him are gathered the poets of classical antiquity and of modern Italy. Old Homer is declaiming verses which a youth is eagerly taking down. Near him is Dante's solemn head, crowned with a laurel-wreath, not far from Virgil's more genial countenance. Those are the epic poets. The lyric include Sappho, Corinna,

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and Petrarch in one group; Pindar, Horace, and perhaps Catullus, in another. If "Theology" and "Philosophy" are distinguished by dignity, "Poetry" is unsurpassed in its inimitable gracefulness. As the representative of law, or jurisprudence, a single picture was rendered impracticable by the position of the window. In the space above it, therefore, three of the cardinal virtues, prudence, fortitude, and temperance, are made the subject of typical groups, and on either side of it civil and ecclesiastical law are represented—the one by Gregory XI. (a portrait of Julius II.) delivering the Decretals to a consistorial advocate, and the other by Justinian handing the Pandects to Tribonianus.

The *stanza* next taken in hand was that of *Heliodorus*, so named from the principal fresco introduced into it, representing the expulsion of the sacrilegious courtier of King Seleucus from the Jewish temple (2 Mach. iii. 25). The messengers of divine justice are upon him, one of them riding over him, two others with scourges ready to apply to him, while the proceeds of his robbery are scattered upon the pavement. By an artistic license Pope Julius is introduced on the opposite side in his *sedia gestatoria*, surrounded by his court, and looking upon the scene of action as on a distant vision, apart altogether from the emotion which agitates the crowd of persons present in the temple. Another remarkable fresco, disposed around and above the window, is the "Miracle of Bolsena," commemorative of the legend that in the year 1263, while an unbelieving priest was celebrating Mass in presence of the people in the church of Sta. Christina at Bolsena, the consecrated Host dropped blood. The group is a very striking one. One end of the altar is turned to the spectator. On his left the tall, graceful figure of the young priest is drawing slightly backwards on his perceiving what has occurred; he raises his right hand, still grasping the Host with his left, with evident astonishment and irresolution and a shade of self-reproach. Directly opposite him kneels the pope (again Raphael's patron, Julius II.), perceiving the occurrence in perfect faith and betraying no astonishment. Two cardinals behind him look on with much the same expression; while among the attendants on either side some have become aware of the miraculous incident, and some have not. An examination of their faces at once shows to which class each of them belongs. "The whole picture," says Leslie (*Hand-Book for Young Painters*), "is made up of episodes of dignity, of grace, and of tenderness such as the mind of Raphael could alone supply, and which render this, though the theme is unfavorable, one of the very finest of his works." A third il-

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lustrative example of the triumph of the Christian Church and its doctrine is afforded by the fresco on another wall of the *Stanza d'Eliodoro.* In it Attila is represented as turned back from the walls of Rome by the peaceable remonstrances of St. Leo, who is acting under the visible protection of SS. Peter and Paul. The fourth side of the chamber represents the deliverance of St. Peter from prison. On the ceiling are delineated, in four simple and grand compositions, promises made by God to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses, also prefiguring the future glory of the church. The whole *stanza* was finished in 1514. In drawing, color, and execution it contains the finest of Raphael's frescoes.

Julius II. was by this time dead, and Leo X. sat on the pontifical throne. The change made no difference as to Raphael's employment. The *stanze* went on, but more slowly, on account of numerous other commissions entrusted to the busy painter. That named *Dell'Incendio,* and finished in 1517, contains a picture of a historical conflagration in the Borgo (a suburb of Rome, near the Vatican) said to have been miraculously extinguished by Leo IV. A victory at Ostia over the Saracens, gained under the same pope, and two memorable passages in the life of Leo III., complete the wall-fresco subjects in this *stanza.* But a small part of their execution is the work of Raphael, who by this time had a large school of pupils, and set them to work out his designs. The fourth *stanza, di Costantino,* was not finished till after the master's death. A word must be added about the *loggie* in the Vatican, which we mentioned a little while ago as containing some of Raphael's work, or at least of his designs. The *loggie* are open galleries running round three sides of the court of St. Damasus, the oldest part of the Vatican palace, and consisting of several stories. By the second of these access is gained to the *stanze;* and this story Raphael was commissioned by Leo to decorate. Up the sides and round the windows on the inner wall are arabesque ornaments, festoons of fruit and flowers, various animals, grouped in forms of the most playful fancy, though now much injured by time. A variety of stucco ornaments in relief represent subjects taken from classical mythology. The vaulted ceiling and its numerous cupolas are covered with a series of Scripture incidents on a small scale, chiefly from the Old Testament, and known as "Raphael's Bible." The master's hand furnished the drawings, and five of his best pupils copied them in their places.

Raphael was now a great man in Roman society as well as in art. He had built a house for himself near the Vatican, where he

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received cardinals, men of letters, and distinguished artists. He rejoiced in visits from Da Vinci and Fra Bartolomeo; he corresponded with Francia and with Albrecht Dürer. Cardinal da Bibbiena consented to his marriage with Maria da Bibbiena, the cardinal's niece, with a handsome dowry; and only the lady's early death put an end to the project. But nothing of all this success, which might have cooled the ardor of many men for incessant work, seems ever to have interrupted the application of the painter to his fascinating art. In order to introduce a little variety into our narrative we shall now depart for a moment from the strictly chronological order, and, instead of following him with his great series of decorations for the Sistine Chapel, shall first give a rapid sketch of some of the most celebrated easel-pictures, by which he is probably more widely known at the present day. We shall then return to the series of his cartoons.

We begin with a Holy Family, now in the Museum, Madrid, painted during Raphael's residence in Rome, and reckoned his finest representation of the subject. The group is seated in the foreground; behind is the cottage, with St. Joseph at the window. The infant Christ is on his Mother's knee, one foot resting in his cradle; the little Baptist offers him fruits in his panther's skin. The aged Elizabeth kneels a little behind the Madonna. This exquisite picture was once in the possession of Charles I. of England, and after his death was purchased for $10,000 by Philip IV. of Spain, who on seeing it exclaimed, "This is my pearl!" Hence the name of "The Pearl" has attached to it ever since; and "never was the serious gentleness of the Blessed Virgin-Mother, her beauty of form, her purity of soul, better portrayed," in the opinion of Mr. Ford. The same gallery contains a superb example of the Madonna enthroned, in Raphael's latest style. On her left stands St. Jerome in the act of reading in a book, which has been apparently interrupted by the entrance of the archangel Raphael on the other side, leading by the hand, and presenting at the throne, young Tobias, the very impersonation of youthful and confiding innocence. His traditional fish is in his hand; hence the title of the picture, "Del Pesce"—"Of the Fish." The infant Christ turns to welcome him, and at the same time keeps his left hand on the book, as if to mark the place.

The Madonna of Foligno is one of the best-known paintings in the world, and one of the noblest. Executed originally for the Franciscan church of the Ara-Cœli in Rome, it now hangs in the Vatican gallery. Its history adds to its interest. The painter was commissioned by Sigismund Conti, of Foligno, private secre-

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tary to Julius II., and an author and patron of learning, to execute a votive picture as an expression of his gratitude for a narrow escape from a meteor or thunderbolt which had fallen near him at Foligno. The Madonna is seated on clouds, and surrounded by angels in heavenly glory. Her beautiful Child rests on her lap and in her arms. Below her feet, in the distance, is the town of Foligno, in a landscape spanned by a rainbow, and on which a harmless thunderbolt is falling from a storm-cloud. The spectator sees on his right hand the kneeling figure of the donor, a portrait evidently from the life; his upraised face and joined palms expressing the humblest and deepest gratitude. Behind him stands his patron, St. Jerome, who lays one hand on the donor's head, and with the other presents him to the group above. On the other side of the picture St. John Baptist is pointing to the Lamb of God; and in front of him St. Francis kneels in ecstasy and invokes blessings and graces on the audience outside. In the central foreground stands one of the winged cherubs Raphael had the secret of painting, holding a tablet for an inscription, and looking upwards to his companions above with that indefinable union of intellect and innocence which distinguish Raphael's cherubs even above Murillo's. One, but only one, greater picture of the Incarnation was conceived and executed by the master, as we shall presently have occasion to see. It may perhaps be worth adding that the grateful donor died (1512) the year after making his offering; and many years afterwards his grand-niece, Suora Anna Conti, obtained leave to remove the picture from the Ara-Cœli to the convent at Foligno, whence it was swept off by the French revolutionary army along with other art-plunder, and at the general restoration of such plunder, in 1815, was placed in the Vatican collection.

The Madonna of Foligno is surpassed in beauty of expression only by the Madonna of "San Sisto." It was painted in one of the last years of the master's life, for the monks of San Sisto at Piacenza. Internal evidence shows that it was the work of Raphael's own hand throughout; no preliminary study or cartoon was made for it; it grew direct from the suggestion of his mind, favored by the executive skill of hand gained by five-and-twenty years' incessant and intense devotion to the practice of his art. No sacred picture is more familiar in copies and engravings, yet neither copy nor engraving gives even approximately a conception of the surpassing loveliness and majesty of the original. There stands the Madonna, "the transfigured woman," as Mrs. Jameson finely says, "at once completely woman and something

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more; an abstraction of power and purity and love, poised on the empurpled air, requiring no other support, and looking out with her melancholy, loving mouth, her slightly-dilated, sibylline eyes, quite through the universe to the end and consummation of all things."

> "There is a listening fear in her regard,
> As if calamity had but begun;
> As if the vanward clouds of evil days
> Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
> Was with its stored thunder laboring up."

Observe the far-away look, the silent sorrow, in the immortal eyes of the Child enthroned on her heart; he looks what he is—"the world's rejected guest." Sixtus, the martyr-pope and patron of the Benedictine monastery at Piacenza, kneels on the Madonna's right, Barbara on her left, and below two of Raphael's cherub-creations, suggestive of infantine beauty and God-like intelligence. In presence of this admirable work the babble of a few incompetent critics, who tell us that Raphael, as he grew in years, lost much of the religious feeling of his early work, falls upon incredulous ears. No work of any period, Raphael's or another's, is so instinct as this with the incommunicable power of genius to interpret things which the natural eye has not yet seen, but which divine faith can teach the painter's imagination to conceive and his cultivated skill to delineate. This unrivalled picture is now the glory of the Dresden gallery. It was purchased from the monks of San Sisto early in the last century, by Augustus III., Elector of Saxony, for $32,500.

The public gallery at Bologna possesses a noble picture in Raphael's latest style, dedicated to the praise of St. Cecilia, patroness of music, by the Bentivogli family near Bologna. The saint and martyr of Roman celebrity is standing in the centre of a group consisting of St. John, St. Paul, Magdalene, and St. Augustine. She holds in her hands a small organ, with which she has been accompanying her song, but lets it droop as she suspends her own performance to listen with rapt attention to a choir of angels who are singing aloft over her head. Round about her feet lie scattered fragments of musical instruments. When the picture was finished Raphael consigned it to his friend Francia, requesting him to see it safely placed in the church of its destination. Because the elder painter testified his rapturous admiration for so masterly a work the idle report went abroad that his death, which happened soon after (1517), was the result of

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envy and mortification at his own inability to equal it. The truth of the report, however, will not bear a moment's examination.

We now retrace our steps chronologically to examine, as briefly as we can, the great series of sacred pictures known as the Cartoons of Raphael—great (if not in its number, which amounts only to seven) in size, and still more in artistic execution, so as to form a unique gallery in itself. These admirable works were brought from Hampton Court, with Queen Victoria's permission, only a few years ago, and are now exhibited under glass, in a hall built expressly for them, at South Kensington, near London.

A few months after the accession of Pope Leo X. he formed the project of lining the walls of the Sistine Chapel immediately surrounding the space occupied in sacred functions by the cardinals and the papal throne with costly tapestries worked in patterns of ecclesiastical history, so as to complete the general design of the decoration as we described it under the life of Michelangelo. Raphael, who was then engaged in another part of the Vatican, was accordingly directed to prepare working-drawings, as we may call them, to be sent to Arras, in French Flanders, and copied in the tapestry-looms in wool, silk, and gold. The original plan included eleven designs, only seven of which now remain. They are drawn and colored in *tempera*, on pasteboard or very thick paper, called in Italian *cartone*, hence their name of cartoons. The height of each is twelve feet, the length varying from thirteen to nineteen. The figures are larger than life-size. The first subject, in point of time, is the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (St. Luke v.) Two fishing-boats are afloat on the Sea of Galilee. The moment of success, after a night of failure, has come; they are filled to overflowing, and St. Peter, yielding to a sudden impulse of gratitude, throws himself at Christ's feet in the boat, and ejaculates, "Depart from me." His brother, Andrew, stands behind him. Other disciples in the adjoining boat are dragging their netful of fish with painful effort to the surface. The populous shore stretches far away into the distance under the blue sky and lapped by the light-green water. This beautiful composition is the work of Raphael's own hand, with the exception of the fish and the cranes (or herons), of which the minute finish attests the skill of his pupil, Da Udine. "The Redeemer's Charge to Peter" (St. John xxi.) is delivered also on the banks of the Sea of Galilee, in presence of eleven apostles grouped together with admirable effect. The figure of Christ, in a loose gray robe, is full of majesty as he stands before the kneel-

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established by them with binding and perpetual force of law. I fact, even such ordinances, baptism and the Lord's Supper for in stance, and some kind of ministry for preaching and presiding as are considered to be of divine institution are not, in this view of essential importance. Quakers, who reject these things, ca be considered as belonging to the church and possessing the es sentials of Christian religion. Indeed, many Evangelical Protes tants have a high admiration for their society and regard them a being some of the very best of Christian people.

If we suppose, now, for the sake of argument, that the cor ception of the church which underlies and justifies this libera and wide view now so very prevalent, truly represents th apostolic and divine idea of Christianity as a visible religion, w must allow that the general theory of Guizot and others, that th apostles left the church to follow the laws of a human, natu ral evolution and development, becomes tenable and probable According to this conception, a few dogmas, a certain number o principles and moral precepts, with a few external ordinances and an inspired book from which each one may learn all the truth he can, make up the substance of the Christian religion This was given by the apostles and is unalterable. The develop ment has been left to work itself out in a human mode. Accept the premises, and the conclusion is just. We admit, that in point of fact, there is a legitimate, historical development in Chris tianity, in respect to many things, and even in respect to doc trine. But we take exception to Guizot's theory of development in respect to two things. First, we maintain that a uniform, simultaneous and noiseless development in doctrine, government and rites could not have taken place by evolution from the sup posed primordial germ. Such a germ must have developed by no determinate intrinsic force, but by objective, extrinsic aug mentation, and under various conditions must have been multi form, successive, and sensibly manifest so as to make its sound distinctly audible and its aspects visible. Second, the develop ment could not possibly have resulted in the system which hinges on the apostolic succession of the Catholic episcopate. It is this second point which we intend to take up at the present moment.

This doctrine of apostolic succession as we have previously defined it is intrinsically wedded not only to a conception of the church wholly different from the one just noticed, but also to a radically different Christian theology from that of Evangelical Protestants. This difference respects the fundamental doctrine of justification. The root of justification is faith. But the Ca-

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tholic idea of faith is wholly different from the Lutheran notion which has been declared to be "the article of the standing or falling church." Faith is a firm belief of all that God has revealed, and the proximate rule of faith is the authority of the church seated in the Catholic episcopate. Again, justification is through the sacrament of baptism, and the command with the right to baptize all nations was given to the apostles and their successors. Again, the grace of baptism when lost by mortal sin must be recovered by the sacrament of penance, also committed to the Catholic episcopate. A Christian is justified by works and not faith alone. He must fulfil all the righteousness of the New Law. This Law is promulgated by the Catholic episcopate, and their universal precepts made obligatory under pain of sin are included in it.

One most important part of the law is to worship God by sacrifice, and another is to receive the body and blood of Christ. The divine Eucharist which is both sacrifice and sacrament is committed to the Catholic episcopate, with exclusive power to consecrate priests who can offer the sacrifice and provide the sacrament for the faithful. Furthermore, although some of the sacraments do not depend on the agency of a person possessing sacerdotal character for their validity, and the sacerdotal character itself even in its fulness as possessed by a bishop may remain and be transmitted in a sect; yet, there is no lawful administration or reception of sacraments except that which is sanctioned by the Catholic episcopate, so that deliberate and wilful violation of the laws of this supreme authority by abusing sacraments and sacramental gifts involves the guilt of sacrilege.

This is Catholic doctrine. Now, it is a contradiction in terms to suppose this doctrine and any different one, half-Catholic or wholly Protestant, to be at the same time genuine Christian doctrine. It and they are mutually exclusive. It is not mere modifications, adjuncts or even integral parts of religion which are in question, but the very essence and that which springs from the essence to complete the specific being and nature of the true Christian religion. The primary question of the way of salvation is involved.

Now, let any one who calls himself an Evangelical Protestant with any show of propriety, state as he pleases what constitutes the essence of the Gospel of Christ, he must admit that this Gospel has been clearly and distinctly revealed, was clearly taught by the apostles, and understood and believed by their disciples. Reduce it to the minimum, and leave as much as possible to de-

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velopment, to the working of the human intellect upon the tru revealed, to the voluntary determinations of the human will a plying and putting into exercise principles and ethical precep yet this essential gospel must be supposed preserved in its int rity. It may be said, that it has been always and is still prese ed in its integrity under all modifications of Christianity whi the objector consents to call orthodox. Still, this is not enou It is necessary that it should be made clearly manifest, that t essential gospel is truly the whole gospel, that nothing else is sential, and that in embracing it, one is secure that he has which is necessary to salvation. That which the apostles left u determined and subject to human development must have be known to be undetermined. A legitimate development mu have left the essential Gospel intact and unaltered. An alterati is not a development, it is a substantial change. The substituti of the Catholic Idea of Christianity for the supposed primiti idea set forth by the theory we are opposing, would have bee most radical, essential and substantial change, the founding of new religion and a new church specifically different from the o and genuine apostolic church and religion. This change mu have been devised and carried out by men who had wholly d parted from the teaching and intuitions of the apostles, innovato ambitious, criminal, possessed of extraordinary ability and cra during the interval between the beginning of the second and t end of the third century.

There being no historical evidence that such a change did ta place, and the theory that it must have taken place being a sumed *à priori*, the arguments for it are necessarily those of neg tive and sceptical criticism. It may have taken place, it is a gued, because there is no demonstrative, documentary eviden that it did not. The burden of proof is thus thrown on us. W are required to furnish a series of documentary proofs reac ing back from A.D. 300 or some date near to this, to t apostolic age, proving an unbroken Catholic tradition of th ideal of Christianity which is contained in the doctrine of apost lic succession in the sacerdotal and episcopal hierarchy. Whe written documents are obscure or silent, it is inferred that t Catholic idea was absent from the mind of the writers and fro the common belief of Christians at the time they were writte The first who explicitly teaches any one point of specific Cathol doctrine is supposed to have invented it or taken it from othe as a new doctrine. Thus, there is an apparent tracing of or doctrine or law or usage after another to a human origin, a hi

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tory of the development, which to the unwary and unlearned appears specious and plausible. Then, again, every historical fact, and every written statement is carefully searched for and subjected to critical manipulation, which can be made to appear as evidence against the Catholic tradition, so as to break its uniformity and continuity, and thus disconnect the earliest period of Christianity from which we have received but few documents, from the ages next in succession, and so favor the theory of a general and silent change during the first two or three centuries. This is precisely the method followed by the purely rationalistic critics who attack the books of the New Testament, the primary dogmas of the creeds, and all that part of the substance of the Christian religion which Evangelical Protestants hold to be essential, all of which they make out to be a merely natural development during the first two centuries, which was begun by the apostles themselves, from germs in the ideas and teaching of Jesus Christ, and other elements, Jewish, pagan, and philosophical, and from which resulted the Christianity of the third, fourth and fifth centuries, with its dogmatic, ritual and hierarchical constitution. This theory is more thorough and consistent than the other. Its hiding place is in the supposed chasm between the middle of the first century and the end of the second, unbridged by authentic historical tradition, by which we are cut off from certain knowledge of even the history and real teaching of Christ himself, except that which *à-priori* theories and sceptical criticism can arrive at by the rationalistic method. There is no work more important and necessary at the present time than the one which is employed upon the demonstration of the historical continuity of the divine religion from the birth of Jesus Christ to the conversion of Constantine. True history brought together from all accessible sources, sound reasoning, and a really enlightened criticism based on solid learning, all directed and co-ordinated by sure principles and rules of rational philosophy and logic, are the means by which the pseudo-rationalism of sceptics and unbelievers must be opposed and refuted. We are not concerned, however, at present, with anything except that theory which accepts one half of Christianity as divine and sets aside the other half as human. This second half could not have been added to the first half in the earliest age as a development either legitimate or illegitimate, by an evolution and determination of indeterminate elements in the apostolic church, or by an accretion from elements foreign to apostolic Christianity. The two hemispheres have an intrinsic relation and connection with each other, a com-

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mon origin, and must stand or fall together. In fact the m obvious and simple and generally intelligible demonstration the divine origin of the first half depends on the historical dence that the second half is of apostolic origin. Wherefore, argument which proves this last point against the semi-evang cal theory really overthrows the infidel, rationalistic theory Gibbon and his modern successors, although this is not our dir end in arguing with those who positively and firmly hold to evidences of the credibility and the actually divine origin truth of Christianity.

The apostolic succession of the Catholic episcopate as a plu unity in corporate organization, radically constituted by broken transmission within itself through ordination, of plenitude of the sacerdotal character, is the axis of the ent sphere. The existence of this Catholic episcopate in the a Nicene period, with the unbroken tradition of all the churches all parts of the world, attested by every document and monum of Christian antiquity, that it was of apostolic and divine inst tion, gives irrefragable and demonstrative evidence that it s ceeded to the apostolate. Gibbon says:

"The advantages of this episcopal form of government, which appe to have been introduced before the end of the first century, were so obvi and important for the future greatness, as well as the present peace Christianity, that it was adopted without delay by all the societies wh were already scattered over the empire, had acquired in a very early pe the sanction of antiquity, (nulla ecclesia sine Episcopo, has been a fac well as a maxim since the time of Tertullian and Irenæus) and is still vered by the most powerful churches, both of the East and of the West a primitive and even as a divine establishment." Of the prelates of third century he says: "They exalted the unity and power of the church it was represented in the EPISCOPAL OFFICE, of which every bishop enjo an equal and undivided portion. Princes and magistrates, it was often peated might boast an earthly claim to a transitory dominion; it was episcopal authority alone which was derived from the Deity, and exten itself over this and another world. The bishops were the vicegerent Christ, the successors of the apostles, and the mystic substitutes of high-priests of the Mosaic law."*

In speaking of the particular topic of miracles, Gibbon ma some remarks which are applicable in a wide and general se to our whole matter of discussion. He observes that to a wri like himself, assuming the position of an impartial historian, th exists a difficulty in the way of

"Adopting such a theory as may reconcile the interest of religion w

* *Decline and Fall*, ch. xv.

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that of reason, of making a proper application of that theory, and of defining with precision the limits of that happy period, exempt from error and from deceit, to which we might be disposed to extend the gift of supernatural powers. From the first of the fathers to the last of the popes, a succession of bishops, of saints, of martyrs, and of miracles is continued without interruption; and the progress of superstition was so gradual, and almost imperceptible, that we know not in what particular link we should break the chain of tradition. Every age bears testimony to the wonderful events by which it was distinguished, and its testimony appears no less weighty and respectable than that of the preceding generation, till we are insensibly led on to accuse our own inconsistency, if in the eighth or the twelfth century we deny to the Venerable Bede or the holy Bernard, the same degree of confidence which, in the second century, we had so liberally granted to Justin or to Irenæus."

Mr. Gibbon, a little later on, gives the reason why miracles must be supposed to have ceased:

"And yet, since every friend to revelation is persuaded of the reality, and every reasonable man is convinced of the cessation, of miraculous powers, it is evident that there must have been *some period* in which they were either suddenly or gradually withdrawn from the Christian church."

When he wrote, it was expedient to use cautious language. His incredulity pierces through the thin veil of a decent respect for the prevailing belief of Englishmen, and is plainly enough intimated in a paragraph a little further on, where he extends the conclusion in respect to the incredibility of post-apostolic miracles to the miraculous and the supernatural in general.

"In modern times, a latent and even involuntary scepticism adheres to the most pious dispositions. Their admission of supernatural truths is much less an active consent than a cold and passive acquiescence. Accustomed long since to observe and to respect the invariable order of nature, our reason, or at least our imagination, is not sufficiently prepared to sustain the visible action of the Deity."

This explains the whole theory of that part of the great historical work of Gibbon which treats of Christianity. The facts are reduced to a minimum, and what remains is explained and accounted for on natural principles, by natural causes. Gibbon's successors are much more bold, outspoken, and thoroughgoing, but they use his key. It seems to us, moreover, that Guizot and Milman, the great admirers and editors of Gibbon have derived their modified theory from the study of his history. The supernatural origin and character of Catholicism must be denied. It must have had a natural origin and development. Therefore, difficult as it is to trace the process to its beginnings, difficult as it

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is to break the links of tradition, an effort must be made t
this by criticism. Dr. Milman, in his Preface to the *Histo*
the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, in a few words desc
the middle position of the Protestant theory between pur
tionalism and Catholicism:

"Christianity proclaims its divine author chiefly in its first origi
development. When it had once received its impulse from above—w
had once been infused into the minds of its first teachers—when i
gained full possession of its first disciples—when it had gained ful
session of the reason and affections of the favored few—it *might be*
to the Protestant, the rational Christian, it is impossible to define *a*
really *was*—left to make its way by its native force, under the ord
secret agencies of all-ruling Providence."

We have already stated what the outcome and issue of
general and somewhat vague idea, disconnecting apostolic C
tianity from the Catholicity of the third and fourth centu
must be, when made definite, exact and tangible. That the
are different is assumed *à priori*, from a preconceived conce
of Christianity which is not historical, traditional or Catholic
fabricated from personal and private opinions and justified
peculiar interpretation of the Holy Scripture together with
vidual religious experience. A change *might* have taken p
and, although it is impossible to show when or how it
place, it *must* have taken place in order that Christianity sh
have become so transformed within the first three or four c
ries of its existence. The very notion of such a transforma
implies an essential and substantial alteration in the idea and
of the apostles and of their Master. It implies a new concep
and a new foundation of a great and world-wide religion,
structed upon the site of apostolic Christianity, making us
everything in it which could be made serviceable, and retai
some resemblance to it, but as different from it as the Augu
empire was from the primitive Roman commonwealth. Su
transformation could not have taken place. There are no
quate causes to account for it. There are many causes w
must necessarily have prevented it. There are sufficient
conclusive proofs that it did not take place, and there are
counter evidences which have ever been adduced which can
examination. Merely considered as an exterior change in
ganization and form of worship it could not have taken p
silently, uniformly and universally, even if there were no p
tive law established by the apostles to prevent such a modi

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tion. But it could not have been a purely exterior transformation. If it did occur, it involved a dogmatic and doctrinal change, a change of fundamental laws, of sacraments, of the positive institutions of Christ, of the way and conditions of salvation, of the rule of faith, of the essence of the Christian religion. The entire type and idea of Christianity prevalent in the second century could not have been transformed in the third, that which was universal in the first could not have been transformed in the second. It is historically certain that the Christianity of the third and fourth centuries is one and the same. The first four centuries, therefore, may be taken as one, like the four gospels. The more abundant documents, with their more explicit statements, and their fuller record of historical facts, which are extant from the middle and later portions of this primitive age illustrate and explain the scantier and more obscure testimonies of the earliest times. The theory of Gibbon, Milman and Guizot, of a progressive change and modification resulting in the hierarchical organization and claim of apostolical succession prevailing in the third century, is purely fanciful and borrowed from the various stages and phases of alteration in the ecclesiastical order which resulted from the schisms of the eleventh and sixteenth centuries. First, a kind of congregationalism is conjectured to have existed, then a kind of presbyterianism, followed by a sort of low-church episcopalianism, which grew into a high-church ritualistic episcopalianism, then was developed into the form of the Greek church, into Gallicanism, and finally into ultramontane catholicism. The most essential part of this theory is that which respects the transition from the presbyterian to the episcopal organization of the church. It is here that the principal effort is made to break the link of tradition and apostolical succession. And we shall next proceed to examine the chief allegations from ecclesiastical history by which this theory is sustained, and to prove more fully that this supposed transition did not take place, and from the very nature of the case could not have been accomplished.

THE PRESENT GENERATION.

WAS it always as now? modern folk I cannot understand.
Only the old are childish, alas! the children are old.

SCHILLER.

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CHRISTIAN ART.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, who divides with Michelangelo the palm of the first painter the world of art has yet seen, was a native of Urbino, a country-town in the Romagna, lying between the eastern slope of the Apennine chain and the Adriatic, in the direction of Fano and Sinigaglia. His father, Giovanni Santi, was himself a painter of no mean powers, several of whose works are even now regarded as creditable to the age he lived in. His son Raphael was born April 6, 1483, in a house still shown to the traveller. His predilection for art was early manifested, his father being his first instructor. But his mother dying when he was four, and his father when he was twelve, years of age, young Raphael was placed by his guardians in the studio of Perugino at Perugia, where he studied for some eight years with a diligence which never forsook him through life. In the few works that have been identified as belonging to the early period of his studies his style, of course, much resembled that of his master. One of them, the "Sposalizio," or Espousals of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, now in the Brera collection at Milan, is a close imitation, yet with certain well-marked differences, of a picture of Perugino's now in the Musée at Caen in France. Raphael's rendering of the impressive scene is familiar to print-collectors. At the foot of a flight of steps leading up to a polygonal temple the high-priest is uniting the holy pair. Joseph, his miraculously flowering wand in one hand, is placing the ring on the finger of his bride with the other. She, surrounded by her maids, who are only a degree less beautiful and graceful than herself, accepts the pledge with sweet composure and lowly reverence. Behind St. Joseph all the disappointed suitors are breaking the barren wands that indicate the choice of Heaven not to have fallen upon them. The Virgin stands at the high-priest's right hand; but, curiously enough, in the Caen picture of the scene by Perugino she is standing at his left, as a bride in Italy would do at the present time; for, as many of our readers doubtless know, in the old-fashioned churches of that country, where the sexes are separated, the women occupy the epistle side of the sacred edifice. Another picture, less impor-

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tant, indeed, but hardly less characteristic of the painter's early style, belongs to the same period, or is even a year earlier, and is now in the National Collection, London. It is called "The Young Knight's Dream." A youth in armor lies asleep on his shield underneath a laurel-tree. Duty, in the shape of a sedate woman, approaches his head and offers him a naked sword and a book. Near his feet stands Pleasure, a younger and gayer woman, presenting him with a flower and bidding him enjoy himself. The knight is a model of unsophisticated and noble youth. The background is filled with a rocky landscape suggestive of Italian mountain-scenery.

In the autumn of 1504 Raphael made his first acquaintance with Florence, carrying with him a letter of introduction from the Duchess of Sora, sister of his patron, the reigning Duke of Urbino, to Soderini, the gonfaloniere of the republic. Fra Bartolomeo was then at the height of his fame; Da Vinci, also, had begun his celebrated "Battle of the Standard" in the Palazzo Vecchio. From these great artists, as subsequently from Michelangelo, young Raphael learnt to improve the manner he had acquired from Perugino; and from that period his work enters into its second or Florentine style. The chief portion of his time for the next four years was passed in Florence, with an occasional visit to Perugia, Urbino, and Bologna, in which last place he contracted a lasting friendship with Francia. Before the close of this period Michelangelo had finished his "Cartoon of Pisa" in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence—a work which fascinated every art-student for a long time after, and no doubt had a perceptible influence on Raphael's impressionable mind. Among the works he executed at this time may be mentioned a famous Madonna painted for the altar of the Servites at Perugia (1505), and now at Blenheim Palace, near Oxford. The Madonna with her Son is enthroned under a baldacchino of state, supported on right and left by St. John Baptist and St. Nicholas—a composition full of beauty and dignity. To the same period also belong several other exquisite Madonnas of a more domestic character, representing the Holy Family in homely circumstances, grouped in a meadow, in a garden, under a palm-tree; the little Baptist, St. Joseph, and, less frequently, St. Elizabeth in attendance. At Munich a great picture in the painter's Florentine style presents a group arranged in a pyramidal form. Above and behind the Madonna and St. Elizabeth, who are kneeling on either side of the infant Christ and the Baptist, stands St. Joseph looking down and leaning on his staff. This is the Canigiani Madonna; its somewhat formal

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arrangement is redeemed by the beauty of its several portions, the playful affection of the children, the tender solicitude of the mothers, and the fostering care of St. Joseph. In all, Raphael painted above thirty pictures during his residence at Florence and before he was twenty-five years old.

In 1508 he transferred his residence to Rome at the invitation of Julius II., to whom the architect Bramante had recommended the rising young painter as the man best fitted to execute the pope's large designs for the decoration of the Vatican. In the same year, also, Michelangelo was brought to Rome to decorate the Sistine Chapel in the same palace. The commencement of Raphael's Roman residence nearly equally divides his life, from the date of his entering Perugino's studio to his premature death at the age of thirty-seven. In attempting to give an intelligible account of the numerous works of art he achieved during the short space of those twelve years, the selection of the most important is of course all that our limits will permit. It was the period of the painter's most fertile production in fresco and in oil. Most of his works are familiar, in name at least, to a number of persons who have never seen the originals, and who may be naturally supposed to be desirous of knowing something about them. With this view we shall briefly describe as many of them as our space will allow us. Upwards of thirty years have elapsed since the writer of these lines had the privilege of examining the work of Raphael; but there are occasions when the impression made upon the memory can be effaced only with life.

We begin with the frescoes in the *stanze*, or chambers, formerly occupied by the popes, but which now bear the name of Raphael. These are four in number, on the third floor of that part of the palace which Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. had rebuilt. These *stanze* are approached by open corridors, or galleries, termed *loggie*, to which we shall presently return, as they contain an important part of Raphael's decorations. The *Stanza* or *Camera della Segnatura* was the first submitted to Raphael's treatment, and was finished in 1511. The ceiling is adorned with eight pictures, or groups of allegorical figures, selected in harmony with the general dedication of the hall to those lofty pursuits of mind which in a manner dominate all others: theology, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence. Each of the four sides of the hall is covered by a picture (fifteen feet in height by twenty-five in width) representing one of these subjects. "Theology" is an elaborate composition, divided into two parts. In the upper, immediately beneath the Eternal Father and the heavenly choirs,

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Christ is enthroned between his Mother and the Baptist, and in the midst of a circle of patriarchs and prophets of the Old Law and apostles of the New. The upper portion of the picture is connected with the lower by the mystic Dove, symbol of the Divine Spirit by whose agency "peace is made through the blood of the cross, both as to the things on earth and the things that are in heaven" (Col. i. 20). Below is an altar, on which reposes the Blessed Sacrament; and on either side extends an august circle of popes, bishops, and doctors of the church in solemn council. On the outside of the great assembly are numerous spectators of all ages, some listening, others disputing among themselves. To the presence of the Holy Sacrament is to be ascribed the common but incorrect title of the picture, the "Disputa del Sacramento." The subject is not restricted to that sacred mystery; it includes the principal representatives of all theology in every age. On the wall dedicated to philosophy the "School of Athens" represents the master-minds of ancient Greece gathered together in a vast hall in the Bramante style of architecture; Plato and Aristotle occupy the centre of the elevated dais; near Plato is Socrates, demonstrating with his fingers a proposition to Alcibiades, whose easy, voluptuous figure serves as a foil to the severer attitudes of the philosophers. Arts and sciences occupy the lower foreground. On the spectator's left is Pythagoras, the centre of a group of his contemporaries and disciples. On the right Archimedes is stooping down to construct a geometrical figure on the ground, his massive bald head a portrait of Bramante. Near him Zoroaster and Ptolemy are carrying, one a celestial, the other a terrestrial globe. At their side, close to the edge of the fresco, is the portrait of Raphael himself in attendance on his master, Perugino, the representative of art. In the midst of all, reclining on the steps, is Diogenes, the Cynic, in character, shunning and shunned by the company about him. The animation infused into the whole, its masterly grouping and the absence of all formality, mark this picture as one of the highest efforts of Italian art.

Upon another wall, about the window and over it, poetry is depicted as a scene on Mount Parnassus, in which Apollo is seated under a group of laurel-trees, playing the violin. About him are gathered the poets of classical antiquity and of modern Italy. Old Homer is declaiming verses which a youth is eagerly taking down. Near him is Dante's solemn head, crowned with a laurel-wreath, not far from Virgil's more genial countenance. Those are the epic poets. The lyric include Sappho, Corinna,

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and Petrarch in one group; Pindar, Horace, and perhaps Catullus, in another. If "Theology" and "Philosophy" are distinguished by dignity, "Poetry" is unsurpassed in its inimitable gracefulness. As the representative of law, or jurisprudence, a single picture was rendered impracticable by the position of the window. In the space above it, therefore, three of the cardinal virtues, prudence, fortitude, and temperance, are made the subject of typical groups, and on either side of it civil and ecclesiastical law are represented—the one by Gregory XI. (a portrait of Julius II.) delivering the Decretals to a consistorial advocate, and the other by Justinian handing the Pandects to Tribonianus.

The *stanza* next taken in hand was that of *Heliodorus*, so named from the principal fresco introduced into it, representing the expulsion of the sacrilegious courtier of King Seleucus from the Jewish temple (2 Mach. iii. 25). The messengers of divine justice are upon him, one of them riding over him, two others with scourges ready to apply to him, while the proceeds of his robbery are scattered upon the pavement. By an artistic license Pope Julius is introduced on the opposite side in his *sedia gestatoria*, surrounded by his court, and looking upon the scene of action as on a distant vision, apart altogether from the emotion which agitates the crowd of persons present in the temple. Another remarkable fresco, disposed around and above the window, is the "Miracle of Bolsena," commemorative of the legend that in the year 1263, while an unbelieving priest was celebrating Mass in presence of the people in the church of Sta. Christina at Bolsena, the consecrated Host dropped blood. The group is a very striking one. One end of the altar is turned to the spectator. On his left the tall, graceful figure of the young priest is drawing slightly backwards on his perceiving what has occurred; he raises his right hand, still grasping the Host with his left, with evident astonishment and irresolution and a shade of self-reproach. Directly opposite him kneels the pope (again Raphael's patron, Julius II.), perceiving the occurrence in perfect faith and betraying no astonishment. Two cardinals behind him look on with much the same expression; while among the attendants on either side some have become aware of the miraculous incident, and some have not. An examination of their faces at once shows to which class each of them belongs. "The whole picture," says Leslie (*Hand-Book for Young Painters*), "is made up of episodes of dignity, of grace, and of tenderness such as the mind of Raphael could alone supply, and which render this, though the theme is unfavorable, one of the very finest of his works." A third il-

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lustrative example of the triumph of the Christian Church and its doctrine is afforded by the fresco on another wall of the *Stanza d'Eliodoro.* In it Attila is represented as turned back from the walls of Rome by the peaceable remonstrances of St. Leo, who is acting under the visible protection of SS. Peter and Paul. The fourth side of the chamber represents the deliverance of St. Peter from prison. On the ceiling are delineated, in four simple and grand compositions, promises made by God to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses, also prefiguring the future glory of the church. The whole *stanza* was finished in 1514. In drawing, color, and execution it contains the finest of Raphael's frescoes.

Julius II. was by this time dead, and Leo X. sat on the pontifical throne. The change made no difference as to Raphael's employment. The *stanze* went on, but more slowly, on account of numerous other commissions entrusted to the busy painter. That named *Dell'Incendio,* and finished in 1517, contains a picture of a historical conflagration in the Borgo (a suburb of Rome, near the Vatican) said to have been miraculously extinguished by Leo IV. A victory at Ostia over the Saracens, gained under the same pope, and two memorable passages in the life of Leo III., complete the wall-fresco subjects in this *stanza.* But a small part of their execution is the work of Raphael, who by this time had a large school of pupils, and set them to work out his designs. The fourth *stanza, di Costantino,* was not finished till after the master's death. A word must be added about the *loggie* in the Vatican, which we mentioned a little while ago as containing some of Raphael's work, or at least of his designs. The *loggie* are open galleries running round three sides of the court of St. Damasus, the oldest part of the Vatican palace, and consisting of several stories. By the second of these access is gained to the *stanze;* and this story Raphael was commissioned by Leo to decorate. Up the sides and round the windows on the inner wall are arabesque ornaments, festoons of fruit and flowers, various animals, grouped in forms of the most playful fancy, though now much injured by time. A variety of stucco ornaments in relief represent subjects taken from classical mythology. The vaulted ceiling and its numerous cupolas are covered with a series of Scripture incidents on a small scale, chiefly from the Old Testament, and known as "Raphael's Bible." The master's hand furnished the drawings, and five of his best pupils copied them in their places.

Raphael was now a great man in Roman society as well as in art. He had built a house for himself near the Vatican, where he

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that he composed his first piece of poetry, an account of a battle between fairies. Throughout his life his powers as a musician were considered of at least equal consequence to those as a poet, if not more so. But there is a spirit of graceful compliment and sincere feeling in his verses to Bridget Cruise, his first love, to his wife, to Grace Nugent, Gentle Mabel Kelley, and others, which recalls Burns, whom he also resembled in the spirit with which he celebrated good-fellowship and whiskey. The circumstances of his life were unfortunate and calculated to degrade his genius, so that it is singular that even so much remains of genuine sincerity and depth of feeling.

At the age of sixty-seven his wanderings were over. Broken in health, he made his way to Alderford, the house of his earliest patron, Mrs. McDermott Roe, then over eighty years of age, to receive his last welcome. When confined to his bed he composed his last piece, "Farewell to Music," in a strain of remarkable tenderness and pathos. His wake was the grandest of his time. For four days open house was kept at Alderford. All the houses in the village were crowded, and tents and huts were erected on the green. Exhaustless barrels of whiskey were placed in the hall, where the corpse lay in state. The greatest *keeners* of the country around raised their lamentations at the head of the coffin, and Mrs. McDermott Roe herself thought it no derogation to join the hired mourners in the lamentation over "her poor gentleman, the head of all Irish music." All the bards in Ireland came to celebrate in dirges the death of their master, and all the nobility and gentry of the region, including, it is mentioned, sixty clergymen of various denominations, attended the funeral. On the fifth day the corpse was taken to the vault of the McDermott Roe family in Kilronan church with a following that extended for miles. A portrait of Carolan was taken in his later years by a Dutch artist of some celebrity—Van der Hagen. It represents him with harp in hand and his sightless eyes raised. The face is beardless and somewhat full, with an air of sweetness and serenity. The flowing locks and partially bald brow give it somewhat a resemblance to the portraits of Shakspere. With Turloch O'Carolan closed the long and honorable line of Irish bards.

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GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

VI.

WE have now brought the discussion of the Catholic Ideal of the church to a simple and direct issue on the question of its genuine and divine origin. In the Catholic Idea the note of apostolicity belongs exclusively to the one society which alone makes an exclusive claim to its possession. The specific *differentia* which constitutes this society and separates it from all others was given to it by its founders the apostles acting by the authority of Jesus Christ, therefore its origin or genesis is divine. The objections against this thesis which we have to consider go against the arguments and proofs which sustain it and are intended to make way for a theory of the human origin of the distinctive and exclusive form of the Catholic Church.

It is desirable to find some brief and sufficient formula which expresses in a manner convenient for the purposes of argument the whole specific difference of the Catholic Church by which it is defined and distinguished from every other society. The apostolic succession in the Catholic episcopate will answer this purpose, if the exact sense of these terms be properly explained.

It is necessary, in the first place, to define the term apostolic, in order to gain a distinct and adequate notion of what that is, which is supposed by the Catholic Idea to be handed down by the apostles to their successors.

The fundamental notion underlying the conception of the apostolate is that Holy Order is a sacrament impressing an indelible character. The apostles received this character from Jesus Christ, the fountain of all grace and power. The intrinsic essence of the character is true and proper priesthood, sacerdotal consecration and power, the possession of a complete *jus circa sacra*. The one great act of priesthood is the offering of sacrifice, which in the New Law is accomplished by the consecration of the appointed elements bread and wine in a mystical action, in which by divine power their substance is converted into the substance of the body and blood of Christ, who is thus made anew an oblation to the Father, and sacramentally received in the holy communion. The power of administering the other sacraments which depend on the sacerdotal character is included

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'Come away,' gasped Miss Bolgibbie, who had rejoined me '—come away from that insane person. Who is she?' 'Who is she?' echoed Mrs. Clancy derisively. 'She's a lady. She has five thousand pounds in the three per cents. Who is she?' And here the indignant lady addressed the tittering assemblage: 'She's Mary Anne Clancy, of Cabbage Rose Villa, Ballybicken, Loughrea—that's who she is; and now, Lieutenant Van Dyck O'Shea, take your aunt to some place of refreshment, and leave that powdered doll at once.'

"Nugent, me boy," added O'Shea, with a sigh, as he took a prolonged gulp of the Burgundy, "Miss Bolgibbie refused me point-blank, and Mrs. Clancy's £5,000 went toward a new wing of the Mater Misericordiæ Hospital."

TO BE CONTINUED.

OUR INTERCESSOR.

THE following lines were found on a pillar in a little church in Italy:

O blessed feet of Jesus,
  Weary with serving me!
Stand at God's bar of judgment
  And intercede for me.

O knees that bent in anguish
  In dark Gethsemani!
Kneel at the throne of glory
  And intercede for me.

O hands that were extended
  Upon the awful tree!
Hold up those precious nail-prints
  And intercede for me.

O side from whence the spear-point
  Brought blood and water free!
For healing and for cleansing
  Still intercede for me.

O head so deeply piercèd
  With thorns which sharpest be!
Bend low before thy Father
  And intercede for me.

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O sacred heart! such sorrow
The world may never see
As that which gave thee warrant
To intercede for me.

O loving risen Saviour,
From death and sorrow free,
Though throned in endless glory,
Still intercede for me.

IRISH BARDIC POETRY.

IN no country of which we have any account did the bards exist in such numbers or produce so much and so varied verse as in Ireland. They make their appearance in the first dawn of legendary history, and the succession was continued down to the death, in 1737, of Turloch O'Carolan, who was called the last of the Irish bards, although their lineal descendants continued in the hedge-poets, who were in existence during the early part of the present century, and are to be found in the street ballad-singers of to-day. Tradition credits Amergin, the brother of Heber and Heremon, the leaders of the Milesian invasion about 500 B.C., with being the first bard, and as uniting in himself the offices of chief priest and chief poet. However obscure are the annals of the semi-historical period, it is certain that the caste of bards flourished in Ireland from a very early time and was thoroughly interwoven with its historic and social life. If we may credit tradition, Ollamh Fodla, the twentieth monarch in the Milesian line, established the national conventions at Tara, which are so marked a feature in ancient bardic history, and at a very early period the institution had its classes, its privileges, its distinctions, and its peculiar dress.

The bards were divided into *filés*, who were more expressly what the name bard denotes. They were in constant attendance upon the chief, celebrated his valor, and sang his personal praise. Surrounded by the *orsidiagh*, or instrumental musicians, who occupied the place of a modern military band, they watched his progress in battle for the purpose of describing his feats in arms, composed birthday odes and epithalamiums, roused the spirits of the clansmen with war-songs, and lamented the dead in the *caoines*,

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or keens, which still exist in the wilder and more primitive portions of the country. The second class of bards were the *brehons*, who versified and recited the laws. The third class were the *senachies*, who preserved the genealogies in a poetic form, kept the record of the annals of the time, and composed stories and related legends. The lineal descendants of the senachies have existed in our own time in the persons of wandering story-tellers, who were welcomed by the peasant's turf fire for the skill and humor with which they repeated well-worn fairy or historic legends.* The greater bulk of the more ancient Irish literature was probably the composition of the senachies, the songs of the filés being more of an extemporaneous nature and less likely to be committed to writing, and the institutes of the brehons exciting less interest for their preservation after they had ceased to be the actual laws of the land. There are more or less credible traditions concerning the collegiate institutions, the course of study, and the pay and privileges of the bards, and their dress has been described with more particularity than certainty.† They, however, wore woven colors, one color less than the king, which, either four or six, were a distinguishing uniform like the Highland tartan.

From the natural fondness of the race for the cultivation of poetry, and the honors and privileges of the caste, the profession multiplied until it became an intolerable nuisance. At about the time of the conversion of Ireland to the Christian faith in the fifth century they were reported to number a third of the male population; and in A.D. 590 a synod was held at Drumkeat by Aedh, king of the northern portion of the island, which greatly reduced their numbers, and, it is said, would have resulted in their total banishment but for the intercession of St. Columbanus. From this they several times increased to the point of restriction and repression until they began to participate in the misfortunes of the Celtic inhabitants from foreign enemies, which began with the invasion of the Danes and continued until the final subjugation under William III. From a powerful caste, with laws and privileges of its own, they became personal attendants of individual chiefs, fighting their battles and sharing their misfortunes, and from that, in the last acknowledged representative of the race, a wandering minstrel sharing the hospitalities not only of reduced chiefs of ancient blood but of boisterous squireens of low

* Carleton, *Tales and Stories of the Irish Peasantry.*

† The minute accounts in Walker's *Memoirs of the Irish Bards* have been discredited by later antiquaries.

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degree, and singing their praises with but a spark of the ancient spirit. The records of bardic history in that length of time would be almost interminable, and the larger portion of them would lack reliable authenticity. Like the poets of all time, their history is best found in their verse.

The oldest Irish poem of any importance is the "Tain-bo-Cuailgne," or the Cattle Spoil of Quelny, whose date of composition is set at about the latter part of the fifth century. This exists by transcript, and with doubtless many emendations and changes in language, in the *Book of the Dun Cow*, so called from the vellum on which a part of it was written being made from the hide of a famous dun cow, and which was written in the early part of the twelfth century. But the tone and structure of the language, and the manners and customs mentioned in it, indicate its original date with considerable exactness. The great mass of the earlier Irish poems are extant only in the transcripts of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, when the bardic institution was in its best estate previous to its reduction in the interminable conflicts with the Anglo-Norman invaders, and a large number of books were compiled and written for the benefit of the chiefs, who rated them at a very high price. These have been preserved, and in a great measure translated, by the exertions of the Royal Irish Academy and the Irish Archæological Society. These are similar to the *Book of the Dun Cow*, and are named *The Yellow Book of Slane*, *The Book of Glengiven*, *The Book of Ballymote*, and others. The language of this period was quite different from that of the date of the action of most of the poems, which professed to be about the end of the third century and the beginning of the fourth, which was the Fenian or Ossianic era, although there is a considerable confusion of dates, many of the poems making St. Patrick one of the interlocutors, whose time was more than a century later. It is the opinion of the better Celtic scholars that the earlier Irish language had a greater simplicity and force than is to be found in the redundancies and exaggerations which mark the later style and substance of the existing compilations. Either the legendary poems of the Ossianic era were first committed to writing at the period of the eleventh and twelfth centuries from oral tradition, or the earlier books have been lost; and in either case great changes and some interpolations were made by the later writers.

The heroes of these poems are in a great measure those of McPherson's Ossian. Chief among them were Fin McCumhal or McCuil, the original of McPherson's Fingal, Goll, Oisin son

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of Fin, Conan the Bald, Osgur the son of Oisin, Cuchullen, and others, who will at once be recognized as bearing such resemblance in name as to indicate merely the changes that would result from oral transfer to another country and the same language in a slightly different dialect. Edmund Burke records that on the appearance of McPherson's Ossian there was a universal outcry among the Irish that the poems were their own, and that they had been familiar with them for centuries. On closer inquiry, however, he says, they were unable to come any nearer producing the exact originals of the poems claimed as by Ossian than were to be found in the Highlands by the zealous antiquarians who were set to search by national pride or the jealous doubt that immediately followed the success of McPherson's volume.

There is no doubt but that McPherson's Ossian was founded on the legendary fragments that remained among the Celtic inhabitants of Scotland, and which were in a great measure common property between them and the Celtic Irish, who, if they did not settle the Highlands, according to the Irish tradition, were of one family with its people. The names of the heroes and many of the incidents are similar. We are unable to compare the original Scottish poems with the Irish, for they either never existed in manuscript or have been lost; but the imitations or fabrications of McPherson are free from the sometimes childish exaggerations of the Celtic poems in respect to the size, strength, and exploits of the heroes, the presénce of sorcerers and malignant demons who assumed the shape of human beings or animals in order to delude, and other supernatural figures. On the other hand, they are supplied with an extensive machinery of ghosts and phantoms, voices of the wind and sun, and other images common to the semi-classical poetry of McPherson's time, and which he would be very likely to add in a fabrication in imitation of ancient poetry. The language and sentiment of McPherson's Ossian is also of the stilted and artificial sort common to the verse of his time, and quite different from the frank simplicity of early natural poetry. The truth about McPherson's Ossian, without a doubt, is that he found a mass of legend without form, and that with a real, original genius he transposed it into an appropriate and striking form of words, having thoroughly caught the original spirit of lamentation and decay, the invisible presence of woe, which is the emanation of the dark seas, the heavy mists, the bare and lonely hillsides of the northern coasts of Ireland and Scotland, and infects every author of genius brought within its

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spell from the days of Ossian to those of the author of *The Princess of Thule.* Whatever of turgid language and stilted sentiment there may be in McPherson's Ossian, it cannot be denied that its form is powerful and striking, and the whole impression, vague and cloudy as it is, is of a grand and heroic figure and of a poetry that is of the great originals of the world. How much of this is due to the original genius of McPherson it is impossible to say. He is entitled to the credit of having cast a vague tradition into a living form of verse, and his chief error, except in the faults of taste, was in attempting to engraft modern ideas and sentiments upon an ancient stock. His errors in history, and mistaken gropings after the meanings of symbols, are of less account, and there were as few of these as were to be expected from one who was too impatient to be a sound antiquarian. His fame has suffered most from the fatal error in the beginning, which perpetuated itself to the ruin of all consistency or credit. He endeavored at first to pass off his creations for direct translations from the originals; but the immediate vigor of search and demand for ocular evidence prevented him from maintaining this deception, and at the same time the enormous popularity of the poems, and the admiration which they excited, roused in him a desire to claim them as his own. Instead of acknowledging the original deception he imagined that his honor was concerned in repelling the charges of forgery, which were made with the very unscrupulous violence of literary controversy of those days, and he took refuge in a haughty silence, which was intended both as a defence and a claim for the authorship. This course was so utterly untenable that he lost credit on both sides, and the reputation of the poems has undoubtedly suffered greatly from the impression that the author was a compound of the charlatan and impostor. It is a great misfortune, for the faults and obscurities of Ossian are sufficient to form a barrier to the appreciation which a more thorough study would give, and which the evil repute of imposture prevents being bestowed. It is not in this grudging spirit that the exaggerated and extravagant poetry of the East is approached, and a much better appreciation of Ossian would come from a kindlier spirit of regard. Whether the originals of the Ossianic legends were native to Ireland or Scotland is hardly worth dispute, but the chances are greatly in favor of the former, so far as existing evidence remains to show.

To a confusion of dates in the present manuscript versions of the Irish Ossianic legends is also added some incongruity of manners and customs. As has been said, St. Patrick is made an

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interlocutor with Ossian, although nearly two hundred years separated their recorded eras, and there is a confusion of Christian zeal with pagan faith which shows that the later bards realized the necessity of a change in sentiment without being able to make it entirely congruous. The whole spirit is, however, one of tolerance, and goes to show that the conversion of Ireland was effected without bitterness and maintained without persecution. Some of the personages in these poems had a real place and name in history, as did Arthur and some of the Knights of the Round Table. Others, in like manner, were pure inventions, and the greater portion of the *dramatis personæ* and events and incidents is so confused a mixture of truth and fable that little can be expected of reliable history. There is a probability, as the stately phrase of Gibbon has it, "that Fingal lived and Ossian sung," but there is little more of real fact in the exploits of the one or the verse of the other.

The most interesting and valuable poem of this class, although the Ossianic personages do not figure in it directly, is "The Battle of Moyrath," with its introductory pre-tale of "The Banquet of Dunangay," which, despite a somewhat profuse fluency, glows with a sort of barbaric splendor and nobleness of sentiment. It relates to the last struggle of the pagan and bardic party, and its defeat at the battle of Moyrath, which took place A.D. 639, between Congal, a sub-king of Ulster, and his English and Scotch allies, and the native forces owning allegiance to Domnal, the venerable monarch of the northern part of the island. Although defeated, Congal is the real hero of the poem, and, although probably written by a Christian bard, it is remarkable for its impartiality and tolerant spirit. Congal, Domnal, Sweeney—who is depicted with real Homeric vigor as the victim of the worst misfortune that could befall an Irish hero—and others of the characters are historical persons, while others again are probably inventions of the bard. It is considered by Irish scholars that the language of the earlier versions of "The Battle of Moyrath" was more forcible and direct than that of the existing copy, and that the redundancies and exaggerations are the result of later corruptions. The style of the Ossianic epic presents great difficulties to the translator, particularly in its piling up of epithets, of which the following is an example. It is a descriptive allusion to the cataract of Ballyshannon:

"The clear-watered, snowy-framed, ever-roaring, parti-colored, bellowing, in-salmon-abounding, beautiful old torrent." "The lofty, great, clear-landed, contentious, precipitate, loud-roaring, headstrong, rapid, salmon-

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full, sea-monster-full, varying, in-large-fish-abounding, rapid-flooded, furious-streamed, whirling, in-seal-abounding, royal and prosperous cataract."

The difficulty of rendering this into English can be imagined in spite of Southey's example of "The Falls of Lodore," but in the original the tautologies are not so apparent in the rapid and various expressiveness of the Celtic language, and those who are familiar with the scene recognize the force and appositeness of the phrases. This profusion of epithets is quite oriental in its character, recalling the characteristics of Persian and Arabic poetry, where it is to be found even in contemporaneous literature. The Irish epics are distinguished from the Scandinavian sagas not only by their oriental redundancy in contrast with the simple directness and vigor of the Northern poets, but by their nobler and gentler spirit, the absence of the grim humor, the ferocity and the delight in dwelling upon scenes of slaughter and torture characteristic of the race of robbers by land and sea. Their qualities are the peculiar property of the race, and represent the redundant imagery, the florid splendor of rhetoric, and the fluency of Irish eloquence in all ages.

The second era of the bardic poetry of Ireland is that which includes the fragments of verse preserved during the interminable and deadly struggles of the native race against the Anglo-Norman and Saxon invaders from the landing of Strongbow to the battle of the Boyne. During that period there was no time when there was not strife between the native race and the foreign settlers, whether war was formally declared or not, and the horrors of the more atrocious contests were only equalled by the worst examples of barbaric vindictiveness and sweeping destruction in the East. The picture which Spenser draws of the condition of Munster during the war of the Earl of Desmond with Elizabeth—when the miserable, famished inhabitants crawled out of dens and caves to feed on the carcasses of starved cattle and died by the thousand, until the country was left a wilderness peopled with wolves and without a human inhabitant throughout the fairest region of Ireland—was only wider in its scope and more accomplished in its desolation than some of the other wars of Elizabeth and James I. And short triumphs hardly won by untrained valor over discipline, constant forays offsetting frequent defeats, and a gradual encroachment of the English settlement upon the native population make up the wretched annals of the time. Under these circumstances there was little opportunity or inclination for the composition of long epics, and the inspiration

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of the bards was turned to more direct appeals for war, rejoicings for victory, and lamentations for misfortune and defeat. Their poetry took on a more lyric form and became an ode rather than an epic. The fragments of this species of composition are much smaller in bulk than the early voluminous narratives, and are also much more concise and vigorous in style. Some of them breathe the very essence of defiant hatred, exultation, or despair with a passion that is oriental only in its force and picturesqueness of epithet, for they are without the slightest trace of tautology or redundancy. Spenser, who regarded the Irish as hated savages fit only to be exterminated, and who, by the inversion of hatred, saw the patriotism, the courage and eloquence of the bards in animating and keeping up the struggle as vices instead of virtues, had yet literary impartiality enough to see and commend their eloquence in the oft-quoted passage regarding the flowers of wit and invention to be found in the poetry of contemporary Irish bards. Two of the most remarkable of the bards of this era are Fearflatha O'Guire, hereditary bard of the O'Neills of Clanboy, whose ode on the downfall of the race is very striking in the depth of its pathos; and O'Hussey, the bard of the MacGuires of Fermanagh, whose vigor of passion and intensity of hatred are expressed with remarkable intensity and power. The following is a literal version of his ode to Aedh (Hugh) MacGuire:

"Cold weather is this night for Hugh.
A grief is the rigor of its showery drops.
Alas! insufferable is the venom
Of this night's cold.

"This night, it grieves my heart,
Is filled with the thunder-flashing, heavy storm,
Succeeded by an icy congealment
Less ruthless than the hate which pursues him.

"From the sullen breasts of the clouds
The floodgates of heaven are let loose;
The vapors exhaled from the salt sea
The firmament pours down in torrents.

"Though he were a wild creature of the forest,
Though a salmon in an inlet of the ocean,
Or one of the winged fowls of the air,
He could not bear the rigor of this weather.

"Mournful am I for Hugh MacGuire,
This night in a strange land
Under the embers of thunderbolts amid the showers flaming,
And the keen anger of the whistling clouds.

. . . . . .

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"Sore misery to us and torturing to our bosoms
To think that the fine front and sides of his comely person
Should be ground by the rough, sullen, scowling night
In cold, steely accoutrements.

"His kind-dealing hand that punished cruelty
By frost made dumb
Under some spiked and icicle-hung tree.

"Hugh marched, to my grief, with his hosts to battle,
And to-night his tresses softly curling are hung with ice.
But warmth to the hero are the remembered shouts of war
And the many lime-white mansions he hath laid in ashes."

These verses display an astonishing vigor, and the repetition of the various images of storm and cold impress them with the utmost vividness, while the closing burst of passion is the essence of unquenchable hate. The following also shows a remarkably vivid power of scenic description:

"The perilous ways of the borders of Leinster:
Borders of slow-calling sounds,
Gloomy borders of bright mountains severe.
The intricate deserts of Armclaidhe."

. . . . . .

"Heroes polishing their glowing weapons,
Sounding triumpets loudly martial,
A frosty, foggy wind with whistling darts flying—
These are the music in which you delight at early dawn."

Among the other bards of this period may be mentioned Malmurry Bhaird, or Ward, bard of Tyrconnel, who composed a fine ode on the ruins of Donegal Castle, the seat of the favorite hero, Aedh Ruadh (Hugh Roe) O'Donnell; and Eoghain Ruadh (Owen Roe) MacBhaird, bard of the O'Donnells, whose lament for the chiefs of the houses of Tyrone and Tyrconnel, who died in Rome in the early part of the seventeenth century, is full of touching pathos.

The amatory and strictly lyric poetry of this long period is even in smaller bulk and more fragmentary condition than the odes. Among the earliest specimens that have survived is the celebrated "Eileen Aroon," by which name, however, several later pieces are known. The tradition is that it was composed by Carrol O'Daly, a brother of Donoch Mor O'Daly, lord-abbot of Boyle, and also a poet called the Ovid of Ireland, about the middle of the thirteenth century. The author was in love with Ellen Kavanagh, the daughter of a Leinster chief, but his suit was not regarded favorably by the family, and during an absence the lady

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was persuaded to favor a rival suitor. He returned on the day before the wedding and composed the song, which he, disguised as a harper, recited in the evening at the house of his love, who recognized and fled with him. The exquisite sweetness of this air, earlier known to the English world by its Scotch transcription, "Robin Adair," has been remarked by all lovers of music, and Handel is reported to have said that he had rather have been the composer of it than of the finest of his oratorios. The love-songs for the most part appear to have been composed by persons a grade lower in station than the professional bards, and to come nearer to the definition of peasant poetry. They are marked by great abruptness and an artless confusion such as would be natural to one more intent on relieving his feelings than on constructing elaborate verse, and sometimes appear but a jumbled rhapsody. The sentiment, however, is always pure and generous, and touches of local allusion and national characteristics of scenery, and peculiar epithets of beauty that become more effective from frequent repetition, give them a striking originality and effect. As in all primitive poetry, there is a sameness of epithet and repetition of images about them, as gold is always "red" and ladies "fair" in the earlier English ballads. A favorite time is the dawn of day, with its songs of birds, and dew upon the grass; the attractions of the maiden are always her *cuileen*, or abundant and long flowing hair, her swan neck, and cheeks like apple-blossoms or berries on the bough; and the poet's love is more than wealth of cattle or love of kindred. He is often in exile, almost always in poverty, and his appeal is frequently of the hopeless longing which misfortune or fate prevents any hope of being realized. The deep and abiding melancholy and the undertone of pathos in the wildest rhapsody of passion, or even in the merriment of joy, are as marked in the poetry as in the music of Ireland.

Some specimens of the earlier lyrics and songs, even in the naked baldness of a literal translation, will give a better idea of their characteristics than even when most successfully rendered into the English idiom. The following is a later "Eileen Aroon," composed by a Munster poet of uncertain date:

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To be talking of you is delight to me,
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My pride very just you are,
My pleasure of this world you are,
My joy and happiness you are,
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My own girl indeed you are,
My dove of all in the wood you are,
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The intensity and directness of this are very remarkable, while it is almost Sapphic in its rhapsodic abruptness. Still more abrupt and confused is the expression of the lover of Mary Chuisle, or Molly Astore:

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Branch of generousness, westward from the Nair,
Whose voice is sweeter than the cuckoo on the branch,
You have left me in the anguish of death.
The candle is not clear to me, the table, nor the company,
From the drunkenness you cause me, O star of women,
Majestic, graceful maid, who have increased my woe—
Alas! that I am without your cloak till dawn.

"I have walked Ardagh and Kinsale,
To Drogheda and back again,
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High coaches (I have seen) with white horses,
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If you go home from me, Mary—safe home to you.
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Turloch O'Carolan, who is considered the last individual entitled to the honor of being considered an Irish bard, was born at Newtown, near Nobber, in the county Meath, in the year 1670. He was of ancient family—his father, John O'Carolan, having been driven from the Pale by some confiscation—and was possessed of some landed property. Young Turloch, after the death of his father, was educated with the children of Mrs. McDermott Roe, a lady of noble family, of Alderford, in the county Roscommon. In his eighteenth year he became blind from an attack of small-pox, and, by the custom that prevails to this day among pipers and fiddlers, was educated in music as the only possible profession. He received instruction on the harp, and, after four years of education, was supplied by Mrs. McDermott Roe with a horse, and an attendant to lead him, and commenced the pilgrimage that ended only with his life. The bards had fallen from their high estate by the decadence of the noble families. The vast establishments like those of the O'Neills and De Burgos had passed away, and no chieftain held semi-regal sway at Edenduffcarrick or Portumna. No chief could maintain his bard as a part of his household in fitting consideration, and the possibility of lofty themes in celebrating the power of a lord who made war on his own account against the Saxon monarch or a worthy rival had also vanished. The bard was reduced to the necessity of dividing his favors

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He was a poet, however, beyond this, and sufficient remains exist of his verses addressed to female beauty to show a genuine inspiration and a sweet fancy and tenderness. It is to be remembered that Carolan was first educated as a musician and composer, and that it was only upon the challenge of a patron

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that he composed his first piece of poetry, an account of a battle between fairies. Throughout his life his powers as a musician were considered of at least equal consequence to those as a poet, if not more so. But there is a spirit of graceful compliment and sincere feeling in his verses to Bridget Cruise, his first love, to his wife, to Grace Nugent, Gentle Mabel Kelley, and others, which recalls Burns, whom he also resembled in the spirit with which he celebrated good-fellowship and whiskey. The circumstances of his life were unfortunate and calculated to degrade his genius, so that it is singular that even so much remains of genuine sincerity and depth of feeling.

At the age of sixty-seven his wanderings were over. Broken in health, he made his way to Alderford, the house of his earliest patron, Mrs. McDermott Roe, then over eighty years of age, to receive his last welcome. When confined to his bed he composed his last piece, "Farewell to Music," in a strain of remarkable tenderness and pathos. His wake was the grandest of his time. For four days open house was kept at Alderford. All the houses in the village were crowded, and tents and huts were erected on the green. Exhaustless barrels of whiskey were placed in the hall, where the corpse lay in state. The greatest *keeners* of the country around raised their lamentations at the head of the coffin, and Mrs. McDermott Roe herself thought it no derogation to join the hired mourners in the lamentation over "her poor gentleman, the head of all Irish music." All the bards in Ireland came to celebrate in dirges the death of their master, and all the nobility and gentry of the region, including, it is mentioned, sixty clergymen of various denominations, attended the funeral. On the fifth day the corpse was taken to the vault of the McDermott Roe family in Kilronan church with a following that extended for miles. A portrait of Carolan was taken in his later years by a Dutch artist of some celebrity—Van der Hagen. It represents him with harp in hand and his sightless eyes raised. The face is beardless and somewhat full, with an air of sweetness and serenity. The flowing locks and partially bald brow give it somewhat a resemblance to the portraits of Shakspere. With Turloch O'Carolan closed the long and honorable line of Irish bards.

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GENESIS OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

VI.

WE have now brought the discussion of the Catholic Ideal of the church to a simple and direct issue on the question of its genuine and divine origin. In the Catholic Idea the note of apostolicity belongs exclusively to the one society which alone makes an exclusive claim to its possession. The specific *differentia* which constitutes this society and separates it from all others was given to it by its founders the apostles acting by the authority of Jesus Christ, therefore its origin or genesis is divine. The objections against this thesis which we have to consider go against the arguments and proofs which sustain it and are intended to make way for a theory of the human origin of the distinctive and exclusive form of the Catholic Church.

It is desirable to find some brief and sufficient formula which expresses in a manner convenient for the purposes of argument the whole specific difference of the Catholic Church by which it is defined and distinguished from every other society. The apostolic succession in the Catholic episcopate will answer this purpose, if the exact sense of these terms be properly explained.

It is necessary, in the first place, to define the term apostolic, in order to gain a distinct and adequate notion of what that is, which is supposed by the Catholic Idea to be handed down by the apostles to their successors.

The fundamental notion underlying the conception of the apostolate is that Holy Order is a sacrament impressing an indelible character. The apostles received this character from Jesus Christ, the fountain of all grace and power. The intrinsic essence of the character is true and proper priesthood, sacerdotal consecration and power, the possession of a complete *jus circa sacra*. The one great act of priesthood is the offering of sacrifice, which in the New Law is accomplished by the consecration of the appointed elements bread and wine in a mystical action, in which by divine power their substance is converted into the substance of the body and blood of Christ, who is thus made anew an oblation to the Father, and sacramentally received in the holy communion. The power of administering the other sacraments which depend on the sacerdotal character is included

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in the power given over this greatest of sacraments. Annexed to this sacramental power is the power of teaching and ruling the mystical body of Christ, and of doing all which properly belongs to the office of a delegate and vicar of Christ, a mediator and ambassador of reconciliation between God and men. The apostolate is the priesthood of the New Law, which Jesus Christ personally established by his sovereign authority.

The Catholic episcopate is the continuation of the apostolate through the sacrament of ordination. The succession is the inheritance by the bishops of the gifts and powers of the apostolate from the apostles who were the first founders and fathers of the sacerdotal order.

Furthermore, as the apostles were a college strictly bound together in corporate unity under their prince, so, the Catholic episcopate is a hierarchy organized under its primate and supreme head.

This is the Catholic doctrine of apostolic succession, and everything else distinctively Catholic is either virtually contained in it, or necessarily connected with it, so that it can stand as expressive of the essential and specific difference of the Catholic Church. The episcopate is the seat of the life and perpetuity of the Catholic Church, the nucleus of its whole body, the principal organ of its soul, and of the Life-giving Spirit who created, preserves and governs it. Hence it is, that the apostolic origin, superiority over all the clergy and people by divine right, succession from the apostles through episcopal ordination, and exclusive power of conferring the sacerdotal character and transmitting the sacramental gifts in their fulness, of the Catholic episcopate, is a vital question and a pivot upon which turns the whole controversy respecting the true and genuine constitution of the church and the real nature of the Christian religion. This is especially the case in respect to the Evangelical Protestants. As for schismatics who maintain the lawful constitution of their sects under real or pretended bishops who have broken off from the unity of the hierarchy, their pretensions are easily disposed of by reasons drawn from their own admitted principles, and a more thorough and minute exposition of what is involved in the apostolic succession. The papacy is the summit of the episcopate. Only those bishops who are in the communion of the Roman Church possess individually and collectively real episcopal authority and are organized in corporate unity. All which relates specially to the prerogatives of the Roman bishop and the Roman Church can, therefore, be included under the general

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head of the Catholic episcopate. In respect to all other doctrines whatsoever, it is plain that just as soon as the episcopate is recognized as the teaching body or *ecclesia docens*, all questions in regard to which Protestants differ from Catholics are settled at once. Even schismatical and heretical bishops, as a general rule, are, in respect to the heresies of Protestantism, Catholic in their teaching. Of the pseudo-episcopate existing among certain Protestant sects we make no account.

The next step we have to take in our discussion, which will bring us nearer to the real issue, is to prove, that the true and genuine idea of apostolic succession in the Catholic episcopate cannot be a legitimate human development from a preceding indeterminate idea of the church and its essential constituents. If not the genuine and original ideal of the apostles, and divine, it is a profound alteration of it, illegitimate, a human invention wholly unauthorized and worthy of unreserved condemnation as a corruption of the divine ideal of Christianity.

To those who take a merely superficial view derived from the common Protestant conception of the church, it may reasonably appear that questions about the form of church government, certain modes of worship, and external rites, are in their nature non-essential and indifferent. Whether a parish with a congregation meeting in one building, or a diocese containing a number of parishes be the unit of agglomeration, is in itself a matter of expediency only. The same may be said of parity or diversity of rank and power in the clergy, and of the form of government, of appointment and ordination of ministers, and whatever belongs to regular organization. One may very reasonably regard a loose congregational system, an order like that of Presbyterians or Methodists, an episcopal constitution in which all bishops are equal, one in which there are metropolitans, primates, patriarchs, or a universal primate, as so many lawful diversities of exterior order, and only to be compared with each other in reference to their fitness and sufficiency for the ends to be accomplished by Christian association.

Simpler or more elaborate manners of public worship, with or without ecclesiastical vestments, symbols, ceremonies, liturgical forms, concurrence of the arts; may be regarded as matters of taste, propriety, expediency only. Every one of all these externals can be looked upon as subject to human development, voluntary determination, variety and change according to the diversities of times and places. The actual modes and ways introduced by the apostles themselves, in this view, need not be regarded as

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established by them with binding and perpetual force of law. In fact, even such ordinances, baptism and the Lord's Supper for instance, and some kind of ministry for preaching and presiding, as are considered to be of divine institution are not, in this view, of essential importance. Quakers, who reject these things, can be considered as belonging to the church and possessing the essentials of Christian religion. Indeed, many Evangelical Protestants have a high admiration for their society and regard them as being some of the very best of Christian people.

If we suppose, now, for the sake of argument, that the conception of the church which underlies and justifies this liberal and wide view now so very prevalent, truly represents the apostolic and divine idea of Christianity as a visible religion, we must allow that the general theory of Guizot and others, that the apostles left the church to follow the laws of a human, natural evolution and development, becomes tenable and probable. According to this conception, a few dogmas, a certain number of principles and moral precepts, with a few external ordinances, and an inspired book from which each one may learn all the truth he can, make up the substance of the Christian religion. This was given by the apostles and is unalterable. The development has been left to work itself out in a human mode. Accept the premises, and the conclusion is just. We admit, that in point of fact, there is a legitimate, historical development in Christianity, in respect to many things, and even in respect to doctrine. But we take exception to Guizot's theory of development in respect to two things. First, we maintain that a uniform, simultaneous and noiseless development in doctrine, government and rites could not have taken place by evolution from the supposed primordial germ. Such a germ must have developed by no determinate intrinsic force, but by objective, extrinsic augmentation, and under various conditions must have been multiform, successive, and sensibly manifest so as to make its sound distinctly audible and its aspects visible. Second, the development could not possibly have resulted in the system which hinges on the apostolic succession of the Catholic episcopate. It is this second point which we intend to take up at the present moment.

This doctrine of apostolic succession as we have previously defined it is intrinsically wedded not only to a conception of the church wholly different from the one just noticed, but also to a radically different Christian theology from that of Evangelical Protestants. This difference respects the fundamental doctrine of justification. The root of justification is faith. But the Ca-

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tholic idea of faith is wholly different from the Lutheran notion which has been declared to be "the article of the standing or falling church." Faith is a firm belief of all that God has revealed, and the proximate rule of faith is the authority of the church seated in the Catholic episcopate. Again, justification is through the sacrament of baptism, and the command with the right to baptize all nations was given to the apostles and their successors. Again, the grace of baptism when lost by mortal sin must be recovered by the sacrament of penance, also committed to the Catholic episcopate. A Christian is justified by works and not faith alone. He must fulfil all the righteousness of the New Law. This Law is promulgated by the Catholic episcopate, and their universal precepts made obligatory under pain of sin are included in it.

One most important part of the law is to worship God by sacrifice, and another is to receive the body and blood of Christ. The divine Eucharist which is both sacrifice and sacrament is committed to the Catholic episcopate, with exclusive power to consecrate priests who can offer the sacrifice and provide the sacrament for the faithful. Furthermore, although some of the sacraments do not depend on the agency of a person possessing sacerdotal character for their validity, and the sacerdotal character itself even in its fulness as possessed by a bishop may remain and be transmitted in a sect; yet, there is no lawful administration or reception of sacraments except that which is sanctioned by the Catholic episcopate, so that deliberate and wilful violation of the laws of this supreme authority by abusing sacraments and sacramental gifts involves the guilt of sacrilege.

This is Catholic doctrine. Now, it is a contradiction in terms to suppose this doctrine and any different one, half-Catholic or wholly Protestant, to be at the same time genuine Christian doctrine. It and they are mutually exclusive. It is not mere modifications, adjuncts or even integral parts of religion which are in question, but the very essence and that which springs from the essence to complete the specific being and nature of the true Christian religion. The primary question of the way of salvation is involved.

Now, let any one who calls himself an Evangelical Protestant with any show of propriety, state as he pleases what constitutes the essence of the Gospel of Christ, he must admit that this Gospel has been clearly and distinctly revealed, was clearly taught by the apostles, and understood and believed by their disciples. Reduce it to the minimum, and leave as much as possible to de-

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velopment, to the working of the human intellect upon the truth revealed, to the voluntary determinations of the human will applying and putting into exercise principles and ethical precepts, yet this essential gospel must be supposed preserved in its integrity. It may be said, that it has been always and is still preserved in its integrity under all modifications of Christianity which the objector consents to call orthodox. Still, this is not enough. It is necessary that it should be made clearly manifest, that the essential gospel is truly the whole gospel, that nothing else is essential, and that in embracing it, one is secure that he has all which is necessary to salvation. That which the apostles left undetermined and subject to human development must have been known to be undetermined. A legitimate development must have left the essential Gospel intact and unaltered. An alteration is not a development, it is a substantial change. The substitution of the Catholic Idea of Christianity for the supposed primitive idea set forth by the theory we are opposing, would have been a most radical, essential and substantial change, the founding of a new religion and a new church specifically different from the old and genuine apostolic church and religion. This change must have been devised and carried out by men who had wholly departed from the teaching and intuitions of the apostles, innovators, ambitious, criminal, possessed of extraordinary ability and craft, during the interval between the beginning of the second and the end of the third century.

There being no historical evidence that such a change did take place, and the theory that it must have taken place being assumed *à priori*, the arguments for it are necessarily those of negative and sceptical criticism. It may have taken place, it is argued, because there is no demonstrative, documentary evidence that it did not. The burden of proof is thus thrown on us. We are required to furnish a series of documentary proofs reaching back from A.D. 300 or some date near to this, to the apostolic age, proving an unbroken Catholic tradition of that ideal of Christianity which is contained in the doctrine of apostolic succession in the sacerdotal and episcopal hierarchy. Where written documents are obscure or silent, it is inferred that the Catholic idea was absent from the mind of the writers and from the common belief of Christians at the time they were written. The first who explicitly teaches any one point of specific Catholic doctrine is supposed to have invented it or taken it from others as a new doctrine. Thus, there is an apparent tracing of one doctrine or law or usage after another to a human origin, a his-

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tory of the development, which to the unwary and unlearned appears specious and plausible. Then, again, every historical fact, and every written statement is carefully searched for and subjected to critical manipulation, which can be made to appear as evidence against the Catholic tradition, so as to break its uniformity and continuity, and thus disconnect the earliest period of Christianity from which we have received but few documents, from the ages next in succession, and so favor the theory of a general and silent change during the first two or three centuries. This is precisely the method followed by the purely rationalistic critics who attack the books of the New Testament, the primary dogmas of the creeds, and all that part of the substance of the Christian religion which Evangelical Protestants hold to be essential, all of which they make out to be a merely natural development during the first two centuries, which was begun by the apostles themselves, from germs in the ideas and teaching of Jesus Christ, and other elements, Jewish, pagan, and philosophical, and from which resulted the Christianity of the third, fourth and fifth centuries, with its dogmatic, ritual and hierarchical constitution. This theory is more thorough and consistent than the other. Its hiding place is in the supposed chasm between the middle of the first century and the end of the second, unbridged by authentic historical tradition, by which we are cut off from certain knowledge of even the history and real teaching of Christ himself, except that which *à-priori* theories and sceptical criticism can arrive at by the rationalistic method. There is no work more important and necessary at the present time than the one which is employed upon the demonstration of the historical continuity of the divine religion from the birth of Jesus Christ to the conversion of Constantine. True history brought together from all accessible sources, sound reasoning, and a really enlightened criticism based on solid learning, all directed and co-ordinated by sure principles and rules of rational philosophy and logic, are the means by which the pseudo-rationalism of sceptics and unbelievers must be opposed and refuted. We are not concerned, however, at present, with anything except that theory which accepts one half of Christianity as divine and sets aside the other half as human. This second half could not have been added to the first half in the earliest age as a development either legitimate or illegitimate, by an evolution and determination of indeterminate elements in the apostolic church, or by an accretion from elements foreign to apostolic Christianity. The two hemispheres have an intrinsic relation and connection with each other, a com-

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mon origin, and must stand or fall together. In fact the most obvious and simple and generally intelligible demonstration of the divine origin of the first half depends on the historical evidence that the second half is of apostolic origin. Wherefore, the argument which proves this last point against the semi-evangelical theory really overthrows the infidel, rationalistic theory of Gibbon and his modern successors, although this is not our direct end in arguing with those who positively and firmly hold to the evidences of the credibility and the actually divine origin and truth of Christianity.

The apostolic succession of the Catholic episcopate as a plural unity in corporate organization, radically constituted by unbroken transmission within itself through ordination, of the plenitude of the sacerdotal character, is the axis of the entire sphere. The existence of this Catholic episcopate in the ante-Nicene period, with the unbroken tradition of all the churches in all parts of the world, attested by every document and monument of Christian antiquity, that it was of apostolic and divine institution, gives irrefragable and demonstrative evidence that it succeeded to the apostolate. Gibbon says:

"The advantages of this episcopal form of government, which appears to have been introduced before the end of the first century, were so obvious and important for the future greatness, as well as the present peace, of Christianity, that it was adopted without delay by all the societies which were already scattered over the empire, had acquired in a very early period the sanction of antiquity, (nulla ecclesia sine Episcopo, has been a fact as well as a maxim since the time of Tertullian and Irenæus) and is still revered by the most powerful churches, both of the East and of the West, as a primitive and even as a divine establishment." Of the prelates of the third century he says: "They exalted the unity and power of the church, as it was represented in the EPISCOPAL OFFICE, of which every bishop enjoyed an equal and undivided portion. Princes and magistrates, it was often repeated might boast an earthly claim to a transitory dominion; it was the episcopal authority alone which was derived from the Deity, and extended itself over this and another world. The bishops were the vicegerents of Christ, the successors of the apostles, and the mystic substitutes of the high-priests of the Mosaic law."*

In speaking of the particular topic of miracles, Gibbon makes some remarks which are applicable in a wide and general sense to our whole matter of discussion. He observes that to a writer like himself, assuming the position of an impartial historian, there exists a difficulty in the way of

"Adopting such a theory as may reconcile the interest of religion with

* *Decline and Fall*, ch. xv.

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that of reason, of making a proper application of that theory, and of defining with precision the limits of that happy period, exempt from error and from deceit, to which we might be disposed to extend the gift of supernatural powers. From the first of the fathers to the last of the popes, a succession of bishops, of saints, of martyrs, and of miracles is continued without interruption; and the progress of superstition was so gradual, and almost imperceptible, that we know not in what particular link we should break the chain of tradition. Every age bears testimony to the wonderful events by which it was distinguished, and its testimony appears no less weighty and respectable than that of the preceding generation, till we are insensibly led on to accuse our own inconsistency, if in the eighth or the twelfth century we deny to the Venerable Bede or the holy Bernard, the same degree of confidence which, in the second century, we had so liberally granted to Justin or to Irenæus."

Mr. Gibbon, a little later on, gives the reason why miracles must be supposed to have ceased:

"And yet, since every friend to revelation is persuaded of the reality, and every reasonable man is convinced of the cessation, of miraculous powers, it is evident that there must have been *some period* in which they were either suddenly or gradually withdrawn from the Christian church."

When he wrote, it was expedient to use cautious language. His incredulity pierces through the thin veil of a decent respect for the prevailing belief of Englishmen, and is plainly enough intimated in a paragraph a little further on, where he extends the conclusion in respect to the incredibility of post-apostolic miracles to the miraculous and the supernatural in general.

"In modern times, a latent and even involuntary scepticism adheres to the most pious dispositions. Their admission of supernatural truths is much less an active consent than a cold and passive acquiescence. Accustomed long since to observe and to respect the invariable order of nature, our reason, or at least our imagination, is not sufficiently prepared to sustain the visible action of the Deity."

This explains the whole theory of that part of the great historical work of Gibbon which treats of Christianity. The facts are reduced to a minimum, and what remains is explained and accounted for on natural principles, by natural causes. Gibbon's successors are much more bold, outspoken, and thoroughgoing, but they use his key. It seems to us, moreover, that Guizot and Milman, the great admirers and editors of Gibbon have derived their modified theory from the study of his history. The supernatural origin and character of Catholicism must be denied. It must have had a natural origin and development. Therefore, difficult as it is to trace the process to its beginnings, difficult as it

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is to break the links of tradition, an effort must be made to do this by criticism. Dr. Milman, in his Preface to the *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, in a few words describes the middle position of the Protestant theory between pure rationalism and Catholicism:

"Christianity proclaims its divine author chiefly in its first origin and development. When it had once received its impulse from above—when it had once been infused into the minds of its first teachers—when it had gained full possession of its first disciples—when it had gained full possession of the reason and affections of the favored few—it *might be*—and to the Protestant, the rational Christian, it is impossible to define *when* it really *was*—left to make its way by its native force, under the ordinary secret agencies of all-ruling Providence."

We have already stated what the outcome and issue of this general and somewhat vague idea, disconnecting apostolic Christianity from the Catholicity of the third and fourth centuries, must be, when made definite, exact and tangible. That the two are different is assumed *à priori*, from a preconceived conception of Christianity which is not historical, traditional or Catholic, but fabricated from personal and private opinions and justified by a peculiar interpretation of the Holy Scripture together with individual religious experience. A change *might* have taken place, and, although it is impossible to show when or how it took place, it *must* have taken place in order that Christianity should have become so transformed within the first three or four centuries of its existence. The very notion of such a transformation implies an essential and substantial alteration in the idea and plan of the apostles and of their Master. It implies a new conception and a new foundation of a great and world-wide religion, constructed upon the site of apostolic Christianity, making use of everything in it which could be made serviceable, and retaining some resemblance to it, but as different from it as the Augustan empire was from the primitive Roman commonwealth. Such a transformation could not have taken place. There are no adequate causes to account for it. There are many causes which must necessarily have prevented it. There are sufficient and conclusive proofs that it did not take place, and there are no counter evidences which have ever been adduced which can bear examination. Merely considered as an exterior change in organization and form of worship it could not have taken place silently, uniformly and universally, even if there were no positive law established by the apostles to prevent such a modifica-

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tion. But it could not have been a purely exterior transformation. If it did occur, it involved a dogmatic and doctrinal change, a change of fundamental laws, of sacraments, of the positive institutions of Christ, of the way and conditions of salvation, of the rule of faith, of the essence of the Christian religion. The entire type and idea of Christianity prevalent in the second century could not have been transformed in the third, that which was universal in the first could not have been transformed in the second. It is historically certain that the Christianity of the third and fourth centuries is one and the same. The first four centuries, therefore, may be taken as one, like the four gospels. The more abundant documents, with their more explicit statements, and their fuller record of historical facts, which are extant from the middle and later portions of this primitive age illustrate and explain the scantier and more obscure testimonies of the earliest times. The theory of Gibbon, Milman and Guizot, of a progressive change and modification resulting in the hierarchical organization and claim of apostolical succession prevailing in the third century, is purely fanciful and borrowed from the various stages and phases of alteration in the ecclesiastical order which resulted from the schisms of the eleventh and sixteenth centuries. First, a kind of congregationalism is conjectured to have existed, then a kind of presbyterianism, followed by a sort of low-church episcopalianism, which grew into a high-church ritualistic episcopalianism, then was developed into the form of the Greek church, into Gallicanism, and finally into ultramontane catholicism. The most essential part of this theory is that which respects the transition from the presbyterian to the episcopal organization of the church. It is here that the principal effort is made to break the link of tradition and apostolical succession. And we shall next proceed to examine the chief allegations from ecclesiastical history by which this theory is sustained, and to prove more fully that this supposed transition did not take place, and from the very nature of the case could not have been accomplished.

THE PRESENT GENERATION.

WAS it always as now? modern folk I cannot understand.
Only the old are childish, alas! the children are old.

SCHILLER.

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CHRISTIAN ART.

RAPHAEL.

RAPHAEL SANZIO, who divides with Michelangelo the palm of the first painter the world of art has yet seen, was a native of Urbino, a country-town in the Romagna, lying between the eastern slope of the Apennine chain and the Adriatic, in the direction of Fano and Sinigaglia. His father, Giovanni Santi, was himself a painter of no mean powers, several of whose works are even now regarded as creditable to the age he lived in. His son Raphael was born April 6, 1483, in a house still shown to the traveller. His predilection for art was early manifested, his father being his first instructor. But his mother dying when he was four, and his father when he was twelve, years of age, young Raphael was placed by his guardians in the studio of Perugino at Perugia, where he studied for some eight years with a diligence which never forsook him through life. In the few works that have been identified as belonging to the early period of his studies his style, of course, much resembled that of his master. One of them, the "Sposalizio," or Espousals of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph, now in the Brera collection at Milan, is a close imitation, yet with certain well-marked differences, of a picture of Perugino's now in the Musée at Caen in France. Raphael's rendering of the impressive scene is familiar to print-collectors. At the foot of a flight of steps leading up to a polygonal temple the high-priest is uniting the holy pair. Joseph, his miraculously flowering wand in one hand, is placing the ring on the finger of his bride with the other. She, surrounded by her maids, who are only a degree less beautiful and graceful than herself, accepts the pledge with sweet composure and lowly reverence. Behind St. Joseph all the disappointed suitors are breaking the barren wands that indicate the choice of Heaven not to have fallen upon them. The Virgin stands at the high-priest's right hand; but, curiously enough, in the Caen picture of the scene by Perugino she is standing at his left, as a bride in Italy would do at the present time; for, as many of our readers doubtless know, in the old-fashioned churches of that country, where the sexes are separated, the women occupy the epistle side of the sacred edifice. Another picture, less impor-

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tant, indeed, but hardly less characteristic of the painter's early style, belongs to the same period, or is even a year earlier, and is now in the National Collection, London. It is called "The Young Knight's Dream." A youth in armor lies asleep on his shield underneath a laurel-tree. Duty, in the shape of a sedate woman, approaches his head and offers him a naked sword and a book. Near his feet stands Pleasure, a younger and gayer woman, presenting him with a flower and bidding him enjoy himself. The knight is a model of unsophisticated and noble youth. The background is filled with a rocky landscape suggestive of Italian mountain-scenery.

In the autumn of 1504 Raphael made his first acquaintance with Florence, carrying with him a letter of introduction from the Duchess of Sora, sister of his patron, the reigning Duke of Urbino, to Soderini, the gonfaloniere of the republic. Fra Bartolomeo was then at the height of his fame; Da Vinci, also, had begun his celebrated "Battle of the Standard" in the Palazzo Vecchio. From these great artists, as subsequently from Michelangelo, young Raphael learnt to improve the manner he had acquired from Perugino; and from that period his work enters into its second or Florentine style. The chief portion of his time for the next four years was passed in Florence, with an occasional visit to Perugia, Urbino, and Bologna, in which last place he contracted a lasting friendship with Francia. Before the close of this period Michelangelo had finished his "Cartoon of Pisa" in the Palazzo Vecchio at Florence—a work which fascinated every art-student for a long time after, and no doubt had a perceptible influence on Raphael's impressionable mind. Among the works he executed at this time may be mentioned a famous Madonna painted for the altar of the Servites at Perugia (1505), and now at Blenheim Palace, near Oxford. The Madonna with her Son is enthroned under a baldacchino of state, supported on right and left by St. John Baptist and St. Nicholas—a composition full of beauty and dignity. To the same period also belong several other exquisite Madonnas of a more domestic character, representing the Holy Family in homely circumstances, grouped in a meadow, in a garden, under a palm-tree; the little Baptist, St. Joseph, and, less frequently, St. Elizabeth in attendance. At Munich a great picture in the painter's Florentine style presents a group arranged in a pyramidal form. Above and behind the Madonna and St. Elizabeth, who are kneeling on either side of the infant Christ and the Baptist, stands St. Joseph looking down and leaning on his staff. This is the Canigiani Madonna; its somewhat formal

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arrangement is redeemed by the beauty of its several portions, the playful affection of the children, the tender solicitude of the mothers, and the fostering care of St. Joseph. In all, Raphael painted above thirty pictures during his residence at Florence and before he was twenty-five years old.

In 1508 he transferred his residence to Rome at the invitation of Julius II., to whom the architect Bramante had recommended the rising young painter as the man best fitted to execute the pope's large designs for the decoration of the Vatican. In the same year, also, Michelangelo was brought to Rome to decorate the Sistine Chapel in the same palace. The commencement of Raphael's Roman residence nearly equally divides his life, from the date of his entering Perugino's studio to his premature death at the age of thirty-seven. In attempting to give an intelligible account of the numerous works of art he achieved during the short space of those twelve years, the selection of the most important is of course all that our limits will permit. It was the period of the painter's most fertile production in fresco and in oil. Most of his works are familiar, in name at least, to a number of persons who have never seen the originals, and who may be naturally supposed to be desirous of knowing something about them. With this view we shall briefly describe as many of them as our space will allow us. Upwards of thirty years have elapsed since the writer of these lines had the privilege of examining the work of Raphael; but there are occasions when the impression made upon the memory can be effaced only with life.

We begin with the frescoes in the *stanze*, or chambers, formerly occupied by the popes, but which now bear the name of Raphael. These are four in number, on the third floor of that part of the palace which Nicholas V. and Sixtus IV. had rebuilt. These *stanze* are approached by open corridors, or galleries, termed *loggie*, to which we shall presently return, as they contain an important part of Raphael's decorations. The *Stanza* or *Camera della Segnatura* was the first submitted to Raphael's treatment, and was finished in 1511. The ceiling is adorned with eight pictures, or groups of allegorical figures, selected in harmony with the general dedication of the hall to those lofty pursuits of mind which in a manner dominate all others: theology, philosophy, poetry, and jurisprudence. Each of the four sides of the hall is covered by a picture (fifteen feet in height by twenty-five in width) representing one of these subjects. "Theology" is an elaborate composition, divided into two parts. In the upper, immediately beneath the Eternal Father and the heavenly choirs,

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Christ is enthroned between his Mother and the Baptist, and in the midst of a circle of patriarchs and prophets of the Old Law and apostles of the New. The upper portion of the picture is connected with the lower by the mystic Dove, symbol of the Divine Spirit by whose agency "peace is made through the blood of the cross, both as to the things on earth and the things that are in heaven" (Col. i. 20). Below is an altar, on which reposes the Blessed Sacrament; and on either side extends an august circle of popes, bishops, and doctors of the church in solemn council. On the outside of the great assembly are numerous spectators of all ages, some listening, others disputing among themselves. To the presence of the Holy Sacrament is to be ascribed the common but incorrect title of the picture, the "Disputa del Sacramento." The subject is not restricted to that sacred mystery; it includes the principal representatives of all theology in every age. On the wall dedicated to philosophy the "School of Athens" represents the master-minds of ancient Greece gathered together in a vast hall in the Bramante style of architecture; Plato and Aristotle occupy the centre of the elevated dais; near Plato is Socrates, demonstrating with his fingers a proposition to Alcibiades, whose easy, voluptuous figure serves as a foil to the severer attitudes of the philosophers. Arts and sciences occupy the lower foreground. On the spectator's left is Pythagoras, the centre of a group of his contemporaries and disciples. On the right Archimedes is stooping down to construct a geometrical figure on the ground, his massive bald head a portrait of Bramante. Near him Zoroaster and Ptolemy are carrying, one a celestial, the other a terrestrial globe. At their side, close to the edge of the fresco, is the portrait of Raphael himself in attendance on his master, Perugino, the representative of art. In the midst of all, reclining on the steps, is Diogenes, the Cynic, in character, shunning and shunned by the company about him. The animation infused into the whole, its masterly grouping and the absence of all formality, mark this picture as one of the highest efforts of Italian art.

Upon another wall, about the window and over it, poetry is depicted as a scene on Mount Parnassus, in which Apollo is seated under a group of laurel-trees, playing the violin. About him are gathered the poets of classical antiquity and of modern Italy. Old Homer is declaiming verses which a youth is eagerly taking down. Near him is Dante's solemn head, crowned with a laurel-wreath, not far from Virgil's more genial countenance. Those are the epic poets. The lyric include Sappho, Corinna,

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and Petrarch in one group; Pindar, Horace, and perhaps Catullus, in another. If "Theology" and "Philosophy" are distinguished by dignity, "Poetry" is unsurpassed in its inimitable gracefulness. As the representative of law, or jurisprudence, a single picture was rendered impracticable by the position of the window. In the space above it, therefore, three of the cardinal virtues, prudence, fortitude, and temperance, are made the subject of typical groups, and on either side of it civil and ecclesiastical law are represented—the one by Gregory XI. (a portrait of Julius II.) delivering the Decretals to a consistorial advocate, and the other by Justinian handing the Pandects to Tribonianus.

The *stanza* next taken in hand was that of *Heliodorus*, so named from the principal fresco introduced into it, representing the expulsion of the sacrilegious courtier of King Seleucus from the Jewish temple (2 Mach. iii. 25). The messengers of divine justice are upon him, one of them riding over him, two others with scourges ready to apply to him, while the proceeds of his robbery are scattered upon the pavement. By an artistic license Pope Julius is introduced on the opposite side in his *sedia gestatoria*, surrounded by his court, and looking upon the scene of action as on a distant vision, apart altogether from the emotion which agitates the crowd of persons present in the temple. Another remarkable fresco, disposed around and above the window, is the "Miracle of Bolsena," commemorative of the legend that in the year 1263, while an unbelieving priest was celebrating Mass in presence of the people in the church of Sta. Christina at Bolsena, the consecrated Host dropped blood. The group is a very striking one. One end of the altar is turned to the spectator. On his left the tall, graceful figure of the young priest is drawing slightly backwards on his perceiving what has occurred; he raises his right hand, still grasping the Host with his left, with evident astonishment and irresolution and a shade of self-reproach. Directly opposite him kneels the pope (again Raphael's patron, Julius II.), perceiving the occurrence in perfect faith and betraying no astonishment. Two cardinals behind him look on with much the same expression; while among the attendants on either side some have become aware of the miraculous incident, and some have not. An examination of their faces at once shows to which class each of them belongs. "The whole picture," says Leslie (*Hand-Book for Young Painters*), "is made up of episodes of dignity, of grace, and of tenderness such as the mind of Raphael could alone supply, and which render this, though the theme is unfavorable, one of the very finest of his works." A third il-

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lustrative example of the triumph of the Christian Church and its doctrine is afforded by the fresco on another wall of the *Stanza d'Eliodoro.* In it Attila is represented as turned back from the walls of Rome by the peaceable remonstrances of St. Leo, who is acting under the visible protection of SS. Peter and Paul. The fourth side of the chamber represents the deliverance of St. Peter from prison. On the ceiling are delineated, in four simple and grand compositions, promises made by God to Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, and Moses, also prefiguring the future glory of the church. The whole *stanza* was finished in 1514. In drawing, color, and execution it contains the finest of Raphael's frescoes.

Julius II. was by this time dead, and Leo X. sat on the pontifical throne. The change made no difference as to Raphael's employment. The *stanze* went on, but more slowly, on account of numerous other commissions entrusted to the busy painter. That named *Dell'Incendio,* and finished in 1517, contains a picture of a historical conflagration in the Borgo (a suburb of Rome, near the Vatican) said to have been miraculously extinguished by Leo IV. A victory at Ostia over the Saracens, gained under the same pope, and two memorable passages in the life of Leo III., complete the wall-fresco subjects in this *stanza.* But a small part of their execution is the work of Raphael, who by this time had a large school of pupils, and set them to work out his designs. The fourth *stanza, di Costantino,* was not finished till after the master's death. A word must be added about the *loggie* in the Vatican, which we mentioned a little while ago as containing some of Raphael's work, or at least of his designs. The *loggie* are open galleries running round three sides of the court of St. Damasus, the oldest part of the Vatican palace, and consisting of several stories. By the second of these access is gained to the *stanze;* and this story Raphael was commissioned by Leo to decorate. Up the sides and round the windows on the inner wall are arabesque ornaments, festoons of fruit and flowers, various animals, grouped in forms of the most playful fancy, though now much injured by time. A variety of stucco ornaments in relief represent subjects taken from classical mythology. The vaulted ceiling and its numerous cupolas are covered with a series of Scripture incidents on a small scale, chiefly from the Old Testament, and known as "Raphael's Bible." The master's hand furnished the drawings, and five of his best pupils copied them in their places.

Raphael was now a great man in Roman society as well as in art. He had built a house for himself near the Vatican, where he

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received cardinals, men of letters, and distinguished artists. He rejoiced in visits from Da Vinci and Fra Bartolomeo; he corresponded with Francia and with Albrecht Dürer. Cardinal da Bibbiena consented to his marriage with Maria da Bibbiena, the cardinal's niece, with a handsome dowry; and only the lady's early death put an end to the project. But nothing of all this success, which might have cooled the ardor of many men for incessant work, seems ever to have interrupted the application of the painter to his fascinating art. In order to introduce a little variety into our narrative we shall now depart for a moment from the strictly chronological order, and, instead of following him with his great series of decorations for the Sistine Chapel, shall first give a rapid sketch of some of the most celebrated easel-pictures, by which he is probably more widely known at the present day. We shall then return to the series of his cartoons.

We begin with a Holy Family, now in the Museum, Madrid, painted during Raphael's residence in Rome, and reckoned his finest representation of the subject. The group is seated in the foreground; behind is the cottage, with St. Joseph at the window. The infant Christ is on his Mother's knee, one foot resting in his cradle; the little Baptist offers him fruits in his panther's skin. The aged Elizabeth kneels a little behind the Madonna. This exquisite picture was once in the possession of Charles I. of England, and after his death was purchased for $10,000 by Philip IV. of Spain, who on seeing it exclaimed, "This is my pearl!" Hence the name of "The Pearl" has attached to it ever since; and "never was the serious gentleness of the Blessed Virgin-Mother, her beauty of form, her purity of soul, better portrayed," in the opinion of Mr. Ford. The same gallery contains a superb example of the Madonna enthroned, in Raphael's latest style. On her left stands St. Jerome in the act of reading in a book, which has been apparently interrupted by the entrance of the archangel Raphael on the other side, leading by the hand, and presenting at the throne, young Tobias, the very impersonation of youthful and confiding innocence. His traditional fish is in his hand; hence the title of the picture, "Del Pesce"—"Of the Fish." The infant Christ turns to welcome him, and at the same time keeps his left hand on the book, as if to mark the place.

The Madonna of Foligno is one of the best-known paintings in the world, and one of the noblest. Executed originally for the Franciscan church of the Ara-Cœli in Rome, it now hangs in the Vatican gallery. Its history adds to its interest. The painter was commissioned by Sigismund Conti, of Foligno, private secre-

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tary to Julius II., and an author and patron of learning, to execute a votive picture as an expression of his gratitude for a narrow escape from a meteor or thunderbolt which had fallen near him at Foligno. The Madonna is seated on clouds, and surrounded by angels in heavenly glory. Her beautiful Child rests on her lap and in her arms. Below her feet, in the distance, is the town of Foligno, in a landscape spanned by a rainbow, and on which a harmless thunderbolt is falling from a storm-cloud. The spectator sees on his right hand the kneeling figure of the donor, a portrait evidently from the life; his upraised face and joined palms expressing the humblest and deepest gratitude. Behind him stands his patron, St. Jerome, who lays one hand on the donor's head, and with the other presents him to the group above. On the other side of the picture St. John Baptist is pointing to the Lamb of God; and in front of him St. Francis kneels in ecstasy and invokes blessings and graces on the audience outside. In the central foreground stands one of the winged cherubs Raphael had the secret of painting, holding a tablet for an inscription, and looking upwards to his companions above with that indefinable union of intellect and innocence which distinguish Raphael's cherubs even above Murillo's. One, but only one, greater picture of the Incarnation was conceived and executed by the master, as we shall presently have occasion to see. It may perhaps be worth adding that the grateful donor died (1512) the year after making his offering; and many years afterwards his grand-niece, Suora Anna Conti, obtained leave to remove the picture from the Ara-Cœli to the convent at Foligno, whence it was swept off by the French revolutionary army along with other art-plunder, and at the general restoration of such plunder, in 1815, was placed in the Vatican collection.

The Madonna of Foligno is surpassed in beauty of expression only by the Madonna of "San Sisto." It was painted in one of the last years of the master's life, for the monks of San Sisto at Piacenza. Internal evidence shows that it was the work of Raphael's own hand throughout; no preliminary study or cartoon was made for it; it grew direct from the suggestion of his mind, favored by the executive skill of hand gained by five-and-twenty years' incessant and intense devotion to the practice of his art. No sacred picture is more familiar in copies and engravings, yet neither copy nor engraving gives even approximately a conception of the surpassing loveliness and majesty of the original. There stands the Madonna, "the transfigured woman," as Mrs. Jameson finely says, "at once completely woman and something

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more; an abstraction of power and purity and love, poised on the empurpled air, requiring no other support, and looking out with her melancholy, loving mouth, her slightly-dilated, sibylline eyes, quite through the universe to the end and consummation of all things."

> "There is a listening fear in her regard,
> As if calamity had but begun;
> As if the vanward clouds of evil days
> Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
> Was with its stored thunder laboring up."

Observe the far-away look, the silent sorrow, in the immortal eyes of the Child enthroned on her heart; he looks what he is—"the world's rejected guest." Sixtus, the martyr-pope and patron of the Benedictine monastery at Piacenza, kneels on the Madonna's right, Barbara on her left, and below two of Raphael's cherub-creations, suggestive of infantine beauty and God-like intelligence. In presence of this admirable work the babble of a few incompetent critics, who tell us that Raphael, as he grew in years, lost much of the religious feeling of his early work, falls upon incredulous ears. No work of any period, Raphael's or another's, is so instinct as this with the incommunicable power of genius to interpret things which the natural eye has not yet seen, but which divine faith can teach the painter's imagination to conceive and his cultivated skill to delineate. This unrivalled picture is now the glory of the Dresden gallery. It was purchased from the monks of San Sisto early in the last century, by Augustus III., Elector of Saxony, for $32,500.

The public gallery at Bologna possesses a noble picture in Raphael's latest style, dedicated to the praise of St. Cecilia, patroness of music, by the Bentivogli family near Bologna. The saint and martyr of Roman celebrity is standing in the centre of a group consisting of St. John, St. Paul, Magdalene, and St. Augustine. She holds in her hands a small organ, with which she has been accompanying her song, but lets it droop as she suspends her own performance to listen with rapt attention to a choir of angels who are singing aloft over her head. Round about her feet lie scattered fragments of musical instruments. When the picture was finished Raphael consigned it to his friend Francia, requesting him to see it safely placed in the church of its destination. Because the elder painter testified his rapturous admiration for so masterly a work the idle report went abroad that his death, which happened soon after (1517), was the result of

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envy and mortification at his own inability to equal it. The truth of the report, however, will not bear a moment's examination.

We now retrace our steps chronologically to examine, as briefly as we can, the great series of sacred pictures known as the Cartoons of Raphael—great (if not in its number, which amounts only to seven) in size, and still more in artistic execution, so as to form a unique gallery in itself. These admirable works were brought from Hampton Court, with Queen Victoria's permission, only a few years ago, and are now exhibited under glass, in a hall built expressly for them, at South Kensington, near London.

A few months after the accession of Pope Leo X. he formed the project of lining the walls of the Sistine Chapel immediately surrounding the space occupied in sacred functions by the cardinals and the papal throne with costly tapestries worked in patterns of ecclesiastical history, so as to complete the general design of the decoration as we described it under the life of Michelangelo. Raphael, who was then engaged in another part of the Vatican, was accordingly directed to prepare working-drawings, as we may call them, to be sent to Arras, in French Flanders, and copied in the tapestry-looms in wool, silk, and gold. The original plan included eleven designs, only seven of which now remain. They are drawn and colored in *tempera*, on pasteboard or very thick paper, called in Italian *cartone*, hence their name of cartoons. The height of each is twelve feet, the length varying from thirteen to nineteen. The figures are larger than life-size. The first subject, in point of time, is the "Miraculous Draught of Fishes" (St. Luke v.) Two fishing-boats are afloat on the Sea of Galilee. The moment of success, after a night of failure, has come; they are filled to overflowing, and St. Peter, yielding to a sudden impulse of gratitude, throws himself at Christ's feet in the boat, and ejaculates, "Depart from me." His brother, Andrew, stands behind him. Other disciples in the adjoining boat are dragging their netful of fish with painful effort to the surface. The populous shore stretches far away into the distance under the blue sky and lapped by the light-green water. This beautiful composition is the work of Raphael's own hand, with the exception of the fish and the cranes (or herons), of which the minute finish attests the skill of his pupil, Da Udine. "The Redeemer's Charge to Peter" (St. John xxi.) is delivered also on the banks of the Sea of Galilee, in presence of eleven apostles grouped together with admirable effect. The figure of Christ, in a loose gray robe, is full of majesty as he stands before the kneel-

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ing Peter, to whom he is delivering the symbolic keys, while pointing with his other hand to the representative sheep and lambs behind him. The greater part of this cartoon was painted by Penni, a distinguished pupil. Regarding it Leslie says: "Look at the attitude and expression of the kneeling saint; at the earnestness and love with which St. John presses forward to his Master; and at the surprise and reverential awe, mingled with something of fear, that prevent the rest of the disciples from clustering round their Lord!" There is something more than that in the faces of several—something of the old jealousy which once prompted them to inquire which of them should be the greatest.

Raphael's hand is shown in many details of the "Miracle at the Beautiful Gate" (Acts iii.)—in the cripple at the side, and several of the heads, particularly that of the young woman with her child, and of another carrying a basket of doves on her head. For the splendor of its accessories no other cartoon can be compared to this. The many and richly-decorated pillars of the temple-portico form an architectural setting of superb design well suited to the dignity of the two apostles who are engaged with the lame man in the centre. If the deformity of some of the figures is great, and even, perhaps, grotesque, the loveliness and grace of others more than compensate for it. Thus far the mercy and compassion of God in the history of the church has been set forth. Place must now be found for the "terrors of the Lord." "The Death of Ananias" (Acts v.) powerfully reveals the fate of the hypocrite who dared to "lie unto God." The cartoon, as a whole, is reckoned the finest of the series. Most of the heads are the work of the master himself. The apostles stand on an elevated platform; St. Peter, in the centre, rigid as iron, pronounces the doom of the miserable man before him, who falls in the agonies of death, while the bystanders start aside with fear and horror. Yet even at such a moment judgment is tempered with mercy, as we are taught by the figure of St. John, at one side, distributing alms to a group of the poor.

"The Sorcerer Elymas struck with Blindness" (Acts xiii.) is another, though less appalling, representation of divine power in punishing. Blindness, not death, has fallen on the sorcerer who had attempted to dissuade the Roman proconsul from listening to St. Paul. The apostle's figure is magnificent—an adaptation from one in the Brancacci chapel, Florence, long attributed to Masaccio, and now known to be the work of the elder Lippi. The magistrate, surrounded by his court, is the astonished spectator of the instantaneous punishment fallen on Elymas, who

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from an attitude of proud defiance has sunk to the abject and helpless position of one groping in the dark in the presence of his former dupes. Even here beneficence turns evil to good: a Latin inscription on the pedestal of the magistrate's seat announces that "Sergius Paulus, proconsul of Asia, embraces the Christian faith at the preaching of Saul." "Paul and Barnabas at Lystra" (Acts xiv.), in point of life-like action and decorative enrichment, ranks very high in the series. The moment chosen is that when the grateful multitude insist on offering divine honors to the men whom they have seen restore health and motion to the cripple. The ram and the ox are ready for sacrifice; the axe of the priest is on the point of descending; fire is kindled on the altar; a boy bears a box of incense, another

"Pipes to the spirit ditties of no tone."

The mob presses around the cripple, now perfectly cured. Some are exulting; others, in a different mood, already give token of the revulsion of opinion which a few hours later nearly cost the apostles their lives. Paul rends his garment in deprecation of the impiety about to be enacted. So many features of the event was Raphael able to represent and bind together into one harmonious whole in this the most dramatically conceived of all the cartoons.

We have reached the last, "St. Paul preaching at Athens" (Acts xvii.) As a pictorial composition nothing could be finer, or, in point of historical learning, more fully furnished. The apostle is standing at the top of a flight of marble steps, clothed in more than his wonted power, and urging his plea with impassioned eloquence on the circle of philosophers and others about him. We can imagine him addressing them in their vernacular Greek: "For Christ therefore we are ambassadors, God as it were exhorting by us. For Christ, we beseech you, be reconciled to God" (2 Cor. v. 20). His audience comprises representations of four or five distinct sects of Greek philosophy. Behind the apostle, in the order we enumerate them, is a Cynic, a Stoic, and a disciple of Plato. The first two are utterly without sympathy; they are mentally refuting every word as it falls. The Platonist listens with interest, as to a sublime speculation not destitute of ideas in common with his own system. In front of the speaker, among a promiscuous group of listeners and disputants, a man is standing with his finger on his lip, a sign of the Pythagorean noviceship of silence. On his left an Epicurean is enjoying the apostle's fervid eloquence, without a

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thought of its bearing upon life and conduct. Next to him is a wicked old pagan, his emotions of terror and hatred combined imparting a strange fixity to his scowl. The last of that group is a remarkable figure. His head is bent, his eyes forcibly closed, his whole figure wrapped in his cloak; he seems to think from head to foot, as was remarked by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Between buildings in the background two Jewish doctors are passing in deep debate; and in the immediate foreground the animated faces of Dionysius and Damaris, the converts, testify their conviction and consequent gratitude and joy. That the whole scene is passing in the Areopagus (or Mars Hill) we are reminded by seeing the temple and statue of Mars behind the audience.

Such, in brief, are the world-famous cartoons. A critic, who was himself a painter of no common order, remarks: "They make one present at the scenes they represent more than the works of any other painter who has treated similar subjects. It is only in the recollection of the cartoons that I fancy I have seen the apostles."

The tapestries they were employed in making were finished and hung in the Sistine in 1519. The priceless cartoons meanwhile lay in the warehouse at Arras, cut up into slips, as the weavers had used them, neglected and forgotten. Thus four of them altogether perished. A century later Rubens heard of them, and, on his visit to England, advised Charles I. to buy them for the use of his tapestry manufactory. The king did so, and they were imported into England in slips two feet wide. At the sale of the royal art-treasures Oliver Cromwell bought them for £300 for the nation. Louis XIV. of France took a fancy to them, and very nearly prevailed on Charles II. to part with them. The treasurer, Lord Danby, however, remonstrated, and the cartoons remained in England. But nobody could make any use of them, and it was reserved for "Dutch William" to rescue them from a lumber-room in Whitehall, to order them to be put together again, and finally placed in a room prepared for them at Hampton Court Palace by Sir Christopher Wren. As we mentioned above, they are now housed at South Kensington Museum, London, and constantly under the eye of young art-students.

If we have appeared to dwell at somewhat undue length on a series of works which after all are not popularly regarded as of the highest class, we shall plead in justification two considerations, either of which, it appears to us, makes a tolerably full account of the cartoons a necessary part of our sketch of Christian art and its history. (1.) Had Raphael left behind him no other

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memorial of his powers the cartoons alone would have entitled him to the first rank among painters. This is a point on which there can be but one opinion among. competent judges. And (2) it is equally beyond dispute that nothing in the whole range of art is entitled to equal rank, or even to second rank, with the cartoons, except, it may be, other works of the same hand that designed them, or of the hand of his great and only rival, Michelangelo. There is nothing like them in the history of painting. When we remember that they were designed as patterns for the tapestry decoration of a chapel, on sheets of paper, and lightly washed in with water-color, rapidly planned and rapidly executed, it excites astonishment at the genius that could make them more precious than many times their weight in gold by the various wealth of imaginative thought, and artistic composition, and inimitable execution he knew how to embody with means so slender. Raphael received $750 for his designs. The weavers of Arras were paid, on the lowest computation, $35,000 for the tapestries woven after their pattern. The tapestries, we believe, are still in the Vatican, though much faded; but there can be little doubt that in money value alone, not to speak of art, they and their paper patterns have changed places.

If Raphael could have foreseen that his thirty-seventh birthday was to be the last day of his life, he could not have labored more assiduously than he did to "redeem the time" and fill up the measure of his work. In addition to all his other engagements, during the last six years of his life he held the post of architect of St. Peter's, vacant on the death of Bramante; and with Raphael the office was no sinecure. To a limited extent, also, he practised sculpture. We have referred only to a few of his pictures, of a sacred character, and to none of a secular or mythological, of which he executed several, to the admiration of the Roman society, which then much affected subjects of that kind. That society was much divided as to the comparative merits of Raphael and Michelangelo. An opportunity of testing the matter occurred soon after Cardinal Giulio de' Medici's appointment to the archbishopric of Narbonne in France. Raphael was commissioned to paint a picture of the "Transfiguration" for the cathedral. At the same time, as his great rival would not condescend to compete openly, the "Raising of Lazarus" was proposed to Sebastian del Piombo, a Venetian artist and a friend of Michelangelo—a subject in which it is understood that the great decorator of the Sistine ceiling sketched with his own hand several of the figures, and notably that of Lazarus. When this picture was

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finished it was sent to Narbonne, whence, by way of the Orléans gallery, it found its way to England, where it is now in the National Collection. The other was unfinished when the master laid down his pencil for ever. Into the upper portion he lived long enough to infuse all the witchery of his art, all the sublimity of his mature imagination, leaving it to his best pupil, Giulio Romano, to complete the lower portion of the work. A short description of it will appropriately close our history of Christian art; for in truth, and without prejudging the possibilities of the future, no painter has ever hitherto approached the elevation of that work. Captious objections have been taken to its double character, the only conclusive answer to which is to insist again on the essential distinction between a historical and a devotional work to which reference was made at an earlier point in our history. The lower portion of the picture in question represents the scene described in the Gospel as having occurred the day after the transfiguration (St. Luke ix.) The epileptic boy is brought by his parents to the nine apostles who did not accompany Christ to the mountain. They can do nothing but point towards the place whence they look for his return, and bid the distressed parents wait for him. Up above, on the summit of the typical Mount Thabor, the glorious scene is passing exactly as it is described in the Gospel. The three privileged apostles, in various characteristic attitudes, are struck down by the "intolerable day" which is falling upon them, and in the midst of which the transfigured Redeemer is floating in virtue of his own inherent immunity from the weight of gravitation. We say "inherent," because his transfiguration consisted not in his assuming, but in his disclosing, the endowments of the spiritual and glorified body, which belonged of right to his natural body, as possessing the Beatific Vision, although, at his pleasure, suspended "in the intercourse of human hours." Buoyancy is suggested by the upward direction of his garments. His countenance shines like the sun; those garments of his are white as snow. His arms are extended, as if on a cross, in distinct allusion to the conversation about his approaching decease at Jerusalem which he held, as we know, with Moses and Elias, who hover on either side in attitudes of adoration. It is a disputed question, and likely always to remain so, whether this ecstatic countenance is not, on the whole, the nearest approach ever achieved by art to a representation of the face of God made man, or whether it is not surpassed in expressive beauty by Da Vinci in the "Last Supper," or by Raphael himself in his great fresco of "Theology" in the Vati-

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can *Stanza della Segnatura.* We shall not attempt to pronounce a decision on a matter which is one of feeling rather than of artistic rules. The devotional, and in this instance the vision-like, character of the picture is further illustrated by the introduction of SS. Lawrence and Julian as spectators of the scene. The donor of the picture, afterwards Clement VII., requested that the patrons of his father Lorenzo and his uncle Giuliano de' Medici might be thus represented as an act of filial piety. This great picture, when finished, was deemed too precious to be sent to Narbonne; it was placed in the cardinal's titular church of San Pietro in Montorio. The French carried it off to Paris in 1797, and when their art-plunder was restored to Italy the "Transfiguration" was placed in the Vatican in the same chamber with Domenichino's "Last Communion of St. Jerome"—the admiration of all visitors, and the despair of a succession of copyists.

We have thus endeavored to follow Raphael's career as a religious painter more especially, compelled by limits of space to leave out of sight the eighty-odd portraits of contemporary popes, prelates, and princes who sat to him, his frescoes in several Roman churches, and one or two examples of his proficiency in the plastic arts. In the spring of 1520 he caught a violent cold, which induced fever, and terminated fatally on April 6, the thirty-seventh anniversary of his birth. He was laid out in state in his studio, and when the Roman people who crowded to view his remains saw suspended over his pale head the last unfinished work of his "divine" pencil, "the heart of every one who looked upon it," says a bystander, "was ready to burst with grief." They buried him in the Pantheon (Sta. Maria ad Martyres) by his express desire, near the tomb of Maria da Bibbiena, whom he was to have married. There is sufficient evidence to show that, had he lived only a little longer, Leo X. or Clement VII. would have made him a cardinal.

We have lately been told by an English statesman, in a tone of playful sarcasm, that the reign of Madonnas, and sacred pictures generally, is over; that painters would do well to take historical events, turning-points in the national fortunes, as subjects worthier of their art. But as it is much easier to talk about art than to practise it, we wait to see whether painters will take the hint and what they will make of it. They seem, however, unaccountably slow to move in that direction. Till they do so we may be pardoned the serious doubt whether secular subjects will ever animate the artist to higher reaches of expressive skill than the old masters attained under the influence, we had almost said

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the inspiration, of Madonnas and sacred subjects. If art is ever to move forward to a yet more eminent height than that to which Michelangelo and Raphael carried it, we are persuaded it will only be under a similar inspiration. Battles and victories by land or sea, signings of Magna Chartas, of Bills of Right, of Declarations of Independence, or other memorable treaties, may produce acres of colored canvas, as in the galleries of Versailles and Fontainebleau, but no picture to rivet the eye and move the heart with one-tenth of the force with which the least celebrated of Raphael's hundred and twenty Madonnas appeals to every mother and son that looks upon her. We should even anticipate a higher and nobler future for landscape than for political subjects. The finer and the grander features of landscape, in its largest sense, if regarded as reflections of beauty and of power from the face of Nature, which is a creation of God, might well attract the skilled master of painting to make himself their interpreter to his fellows, and bid them also admire and honor the Creator in his work. But the highest path of all must surely be that which leads to the contemplation, and it may be to the representation, of events and mysteries to which the race of mankind owes its redemption, and its hope, at some not very distant day, of reaching the companionship of the immortals and the vision of God.

THREE WEIGHTY AXIOMS.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

THREE axioms pregnant with import I name,
Which orally to men their fellow-men impart,
Yet from no source to man extrinsic came,
Springing spontaneous from the human heart;
And he despoils himself of manhood's dignity
Who ceases to believe these axioms three.

Man is by nature free, and free remains,
Though loaded from his birth with heaviest chains.
Do not believe or love this axiom less
Because abused it leads to wild excess.
Dread not the slave who wins his liberty,
Grudge not to free-born men that they are free.

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Virtue is not a name of empty sound;
Its rules, by deeds, men can to life apply.
Though failures everywhere abound,
Man, none the less, has power to aim on high.
Something above the highest reason's ken
Is oft fulfilled by simple, childlike men.

There is a God, a living holy Will,
Changeless, above all wavering human minds,
Whose presence boundless time and space doth fill,
And changeful, restless things in order binds.
He is the Mind Supreme, the Sovereign Best,
Who rules all movement, in himself at rest.

These three most weighty axioms which I name,
Hold fast yourself, to other men impart,
They from no source to man extrinsic came,
But spring spontaneous in the human heart.
So long as man believes these axioms three,
He cannot be despoiled of manhood's dignity.

THE CATALOGUES OF THE MANUSCRIPTS IN THE VATICAN LIBRARY.—I.*

UPON the first announcement in the columns of the *Aurora* that His Holiness Leo XIII. had instituted a commission to supervise the publication of catalogues of the manuscripts in the Vatican Library, the wise decree elicited applause from scholars throughout Italy, beyond the Alps, and far over the sea. The applause was repeated by the periodical press, and was swelled by congratulatory letters from the most competent judges in similar matters, addressed to His Eminence Cardinal Pitra, librarian of the Holy Roman Church and president of the commission. The illustrious Leopold Delisle, compiler of the cata-

* The London *Times*, in a long editorial, enthusiastically applauded the decree of His Holiness relative to the publication of the catalogues of the codices in the Vatican Library. We are happy to find these sapient projects of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., greeted with favor even amongst Protestants. But the editorial aforesaid speaks of the Vatican Library as a mysterious hiding-place of unknown treasures, hitherto permitted to few to examine, forgetting apparently that that library is frequented by the studious of every nationality, and that its codices have long furnished and continue still to supply material for every kind of learned publication, especially in this present century. We purpose, therefore, in these pages to give accurate and authentic information relative to the decreed publication of the Vatican catalogues.

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logues of the manuscripts in the National Library of Paris, skilled in the art of dealing with the history of codices, in the *Bibliothèque de l'Ecole de Chartres* qualifies this undertaking of the Sovereign Pontiff as a grand event in the republic of letters. To fulfil this awakened expectancy the writer deems it fitting to set forth some brief and exact information relative to the Vatican catalogues, and to the practical mode determined upon by the commission to ensure their publication with all possible promptitude and accuracy.

Probably no one of the greater libraries of Europe, however rich in codices, possesses catalogues or indexes so copious and so accurate as those of the Vatican. This fact, well known to the learned of all nationalities who have made use of the Vatican catalogues, and verified by the writer himself during his researches among manuscripts in Italy, France, Germany, Austria, and England, may appear scarcely credible to those who give heed to vulgar prejudices that would fain conceal from the very officials of the library the unexplored treasures of the Vatican. Concise, positive, and precise information will suffice to banish all false ideas.

The history of the Vatican catalogues should begin at a very remote age, and even prior to the time of the celebrated Platina, who described the codices of the Apostolic Library committed to his care, and placed by Pope Sixtus IV. in a more fitting locality. These indexes or catalogues of the fifteenth century, and the following of the sixteenth century, are numerous, and deserve to be brought to light. Scholars, especially Greith, * and more recently the illustrious Baron de Reumont, † have commented them repeatedly. But these are now merely precious documents of literary history; we have far more voluminous and accurate catalogues, compiled successively during the course of nearly three centuries from 1600 down to our own time, well adapted to the service of the library and for daily researches.

In 1620, or thereabout, the brothers Rinaldi had already completed the first six large volumes of the catalogue of the Latin codices, together with the enormous folio of the alphabetical index. Volume vii. was added during the years following. About the same time the volumes of the Greek codices, three in number, were brought to completion. When, in 1623, the famous Palatine Library was removed from Heidelberg to Rome, it was catalogued in two volumes, one Latin, the other Greek. Next

* Greith, *Spicilegium Vaticanum.* Frauenfeld, 1838.
† *Archivio Storico Italiano*, new series, t. viii. p. 132.

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came the Urbino Library and the Alexandrina, collected by Christina, Queen of Sweden, and Rome soon accomplished the compilation of the requisite catalogues in four volumes, three Latin and one Greek, for the former, one Latin and one Greek for the latter.* The codices of Oriental tongues were all classified in a special volume. Thus at the close of the seventeenth century the Vatican Library had already in use nineteen immense tomes of her catalogues, besides those of indexes and alphabetical *repertoria*. And all this was the work of experts, writers of learned languages, attached to the library, under the direction of the librarians, the most erudite and illustrious scholars and paleographers of that most cultivated age—Nicholas Alemanni, Leo Allatius, Felix Contelori, Luke Holstenius, Emanuel Schelstratus, and others.

No less active and fruitful was the work of the succeeding, eighteenth, century. The library having been enriched by the acquisition of the Ottoboniana and Capponiana collections, the codices therein contained had their special catalogues. That of the Ottoboni is in two volumes, Greek and Latin, compiled in the Vatican. Ruggeri, in the history of the library of Cardinal Ottoboni, edited by Cardinal Mai, deplores the loss of the indexes thereof compiled by the celebrated Francis Bianchini. The writer has happily discovered them amongst the papers of that remarkable man now in the Capitolare Library† at Verona, the inestimable cases of which were freely thrown open to him, thanks to the well-known courtesy of the erudite librarian, Mgr. Giuliari. But during the last century the treasures of the Vatican Library were largely increased, especially by the purchase of codices in Oriental languages, and by the learned studies of the Assemani, who were a noble family, or rather dynasty of Orientalists, summoned from Libanus to Rome, and for more than two-thirds of a century entrusted with the guardianship of the greatest library of the world by the learned pontiffs, Clement XI. and his successors. The Assemani, under the auspices and by order of Benedict XIV., and assisted by Cardinal Quirini, then libra-

* The ancient index or inventory of the library of the Dukes of Urbino was published by Cavalier Guasti in the *Giornale Storico degli Archivi Toscani*, vi., vii.

† The Biblioteca Capitolare of Verona is one of the most important collections in Italy for sacred and patristic literature, and is yet an unexplored mine for the historical, ecclesiastical, and liturgical inquirer. It was first formed by Pacificus, Archdeacon of Verona (778–846), and contains some very early manuscripts, even of the fourth and fifth centuries; many of them are palimpsests. Niebuhr, who visited this library in 1816, discovered great part of the *Institutes of Gaius* palimpsested beneath the *Homilies of St. Jerome*. Another palimpsest is a Virgil of the third or fourth century under a commentary by St. Gregory on the Book of Job, in Lombard characters of the eighth century. This library likewise contains inedited poems by Dante.

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rian of the Holy Roman Church, undertook the mighty task of printing the Vatican catalogues, and issued three volumes, in folio, of the Oriental manuscripts. The fourth volume, which had reached the tenth folio, was unfortunately consumed in a fire that occurred in the private residence of the authors. This publication, so successfully begun, and so unhappily interrupted by the catastrophe above named, remained long neglected by reason of the death of the compilers; still, the design was by no means given up, and in the pontificate of Pius VI. Father Francesco Antonio Zaccaria, S.J., advised the publication of the Greek and Latin catalogues.* Then came the political disasters of the close of the last and of the early years of the present century. Peace finally restored to Europe, Pius VII. invited to Rome the celebrated Angelo Mai, later cardinal, and the enterprise was resumed and rapidly urged forward by the manifold, unwearied industry of that famous discoverer of the palimpsests. But the history of the publication of the Vatican catalogues, its original programme, and the present programme as conceived by the provident mind of Leo XIII., will form the special theme of a second article. Now we must conclude the history of the manuscript compilation, the basis and material of the publication, and of the printed volumes issued and to come.

Towards the end of the last and during the first twenty years of the present centuries the indexes of Vatican codices increased in proportion to the growing acquirements in similar treasures, principally owing to the labors of one of their custodians, Gaetano Battaglini, and to the stimulus of the celebrated Gaetano Marini. Thus were compiled volumes viii., ix., x. of the Latin section; one of the Greek, containing the Basilian and other codices of recent acquisition; one of the Palatine Greek codices returned to Rome from Paris in 1814. In the pontificate of Pius IX., of holy memory, volume xi. of the Latin codices was completed, thanks to the voluntary collaboration of the writers in Oriental languages. Volume xii. was not completed at the time of the disaster of September, 1870.

At that date the Sovereign Pontiff instituted a special commission of the principal officials of the Apostolic Library, presided over by the cardinal librarian of the Holy Roman Church,† to examine the state of the great literary treasure, and to provide for

* See Lunadoro, *Relat. of the Court of Rome*, enlarged and commented by Francesantonio Zaccaria. Rome, 1774, page 237.

† The commission was composed of His Eminence Cardinal Pitra, president; Mgr. Asinari di San Marzano, first custodian; Mgr. Martinucci, second custodian; Prof. Luigi Vincenzi, writer in Hebrew; Commander John Baptist De Rossi, archæologist and writer in Latin.

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the speedy termination of the work, rendered more urgent by the condition of the Holy See, it being desirable that nothing should remain unclassified and undescribed. Due report having been made to the Pope, and the requisite extraordinary staff of amanuenses and caligraphists provided, before five years had passed volume xii. of the Latin series was brought to a conclusion; volume xiii. compiled in its entirety; volume x., which was still in a mere crude state, wholly recompiled; the alphabetical indexes of the new Latin volumes properly drawn up, and those of the Greek, the Basilian, and other Oriental codices revised. These new volumes accurately describe the precious documents and ancient codices bequeathed to the library by Cardinal Angelo Mai, who so illustrated it in our own time, and likewise the voluminous collection of essays upon the history of Italian authors by Mazzucchelli, generously donated to the Vatican Library by his great-grandson, Count Giovanni Mazzucchelli.*

Such is a concise, hurried, and by far too imperfect history of the labors undertaken during the last three centuries for the purpose of fully describing the contents of the manuscript books in the Vatican Library. We know of none of the larger libraries of Europe, possessing an ever-increasing number of manuscripts, which can boast more constant or more successful efforts on the part of its own people to classify properly all its literary treasures. In subsequent pages we purpose treating of the publication of this grand work, and of the plans of the commission to carry out the wise designs and purposes of the Sovereign Pontiff, Leo XIII., which promise such advantages to students and to investigators of documents of ancient and modern learning and of sacred and profane history.

PUBLICATION OF CATALOGUES OF MANUSCRIPTS IN THE VATICAN LIBRARY.

I.

Having in the foregoing pages briefly set forth the history of the immense and lasting work of the catalogues of the codices now in use in the Vatican Library, it behooves me to do the same in regard to the history of their publication, long since begun, carried forward, and interrupted. It would be a grave error to view as an easy and simple task the publication of catalogues of manuscripts, especially those of the more extensive libraries, or to attribute delays and interruptions solely to negligence, and

* See Enrico Narducci *Upon the Life of Count G. M. Mazzucchelli and upon the Collection of his Manuscripts, now possessed by the Vatican Library.* Rome, 1867.

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possibly even to malevolence. The learned and expert in similar matters will judge far more equitably and sensibly. The many obstacles attending a practical and facile mode of giving to such amplified catalogues a form adapted to publication were seriously discussed in the International Congress of Librarians, held in London in 1877.* In the National Library of Paris, which, relative to the number of codices, rivals, perhaps, more than any other that of the Vatican, the publication of catalogues of manuscripts began in 1739, and, after volume iv., issued in 1744, was up to the present time discontinued. In order practically to take up the files, interrupted for one hundred and twenty years, the illustrious Leopold Delisle was forced, at least for the present, to issue a simple and rather brief summary thereof.† In like manner the other great libraries of Europe, abandoning the pomp and show of exhaustive and extended catalogues, have adopted the style of laconic indexes and tables, as we see in the classical inventories recently published in Germany, in Austria, and in England.‡ The catalogues of manuscripts and their public notice in many libraries are as yet in so imperfect a state that the entire subject is treated of in special and comprehensive volumes for Belgium, Holland, France, Spain, Italy, Switzerland, and Germany.§ Premising this, I deem it opportune to consider and sum up the history of the publication of the Vatican catalogues, not separately, but in connection with that of the vicissitudes and the progress of that substantial portion of bibliographic criticism. It will be manifest that the publication of catalogues of codices, both in the Vatican and in the other libraries of Europe, has proceeded with the same judgment and after the same plan. Whilst

* See Mondino, Short Account of the First International Congress of Librarians, held in London, October, 1877, addressed to H. E. the Minister of Public Instruction, Palermo, 1878; and also Mandarini (Oratorian, Prefect of the Library of the Hieronymites of Naples), The First International Congress of Librarians, etc., Naples, 1879. (From the periodical *La Carità*, a. xiv. quad. v.)

† Delisle, *Inventaire des Manuscrits conservés à la Bibliothèque Impériale* (later National) *faisant suite à la série dont le catalogue a été publié en* 1744. Paris, 1863, 1868, 1869, 1870, 1871. *Inventaire général et méthodique des MSS. français de la Bibl. Nationale*; t. i., *Théologie*. Paris, 1876.

‡ See the *Tabulæ Codicum MSS. in bibl. palatina Vindobon. asservatorum*, vol. i.–viii., Viennæ, 1864–75. Halm, Laubmann, Meyer, Thomas, *Catalogus codd. lat. bibl. regiæ Monacensis*, Monac. 1868–1876. Coxe, *Catal. codd. MSS. qui in collegiis Oxon. adservantur; Catal. codd. MSS. Græc. bibl. Bodleianæ; Codd. Laudiani nunc in bibl. Bodleiana; Codd. Gr. et Lat. Canoniciani bibl. Bodl.*, Oxonii, 1852, 1853, 1858. Hackman, *Codd. T. Tanneri nunc in bibl. Bodl.*, Oxonii, 1860. Kitcher, *Catal. codd. MSS. in bibl. ædis Christi*, Oxonii, 1867. Macray, *Codd. R. Rawlinsonis in bibl. Bodl.*, Oxonii, 1862–1878.

§ See Ulysses Robert, *Etat des catalogues des MSS. des bibliothèques de Belgique et de Hollande*, Paris, 1878; the same, *Inventaire des MSS. conservés dans les bibliothèques de France dont catalogue n'a pas encore été imprimé*. I have not at hand the recent works of Petzholdt, and of Rullmann upon the libraries of Germany, Austria, and Switzerland.

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recognizing the justice of the praise actually awarded the learned pontiff for the energetic and definitive impulse given to the interrupted publication, still the true causes of said lamentable intermission in nowise differed for Rome from those which at the same time hampered and retarded the compilation and long hindered the publication in other greater and lesser libraries of the most cultivated and active nations. I shall start from somewhat remote times, in order to picture fully, although briefly, the grand idea of bibliographic history which I have undertaken to delineate, which, together with the preceding pages, will form a sketch of the annals and of the vicissitudes of the library of the Apostolic See in modern times.

The catalogues and indexes compiled prior to the fourteenth century had ordinarily a character and an aim not so much literary and scientific as for the interest of the possessors and for the preservation and completeness of the libraries themselves, since in that era of regeneration of letters it was more requisite to reestablish the public frequentation of and study in the libraries themselves than to compile catalogues of their contents. Let us glance hurriedly at the state of libraries in the fourteenth century as compared with that of the anterior period of the middle ages. The public libraries of the imperial times having been destroyed and dispersed during the invasions of the barbarians, there still remained those of the churches.* Already in the first centuries the Roman Church had her *scrinium*, her archives, and her libraries, upon which much has been written, and more remains yet to be said. The fourth century witnessed the institution of the still daily increasing monastic libraries, rich in sacred codices, and by no means poor in classical books and writers.† The arrangement, the decoration, and even the lighting of the monastic libraries of the sixth century would compete somewhat favorably with the public libraries and reading-halls of our own day. By night said libraries were lighted by mechanical lanterns, *quæ humano ministero cessante prolixe custodiebant uberrimi luminis clari-*

* Regarding the libraries of the churches see Cancellieri, *De Secret. basil. Vat.*, i. p. 325 et seq., and the splendid quarto volume of the *Nouveaux mélanges d'archéologie* by the illustrious Père Cahier, entitled *Bibliothèques* (Paris, 1877); the excellent article *Bibliothèques chrétiennes* in the *Dictionnaire d'archéologie chrétienne*, by the learned Mgr. Martigny, to which little can be added by Prof. Kraus in his *Real-encyklopædie der Christl. Alterthümer* now in course of publication, Freiburg im Br., 1880.

† See (besides the classic works of Mabillon) Martigny, l. c. art. *Moines*, § vi.; and the prolegomena of the learned Abbot Tosti, O.S.B., in the celebrated *Bibliotheca Cassinensis*, t. i. p. ii. and following.

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tatem—daily and nightly clocks measured time to the studious.* The Roman library of San Gregorio *in clivo Scauri* possessed a magnificent series of codices duly arranged in a noble hall, the walls of which were adorned with portraits of well-known authors.† So well ordered and exhaustive a collection of books could not be wanting in catalogues; and, in fact, we have more than one specimen thereof dating from the tenth century. The entire copies and the remaining fragments of ancient catalogues of codices are of great utility to literary history; a precious collection of similar documents of the ninth century relating to the monasteries of the region of the Rhine is contained in Volume Vat. Pal. 1877.‡ Those antique catalogues indeed attempted a species of classification of contents, and employed alphabetical indexing; their exactitude is such as to enable us actually to recognize with certainty the remaining codices described in those primitive inventories.§ We find examples of this as early as the thirteenth century.

But in the fourteenth century the monastic libraries had fallen into a most deplorable state; nor were those of the basilicæ and of the cathedral churches in much better condition. In Rome, thanks to the struggles between the Papacy and the empire, irreparable damage was wrought not only to the libraries but to the very archives of the Holy Apostolic See, under guardianship of the treasurer since the twelfth century. Most important, therefore, is the mention, in the time of Pope Nicholas IV. (1288–1291), of the *gazophilacia antiquorum monasteriorum Romæ*, containing *libros et privilegia ex papyro scripta ex litteris non intelligibilibus, nam figuræ nec ex toto grecæ nec ex toto latinæ erant* ‖—that is, they were written in ancient flowing Latin, as in the papyri of Ravenna, unin-

* Cassiodorus, *Div. litt.*, t. cap. 30.

† See Mittarelli, *Annal. Camald.*, t. i. p. 70; cf. Muratori, *Thes. inscr.*, 1822, *b.*

‡ Mai in the *Spicil. Rom.*, t. v. pp. 9 and 101, etc., has published ancient catalogues of the codex cited (without indicating or describing it) and of other manuscripts. The desiderata in the publication of Mai have been learnedly pointed out by Delisle, *Recherches sur l'ancienne bibl. de Corbie*, Paris, 1861 (*Mém. de l'Acad. des Inscr.*, t. xxiv. p. 1). Of the catalogue of the library of S. Nazarius *in Laurissa*, compiled by Mai (l. c.) according to the precious codex 1877, another and different copy of the same ninth century is to be found in Codice Vat. 57. They should be published side by side. I will not speak of the catalogues of libraries of the classic age; it would lead me too far from the time whereof we are treating, besides proving in itself an arduous subject. The most ancient catalogue of a Christian library which remains to us is, I think, that of the library of Pamphilus, compiled by Eusebius (*Hist. Eccl.*, vi. 32).

§ See Delisle, l. c.

‖ Simonis Sannensis, *Cleris sanationis*, Venetiæ, 1514, p. 37. This singular testimony of the physician of Nicholas IV. regarding the Roman treasures of books and papyraceous diplomas was unknown to Maurini, to Winckelmann, or to Marini, who so learnedly treated of papyri. I owe the knowledge of its existence to the courtesy and research of the illustrious scholar, Father G. Lais, of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri.

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telligible to the paleographers of that time, and even to scholars of the fifteenth century.* With regard to the contents of the archives of the thirteenth century, the transumpts made therefrom by order of Innocent IV. at the time of the Council of Lyons, which are still preserved in the monastery of Cluny † and in the contemporary Codex Vat. Ottob. 2546, furnish us with quite a catalogue of privileges and diplomas, mostly imperial, existing therein in 1245. But neither indication nor vestige remains to us of the true catalogues of the ancient libraries and *scrinia* of the Roman Church nor of her archives in full during the middle ages.

A PERPLEXING CASE.

WE had been spending our vacation in a pretty Ohio town—never mind its name—and started for home in the early part of November. We walked down the hill toward the depot, exchanging few words. Frank's heart was full. He had offered himself and been declined with thanks. The town in which so undeserved an affront had been bestowed upon one of the most deserving of men shall not receive the distinction of being named in this chronicle; and I warn the reader now that neither he nor—still more earnestly, madam—*you* need anticipate that Frank is to be recalled and a *yes* substituted for a *no* in time to give us a marriage at the end of the chapter. No such thing occurred. Marriages are such hackneyed things in fiction that I am not going to depart from simple and most singular truth in order to lug one in here just to keep up a conventional appearance for which I have not the slightest respect. If there had been fewer marriages in the world there would be less trouble. Men would not be constantly throwing themselves at the feet of silly or heartless women whose vanity is gratified by manly devotion, and who, when love is sought, show that the gaudy object of faithful attention is all vanity and cares more for fine tailoring, graceful courtesies, and judicious gifts than for the noblest mind, the most upright soul, the most generous spirit. The girl who refused Frank Benson will live to rue it. I hope she will. But let it be understood at once there was no reconsideration of the

* See Marini, *Papiri diplom.*, preface.

† See Martene, *Script. vet. coll.*, ii. p. 1223 et seq. Huillard Bréholles in *Notices et extraits des MSS. de la bibl. imp.*, xxi. p. ii. p. 267, etc. Bethmann in Pertz. *Archiv.*, xii. p. 203.

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motion. It was laid for ever on the table, and the meeting was adjourned *sine die.*

We had worked very hard during the summer months while the other fellows of the counting-room were off fishing and boating and picnicking, and our *congé* extended over the latter fortnight of October and the first half of November. I was not in love; with the help of the most practical kind of common sense, I never will be. But Frank was, and he was terribly in earnest. I should think that the very infection from him would have made her take the disease; she must have been mailed with cold steel selfishness to resist his worship and his warmth. I used to sit smoking in the sunny corner of the veranda while Frank was up at her house, as I supposed; and many a time through the white mist which enveloped me I was surprised to discern the two emerging from the skirt of the woods, his face grave, pleading, sad in its expression, hers coy and teasing. Frank never said much about it. He usually carried back in his hand a bunch of scarlet and russet leaves—oak and elm and sumac—with clusters of crimson berries or a few ferns, and, as he threw them into my lap, would say gravely:

"The woods are growing more and more beautiful every day."

"Humph!" was my usual response, for I knew the lad's heart was being wrung more and more every day, and I wished that she would say something harsh and bitter to him which would annihilate the lover, arouse the man, and wake him up to see her as I did. I ventured once to undertake an experiment which, had it been permitted to go on, might have contributed to this result. Between whiffs I put both my feet up lazily on the railing of the veranda, and said with courage:

"Frank, do you remember the remark Sheridan made when he was accused of being in love with Mrs. Siddons?"

"No," he answered, looking up with an air of anxious weariness. He was too tired to care much about Sheridan or Mrs. Siddons, but he was anxious to hear anything about a man who had been suspected of being in love.

"He said he would as soon think of being enamored of the Archbishop of Canterbury."

"Oh!" And he coolly puffed away. "He was very witty."

"And I would as soon think of being enamored of—"

He was standing over me instantly with a glare. "You might wait until your counsel is asked, sir."

He threw his cigar angrily away, and walked off briskly with

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his hands in his pockets. The experiment, you see, did not go far, and did not accomplish anything worth mention.

We had put our travelling necessaries into one satchel, run a cane through it, and carried it ourselves to the depot. The day was dull, chilly, gray; there was a feeling of snow in the air; indeed, it seemed like early winter. We had not to wait long. The thundering roar, the long snort and short squeaks of the train diminished into the petty clatter of a rural station. As we stood waiting for the alighting passengers to step off an amusing silhouette inside a window caught my eye. Black curly hair softened the profile of the head; a low forehead, a beak for a nose, a small, piercing black eye, no moustache or beard, white, sharp teeth gleaming in what must have been a rapid conversation, a short, round chin, a long, thin neck, a sharp-pointed collar, a black tie. In an instant we were in the coach. Oddly enough, our seats were with the beaked person. One seat had been turned back, making room for four facing each other, two and two; there were two vacant places, and we dropped into them, Frank taking the back, I the front, so that we faced each other. The beaked individual was Frank's mate, and he had been talking to a florid and stupid youth with one eye, whom I cast a sly glance at when I got the chance, and whose chubby red hand, resting on the cushion, seemed so near my pocket that I reflected with a sense of recovered safety that my wallet was on my left side, and I gave it a grip of congratulation. On the floor, between the legs of the silhouetted traveller, and apparently the object of much solicitude on his part, for he watched it keenly, was what looked at first like a brown leathern portmanteau; but it was, I speedily discovered, a box of some kind, veneered in imitation of rosewood, with little bands of cedar inlaid around the edges. A pair of leathern handles were securely fastened upon it. Except that it was not so thick, its dimensions were about the same as those of our satchel. The lock was slightly out of order, for he frequently pressed the sides together until the clasp clicked; but the next jolt partly loosened it, and he said to his red-faced friend that when he reached Cincinnati he should have it properly repaired. His friend bade him good-by at the next station, and Frank and I looked pityingly at each other, for we knew we should soon make the beak's acquaintance.

But we were mistaken. He turned his back upon Frank and began a study of the landscape through which we were being hurried at thirty miles an hour. By watching as much of his eye as I could see I was soon convinced that his mind was elsewhere.

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His eyes were not the "windows of his soul"; they were sentinels in masquerade, watching lest the meditative tenant of the tent within should be impertinently disturbed. Out of the window he gazed as we sped and sped; but his gaze was sightless. He saw nothing of the dreary fields, brown and barren or covered with stubble; nothing of the purple and gold of the melancholy woods, through which excited birds flew as if conscious that the flock was gone and they had loitered too long and been lost; nothing of the snow which lazily faltered between heaven and earth, doubting whether it really wanted to come down and establish winter before the trees were bare; nothing of the long, low, moaning sighs of the moist wind which made the windows rattle fitfully; nothing of the cattle which raised their alarmed heads at the noise of the train, and, as we hurried past, resumed their vain effort to find toothsome grass, and lowed after us in quest of sympathy. What was this man's name? Where was he going? What was his business? What was he thinking about? A sigh, unmistakably involuntary, from Frank arrested my wondering imagination. His eyes, bent on the floor and vacancy, were wet. He was unconscious of the whole world. So intense was his self-occupation that, had he commenced an incoherent soliloquy, I should not have been in the least surprised. Indeed, I feared that he might, and it was prudent to recall him to intelligent consciousness in order to protect him against a possible exhibition of weakness for which he would for ever after reproach himself. The easiest, simplest, least ostentatious way was to tread on his foot.

What a cry! It took my breath away. It was half yell, half groan. Anger and pain were in his eyes, the muscles of his face were drawn as if he were suffering excruciating torture, the tears spurted from his eyes, and from between his clenched teeth he hissed at me, *sotto voce:*

"Confound you! I told you that corn was giving me a great deal of trouble."

Well, well! I had been sentimentally weeping over the mental desolation of my friend; I had pictured the indescribable agony which he must be enduring because of the cruel deception a girl had practised upon him; I had wept, metaphorically, over his broken heart; and it was nothing but a corn!—nothing but a callous excrescence retaining an acute nervous sensitiveness, greatly afflicted by sudden pressure, by the unexpected impingement of another man's boot, representing a most friendly intention. I laughed loud enough to attract the inquiring eyes of half a dozen

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persons, whose curiosity died out as suddenly as it had been inspired. The beak continued to look out of the window. Frank's characteristic good nature got the better of him. Whether his malady was cutaneous or cardiac, he forgot it, and laughed until he shook all over. The tears fell on his cheeks out of pure hilarity, and I cried in jocose derision, as he wiped them away with his dainty silk handkerchief:

> "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
> Tears from the depths of some divine despair."

I beg your pardon," exclaimed the beak, suddenly turning upon us. "You are mistaken. Tears are not from the depths of some divine despair. If you don't know what they mean it is exceedingly easy to find out. They emerge from the lachrymal apparatus. They are simply the product of a gland and its servant nerves and muscles. The gland secretes the fluid, the nerves and muscles call 'em out and make a tiny cascade upon each cheek. I do not deny that there is a subtle emotional connection between the finest sensibilities of man and the lachrymal gland with which physiology has nothing to do, and which no mental scientist has yet fully explained—perhaps never will; but I reaffirm that tears do not come from the 'depths of some divine despair,' but from the lachrymal glands."

He looked at us through his pair of keen black eyes, and then, as if embarrassed by his abrupt intrusion into our acquaintance, produced cards from his pocket, and handed them to us, saying with almost the suave air of a gentleman:

"I beg your pardon once again. I had no right to address you. I hope you will forgive me." He bowed, turned his back upon us and his beak to the window. The card read:

H. LE FEVRE,
Optician.

Frank wrote upon the back of his, and handed it silently to me:

"He is an escaped lunatic, or a shrewd pickpocket, or what they call out West a 'confidence-man.'"

I was convinced that Frank's corn had been cruelly hurt by my insolent boot. I was also convinced that he was violently prejudiced against this optician simply because the intruder had intimated that tears were the expression of anything but a bruised soul; for Frank, if he had a corn, had a broken heart—I was sure

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he had. It was unmanly to condemn so wantonly the stranger whom Tennyson had introduced to us, and whose study of physiology had made him accurate, even if nature had given him an uncomely nose, which all the resources of art would never succeed in improving. The semicircle is the line of beauty everywhere except on the nose.

I wrote back to Frank: "I am sure he is only eccentric. He is so sorry for having intruded upon us that I sincerely pity him. I think we ought to help him out of his predicament."

He rejoined: "He is a thief."

This was the mad fancy of a disordered brain.

I wrote back: "Come, be generous. Give him the benefit of the doubt. I think he is honest, eccentric, and very sorry for having impulsively intruded upon us. Let us assure him we are not offended."

Frank looked gravely at me as he read, and said inarticulately: "Never!"

"Then you will excuse me for a few minutes."

"As you like."

I handed Mr. Le Fevre my card. He bowed his thanks, crossed his legs, poised his beak straight at mine—for I really had forgotten that my own nose has an uncommon convexity—and said:

"Eye is a wonderful organ, sir."

He had a slight foreign accent, a mixture of French and German—from Alsace, perhaps.

I could say nothing in reply except a commonplace "It is indeed, sir."

"Wonderful organ! wonderful! Are you an evolutionist?"

"To a degree. I think it reasonable to believe that the Creator accomplished his work according to general laws, in consequence of which we see a suggestive symmetry throughout the animal kingdom."

"But you don't think a wiggle wiggled itself, then begot a worm, and the worm begot a fish, and the fish begot a reptile, and the reptile begot a bird, and the bird begot a monkey, and the monkey begot man?"

The solemn gravity with which this question was put made even Frank laugh.

"No. I think the materialists of contemporaneous evolution confound correspondences with effects. It is true that dogs, horses, and men have ears, but that does not convince me that man's exquisite organ of hearing has been modified by any intelligence, voluntary or involuntary, on the part of dog or horse.

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Indeed, there are certain lower animals whose ears are more acute than ours."

"Precisely. Just so with eyes. It is a fact of optics that the eyes of certain monkeys and of men have common peculiarities not found in the eyes of other animals. But that proves nothing. It proves nothing more than tails. The Darwinian theory is that the lowest order of monkeys ought to have the longest tails, and that the tail shortens until it disappears in man; in other words, that man is a monkey without a tail, or that the monkey is a man with a tail. But it has been indisputably shown by Mivart that all apes have not tails, but that the apes nearest, according to Darwin, to man have the longest tails. So the theory falls to the ground. Then, again, as to the toes. In the development of the hallex as compared with the pollex Mivart says that the little squirrel monkey is as nearly human as the gorilla, while the *ligamentum teres*, always present in men and the chimpanzee, is always absent in the gorilla and orang. In a word, the highest apes are not nearly so like man as many other and lower forms, and the theory of a symmetrical evolutionary development is non-suited, thrown out of court, dismissed for want of a prosecutor."

Frank looked at me significantly, as if to remind me that he had said this man was an escaped lunatic. My interest in him only increased.

"You enjoy the study of natural science, then?"

"Very much, sir, very much. But I have not had leisure enough to devote to it. Optical science and optical art are both so recent that he who would become thoroughly expert in them must necessarily abandon himself to them alone. It is said, sir, that 'law is a jealous mistress.' The same is true of every department of knowledge and skill. The Admirable Crichton was only a hyperbole. It was said of him that he had everything but common sense. Of what use were ten languages and half a dozen arts to a man without common sense?"

Frank looked dolorously at me, with a melancholy expression of "worse and worse." Probably he anticipated that Le Fevre would grow violent soon, and have to be put off the train by main strength, or chained, hand and foot, in a freight-car.

"Optical science," I went on, "is indeed of strictly modern origin."

"Assuredly. The anatomy of the eye was almost unknown even to those physicians who professed of old to be oculists, and who so imperfectly understood pseudoscopic effects and the dis-

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eases of the organ that persons suffering from defective or impaired vision were sometimes condemned as possessed of evil spirits, sometimes tortured as witches, and sometimes made incurable by the application of quack remedies. It remained for a later age to invent the microscope and spectroscope. Why, sir, there were no spectacles until a monk in Florence in the thirteenth century thought of a pair to help him read his devotions. The eye-glasses now so generally in use and so effective in preserving sight are the product of our own time. The good old monk would scarcely recognize in the spectacles of to-day his primitive idea of a magnifying-glass. The old-style goggles, mounted in shell and horn and heavy metal, must have been a heavy load on the nose. The spectacles and spring eye-glasses now manufactured in Sheffield and Birmingham, mounted in almost invisible steel frames, weigh less than a quarter of an ounce. Science, endeavoring to remedy the ravages of age and disease in this noble sense, has been almost competing with the sagacity of nature. But nature is still far ahead, my dear sir. We can't come up to nature yet, as you Americans say."

Frank appeared to be mollifying his prejudices. He was actually listening respectfully.

"The construction of the eye of man is his most amazing part," said he, and then blushed, as if he were surprised at finding himself saying something both foolish and sensible.

"Not more so than the marvellous ingenuity with which the inferior forms of life have been equipped with this organ. Notwithstanding that man believes that he enjoys the highest conceivable pleasure through the medium of sight, it is not true that his is the most beautiful, the most useful, the most complex eye. The old Roman philosopher says that 'Nature ever provides for her own exigencies.' Let us more accurately say that in the creation of the organ of vision, from the lowest to the superior forms of existence, God has shown his keen solicitude for the preservation of life until each creature shall have accomplished an assigned part in the immense utilities of the world. The eye is almost the first sign of animal intelligence. In the nearly formless amœbæ there are eyes; in those jelly-like animalculæ which are imperceptibly born, almost imperceptibly swim about, and unobserved die when their function in the general economy is completed, there are eyes, but not always in the head—sometimes they are even in the tail! Why? So that they may protect their feeble life from the approach of danger. They are without even rudimentary ears; the deficiency is made up in vision.

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Many little animals are literally 'all eyes.' They see from every side. Faceted-eyed insects are a marvellous spectacle under the microscope. There is a beetle which has fully twenty-five thousand eyes. The large eye of most insects has a great many quadrangular or hexagonal double-convex lenses, which, when flying through the air, not only guide it safely in its mazy course, but give it electrical warning of danger from any direction. Look at the eye of the fish and of the bird. In each case it is wonderfully adapted for what we may call its station in life. In the fish the lens assumes a spherical shape and is very dense; the pupil is very large, so as to take in as much light as possible; the focus is shortened and the power increased—in a word, the eye of the fish is exactly adapted to the medium in which that animal exists, and is modified so as to serve it most efficiently in the pursuit of lib erty and food. The eye of the bird, on the contrary, is designed for the glare of the sun, the force of the wind, and the perception of much longer distances than can be discerned by man. And is it not a proof of the charity of the Creator that even the stupid owl (the bird of wisdom, forsooth!) is especially remembered? Its eye is modified so as to enable it to discern all objects in a very faint light. I have sometimes thought—a mere weird fancy—that there are secret eyes in those curious plants which some naturalists have considered undeveloped animals because of their apparent sensitiveness under certain conditions. There's 'Venus's Fly-trap.' The moment an insect touches the summit of its leaf the plant, with the quickness of electricity, encloses the astonished captive, and the harder it struggles to escape the more restrains it until death settles the dispute. Is not the ambuscading vegetable a seeing animal in disguise? Did you ever observe an ant-lion bury itself in the sand, and, with nothing but eyes and mandibles above ground, wait for the coming of its prey? Why, gentlemen, the artifices to which the organ of sight in insects enables these tiny creatures to resort equal, and in many cases surpass, the shrewdest tricks of men."

Probably Mr. Le Fevre would have continued to amuse us in this eccentric and rambling way had we not reached the end of that part of our journey. The shadow which had temporarily flitted from Frank's face descended ominously upon it as we elbowed our way through the turbulent crowd to an omnibus. Not a word passed between us until we reached the hotel where we proposed to rest for the night. In the morning we should resume our journey eastward. We had lost Le Fevre, without as much as an *au revoir*, and had laughingly agreed that, take him all

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in all, we should never see his like again, when, to our surprise, his beak appeared at the hotel register, and he wrote his name in a scrambling hand. He could not see us where we stood. Although I really felt some liking for the man, I was too tired after the ride, too hungry, and too sleepy to make an effort to resume his acquaintance. We were assigned a room about the same time that he was, and the porter started upstairs, Le Fevre's box in one hand, our satchel in the other.

Frank had no appetite, and I could not induce him to go to the dining-room. We loitered in the rotunda a few moments, and, in the hope of finding some diversion to cheer him, started out into the streets. It was dark. The street-lamps threw a narrow circle of sickly light upon the flags, which a slight snow-fall had covered with a thin layer of feathery flakes. We walked until I could walk no longer, and an inviting restaurant put an end to our aimless ramble.

The fiend of inconsistency took possession of this fellow. He began to laugh and chatter like a parrot. He repeated Le Fevre's remarks about the ant-lion and "Venus's Fly-trap," with so clever an imitation of the Alsatian's mannerism that I joined in the merriment. A horrible fear suggested that the lad was growing hysterical, possibly was getting into a spasm or fit, or that some serious nervous ailment was about to develop itself. Laughing gayly, with heavy shadows flitting over his countenance, he was the picture of mental disorder. He ordered raw oysters and lobster-salad, coffee, and mince-pie. What a repast for a sick man, sore in his heart, nervous to the highest pitch, and physically worn out! Could he sleep after such gormandizing? Sleep was just what he needed. Pointing to the indigestible mess as it was set before him, I said:

"'Macbeth doth murder sleep.'"

"I am going to eat what I want. You do the same, will you?"

"Benson, I have borne your ill-humor with such patience as will make you ashamed of it, if you don't correct it now once for all. Your petulance and waywardness do you no credit. I tell you I'm ashamed of you."

He brought his clenched fist down upon the table with an emphasis that made the dishes ring. A shocking scowl overspread his countenance, and he was about to apply, I fear, profanity to my too open censure. But before the words could find utter-

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ance they were recalled. A pleasant but morbid smile succeeded.

"Sit down here and help me eat this stuff. Come, come! Be a good fellow. There's trouble enough in the world without our enlarging the amount that falls to our share. I haven't eaten anything for three weeks. You want me to grow lean and lank, and go about moping and miserable, because—"

His fork fell. He relapsed into chagrin. In an instant it was over. He half articulated, half hummed:

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May,
If she be not fair for me
What care I how fair she be?

"Should my heart be grieved or pined
'Cause I see a woman kind?
Or a well-disposèd nature
Joinèd with a lovely feature?
Be she meeker, kinder than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not kind to me
What care I how kind she be?

"Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love?
Or her well-deservings, known,
Make me quite forget my own?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may gain her name of best,
If she be not good to me
What care I how good she be?

"Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve;
If she slight me when I woo
I can scorn and let her go;
For if she be not all for me
What care I for whom she be?"

There was much munching of crackers and crunching of celery between the lines; but he did not stop until he had finished the last verse, the fish, the coffee, the pie. "Heaven help you!"

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thought I, and, to be sure that heaven should help, I took the precaution to inquire when we got back to the hotel whether there was a doctor in the house. I plucked some comfort from an affirmative reply.

We went to our room forthwith. A bright fire crackled and fumed in the grate, and quickly blazed into a thousand tongues of flame licking each other in an Eleusinian mystery. It was unnecessary to light the gas. Our overcoats were soon disposed of. Frank threw himself on the sofa; I took the easy-chair. We agreed to smoke ourselves into somnolence. There were two neat beds in the room; I should not be kicked to death by Frank's nightmare. I secretly sympathized with his digestive apparatus, and wondered what his stomach's opinion was of him.

"Where's the satchel?" he inquired.

It was not in the room. Strange! The porter had carried it up. I rang the bell. It must have been put into some other room by mistake. The loud rap made Frank jump as if a musket were discharged at his head and just missed him. The servant walked off with philosophic deliberation to inquire at the office for the missing bag.

"That fellow will never die of hurry," said Frank. In half an hour he condescended to return. Knew nothing about it. It was the day-porter who had carried it up. He had gone home for the night. The night-porter knew nothing about it. The day-porter would be back at five o'clock in the morning. The clerk sent his compliments, and hoped that the gentlemen would not be put to any inconvenience.

Frank was already overcome with heavy drowsiness. The lobster had done its worst; nor rap nor clatter, domestic hopes, mince-pie—nothing could touch him farther. I removed his boots, helped him to the nearer bed, and he fell instantly into a sonorous slumber. He snored loud enough to wake up the occupants of the adjoining rooms, if there were any sleepers in them.

But no sleep for me. Nothing to read. Plenty of good things in the satchel. What was to be done? The pictures in the fire and a bottle of champagne. It was brought with a promptness which did not go unrewarded, and it was good. Doubtless it never paid a penny to the government. Must have been smuggled through. Removing my boots, I sat with my feet on the fender, smoking, sipping between cigars, dreaming about nothing and everything, and watching the myriad of fan-

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tastic shapes in the fire. What was it? Oh! yes, I'm getting drowsy. "Nature's soft nurse" doth

> "... weigh my eyelids down,
> And steep my senses in forgetfulness."

I must go to bed, and quickly. Can it be possible this champagne was "medicated"? I cannot find the bed! Halloo! what's that? Rap on! I shall not open the door this time of night.

"I told you before Le Fevre was a thief. He stole the satchel."

It was Frank. But he was profoundly asleep.

Rap—RAP—RAP!

"What do you want?" "Here's your satchel."

I unlocked the door. The wanderer had come back, then. Le Fevre was *not* a thief. The porter threw it upon the floor with an impatient thud. I shut the door with an impatient thud. On the vacant bed I fell, and was consciously losing consciousness. I had a sort of dim idea that as the satchel was thrown upon the floor the lock was broken. But it was soon all over with me. Dreamless sleep put a summary stop to speculations and suspicions.

I was awakened under the most startling circumstances. Hours had passed; it was the early gray of a wintry morning. The fire still cast a fitful light through the room, sending strange and uneven flashes into the shadowy corners. The curtains were drawn high, and the dim starlight was fading into the dimmer daylight. It was neither night nor day; it was just dark enough to throw a ghastly glamour over every object. I should not have been astonished to discover palpable ghosts on every side, to have seen them crawling out from under the beds, sliding out of the clothes-closets, popping up from the carpet, and tapping me familiarly on the shoulder; oozing out of the ceiling, clammy and horned; walking in through the closed door, mailed and hoofed, or flying about like bats, whispering sepulchral horrors into each other's ears and mine. I am not given to such fancies. It was undoubtedly Frank's repeated moans and ejaculations which had awakened me with difficulty, and had poured into my imagination through reluctant senses these horrible phantasmagoria.

And he? Great heavens, what a picture! He was on his knees, clutching with both hands the foot-board of his bed, his eyes wild with terror, his nostrils dilated, his mouth wide open, his breath quick and hard, his short hair almost erect, his whole

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body shaking as if with a mighty chill, and great beads of cold sweat standing on his forehead. He had thrown his coat and cravat off, and unfastened his collar, as if to get more air. He gazed intensely into one corner of the room, as if his eyes were riveted there.

I tried to speak. My tongue would not serve my will. I tried to raise myself out of my bed and go to him. I succeeded in putting my feet on the floor, and was, fortunately, near enough to the arm-chair to clutch it, or I should have fallen at the sight.

What sight? Language cannot tell it. Imagination cannot conceive it. Eyes, eyes everywhere! Nothing but eyes! Eyes black, blue, gray, hazel, brown—and not even matched or in pairs. They glared, they sneered, they laughed; the shapeless beings in whose heads they were pointed bony fingers at us, taunted us, laughed at us, hissed us, spat out venom at our helplessness. To save my brain I turned my head away. But no, no, no! Wherever I looked, there they were! Black, blue, gray, brown—here in demon-like groups, there in blurred masses all run into each other, in another spot a single eye blazing in the reflection of the fire. They studded the base board with their gleams, they shone upon the carpet with the leer of fiends. I ventured to raise my glance to the walls, to the ceiling. Infinite relief!—none were there. They were not climbing devils, then. Hark! It was Frank's voice. He whispered like one in the grave, half-covered with pelting earth, and content to remain in the coffin:

"Are we damned?"

I was not sure. The door was slightly ajar; the wind whistled down the long corridor, and a sudden gust blew in, almost smothering the fire. What! did my ears hear aright? Have these fiends tongues? They gibber to each other with a clicking accent! They have moved about. New groups are formed; their heads are in consultation; their eyes sway hither and thither—what fiendish plot are they concocting? A low, wailing sound broke from Frank. He was muttering something, while, with his left hand, he brushed the perspiration off his face, and with the other made fantastic gesture. And he quoted Dante, with a lugubrious emphasis. It was like a man talking in his sleep. He still thought himself among the for-ever-lost.

Was not this a dream? I walk a few steps across the floor, but every muscle is limp with terror; the frightful spectacle still stares at me wherever my glance falls. Everywhere eyes meet mine—eyes, eyes, eyes, nothing but eyes.

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There is a tumult in the hall. Voices are disputing about something. Yes—no—one of them is Le Fevre's. They approach the door.

"I am sure it was in here I put it."

"But this is not my room." That was Le Fevre.

"Well, I suppose we can get it out." That was the porter, the man who had brought our satchel up and thrown it into the room some time after midnight. His brawny hand gives a thundering rap. Frank leaps to the floor, strikes an attitude of self-defence, and cries, as if expecting to see gigantic demons enter, "*Come on!*"

The beak bows, smiles, begs our pardon, *so* sorry, so *sorry* to disturb us at so unseemly an hour, but—

"But what?" roars Frank with fury.

"I brought the gentleman's case in here last night by mistake," said the porter. "I thought it was your satchel. Here's yours."

"His case! What case?" I gasped.

"My case of glass eyes," politely interjected Le Fevre. "If I were not going away on an early train I should not have presumed to disturb you. I offer my profound apologies." And the beaked Alsatian bowed and bowed. Frank sat on the easy-chair and industriously wiped his forehead and face. I dropped, very gratefully to Le Fevre, on the sofa. The porter stepped to the fire, ignited a taper, turned the gas on, and lighted it.

"Why, why, why," said Le Fevre, with a te-he-he giggle, "just what I feared. The case fell open, and here are my glass eyes all over the floor."

Neither of us said a word.

"I have an engagement with an oculist in ——."

Frank started. It was *that* town.

"What! going back there? You passed there yesterday." This was faintly spoken, with the blandness of an invalid.

"Yes," said Le Fevre, as he opened the case at the table, picked up the vagrant tenants of its velvet spaces, and readjusted them—"yes, I had some important business to do in Cincinnati first, but I go back there on the early train to assist in putting an eye in a patient of the oculist who resides there."

I wondered why he did not go. With arms akimbo he continued:

"I am sorry for that oculist, too. Broken in spirits. Disappointed man. Would have made her a first-rate husband. Miss —— "

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It was she!

"—fooled him, fooled him to the top of his bent. Now she is going to marry his patient—the man who is getting in a glass eye so as to present a pleasing appearance at the wedding. Don't you remember the one-eyed young man who rode part of the way with me? But he is rich."

I jumped over to Frank and held him firmly by the shoulders, standing at his back.

"Yes," added Le Fevre, with a long sigh, "I often have thought, when studying the wonderful eyes of the mosquito, that women are like mosquitoes. You know, of course, gentlemen, that it is only the female mosquito that stings."

And Le Fevre bade us good-morning.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CLAIMS OF A PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL BISHOP TO APOSTOLICAL SUCCESSION AND VALID ORDERS DISPROVED, etc., etc. By S. V. Ryan, Bishop of Buffalo. Buffalo: Catholic Publication Co. 1880.

Bishop Ryan's moderately-sized polemical volume, like the priesthood is "bi-partite," and contains less than three hundred pages, but is thoroughly well charged. Seldom is so much compressed into a small compass without being crowded. It is the result of a controversy of six years' standing with Dr. Arthur C. Coxe, who resides in Buffalo, where he has a handsome cathedral church not far from the beautiful cathedral of Bishop Ryan, and disputes with him his claim to be the Catholic bishop of that region, professing to be himself the only true and lawful bishop, and to preside over an "Old Catholic" church, Bishop Ryan and his flock being, in common with all the Presbyterians and other "non-Old Catholics," mere schismatics, in fact the worst schismatics of all. Dr. Coxe is a man possessing many fine natural gifts. He is a poet, an orator, a fearless champion of his own cause, and possessing a great deal of general culture, though not remarkable for either logic, sound judgment, candor, or courtesy at least toward Catholics who are not "Old."

It is surprising to see what a quantity of absurdities, idle fables, and phrases after the manner of Henry VIII. and Martin Luther, he has contrived to heap up and make into ecclesiastical shrapnel while he has been waging war with his two neighboring episcopal antagonists, the bishops of Buffalo and Rochester. But then, he is in a hard position. He is the Bishop of Western New York. A bishop has intruded into his see, with quite an army of priests, and is obeyed by a much greater number of subjects than he can induce to pay due allegiance to himself. Besides, this bishop is sustained by the great host of bishops in all parts of the world whom

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mankind in general, a few "Old" Catholics only excepted, will persist in calling the bishops of the Catholic Church. The Eastern Christians who are so dear to Dr. Coxe will not recognize his episcopal character, all those Protestants who are not "Protestant Episcopalians" hold it in light esteem, and in general, the prospects of "Old Catholicism" are far from being such as to cheer the mind of a member of that ancient society. *Causa facit martyrem*, in a new sense.

Bishop Ryan is a true son and disciple of St. Vincent of Paul, whose name he bears. He is quiet and gentle, but he is solidly learned, and cogent in reasoning, always carrying on controversy *fortiter in re*, and generally *suaviter in modo*. Betimes, he administers some severe castigation to his opponent, but not near so much as he has deserved and provoked. Those who are interested in the controversy between the Catholic Church and the portion of the Episcopalian denomination who are called the High Church, will find in the First Part of this book a brief, but clear and thorough exposition of the questions of Anglican jurisdiction and orders. The Second Part contains supplementary matter on the same subject, and some other short chapters in which are treated such topics as Papal Infallibility, the cases of Liberius and Honorius, etc., in such a way as to correct some common misstatements and refute certain false accusations. We recommend this volume specially to the members of the "Old Catholic Church" in the diocese of Western New York, and elsewhere, not doubting that they will have a great curiosity to read it. They will find in the controversy which it sums up some real curiosities of literature. In fact, the controversy with the High Church and Ritualists, which was long ago finished as a serious work, has become something like a pastime, and on their side has degenerated into the irrelevant, the reckless, the ludicrous, and as Lowell humorously travesties the word, the *grand-delinquent* style. It is a great bore to have to keep up this controversy. Mr. Lowell, in *Among my Books* quotes a passage from an old letter of Henry Jacie to John Winthrop, which we find apropos: "The last news we heard was that the Bores in Bavaria slew about 300 of the Swedish forces and took about 200 prisoners, of which they put out the eyes of some & cut out the tongues of others, & so sent them to the King of Sweden, which caused him to lament bytterly for an hour. Then he sent an army & *destroyed those Bores*, about 200 or 300 of their towns. Thus we hear." Every serious and honest Episcopalian, and all such we respect sincerely, must join with us in the wish, that controversy should be carried on for the purpose of clearing up the question, What is the True Church of Christ? and be rid of all the rubbish which has been thrown upon the real point of importance for him, whether as an Episcopalian he can be sure that he is in the communion of the Catholic Church. There is one Bore, which shows a reckless and suicidal folly, the casting of slurs and suspicions upon our orders, and retailing such an absurd fable as that Archbishop Bedini was sent here to rectify a flaw in them. We are credibly informed that this idle tale was invented and set afloat by its author merely as a joke, without any expectation that any credence would be given to it. We charitably suppose that most of those who have given circulation to this very poor and unseemly jest are no worse than dupes of their own credulity; but this excuse will not avail Dr. Coxe.

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Another Bore is the assertion that Catholic bishops are intruders on the lawful domain of Protestant bishops in the United States. Bishop Ryan disposes of this ineptitude quite sufficiently. We may add another *argumentum ad hominem.* What are the Protestant bishops who invaded the domain of the Catholic bishops in Canada, Louisiana and other French and Spanish possessions which were afterwards annexed to England or the United States?

Again, there is the attempt to trace a succession to Mark Antony de Dominis, an apostate archbishop who assisted at some consecrations in England. This is a *pis aller*, intended to show, that failing a direct succession through Barlow and his three assistants, there was an indirect rehabilitation through which the grace of order might have slid into the Anglican priesthood *per accidens.* Besides the usual refutation of such an absurdity, it may be added, that no consecration by a true bishop could produce any effect upon men who *were not priests*, and were therefore incapable subjects.

To condense the whole matter of Anglican succession and priesthood into a small compass, which may help some persons to read Bishop Ryan's excellent book more understandingly.

I. If the Protestant-Episcopalians had really true bishops and priests this would not make them members of the Catholic Church. For, their schism and many heresies suffice to cut them off from the church.

II. They have no bishops, and no priests except a few apostates from the Catholic priesthood, because 1. The fact of Parker's alleged consecration by Barlow is doubtful. 2. It is doubtful whether Barlow ever had true consecration, certain that Scorey and Coverdale had not, doubtful whether Hodgkin really assisted in the ceremony, and certain that the form of consecration alleged to have been used by Barlow in consecrating Parker was invalid. Therefore, conceding that there is some probability that the Lambeth consecration really took place, that possibly Barlow may have been a bishop, and that Hodgkin the only one of the four who was certainly a bishop may have imposed hands and pronounced the prescribed form over Parker, that such an act of an assisting bishop may be of itself sufficient for a valid consecration in the defect of powers in the other prelates who participate, there is only a slender probability and no certainty whatever, that some external rite was accomplished in the case of Parker by a real bishop, before he was made by the queen the head of the English Protestant hierarchy. Yet, though Anglicans may satisfy themselves with this dubious sort of succession, according to the doctrine of Catholic canonists, there was, in any case, no valid consecration, through a defect in the necessary form and intention. The Holy See, which is the supreme judge in all such matters, has practically determined the case, by setting aside altogether Anglican Orders as null and invalid. The only wise and safe course for all Anglicans is to study the subject of the Pope's Supremacy, and thus cut the perplexed knot of interminable controversies. The Protestant-Episcopal Church is simply one among the Protestant denominations, with an episcopal polity for the sake of order, certain decorous liturgical forms for the sake of propriety, and a very flexible doctrine for the sake of comfort. The attempt to make it into a small fac-simile of the Greek Church and rechristen it "Old Catholic" is simply ridiculous. As

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Dr. Storrs has facetiously and with evident relish put the case of our sentiment on the subject: "The occasional attempts of High-Churchmen to emulate that which the blending genius of many centuries and lands has produced are to him simply ludicrous; like building another equal St. Peter's of scantling and boards, or reproducing Warwick Castle in cake and sugar" (Ev. All., 1873, p. 457).

HOMO SUM: A novel. By Georg Ebers, author of *Uarda*, etc. From the German by Clara Bell. Authorized edition. New York: William S. Gottsberger. 1880.

THE SISTERS: A Novel. By Georg Ebers. From the German by Clara Bell. New York: W. S. Gottsberger, 11 Murray St. 1880.

Homo Sum is a novel with a purpose. Taking a part of Terence's oft-quoted line for the title, though giving to it a broader meaning, Prof. Ebers undertakes to show the working of human passions in a place and under circumstances as far as possible removed from what is usually considered the theatre of their action. The time of the story is the beginning of the fourth century, and the scene is laid on Mt. Serbal in the Sinaitic peninsula—which the author thinks is the true Mt. Sinai of Scripture—and in the oasis at the foot of the mountain. The caves and crevices of the mountain are described as peopled by Christian anchorites, each anchorite a law unto himself, and each striving according to his own notions to bring himself nearer to God and farther from the world. But the oasis, which represents the world, is a source of temptation to the mountain. Paulus, the anchorite who is the central figure, in the hands of a mere rationalist would have turned out a caricature. But Prof. Ebers, though viewing the struggle with the world, the flesh, and the devil from the lofty position of modern philosophical criticism so-called, has artistic insight; this insight has come to the rescue of Paulus, who appears, however, like a Stoic dressed in the garb of a Christian hermit. Yet this Paulus, whom the author evidently intended to picture as a Christian of the heroic type, is described as having a brow "well formed, though somewhat narrow." If even heroic Christians have narrow brows, how cramped must be the intellect of the average Christians who have declined to accept the philosophy of negation! The purpose of the story, it seems to us, is to prove that the requirements of the Christian ethics are simply ideal; that they are incapable of realization; that there is no ascetic virtue which may not be and will not, except for accident, be overcome by some form of temptation. Of course the philosophical author ignores God's supernatural providence and God's grace: for two reasons, we suppose—first, that he does not believe in them, and, next, that they would be foreign to his story. But they exist, whether he believes in them or not, and they cannot be ignored without injury to the truth of such a story as this.

The scene of *The Sisters* is laid in the time of Ptolemy Euergetes and his brother Ptolemy Philometor. Philometor and his wife Cleopatra, Euergetes or Physcon, and Scipio Nasica are the principal historical characters portrayed. The chief imaginary persons of the drama are an anchorite of the Serapeum and two young sisters who are temple-servants. As a novel *The Sisters* is worthy to be classed with its predecessors. As an historical picture, it is chiefly valuable as a graphic sketch of the corrupt and

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criminal court of the Ptolemies. The characters are admirably drawn. The elder of the two sisters, the old anchorite, and Scipio are of that noble type which is the favorite one with the author. The plot of the story is intensely interesting and well worked out.

We have not noticed among Mr. Gottsberger's advertisements any of the *Egyptian Princess*. An edition under the title of *A Daughter of an Egyptian King* has been published by a Philadelphia firm, but all the valuable historical notes of the original which are contained in the Tauchnitz English edition are omitted, to the great detriment of this most valuable in a historical sense of all Ebers' novels. Mr. Gottsberger would confer a great favor on the literary public by reprinting the Tauchnitz edition with all the notes in a style uniform with *Uarda* and *Homo Sum*.

HAND-BOOK OF BRITISH AND AMERICAN LITERATURE. By the Rev. O. L. Jenkins, of the Society of St. Sulpice. Edited by a Member of the same Society. Second edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. 1880.

This new edition is much enlarged and improved. F. Jenkins was a man of most excellent literary taste and culture, and all that part of the *Hand-Book* which he lived to finish has been most judiciously left unaltered. The account of the most recent British and of American authors in the first edition was prepared by the Editor with a great deal of care and judgment. Since that time he has been engaged in preparing additional matter which was needed in order to make the Manual more complete. At least a dozen of the larger sketches in this second edition are new, and among these are the sketches of Faber, Marshall, Manning, Allies, and Brownson. About seventy other shorter sketches have been added. It is not easy to classify authors exactly according to their grade of literary merit, especially when they are our own contemporaries. Neither is it easy to draw the line of demarcation between authors who are literary and those who are not. As soon as a critic steps among the crowd of good writers who are not placed by the verdict of Time among the immortals, it is hard for him to find a criterion of selection and exclusion. The editor has certainly spared no pains and labor to make F. Jenkins' *Hand-Book* a good and useful manual for students in Catholic colleges. It must be judged by this standard, as an elementary book, a class-book, an Introduction to the study of English Literature for young pupils. The opinion of intelligent young persons who have used a class-book on its merits is one which we consider the best test of its value. We have heard several of such students at a later period express their sense of the great utility and pleasure they had received from studying this *Hand-Book* in its first edition, and we have observed in them the good results of their studies in this as well as in other branches of study pursued under the thorough tuition of the Sulpitian Fathers at St. Charles' College. We cordially recommend it as a text-book for all Catholic colleges and schools, and as well for young ladies' seminaries as for others.

MARIE ANTOINETTE: An Historical Drama. By the authoress of *The Life of Catharine McAuley, Life of St. Alphonsus*, etc. New York: The Catholic Publication Society Co. 1880.

In this little play, intended for young ladies' schools, many moral lessons are inculcated by the good characters, who are mostly queens and princesses.

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